

Extraordinary 1031

[Chapter 1031 Admiration](#)

Before Ashlyn could ask Lucas to let go of her, she suddenly heard Lucas say in a trembling voice, "Honey, please don't scare me like that again!" It seemed as if he was murmuring to himself, yet also as if he was talking to Ashlyn. "Don't be so reckless next time. Leave everything to me."

Ashlyn's ears were burning hot. She suspected that the man embracing her wasn't Lucas at all, but rather someone possessed by a disgustingly cheesy master of some sort. It was because it seemed quite clear that this man was nervous and afraid.

Even Lucas could have moments of fear? Could it be possible?

It felt as if her heart had been struck by a heavy blow, emitting a dull, muffled thud. She felt a little embarrassed as there were too many people around after all. Lucas was so passionate that it left her at a loss for what to do, especially since Lucas had always been a reserved man, who did not reveal his emotions easily.

"Honey..." The man's hoarse voice was heard again, his warm breath blowing on Ashlyn's ear, making her face even hotter and redder. Lucas tenderly pecked her on the earlobe.

Ashlyn shuddered, her entire body stiffening in the man's embrace. At this moment, the man's grip on her remained incredibly strong, showing no sign of wanting to let her go. Luigi watched the scene from a short distance. With great tact, he stood aside without interfering. Behind him, the dozen or so subordinates also seemed to understand the situation, as they appeared to be observing everything.

By the time Lucas let go of Ashlyn, several minutes had already passed. It was because Mavis, who had finally been rescued, had regained consciousness at this moment. She threw herself into Christian's arms and sobbed loudly, her cries echoing throughout the room.

At this moment, she was covered in blood. Although they were all robbers, for someone like her who had always had a smooth and easy life without experiencing any hardships, it was quite a shock. It was enough to leave her feeling shattered at that moment. She broke down in tears, sobbing uncontrollably. After crying in Christian's arms, she even rushed to cry in Ashlyn's arms. "Mrs. Nolan, thank you. Thank you so much, Mrs. Nolan. I really didn't expect you to be this amazing!"

She lay in Ashlyn's arms, crying like a little girl, even though she was already a woman in her early fifties. She had long lost her elegance and grace as her usual noblewoman demeanor had been completely thrown out of the window. Spencer felt extremely awkward and hurriedly approached Mavis for the first time. His voice was tinged with embarrassment as he said, "Mom, please don't act like this. Ms. Berry will be annoyed." Ashlyn shook her head gently at Spencer, then lightly patted Mavis' back with a smile, soothing her softly, "It's all right now. All those robbers are dead. Their heads have been blown up by Lucas and me. They've gone to hell and won't be able to hurt you anymore."

Upon hearing her words of comfort, everyone around felt weird. Is there such a bloody comfort?

Does she really have to make comforting others so hair-raising? Mavis lifted her head from her embrace, her tearful eyes gazing at her, filled with trust.

“Is it true?”

“Of course.” Ashlyn gave her a faint smile. The corners of her lips curved up, revealing a bright and charming expression. It made her look extremely attractive. Mavis’ face instantly turned a little red.

She's so beautiful. How could there be such a beautiful girl?

“T-Thank you.” The scene made both Christian and Spencer feel awkward, especially the former, who couldn't wait to directly drag Mavis back.

Ashlyn is a girl, after all. How could she look at another girl with a look of admiration?

He felt relieved, thinking how fortunate it was that Ashlyn was a girl. If she had been a man, he would definitely cough up blood and die on the spot.

Lucas stood behind Ashlyn, watching as his woman charmed both men and women alike. Even a fifty-year-old woman could become her fan. His head went blank, and he stared with his mouth agape.

[Chapter 1032 Jealousy](#)

Lucas couldn't help but feel the veins on his forehead throbbing intensely.

“Boss,” Luigi and the others respectfully greeted her. Ashlyn narrowed her eyes and nodded.

“You can head back now!” Luigi quickly took the hint and replied, “All right.” There were many police officers there. After all, they were from Shadow Way. Although Shadow Way guarded the river transport every day and had done a lot for H Nation, Luigi could tell that Ashlyn seemed to still prefer freedom and didn't want them to get entangled with the police.

At this moment, Lucas was looking down at the delicate-faced woman in front of him. He had always known that Luigi was her subordinate.

Why does she have such a group of loyal and remarkably skilled subordinates?

A glint of coldness flashed in Lucas' eyes as he asked, “Honey, why do you have such a good relationship with Luigi and the others?” Ashlyn was stumped for a moment. After considering for a while, she said, “They used to be my adoptive father's bodyguards. After my adoptive father passed away, they stayed with me.”

It seems that she really didn't lie.

After all, her adoptive father was the don of Shadow Way. When he passed away, he entrusted her with Shadow Way. Luigi and the others were once displeased with her being the don. Lucas furrowed his brows but didn't say anything further. Deep down, a surge of warmth filled his heart as he realized just how much he truly adored her. His affection for her ran deep, down to his very bones. Even the way she comforted Mavis earlier was utterly captivating and charming.

