

Extraordinary 981

[Chapter 981 Leading The Fox Into The Henhouse](#)

I've hogged the limelight this time, and there's no guarantee that there won't be any of my rivals trying to bring me down. It doesn't matter if I met my downfall. I'm just worried about... the future of these children, especially Joe and Lottie. I'm less worried about Ashlyn and Lucas. After all, they are strong in character and influence.

The more he thought about it, the more upset and jumbled his emotions became.

Just then, there was a knock on the private room door.

Everyone in the room exchanged glances, wondering who was outside when they had already told the waiter not to bother them.

"Come in," James said in a deep voice.

The private room door was pushed open, revealing a girl in her late teens. She was pretty and modestly dressed, and she entered cautiously while holding a wine glass.

Ashlyn scrutinized the girl calmly. With her excellent memory, she immediately recognized that the latter was the one who had caught seafood and given them to James.

Why is she here?

She was wondering about that when the girl's voice rang out. "I... I wish to offer a toast to Mr. Joseph. Thank you for saving my life that day."

Joseph glanced at her impassively. "Who are you? When did I ever save you?"

Sheryn's initial shyness and excitement instantly vanished like a popped balloon.

The smile on her face also froze. "Don't you remember? Uh... You were the one who shielded me when the boulder fell that day."

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Joseph remained impassive. "Was there such a thing? Why am I not aware of it?"

Charlotte whispered to him, "There was... Otherwise, where did the injury on your head come from?"

He looked at her affectionately. Silly girl. Can't you tell that I deliberately said I didn't know her?

"Very well. Since Lottie said that I saved you, it means it's true." Joseph continued acting indifferent.

"It's just a small matter. You need not keep it in mind."

The fact that he was so indifferent hurt Sheryn a little. Why are you gentle and affectionate with Charlotte but cold and heartless with me?

Her desire-filled heart ached as if pierced by a needle.

As she stood in front of Joseph, she felt humiliated, upset, and dejected.

She bit her lip and gave Joseph an aggrieved and pitiful gaze. "No matter what, Mr. Joseph. It's a fact that you saved me. You can forget about it, but I can't. If I forget my savior, won't that make me an ungrateful person?"

"Well said." James nodded approvingly. "I didn't expect such a young girl to know how to be grateful."

Sheryn felt a little better upon hearing his words.

Contrary to him, Ashlyn merely cocked her brows and glanced at her indifferently.

Fee, like her husband, did not give Sheryn much thought and said to her with a wide smile, "There's a decent seat here. Come and join us."

Her invitation was exactly what Sheryn wanted.

She was simply overjoyed, having not expected Fee and James to be so approachable that they would invite her to join them at the table.

This... treatment is incredible. I'm also someone who has dined with the mayor and his wife.

She cautiously went to sit beside Fee.

"I'm from the village, and my mannerisms may not be as elegant as Ms. Lynch... So... I hope you don't mind. I-I will try my best to learn."

Her words made her appear even more pitiful.

Fee hurriedly said, "Oh, don't worry about that at all. There's no reason to discriminate among people, let alone care about elegant mannerisms."

As she said that, she gave Sheryn another piece of shrimp. "Look at how thin you are. Eat up."

Fee was completely unaware she was leading the fox into the henhouse at the time.

She merely thought that Sheryn was a simple village girl who had come to the city to pursue her

education with no one to rely on, and as an elder, she should take good care of children like her.

She had no idea what kind of ulterior motive this so-called child had in mind.

Fae, like her husband, did not give Sheryn much thought and said to her with a wide smile, "There's a vacant seat here. Come and join us."

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[Chapter 982 Envy](#)

"Thank you, Mrs. Field," Sheryn said, feeling overwhelmed by the older woman's kindness.

She still stole a glance at Joseph from time to time. However...

He did not even spare her a glance. At that moment, he was carefully peeling shrimp for Charlotte.

It did not take long for the plate in front of Charlotte to be piled up with a mountain of food, including shrimp, crab meat, and other dishes... Almost all of them were placed there by Joseph.

While eating her food, Charlotte mumbled, "That's enough, Joseph. Don't get me any more food."

"You're so lucky, Ms. Lynch. Mr. Joseph is so kind to you. He piles your plate for you and peels shrimp for you. He's too busy to eat!" Sheryn deliberately remarked casually, with a hint of envy in her gaze.

The warm atmosphere at the table suddenly became a little tense.

Ashlyn glanced at her casually. "Are you envious of them, Ms. Carling? If so, why not find a boyfriend quickly."

Sheryn was taken aback. She never thought that Ashlyn would take a jab at her directly. Her face instantly flushed a crimson red, and she said in a slightly aggrieved tone, "Did I say something wrong? I didn't mean it..."

Her eyes were red, as if Ashlyn had bullied her. "I'm so sorry. I come from a village and lack exposure to the outside world, so I'm not careful with my words... It's all my fault."

"Ashlyn... It's all right." Charlotte shook her head, not wanting to stoop to Sheryn's level.

She had already seen what kind of girl Sheryn was when she was in the disaster area.

She had already seen what kind of girl Sheryn was when she was in the disaster area.

However, she never expected the latter to be one of the sponsored students and also liked to target her in particular.

She was not sure if she was imagining things or being too sensitive, but she found that Sheryn always liked to pay attention to Joseph.

A bold thought took shape in Charlotte's mind.

Sheryn, who has romantic stirrings for the first time, has fallen in love with Joseph, her tall and handsome savior.

She felt a surge of pain in her heart at the thought of Sheryn wanting to take her place in the Field family. If Joseph gets a girlfriend or marries in the future, where would that leave me, the goddaughter of the Field family?

She suppressed the bitterness within her and a hint of fear for the future as she once again made up her mind.

I want to buy a house. I must have a house and family of my own. Although it's nice living in the Field residence as Mr. and Mrs. Field take good care of me and treat me like family, I don't belong to this

family at the end of the day.

She felt more at ease at the thought and placed some food on Joseph's plate in a natural manner. "Eat more, and don't drink so much wine during tonight's celebration dinner. It's not good for your stomach."

A trace of warmth flashed across Joseph's handsome face, and he uttered gently, "Got it."

Ashlyn rubbed the bridge of her nose, feeling a slight headache. "Speaking of the celebration dinner, James, can I not go tonight?"

James chuckled as he shot her a glare. "How can you not go? Those big shots are just waiting to meet you and Lucas!"

"Such banquets are too troublesome!" Ashlyn continued eating with her head lowered. The dishes at The Peacock were good and suited her appetite.

On the contrary, Lucas did not eat too much. He still... liked the dishes Ashlyn made for him the most.

Only those taste like home.

At this moment, a big hand grabbed hers. Lucas lowered his head and looked at her, his voice deep and mellow as a cello playing in the middle of the night. "Is it still troublesome if I accompany you?"

Ashlyn suddenly felt a little uncomfortable.

Good gracious!

With such a gorgeous face so close that she could practically see the long eyelashes over his eyes and the faint smirk on his lips, her heart could not help but skip a beat.

She pushed him. "Don't get too close to me."

Why are you flirting with me? What's up with the head tilt, too?

Sheryn no longer dared to speak carelessly. She looked at Ashlyn and Lucas from time to time before turning her attention to Joseph and Charlotte. Occasionally, she also cast glances at James and Fee.

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[Chapter 983 Gullible](#)

She was carefully taking food and cautiously eating them as if she was terrified of making a mistake.

Her timid demeanor made Fae say, “Help yourself to anything you're interested in, and make yourself at home.”

“My family isn't very well-off, so I've never been to any hotels as big as this for a meal, and I've never had anything as delicious as this,” Sheryn explained shyly. “So I'm a little nervous.”

“Why are you nervous? Don't we know each other already?” Fae chuckled again before gazing at the girl lovingly.

She felt sympathy for the girl.

Ashlyn sighed in exasperation. Despite her age, Fae was still easily deceived. Ultimately, it was because James doted on her too much, making her unable to tell a bad apple from a good apple.

Meanwhile, Joseph was getting a headache from listening to Sheryn's voice.

He abhorred Sheryn's timid voice with a slurring quality.

It grated on his nerves.

All of a sudden, his hand on the spoon stiffened.

It's so dark... Why can't I see anything but darkness in front of me?

Right as he was reeling in from the shock, his vision returned to normal.

Nevertheless, it left his heart pounded loudly in his chest.

What just happened? Did I just lose my sight for a moment? For a split second, I couldn't see anything at all. What's going on?

Suppressing the rising terror in his chest, he tightened his grip on his spoon and discreetly took a sip of his soup.

If I go blind... what would my parents do? What about Lottie?

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Joseph's brain had gone blank, all thoughts fleeing his head in his panic.

It was only when Charlotte gently patted him did he snap his head upward to look at her, meeting her concerned eyes.

"Joseph, what's wrong? What are you thinking about?"

Joseph forced a smile onto his face. "Nothing much. I was thinking about the celebratory dinner," he lied.

He did not want anyone to realize what was going on in his mind, for he knew that they would be worried sick about him.

Thus, he continued eating his meal and chatting with Ashlyn and Lucas as if nothing had happened.

It only happened for a brief second. Maybe it was an outlier. Maybe it won't happen again. Joseph kept consoling himself, but he could not shrug off the sense of discomfort.

After the meal, they all went on their separate ways, and Sheryn reluctantly watched the Field family's car leave.