Ashlyn noticed Lucas' intense gaze as he stared at her. When she looked up, she met the man's black yet bright eyes.

His eyes were soulful and enchanting. She felt a bit dazed, involuntarily becoming somewhat foggy. Before she could react, Lucas suddenly wrapped his hand around her neck, affectionately pulling her into his embrace. Her tall and slender figure was immediately enveloped by the man's towering and majestic body.

Ashlyn, with a height that wasn't considered short among women, appeared somewhat delicate and petite. She saw Lucas's cold, handsome face up close. His actions were so natural that it was as if he was born to hold her in his arms like this. Lucas' lips curled into a faint smile.

"Honey, can we eat now?" Ashlyn just realized that they still hadn't eaten due to the armed hold-up. To the others, the scene of Ashlyn, with her delicate features and fair complexion, nestling against the tall and imposing figure of Lucas was indescribably intimate.

They were a perfect match indeed. The sight of a handsome man holding a beautiful woman was a feast for the eyes. When Lucas lowered his gaze to look at Ashlyn, the look in his eyes was so tender and indulgent that it could almost make someone swoon from the sweetness. Mavis and Christian stared at Lucas in shock. This was because when Lucas negotiated a business deal, he was incredibly cold, decisive, and stern. Hence, they could not believe their eyes when they saw Lucas holding Ashlyn so intimately with such tenderness and indulgence. It was the first time they saw Lucas like this. Even the onlookers and the police around were shocked.

What is going on? This scene is simply filled with so much sweetness that it's glaring.

The only person who remained calm and composed was Spencer, who had long been accustomed to their affection. At that moment, Naomi, who had been in the restaurant the whole time, couldn't hold back any longer and rushed over.

She tightly hugged Ashlyn's arm.

"Ashlyn, are you alright? You scared me to death just now. I was so worried about you while staying in the restaurant." She was really concerned about Ashlyn. Ashlyn gently patted her hand. Freeing herself from Lucas' arm, she then held Naomi's icy hand and comforted her.

"Oh, I've seen so much in my life. This is nothing." Naomi said chokingly, "Ashlyn, you scared me to death!" Lucas felt a bit annoyed as he watched the two women walking ahead of him.

One moment, she's comforting Mrs. White, and now she's comforting Naomi. It's extremely annoying that these women keep hovering around her. Lucas couldn't help but raise his hand to touch his chest, feeling his heart pounding wildly.

Chapter 1033 Prison

Lucas stared intently at Ashlyn with an incredibly focused gaze that carried a hint of burning intensity.

Ashlyn turned her head and met his fiery gaze. She raised her eyebrows slightly and asked, "Aren't you coming in? I'm hungry."

The moment she said "I'm hungry," all the displeasure in Lucas' heart crumbled away almost instantly. He strode over to her and gripped her shoulders firmly.

"Come on. Let's go in and have our meal!" At this moment, Mavis and Christian also walked in. "Mrs. Nolan, I must treat you to this meal."

"Yes, my wife is right," Christian quickly agreed. He was extremely impressed and grateful for Ashlyn's remarkable act of saving his wife. Words could hardly describe his appreciation.

"We insist." The few police officers kept their eyes on Ashlyn's retreating figure, especially the deputy chief, Hector Laurent, who stared at her intently. "It would be great if only she could join our precinct."

"What's the matter? Deputy Chief Laurent, are you going to arrest her? She's Mrs. Nolan!"

"Yeah, she's Lucas Nolan's wife."

"You idiots, are you stupid?" Hector angrily slapped the nearest police officer on the head.

"I wanted her to join our police force, to be the belle of the police force and help us with training. She's such a respectable and outstanding leader, but what do you guys think of her as? Arrest her? I freaking want to arrest you guys right now!"

Hector glared at these fools with frustration.

Ashlyn's skills and marksmanship are absolutely amazing! The scenes just now were so thrilling and breathtaking, as if they were taken straight from a movie. It was absolutely brilliant. The sight nearly shocked everyone present. I guess she's indeed a true big shot. It was incredibly impressive and exceptionally awesome.

Then, Hector saw Luigi's well-trained men walking toward the black cars. He couldn't help but raise his

eyebrows. "Does Ashlyn know them? They look somewhat familiar, but I can't remember where I've seen them before."

How could Ashlyn possibly be involved with so many extraordinary men, especially the one leading the group? The intimidating aura emanating from their leader is truly extraordinary.

"Could they be people sent by Jared? I heard that Jared has many extraordinary bodyguards under his command," a police officer whispered.

"Alas. If I didn't know that Ashlyn is Lucas' wife, I would have thought her shooting skills are even more impressive than our special forces elite!" Hector couldn't help but sigh, feeling that it was such a waste that someone so talented and capable did not join them, a regular army.

The sky was dark and gloomy, with a hazy shade of gray. Two prison guards flanked James as they walked down a narrow, dimly lit corridor. At the end of the corridor, there was a blinding light. That was a spacious field, surrounded by a few low-rise buildings. James looked up and around, noticing the towering iron wire fence that stood tall around the prison. It was as if the sky had been frozen over, making it nearly impossible for even a sparrow to spread its wings and fly.