The young man who James tasked to take care of them beckoned a few students over and said, "Come on, I'll send you back to school."

On their way there, Sheryn kept asking questions about the Fields, but the young man was not a talkative one who blurted everything out.

It greatly frustrated Sheryn.

At seven in the evening, the celebratory and welcoming dinner was held at Capital Hotel.

Many prominent figures of society attended it, for it was an honor to participate in a banquet like that.

Even though they were only guests of the event—not the star of the night—they were all in merry moods.

“I hear that the legendary Mrs. Nolen will be showing up tonight.”

“Ashlyn Berry? Have you not seen her? She made an appearance at the disaster relief auction a while back. In fact, she even had a quarrel with the Chepmans and the Yeteses.”

“Yes, yes, I’ve heard about that too. Her fight with the Chepmans and the Yeteses had been quite an ugly one.”

“Indeed... By the way, do you think Here’s going to come today?”

“I heard that Mr. Chepmen is going to cut ties with her because she stole Alice’s red jade to auction off!”

“Alice was such a gorgeous woman back then.”

“Heer, heer!”

Right as those people were gathered together to share the gossip they heard, someone cried out, “Mr. and Mrs. Nolen have arrived!”

Immediately, the people turned toward the entrance.

A match made in heaven appeared by the doorway. The slender man, dressed in a dark blue suit, was tall and handsome, his diamond cufflinks glittering under the lights.

In the crook of his elbow was a fair and smooth hand. The owner of that hand was dressed in a light purple mermaid gown that fit her perfectly. She exuded an air of refined grace and poise.

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"I hear that the legendary Mrs. Nolan will be showing up tonight."

"Ashlyn Berry? Have you not seen her? She made an appearance at the disaster relief auction a while back. In fact, she even had a quarrel with the Chapmans and the Yateses."

"Yes, yes, I've heard about that too. Her fight with the Chapmans and the Yateses had been quite an ugly one."

"Indeed... By the way, do you think Hera's going to come today?"

"I heard that Mr. Chapman is going to cut ties with her because she stole Alice's red jade to auction off!"

"Alice was such a gorgeous woman back then."

"Hear, hear!"

Right as those people were gathered together to share the gossip they heard, someone cried out, "Mr. and Mrs. Nolan have arrived!"

Immediately, the people turned toward the entrance.

A match made in heaven appeared by the doorway. The slender man, dressed in a dark blue suit, was tall and handsome, his diamond cufflinks glittering under the lights.

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[Chapter 984 Perfect Couple](#)

Every man and woman in the scene fell silent.

The entrance of the hand-holding couple was picturesque.

A few wives of wealthy men in the upper-class social circle were guests, too. One had a lingerie company, and she was all smiles as she nodded along to everything Sienna said.

Haddock Group had recently monopolized the lingerie market of Lake City, so without a doubt, that woman, a businesswoman who owned a lingerie company, would have to curry favor with Sienna.

What she was afraid of was how Haddock Group might focus on the lingerie market after how their building had been burned a few days ago. That would spell disaster for her own business.

If Haddock Group was determined to crush her company and refuse to work with their factory...

Sienna wielded a certain amount of power in Haddock Group, so the woman had no choice but to try to get into Sienna's good books.

"Ms. Oates, I hear there is a weekly gathering for your charitable foundation. May I join next week?"

"Sure," Sienna said with a small smile. "Our organization welcomes every woman who is interested in charity work."

"That's great to hear. I just wonder if... Mr. Haddock will let our factory handle the work for this year. The collaboration between our companies..."

"Well, we can talk about this later," was Sienna's vague answer.

Her voice was neither too loud nor too soft, but it was enough for the rest of the people in the space to hear her.

The other woman's face turned pale.

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At the same time, everyone around them began looking at that woman with a gloating expression.

That was how the cut-throat scene was. Without any profits, no one was keen to do any business.

It would not be strange to see one trampling on another just for the sake of entertainment.

In the meantime, Ashlyn was holding onto a glass of red wine, watching the socializing Sienna with an arc of her brow.

A swell of rage filled Sienna when she thought about Haddock Group's burnt building, but she tamped it down while walking over to Ashlyn. "It's been a while, Ms. Berry."

"It's been a while indeed, Ms. Oates."

Ashlyn was smiling at Sienna, but that smile did not reach her eyes.

"I never thought you were such a good liar, Ms. Berry. You've... tricked me well," Sienna said with a mirthless chuckle, resentment lacing her words.

She made it sound as though Ashlyn was a douchebag who had cheated her feelings.

"I wasn't hiding it from you on purpose," Ashlyn whispered, leaning closer to Sienna's face. "It's only because you and Mr. Haddock didn't know me well enough."

To the others, Ashlyn and Sienna seemed like good friends.

Only the two women involved knew the raging currents under their peaceful appearances.

Sienna gritted her teeth.

What a good actress Ashlyn was. She made herself seem so harmless and fooled me so thoroughly. She even made me sought for Madeline Saunders in hopes of buttering Madeline up. Then, as it turns out, Ashlyn is Ms. Saunders. She knew I wanted to see Ms. Saunders, but she never once clarified that she was Madeline Saunders. She was toying with me!

The very recollection of what happened made Sienna desperately wish to throw Ashlyn into the sharks so that the vicious beasts would tear the women apart.

She's revolting!

"Ms. Berry, now that you're the Mrs. Nolan, an actress, and Ms. Saunders, are you... interested in joining Haddock Charity?" Sienna asked again.

She guessed that Ashlyn would not agree to it, but she refused to give up.

What Ashlyn had done previously made it challenging for her charitable foundation to rake in any money. It was as if those wealthy women had abruptly grown a brain and stopped throwing money at her foundation.

She could no longer provide an unlimited money source to Dixon, and it frustrated her to no end.

At the end of the day, that was all thanks to Ashlyn.

"I don't mind joining, but..." Ashlyn chuckled. "Ms. Oates, I'm Lucas' wife, after all. Don't you think I should get a role with some power? At the very least, I should be in a managerial position."

Sienna forced down her fury and stiffly said, "That's a funny joke, Mrs. Nolan."

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Sienna forced down her fury and stiffly said, "That's a funny joke, Mrs. Nolan."

[Chapter 985 Just A Joke](#)

Sienna had initially prepared a whole speech to convince Ashlyn to join her charitable foundation as she was certain that Ashlyn would not agree to it.

Yet, Ashlyn agreed to it, and she was even going to join as Lucas' wife.

With Ashlyn's current popularity and sizable fanbase, her entrance into the charitable foundation meant the revival of Haddock Charity.

However, Sienna was no fool.

She could sense something amiss about Ashlyn's swift agreement.

"Well, if you know that I was joking, then I'll clarify things now. Yes, I won't be joining." Ashlyn lifted her glass and gently knocked it against Sienna's glass. "Excuse me, Ms. Oates."

Sienna was dumbfounded.

Wait, she's not joining anymore? What in the world is going on? Why is she breaking her promise? D*mn it! This b*tch is toying with me again!

While the interaction was taking place, Lucas was watching Ashlyn from afar, staring at her as if nothing else in the world existed but her.

"How is it?" the man asked when he walked over to her.

"I'm a little tired," she confessed in a low voice. She was wearing heels, and the long while of standing was making her feet ache.

Lucas reached out to hold her hand before leading her toward the lounge. "Let's rest for a bit first."

James was the star of the night, so many prominent figures were trying to talk to him and toast him.

Some were even wondering if he was going to get a promotion for his major contribution to the disaster relief effort.

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Joseph, his son, was by his side, politely and gracefully handling the people while occasionally drinking on behalf of his father.

When some people saw Ashlyn and Lucas retreating to the lounge, they quickly hurried over, intending to curry favor with them.

At least half was there to butter Ashlyn up.

"M-Ms. Saunders, could you please listen to my daughter's piano performance and give her some tips?"

"My son has been talking about learning martial arts. I heard that you fought ruffians and caught human traffickers. Would you be able to... spare a tip or two for him?"

"Ms. Saunders, I hear that you draw wonderfully. Can you... Can you please draw something for me for five million?"

"M-My girlfriend hopes to get a minor role in your film. Is that okay?"

At that, Lucas furrowed his brows.

My wife's too popular. What am I going to do?

Right then, Janet, who looked smart in her air force uniform, walked over.

Once she reached Ashlyn, she saluted at the latter.

Ashlyn queried, "Didn't you say you were going to Maredania for a study exchange?"

"Not yet." Janet took off her cap and held it in her hand before taking a seat beside Ashlyn. "I heard that guy in Maredania's air force is looking for his biological sister or something, so he doesn't have the time to give us any lessons. Maredania's defense department is livid because they think he's not professional in his work. They're currently thinking of replacing him with someone else."

"Well, it sounds like he's a sentimental one," Ashlyn remarked.

Lucas blinked, speechless.

Who in the world is this woman? Where did she come from? Why does she seem so close to my wife? Why do they seem to be enjoying their conversation so much?

Just then, Winsor started walking toward Ashlyn and Lucas with his younger brother, Tinsor, in tow.

Everyone's interest was piqued, musing that things were going to get interesting.

However, Winsor was completely different when he started talking to Ashlyn. He was gentle and considerate.

Even Tinsor kept calling Ashlyn his goddess.

The crowd was bewildered.