"Mr. Field, please don't touch these wire fences. Sometimes they're electrified to prevent escapes, and touching them can be extremely painful," a prison guard said coldly. Although he still addressed James as Mr. Field, his tone didn't carry the slightest warmth. As they spoke, they had already taken the elevator and arrived at the fourth floor of the building.

James' cell was located at the innermost part of the building. To get there, one had to take the staircase and go through two tightly closed doors. Curses seeped through the gap in the door, the voice extremely hoarse and unpleasant to hear. James pretended not to hear them. After his cell door was opened, he stepped inside. Bang! The iron door behind him was mercilessly closed shut. He carried his toiletries and basin while walking over to the bed furthest inside.

The cell was quite large, with dozens of people in it. Only the bed at the very back was left unoccupied. They were all dressed in prison uniforms. A man with a tattoo of a tiger on his arm growled at James. "I heard you were a mayor. Haha. Aren't you in jail just like us?"

[Chapter 1034 Placed In Peril](#)

"This," remarked the dark-skinned man with a robust figure, his laughter laced with sarcasm, "is the epitome of a fall from grace!" James possessed an elegant and gentle countenance that appeared strikingly incongruous amidst this gathering of desperate outlaws.

Without uttering a word in response to those remarks, he simply lowered himself onto his bed. As he sank onto the bed, a cascade of recent events played out in his mind, unfolding like vivid scenes from a movie. His mind became inundated with a flurry of distressing images: a barrage of profanities hurled his way, the chilling sight of loaded guns, and the sensation of handcuffs.

These haunting scenes intertwined with a tapestry of endless interrogations and the ceaseless barrage of threats. Their determination to extract a confession from him remained unwavering.

However, the truth remained steadfast: he had never committed any of those acts. Having endured the onslaught of these experiences, he became keenly aware that someone was deliberately orchestrating a plot to expose him to mortal peril.

The events within the prison, encompassed by towering wire fences, surpassed anything James had ever encountered in his life experiences. Each of these incidents served to gradually push him closer and closer to the edge of an abyss.

Now, his sole glimmer of hope resided in Joseph and Lucas, praying that they would discover a means to rescue him from this dire predicament. He refused to accept his fate of perishing in this place, unwilling to let his lifelong reputation be shattered in an instant. James was plagued with uncertainty about the world that awaited him beyond the door, and at that moment, an overwhelming sense of unease consumed him.

Unbeknownst to him, he drifted into slumber, and when he eventually awoke, the sky had already surrendered to the cloak of darkness. The window allowed the cold moonlight to seep in and a sudden chill in the air that made him shiver ever so slightly. He pulled the thin blanket from the top of the bed and draped it over himself. The other prisoners in the vicinity were all fast asleep, their snores rising and falling in a rhythmic cadence.

The room was engulfed in darkness, and beyond the door lay an open corridor. He listened intently to sporadic footsteps echoing in the hallway, a chilling sensation gripping his heart.

Inside the Oates residence, nestled in Jadeborough, Sienna remained knelt in the living room, her head bowed low. She had maintained this posture for over an hour, yet the other members of the Oates family carried on with their daily activities, unfazed—some sipping tea, engaging in conversation, or engrossed in their mobile phones. Not a single person bestowed any attention upon her.

Lily Oates cast a lazy glance in Sienna's direction, her countenance brimming with disdain and mockery as she uttered with a sneer, "Sienna, you... how dare you show your face here again? Not to mention that you actually have the audacity to ask Dad to help the Haddock family."

"Lily..." Sienna's voice trembled as she lowered it to a whisper, "I'm desperate. I beg you, please, let me see Dad!" "You, an illegitimate daughter, have the audacity to address our father as 'father'?" Finnick Oates sneered, his voice dripping with contempt.

"Your mother was nothing more than a mere maid. What entitles you to claim him as your 'father'?" Sienna's complexion drained of all color as his words hung in the air. It had been countless years since she had last stepped foot inside the Oates residence. During that time, she had been coerced into marrying into the Haddock family, promised to be a harbinger of prosperity for the latter. In the end, she

found herself bound to a man twisted by affliction and disability.

In the present day, Dixon found himself confined within the walls of a prison cell, and she couldn't bear the thought of witnessing his tragic fate unfold in the confines of incarceration. It was only in losing him that she came to realize the profound significance of Dixon in her life.

Therefore, despite being fully aware that returning to the Oates residence would subject her to ridicule, mockery, and contempt, she made the decision to come back nonetheless.

"Finnick... Dixon is innocent. I beg you, please let me see Dad... Dad has held a position of influence in Jadeborough for a considerable time, and his power can surely safeguard Dixon," she pleaded. After uttering those words, Sienna resorted to knocking her head on the ground, a desperate plea for mercy. With forceful and resounding knocks, she struck her head against the ground, causing fresh blood to trickle from her forehead. At this point, her forehead had become swollen and reddened, bearing the visible marks of her relentless self-inflicted blows.

After a while, a profound silence descended upon the living room, as nearly everyone present stared in shock at Sienna's bleeding forehead. Finally, breaking the silence, it was the youngest daughter of Nelson, Monica Oates, who spoke in a soft voice.

"Finnick... let's not allow her to face any further harm. Otherwise, people will accuse us, the Oates family, of being bullies. Perhaps... we should kick her out of the house!"

"Well, you're right." Finnick then exclaimed loudly, "Someone, come! Remove this deranged woman from here!" Without hesitation, several housekeepers from the Oates family swiftly advanced, their grips firm as they seized Sienna, whose face was now smeared with blood, and forcefully escorted her out. Desperation etched across her features, Sienna gazed at them, her voice trembling with pleading words. "I beg of you... please... please don't kick me out of here..." Yet, before long, her voice dwindled, fading into insignificance amidst the ears of the crowd.

Instantly, the living room regained its lively ambiance once more. Casting a quick glance at her surroundings, Lily realized that none of the others had taken notice of her. She leaned in close to her brother, Finnick, and whispered, "Finnick, I've received the news that Dad's health is declining rapidly." Finnick's eyebrows arched in surprise, and he swiftly questioned, "What's the matter?" "Yesterday afternoon, I received a call from the caregiver who informed me that Dad had a brief episode of unconsciousness. The doctor mentioned the possibility of an intracranial bleed. By evening, the doctor declared Dad's condition as critical, but there were signs of regained consciousness in the morning."

[Chapter 1035 The Condition Of Nelson](#)

"Just now, the caregiver messaged me, informing me that Dad is experiencing high blood pressure and even lost consciousness. The doctor figured it's highly likely to be a stroke..." Lily shared. Upon hearing this, Finnick's irritation flared, and he exclaimed, "Why didn't you mention this earlier?" If a minor stroke was promptly treated, it had the potential to make a significant impact. With proper medical intervention, the recovery process could be swift, leading to minimal differences compared to a healthy

individual.

However, in the case of a severe stroke where timely treatment is not received, the consequences could be unimaginable. Even if the patient managed to recover from such a severe stroke, it could still result in a decline in cognitive abilities, the onset of dementia, or even paralysis. The Oates family's presence and influence in Jadeborough stemmed from Nelson Oates's involvement as one of the founding fathers many years ago. While he might not wield significant authority in recent times, his longstanding prestige had endured. The younger generation of the Oates family might not have stood out significantly on their own, but they had enjoyed favorable circumstances under the protection of the patriarch.

The past few years had been relatively prosperous for them. However, there was one specific incident that occurred, causing deep resentment within the Oates family. On the night of Nelson's fiftieth birthday, he became involved with a maid. To everyone's surprise, the woman became pregnant and gave birth to Sienna, his illegitimate daughter. Fortunately, Finnick held a somewhat significant position in Nelson's affections, which allowed him to arrange for Sienna to be sold to the Haddock family under the pretense of bringing them good fortune. This decision was made to prevent Sienna from continuously appearing before the Oates family and causing further discontent.

Lily took a deep breath and explained, "I couldn't inform you earlier due to Sienna's disruptive presence, Finnick. Madison wanted me to relay the message that she intends to seek the renowned professor of surgery, Chloe Yeatman, from Jadeborough Hospital, to perform our father's surgery. Chloe is widely regarded as one of the top professors of surgery in the country, with very few peers who can match her expertise." Upon learning that his wife, Madison Yeatman, had invited Chloe to perform the surgery, Finnick's sense of relief washed over him. "Since Chloe is your sister-in-law's biological sister, having Chloe by our side brings a greater sense of reassurance."

"However, I've heard that Trevor is still searching for other experts," Lily commented. "It seems he's considering someone from a smaller provincial capital like Lake City rather than looking abroad. But in my opinion, no matter who Trevor finds, they won't be able to match Chloe's expertise." "You're absolutely right." Finnick nodded in agreement.

"Trevor is nothing but a troublemaker. What else does he capable to do besides creating problems every day?"

"Forget about Trevor for now. Let's not dwell on him," Lily declared. After rising from her seat, she addressed her other sisters, "Are all of you coming with me to the hospital?"

"Of course, let's go," everyone responded with unanimous agreement. At this juncture, it was crucial for them to visit the hospital in order to strengthen their bond and connection.

Moreover, considering the possibility of Nelson's passing, it becomes even more essential for them to visit the hospital as they would eventually have to address the matter of dividing the family's assets. The Oates family possessed a vast business empire and had numerous descendants. Among them was Trevor Oates, their nephew, who consistently engaged in unconventional pursuits rather than devoting himself

to the family business. He even pursued a career as an esports player, which some viewed as simply playing games.

From their perspective, Trevor's daily obsession with playing games, as if it were a serious profession, made him the epitome of degeneracy. They couldn't fathom anyone more idle and lacking in ambition than him. They had also heard that Trevor was planning to lead his team in a world championship competition this year. They found it difficult to believe that there was actually a global championship dedicated to playing games in this day and age.

Finnick held a deep-seated disdain for his nephew. With the prospect of dividing the family property in their thoughts, they promptly rose from their seats, prepared to make their way to the hospital. Finnick also stood up and said, "Let's go!" Sienna stood near the entrance of the Oates residence, her eyes fixed on the departing cars of the family as they drove out one after another. She watched them, her face devoid of any expression, as the men and women, both young and old, who shared her bloodline, left the premises.