Then, Harvey came over with a glass of wine in his hand. "Ashlyn, you've lost weight after your busy time at the disaster region. Here, this is the Leiths' new resort. It's now yours. Feel free to relax there whenever you have the time. Don't overwork yourself."

As he spoke, he took the title deed for the Leiths' resort from his assistant and shoved it into Ashlyn's hands.

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As he spoke, he took the title deed for the Laiths' resort from his assistant and shoved it into Ashlyn's hands.

[Chapter 986 Competition](#)

Once again, the crowd was left speechless.

They could not believe Harvey had just given a resort to Ashlyn without hesitation.

Even Ashlyn seemed startled by his actions. "Uncle Harvey, you can't just give me cars, properties, and companies out of the blue..."

At that, Lucas felt pressured. Why are the people my wife knows all so rich?

Upon seeing the expensive gift Harvey gave to Ashlyn, Janet began questioning her choice of gift for her role model.

Regardless of everything, the Smith family was a notable family who had been working for the government for three generations.

She fished out a car key and shoved it into Ashlyn's hands before huffing. "This is the new Lamborghini that my grandpa just gave to me, but it's now yours."

"No, wait, Mr. Field's the star of the night. Why are you all giving me gifts instead?"

Ashlyn was sure that they had all lost their minds while the rest could only stare at Ashlyn in disbelief.

Right then, a hoarse voice came from behind the people. "Ashlyn..."

Ashlyn whipped her head toward the voice and widened her eyes. "Mr. Newman, you're here too?"

"I heard that you were coming tonight, so I came!" The elderly man's eyes were bright as he looked at Ashlyn lovingly. "It's been three years since we last saw each other."

"How are you?" she asked in concern.

"Pretty well, thanks to you." Albert patted her hand. "Come, have a cup of coffee with me."

Again, the crowd was stunned.

"Mr. Newman is a big shot from Jadeborough! How does he know Ashlyn too?"

"It looks like he's quite close with her."

"Uh-huh... Moreover, Mr. Newman is one of the founding members of this country. He's quite the respected man in H Nation!"

Once Albert sat down, a server came over with Black Ivory coffee and filled a cup for Ashlyn and Albert.

"I'm actually here because I have something to ask of you," Albert said, picking up his cup to take a sip of his coffee.

The crowd inhaled sharply when they realized what Albert had said.

If Ashlyn was capable of getting someone as powerful as Albert to ask for a favor from her, she had to be some kind of impressive individual.

Ashlyn raised a brow and nonchalantly said, "Please let me know whatever it is you need."

"My granddaughter is a troublemaker," was all Albert said before sighing. He then gestured to the young man behind him, who took a step forward and passed Ashlyn a file.

Ashlyn opened it. A moment later, she widened her eyes. "This is what she wants?"

"Yes, no matter what I say, she insists on taking that path." The elderly man had a troubled look on his face. "No one in the family can convince her otherwise. It looks like... we need you to intervene in this."

Ashlyn passed the file back to Albert before smiling at him. "Mr. Newman, you're a powerful man, but you're helpless against a young girl?"

"Ms. Berry, do you have to take a job of me?" A sorrowful look crossed his face. "The girl lost her parents when she was a child, and I ended up spoiling her."

"She's an ambitious girl, and I don't think there's anything wrong with young people trying out new things," Ashlyn said in consolation. "I think her idea of wanting to join the air force is a good one, but she needs to work harder. If she wants to join it, she'll... have to go through various tough tests."

"Jenet from the Smith family has been undergoing special training every day for the past year and more before she finally got into the air force, so how can anyone just join the air force so easily? Moreover, she's a soft girl. You're her role model. She's always looking up to you and mimicking your actions. I'm really fretting terribly over this." Albert let out another sigh. "Moreover, that Smith girl is competing against her for everything—clothes, cars, food. The two of them keep competing with each other. Now, look, my granddaughter wants to join the air force just because she heard that the Smith girl has joined it."

Ashlyn arched her brow. "She's outstanding to be able to get a pilot license. In fact, she's as good as Janet, so... Mr. Newmen, you don't need to worry about her that much."

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[Chapter 987 A Legendary Figure](#)

"Ms. Berry... Please talk my granddaughter out of it," said Albert helplessly. "Flying a plane, and in the military at that, is a dangerous job. If war breaks out one day, she'll have to go to the battlefield!"

The more Albert thought about it, the more pained he felt. He pleaded, "If you really can't convince her, I'd like to ask you for a favor, please."

His words shocked the guests once again.

They couldn't help wondering what was so special about Ashlyn that someone like Albert would repeatedly ask for her help so humbly.

Many of them once thought Ashlyn became popular by riding on Lucas' coattails, but now, they were proven wrong.

Judging from how worried Albert looked, he didn't seem to be acting.