She couldn't help but wonder what their intentions were. She cast a brief glance at the imposing mansion behind her, narrowing her eyes in contemplation. The sky appeared gloomy, with the threat of a heavy downpour looming in the air. Meanwhile, gusts of cold wind swept through, causing a shiver to run down one's spine.

The winter in Jadeborough was much colder than in Lake City, with an icy wind that seemed to penetrate the skin. It made people's faces feel dry and chilled, causing goosebumps to rise on their arms. Sienna wasted no time and quickly got into her car, starting the engine with determination. She trailed behind the Oates family's cars, determined to follow them. Since Sienna was barred from seeing Nelson, her curiosity got the better of her. She wondered what this group of people, all assembled and leaving together, was up to.

[Chapter 1036 Terminal Lucidity](#)

Half an hour later, the convoy of cars from the Oates family grandly entered the underground parking lot of the hospital. Sienna stealthily trailed them inside. One could only wonder whether everyone in the Oates family was too eager to head to the hospital or simply too careless to not notice Sienna tailing them. Upon seeing the group step into the elevator, Sienna watched the panel as it showed that they had stopped on the fifteenth floor. She waited for a while before boarding another elevator to head upstairs. When the elevator reached the fourteenth floor, she got off and then crept up the steps through the emergency staircase, silently making her way up to the fifteenth floor. As soon as she exited the emergency staircase, Finnick's voice reached her ears.

"Doctor, how's my dad doing now?"

"The patient has yet to pass the critical period. Please stay calm."

That reply was from a voice stranger to Sienna.

That must be the doctor.

Startled, she pressed her back against the wall then and there, gingerly sneaking a peek down the hallway. Crowding near the entrance of the emergency treatment room was the Oates family with Finnick leading at the forefront. Everyone regarded the doctor with varied expressions. The doctor hurried away, seemingly anxious. A pucker formed between Sienna's brows.

Oh, dear... Dad must be very ill.

That would explain why none of them told her about Nelson falling sick. Sienna's heart raced, and her mind was in a mess. It took her a while to calm her emotions. Only then did she quietly take a glimpse once more at the door of the emergency treatment room. A rather displeased collateral relative of the Oates family piped up, "Finnick, what's going on? Did the old man have a stroke? Or is it a brain bleed? Why did you only summon us when his condition has gotten so severe?"

"Right... Finnick, you didn't hide it from us intentionally, did you?" asked another woman, sounding dissatisfied.

It was then that Madison, who was dressed in a white coat, stepped out of the elevator. She gazed at the bustling corridor, coughed slightly, and cleared her throat. She then ambled toward Finnick, her cold eyes sweeping over everyone before she uttered, "Dad's condition suddenly worsened last night. I already informed Lily. Also, Finnick also just found out today. So... what exactly are you all unhappy about?"

As the head of the nursing department at Jadeborough Hospital, Madison was responsible for the allocation of all nurses throughout the hospital. She might not usually see patients, let alone take care of them, but she had an inborn inclination of throwing her weight around. Usually, her friends and family would ask for her favor every time they visited the hospital for treatment. As a result, she had the gall to show up with her hands in her pockets, exuding an aura that seemed even more intimidating than that of her husband, Finnick.

"Why would you say that, Madison? We're merely showing our concern," claimed one of the Oates with an awkward grin. "Enough. Dad's getting on in years, and he's facing problems with his health, just like any machine would with time. This is only natural. Everybody will age, fall sick, and die one day. It's the law of nature, so don't be too upset." She paused for a fleeting moment before adding, "Besides, my sister, Chloe, is a surgeon specialist. She's been abroad several times for academic research and exchange, and she's one of the top doctors we have here. In the next couple of days, she'll fix a time and perform the surgery for Dad. What are you guys still worried about?" Madison's eyelids fluttered. She and Chloe were a famous duo in the entirety of Jadeborough Hospital.

The Yeatman family had a long history in the medical field. Being a medical family, their descendants were mostly working in various prestigious hospitals throughout Jadeborough. Among them, that pair of sisters stood out the most. One of them pursued a career in administration while the other delved into academic research. Be it the Yeatman family or the Oates family, none could hold a candle to Madison's

and Chloe's stature. After all, in that era, almost everyone would be down with some sort of illness at some point.

Sienna had been hiding in the corner, eavesdropping on the conversations of the Oates family members. She could be fairly certain of one thing—Nelson's days were numbered. It seemed that she would need to seek the old man's help before he breathed his last. All she could do at present was pray with all her heart that Nelson would at least experience a burst of terminal lucidity so that she could see him for one last time. Meanwhile, an airplane swept up a gust of wind as it landed at Jadeborough Airport.

A tall, slender lady emerged from the VIP passage with one hand tucked in the pocket of her hoodie while the other held a red phone.

[Chapter 1037 Lord Trevor](#)

Wearing a white Bluetooth headset, she greeted,

“Hello.”

“Boss...” Tears welled up in Trevor's eyes the minute he heard Ashlyn's voice.