"Please go ahead and tell me," Ashlyn said with a nod.

"I'd like to ask you to return to the air force." Albert seemed to have made up his mind as he continued, "Only if you're there will I feel at ease to leave my granddaughter in your care. Please grant this old man's wish, will you?"

Upon hearing that, Ashlyn arched an eyebrow.

“This is your actual goal, isn't it? For generations, the Newmans have been working in the military. Your son and his wife are both military officers, so it doesn't make sense for you to forbid your granddaughter from becoming the same. Did you tell me all those things just now to trick me?”

Albert did not expect Ashlyn to see through his plot. He shook his head with a chuckle and voiced, “You're still as clever as ever. I implore you, Ms. Berry. If you return, I'll do anything you want.”

Without the slightest hesitation, Ashlyn rejected the offer. “Sorry, but I'm not interested. Besides, isn't the air force having a study exchange with Maredania's air force? I'm sure she'll learn a lot of things.”

At this point, questions ran through everyone else's minds. As Albert was vague with his words, none of them could fully understand what he was talking about.

He wants Ashlyn to return to the air force? What does this mean? Was she part of it before? How strange.

To everyone's disappointment, Ashlyn did not say anything further and instead changed the topic.

Albert was shrewd enough to keep quiet when he observed her disinterest, though he couldn't help but find it a pity.

Lucas continued to stay beside Ashlyn, a look of surprise flashing across his eyes.

He suddenly recalled a legendary figure in H Nation's air force a few years ago, and for some reason, his gaze fell on Ashlyn.

But that legendary figure was a young man... How could Ashlyn be him? There's no way it was her. It's impossible.

It was said that the young man lost his life in an aircraft accident. Afterward, things quieted down in the air force.

With that in mind, Lucas rubbed his forehead and concluded Ashlyn could not possibly be that person.

Aside from Lucas, the others also thought of the same man.

One of the big shots couldn't resist asking Albert, “Mr. Newman, I remember that there was once a very capable young man under you. Did he really pass away?”

Albert's expression stiffened before darkening quickly.

Tension hung in the air as the temperature around him seemed to drop.

Gone was the friendly attitude he had toward Ashlyn earlier. He now exuded an oppressive aura that sent chills down everybody's back, silencing them.

For a while, no one dared to make a sound.

Some of them complained quietly, blaming the questioner for mentioning that person and bringing up such a sensitive topic.

Just as all of them thought Albert would explode in rage, Ashlyn's nonchalant voice sounded. "Right, Mr. Newman. I'm curious about that, too."

Albert shot her a warning glare, but a hint of helplessness could be seen in his countenance. He reverted to his easygoing image earlier and chided, "You're just so cheeky."

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[Chapter 988 Still Alive](#)

Albert's behavior rendered everyone speechless.

He was so scary when someone else asked about that person, but now that Ashlyn is the one asking, his attitude changed totally!

At that thought, the guests all stared at Ashlyn with envy.

After all, not everyone had the privilege of being so close to Albert.

"That kid did not pass away; he's just not with me anymore. I hope there will be fewer strange rumors like this in the future. That person's living very well! Stop spreading things that I don't want to hear."

Albert's tone was laced with displeasure, and his words were obviously directed at the person who raised the question.

"I understand, Mr. Newman," the man replied nervously.

Realizing what Albert meant, the guests gasped in surprise.

So that legendary person is still alive? Then why isn't he with Mr. Newman? How could Mr. Newman bear to let such an impressive talent leave his side?

"Ms. Berry..." Albert let out a long sigh. He seemed to want to say something, but in the end, he held himself back.

Finally, he stood up and croaked, "I'm a bit tired. Please excuse me."

With his back crouched, he walked past Ashlyn, looking as if he had aged overnight.

Ashlyn pursed her lips upon seeing that. She couldn't stand it when Albert pretended to be weak and pitiful in front of her.

He's a powerful figure who can shake up the entire H Nation with a wave of his hand. Why does he put on such an act all the time?

Despite that, her heart would always soften when she saw Albert acting like that. Just when she shook her head helplessly, Albert suddenly turned around with reddened eyes. "You heartless brat. Do you not pity me at all?"

"Stop trying to trick me into doing what you want, and don't think of using my sympathy to your advantage," retorted Ashlyn while casting him a lazy glance. "Hurry and leave this place. Go back to where you should be."

At that, Albert felt even more frustrated. He straightened his back in a huff and strode away vigorously.

This was the first time the guests ever witnessed a big shot acting like a child toward Ashlyn.

While the crowd was coming to terms with what they had just witnessed, Lucas leaned into Ashlyn with a playful glint in his eyes. "Honey, are you hiding something from me?"

"No. I swear," Ashlyn said innocently.

"Really?"

Lucas felt doubtful when he recalled how many alternate identities Ashlyn had before.

"Really," insisted Ashlyn.

She looked around and saw James still conversing with others, with Joseph beside him at all times.

Sienna, on the other hand, felt uneasy after witnessing the exchange between Albert and Ashlyn.

Surprisingly, Dixon was nowhere to be seen.

Ashlyn raised her brow in intrigue. "Tonight's event is a great opportunity to meet people. How come Dixon is not here?"

"I asked Spencer to keep an eye on him," Lucas said, his eyes darkening.

At the port by the river, countless stars twinkled in the moonlit sky.

The water swished around as the ship slowly came to a stop by the shore.

A black luxury car was parked near the shore.

While boxes of goods were unloaded from the ship, the men in the car stared at the vessel emotionlessly.

While his features leaned toward the feminine side, his predatory eyes resembled that of a venomous snake, making them uncomfortable to look at.

Just then, a tall and well-built man walked down from the ship. At the sight of the black car, he paced toward it.

The car window lowered and revealed the face of the man inside. His voice floated through the night air as he questioned, "Has everything arrived?"

“Yes.”

“Very well.” Dixon's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. “Tell them to speed up and move everything into the container. Then, transport them to the garage in the northern part of the city.”

“Yes, Mr. Haddock.”

Unbeknownst to them, Spencer and a few men were hiding in the corner, watching the port and the goods.

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[Chapter 989 Are You Two Sick Of Living](#)

On the surface, the goods were merely some worthless cotton and linen fabrics.

However, Spencer could not shake off the feeling that Dixon was no ambitionless man. As such, it was nigh impossible for him to specialize in those alone.

Although Haddock Group had recently dominated the lingerie market, and the goods might have been prepared for the manufacturing of lingerie, they still had to stay on guard.

The goods were loaded onto five huge trucks, each having a massive container in the back.

When the five huge trucks started moving, Spencer instantly followed with the others, albeit sneakily.

The night wind grew increasingly chillier, and the sky darkened further.

As the huge trucks traveled on the highway in the middle of the night, they sped like bats out of hell.

Along the way, there were no police officers conducting roadblocks at all. It was as though the huge trucks had entered no man's land.

Only when they encountered winding roads did they finally reduce their speed.

Nonetheless, they continued forging ahead.

"The northern suburbs?" Swinging open the car door, Ashlyn climbed into the car. At once, Lucas started the engine and drove out of the garage.

In the pitch-black night, a black Bentley hurtled down the highway, cutting through the darkness.

Behind it, several black cars were hot on its tail.

In the car, Ashlyn stared at the location indicated on the phone with an icy look in her eyes.

That location was sent over by Spencer.

"According to Spencer's investigation, the exchange is at an old factory in the northern suburbs. Dixon is obviously using the ship to operate the illegal activity of people smuggling. Besides, he might be selling off those people to Zaewora to work as indentured laborers, off the books, and the like. What we need to do is to catch them red-handed after both parties had made the exchange. On top of that... we might very likely be in danger if the mission this time fails. Therefore, we must act fast."

While Ashlyn was discussing the details of the mission with Lucas, she contacted the members of Mysterious yet Majestic.

That aside, she also texted Joseph, asking him to have James notify the police.

She did all that within seconds, making the arrangements methodically.

She had always wanted to have leverage on Dixon since the initiator of the case she accepted wished to have evidence of the man's crimes. Unfortunately, various matters had been keeping her busy, and she had not been able to close the case to that day.

Consequently, Dixon had also been at large for far too long.

Snagging Lucas' laptop from the backseat, she turned it on.

As Lucas drove, he listened to the sound of the woman typing beside him. Tapping sounds rang out incessantly.

When he glanced over, he glimpsed row after row of letters and codes flying across the screen.

Whoa! She's even an expert at coding?

As her fingers flew across the keypad, Ashlyn made a call with the Bluetooth earphones in her ears.

"Bleir, you're in Heddock Group's office building, yes?"

"Yes, Ashlyn. I'm right there." Bleir and Tinsor carefully stepped on the ground, both walking amidst the empty ruins in black.

Ever since the place burned down, hardly anyone visited the ruins anymore.

"Head to Sienna's floor and check whether there's any evidence left. They likely think that it has all been burned to ashes, so we must go in and search the place," Ashlyn ordered in a low voice.

"Okay, got it." After hanging up the phone, Bleir continued tiptoeing toward Sienna's charity foundation floor with Tinsor.

The elevator had long since been destroyed in the fire, so they used the emergency stairwell.

No sooner had they reached the first floor than a familiar voice rang out behind them. "Why are you two here instead of sleeping at home at this hour?"

Tinsor's heart abruptly lurched. He snapped his head back, only to be greeted by a tall and burly figure.