“I beg you! Please save my grandpa... He's been unconscious after suffering from a stroke...” he cried out.

“What's a grown man like you crying for? Have you no shame?” Ashlyn's beautiful hazel eyes were half-closed as she spoke. A hint of laziness could be perceived in the corner of her eyes. If anything, that gave her a roguish look.

“Wait a minute... Boss, did you get off the plane already?” Trevor heard Ashlyn's footsteps from the other end of the line, thus becoming alert out of the blue.

“D*mn! I'm at the south-east entrance. I'll come pick you up.” After hanging up the phone, Ashlyn put away her phone without any change in her mien. Behind her, a towering man wore a black cashmere coat, which made him look even more slender and imposing. His facial features were as though they were sculpted by the hand of a deity, appearing incredibly attractive. As he walked past those passersby along the way, he drew quite a lot of attention from the public. Even so, Lucas only focused on following behind Ashlyn. His loving eyes were all on that lady alone.

Spencer was beside Lucas. The former, for one, was slightly unhappy, though. A few days ago, he had been discharged from the hospital, and his leg had healed. On top of that, he also experienced a shocking episode where Mavis was kidnapped right at the door of the restaurant.

Yet, something else was bothering him. Why didn't Boss bring Cassandra along when he goes on a business trip with Ms. Berry?

That actually somewhat saddened Spencer. Their flight was at six in the morning, so they had to wake up at four o'clock. After grabbing some daily necessities, they headed straight to the airport to catch their flight to Jadeborough. Because of that, Spencer still felt sleepy and sluggish.

However, he persevered all the way there. The winter in Jadeborough was particularly cold, coupled with the dry air. It was poles apart from the damp atmosphere in Lake City. To make matters worse, the northerly wind was strong in Jadeborough, not to mention its intense sandstorms. As the trio walked among other travelers and passengers wrapped in down jackets, they seemed a tad out of place. To Spencer, the air was biting chilly.

The northern region's really f*cking cold!

"Ms. Berry, who did you say would come to get you just now?" He picked up the pace and caught up with Ashlyn. "Um... A friend." Ashlyn's tone was placid without a trace of emotion.

"What kind of friend? A man or woman?" Lucas' voice was deep and enticing. Ashlyn held her phone with her fair and slender fingers, lazily sparing that man a glance. Her dark eyelashes somewhat concealed her alluring eyes, and she smirked.

"A guy."

A chuckle escaped the man on the heels of that.

"A guy, you say?"

Nevertheless, there was an inexplicable hint of jealousy in his tone. Ashlyn did not even bother to deal with Lucas who always seemed to get jealous over nothing. Just then, a sudden, thrilled cry rang out.

"Boss! Boss! Over here!"

The group of three looked in the direction of the source. At a glance, Ashlyn saw Trevor holding up a giant sign, jumping around like a nimble monkey. The latter was thin and had a distinctly youthful appearance. His fingers on the sign were long and fair.

Considering that he had not been under the sun over the years, his skin was exceptionally pale. Still, his facial features were strikingly beautiful, delicate, and seemingly translucent. To say that he was handsome would be an understatement. Upon seeing how excited Trevor was, Ashlyn was pretty ashamed and only wished to cover her own face. Things were different for Spencer. The second he clapped eyes on Trevor, he was shocked, his eyes widening like saucers as if he had been struck by lightning, "L-Lord Trevor? What the heck? Are you kidding me?" He quickly took a couple of steps forward, catching up with Ashlyn's pace. "Ms. Berry, Lord Trevor's calling for you, isn't he? He's calling out for you, right?" Ashlyn side-eyed him blandly.

"Can't you read the word on the sign?" Spencer gaped as he turned toward the sign that Trevor was holding, only to find a name on it: Ashlyn.

Goodness gracious! He really does know Ms. Berry! Due to the overwhelming excitement within him, Trevor was too loud when he yelled, hence turning quite a few tourists' heads. Things escalated quickly when it immediately caused a commotion in public. "Lord Trevor!" "Ah! It's Lord Trevor!" "Wow! I didn't think Lord Trevor would actually be here to pick someone up from the airport." A parade consisting of e-sports fans and e-sports lovers alike swarmed in, all flocking toward Trevor.

The latter was dumbfounded in an instant. Fleeing the scene was the first thing that came to his mind, yet he could do no such thing. The only thing he could do was stand there in a daze and put on his signature smile while waving at the onlookers. "I'm here to fetch my boss, so... Everyone, please make way, all right?"

[Chapter 1038 Minion of Ashlyn](#)

Ashlyn raised her eyebrows at Trevor and let out a whistle without changing her expression. Trevor smiled bitterly. "Go ahead and laugh at me." "The top player in the e-sports world, Trevor! I heard that he's leading his team to compete in the world championship this year. They've already made it to the playoffs and are now fighting for the first and second place."

"I heard that our H Nation is sending three teams to compete, and the top three finishers in the playoffs will qualify for the world championship."

"Ah! He's even more handsome in person than in photos."

"He's handsome and plays well, too. He's super awesome!" Trevor thought Ashlyn would come to his rescue, as he was surrounded by a bustling crowd, looking quite pitiful. And then Trevor saw Ashlyn, along with Lucas and Spencer, passed by him without even a sideways glance. The only thing the three of them didn't do was wave at Trevor and bid him goodbye. Trevor's heart was shattered.

It wasn't until half an hour later that Trevor finally broke through the encirclement and calmed down his fans. Panting heavily, Trevor arrived in front of Ashlyn.

"Boss, don't be so heartless! You actually left me all alone."

"Cut the crap. I'm tired and sleepy." Ashlyn yawned.

"People who get up at four in the morning can't take it."

"Alright, let's go. I'll take you to the hotel right now." Trevor hurriedly led Ashlyn to a van.

"Come on, get in." Spencer felt dizzy all the way, even after he got in the car.

One of my favorite e-sports players, Lord Trevor, turned out to be Ms. Berry's minion! Oh my gosh!

Seeing Trevor's respectful demeanor, Spencer felt that this world was becoming more and more mysterious. Spencer gulped nervously and glanced at Lucas beside him. Lucas had always been very calm, so calm that it seemed a bit excessive.

The car arrived at the hotel entrance, and as soon as Ashlyn and Lucas got out, they saw a black car parked in front of the hotel. It was not that the car brand was particularly impressive or outstanding, but rather, the vehicle itself was a rather unremarkable Mercedes-Benz sedan.

However, it was the license plate number that caught everyone's attention. A license plate with the number "JBA00000" was definitely owned by someone who was either wealthy or noble, or someone with power and influence. Especially when it stopped right in front of the most famous five-star hotel in Jadeborough. It was quite an eye-catching sight! It was too eye-catching. Beside the car stood a middle-aged man dressed in a black uniform, his expressionless face gazing towards Trevor's vehicle. His expression carried a hint of coldness, and there was no warmth in his eyes as he looked at Trevor. He strode over to Trevor's car and said, "Mr. Trevor, Mr. Finnick has instructed you to take the doctor you found to the hospital immediately."

Trevor frowned. "She's had a long journey and just got off the plane not long ago, plus she woke up early this morning. I want her to rest a bit before going to the hospital. Is that not okay?"

"Old Mr. Oates' illness cannot be delayed any longer; we have reached a critical point. Is Old Mr. Oates' health more important, or is her rest more important?" The Oates family's butler, Ruben Landon, said coldly, "Mr. Finnick said that he respects your opinion and the doctor you invited. But please get your priorities right, Mr. Trevor."

Trevor insisted on not letting Chloe treat Nelson's illness, claiming that he had invited a renowned doctor for the job. Trevor mentioned that the renowned doctor was impressive and awesome. Everyone in the Oates family knew that Trevor is unreliable. Instead of being a proper scion, he insisted on playing games. In this matter, Finnick had already done everything he could to be fair and just. He had given Trevor enough respect. If Trevor continued to act so recklessly, Ruben was afraid that in the future when Nelson passed away... Hehe... Ruben was the Oates family's butler.

Now that Finnick's influence was extremely strong, it was best for Ruben to recognize the situation and choose his side early on. Upon thinking about this, Ruben's attitude toward Trevor became increasingly contemptuous and arrogant. "Boss..." Trevor didn't expect the Oates family to be so insistent. Trevor glanced helplessly at Ashlyn in the back seat of the car, his eyes filled with a hint of uncertain pleading. Ashlyn had a cold and irritable temper; it was hard to tell if she would agree, especially when she was so exhausted. Trevor was already content with having Ashlyn come over, so he didn't dare to hope that she would follow his commands.

[Chapter 1039 Brianna Visited Nelson](#)

Don't even mention this lifetime. Trevor wouldn't dare to command Ashlyn even in his next life! Ashlyn glanced at Trevor casually and said nonchalantly, "Let's go."

Did she just... agree to it? Trevor immediately felt relieved.

However, Ruben couldn't help but glance at the back seat through the lowered car window. In the back row sat a man and a woman; the man was handsome, and the woman was beautiful. The girl who had just started speaking had an extremely cold and clear voice, and she was strikingly beautiful. Her fair skin was eye-catching, with a slender neck and delicate features that were even more beautiful than the portraits of beauties in picture albums. Upon seeing her, Ruben couldn't help but froze, as such a beautiful and delicate girl was truly a rare sight.

She is young and good-looking. So... is she the doctor? Or is that man the doctor? Ruben's curiosity led him to look at Lucas once more. Lucas exuded an extraordinary aura, and his excessively handsome face seemed to sense Ruben's gaze. Lucas' narrow eyes lifted slightly, giving Ruben a brief, emotionless glance before lowering them again. It was merely one glance, yet it made Ruben feel like he had been pricked by a thorn!

Wow... Such a sharp gaze. Such a strong aura. Where did Mr. Trevor find such an outstanding pair of man and woman?

Ruben had seen his fair share of young socialites and scions from prestigious families and wealthy households in Jadeborough. However, there has never been a man and woman as magnificent and naturally regal as this pair. Before Ruben could react, Trevor's car had already started. Seeing the car start to move, he quickly got into his car and instructed the driver to follow.