"Winsor? Why are you here?" he exclaimed in a whisper.

Striding over, Winsor glared at the two men in chagrin. "This is Dixon's territory. Despite it having been razed to the ground, it's still his. Are you two sick of living to come here?"

Whoa! She's even an expert at coding?

As her fingers flew across the keypad, Ashlyn made a call with the Bluetooth earphones in her ears.

"Blair, you're in Haddock Group's office building, yes?"

"Yes, Ashlyn. I'm right there." Blair and Tinsor carefully stepped on the ground, both walking amidst the empty ruins in black.

Ever since the place burned down, hardly anyone visited the ruins anymore.

"Head to Sienna's floor and check whether there's any evidence left. They likely think that it has all been burned to ashes, so we must go in and search the place," Ashlyn ordered in a low voice.

"Okay, got it." After hanging up the phone, Blair continued tiptoeing toward Sienna's charity foundation floor with Tinsor.

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[Chapter 990 Wait On Standby](#)

"No, no... you misunderstood us," Blair hurriedly explained.

Five minutes later, a frown marred Winsor's countenance. "You're saying that it was Ms. Berry who had you both come here to search for something?"

In response, Tinsor bobbed his head like a bobblehead doll. "Yes, yes. Ashlyn is training us both now, Winsor! Thus, don't object anymore."

He then scratched his head in embarrassment before adding, "Of course, you can also tag along if you want to."

Winsor said nothing, but his action spoke volumes.

"Come, let's go to the fifth floor."

When the three of them arrived at the fifth floor, they started searching every inch of the place, not sparing even a single nook or cranny.

Alas, even after they had searched the entire office and turned the place inside out, they still did not find any useful leads.

"Could it be that everything has really been burned to ashes?" Blair muttered dejectedly.

Winsor shook his head. "The fire was raging back then, so Sienna and Dixon probably had no time to take anything with them. Let's continue searching. Furthermore, they didn't come back after the fire. As such, the evidence must have either been destroyed or still here. Those are the only two possibilities."

Hence, the three men continued their search.

Meanwhile, the Bentley and the black cars following behind it had already driven into a dense forest, heading toward Dixon's old factory in the northern suburbs.

Somewhere near the factory, the cars came a stop at secluded spots that kept them hidden.

Subsequently, their occupants started sneaking into the forest under the cover of the night.

"Everyone is to obey my orders. Do not reveal your identities," Lucas instructed in a low voice. Then, he asked, "Are there any other questions?"

"No." His subordinates in black looked at him, their faces devoid of emotion.

"Great. Wait on standby."

The cold wind in the dark night was chilling.

Somewhere in the forest, rustling sounds sounded every so often amidst the shrubs.

Lucas and the others were all traveling on foot, their figures concealed under the shadows of the trees.

Everyone was dressed in black from head to toe.

Right then, Spencer was keeping watch outside the factory. All of a sudden, three figures stepped out of the forest. They were all dressed in black and wore black hats that covered their faces entirely.

He could only tell from their heights and figures that they were men.

"Who are the lot of you?" The guard at the door warily lifted the spear in his hand.

Strolling over unhurriedly, the three men gave the man the code word before entering the factory.

After the trio had gone in, Spencer saw a familiar figure walking out from the factory.

"Mr. Haddock," the man in the lead among the trio greeted slowly upon spotting the person who approached, his low voice sounding even frostier in the dark night.

Dixon's thin lips turned up a fraction, his tall figure completely illuminated under the dim light. Dressed all in black, he appeared exceedingly terrifying with a cold and ruthless expression on his face.

"How surprising that you came in person this time, Mr. Wilson."

"There's no need to verbalize my name. I don't want to be discovered on Hutton's grounds." Wilson frowned, the gleam and vicious glare emanating off him comparable to that of Dixon's.

"It's a total of thirty people. All the goods you want are here." Dixon pinned an icy look on the men, a sharp gleam glinting in his eyes.

"Open the boxes, then. I want to inspect the goods!" Wilson, the head of the Bleekhead Mafia, demanded. The other two men behind him immediately stepped forward to open the boxes.

However, Dixon stopped them from doing so. "Each box contains a cooling device, and their temperatures are exceedingly low. As such, my men have to open the boxes personally. Please wait a moment."

Just after he had finished speaking, a subordinate of his came over. The man removed the specialized lock and opened one of the boxes.

The instant the box was opened, everyone's eyes widened in shock.

The entire box was blanketed with a thick layer of frost.

Waves after waves of icy vapors burst out interminably.

The men who opened the box inexorably sneezed. Rubbing his nose, he nudged the dark-skinned man curled up in the box. The latter lay huddled with his eyes closed, a layer of frost blanketing his hair, nose, clothes, and body.

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