For some unknown reason, Ruben had a faint, uneasy feeling deep in his heart. Seeing the appearance of this man and woman, it seemed the entire Oates family was about to explode. The car moved forward smoothly. Ashlyn nestled in Lucas' arms and let out a yawn; she was extremely tired.

"I'll take a short nap. Just wake me up when we arrive." After she finished speaking, she stretched out both arms and wrapped them around Lucas' waist, rubbing her porcelain-white face against his chest. It was quite rare for Ashlyn to be like a little kitten that was attached to the embrace of its owner.

Lucas looked at Ashlyn with doting affection. His large palm gently stroked her back, just like how one would pat and soothe a baby. Ashlyn was quite tired and exhausted. The refreshingly masculine scent that filled her nose made her feel exceptionally at ease.

Before Ashlyn knew it, she had fallen asleep. At this moment in the hospital, the ward where Nelson was staying was extremely crowded. Many important figures, who could only be seen on television, were coming and going in this place. Finnick felt his face feeling almost stiff from greeting the guests. "Thank you so much. I appreciate you making the trip."

"My dad's health is really not good anymore. Alas..."

"Thank you for your hard work..." Just then, a slender figure stepped out of the elevator, followed by a man. The man carried a fruit basket in his hand, keeping pace with her every step. Finnick was stunned

and looked toward the woman. "Ms. Jackovich?"

How did the famous Secretary of State's youngest daughter, Brianna Jackovich, from the royal family of Maredania, end up here?

Brianna wore an elegant Audrey Hepburn-styled black dress, with a white cashmere coat on top. She had on a pair of matching boots that were spotlessly clean, drawing admiring glances. The striking contrast of black and white created a refreshing and powerful simplicity. She was exceptionally beautiful, with a mysterious mixed-race look in her features, especially those captivating eyes, which were incredibly stunning and enchanting.

The square diamond earrings on her ears gleamed with a brilliant and noble radiance under the corridor lights. Finnick murmured to himself, "The daughter of Maredania's Secretary of State truly lives up to her reputation as a top socialite." He then walked up to Brianna.

"Ms. Jackovich, it's been a while. I'm glad to see you're doing well."

"Old Mr. Oates is one of the founding fathers of the H Nation. It's only right that we come to visit him when he's seriously ill."

Brianna glanced at the driver behind her, who immediately presented the fruit basket in his hands to Finnick.

[Chapter 1040 What Are You Guys Thinking](#)

Finnick hurriedly accepted the fruit basket.

"Thank you, Ms. Jackovich."

"This time, I am visiting on behalf of Maredania, representing not only the State but also my mother's caring concern." As soon as Brianna spoke, her words carried a bureaucratic tone. Despite her young age, which was just over twenty, she had fully mastered the ways of the bureaucratic world. After all, Brianna had been imperceptibly influenced by Sonia, the Secretary of State. Thus, it's only natural that Brianna wouldn't be too bad.

"Thank you to Madam Secretary, and thank you, Ms. Jackovich, as well as Maredania," Finnick said politely.

"Mr. Oates, there's no need to be so polite," Brianna said calmly.

"This is what I should do." She then glanced at the tightly closed ward door.

"Old Mr. Oates' condition doesn't look promising this time!"

"He's been in a coma all this time." Finnick sighed, with a hint of worry appearing on his face.

"I hope we can save him."

"If there's anything I can help with, please don't hesitate to let me know, Mr. Oates."

Brianna spoke politely. "I major in medicine, and my mentor has always been Professor Yeatman. Over the past few years, while studying at H Nation Medical University, I have been under the constant care of Professor Yeatman."

"Of course, of course." Upon hearing this, Finnick nodded eagerly, feeling truly valued by Maredania's Secretary of State. Brianna sighed, "I heard from Professor Yeatman that this time that Old Mr. Oates' condition is not very good. Not only has he been unconscious, but there's also a high possibility of a brain bleed or a certain degree of hematoma.

If he doesn't undergo surgery soon, his life will be in danger." Brianna was originally Chloe's mentee and also had a connection as the daughter of Maredania's Secretary of State. Usually, people already held Brianna in high regard.

Now that they heard her speak so elaborately, the Oates family members were even more affectionate and attentive toward her. Those eyes seemed to want to stick onto her desperately. Lily walked over, reaching out to grab Brianna's arm.

However, Lily hesitated, not wanting to offend Brianna. Lily asked softly, "Did Professor Yeatman mention the chances of survival if surgery is performed?" Brianna's face bore a hint of pride, as well as a touch of the unique arrogance belonging to Maredania's distinguished socialites. Brianna didn't seem to take Lily seriously at all, but even so, she said faintly, "Maybe just thirty or forty percent." "Oh my God, then my dad, he..." Lily couldn't help but exclaim in shock.

Brianna's face grew increasingly arrogant. "Professor Yeatman said that if we proceed with the surgery right away, there might be a thirty to forty percent chance of success. Even with that small chance, it's not guaranteed to result in a full recovery, and there might even be a risk of paralysis." She continued impatiently, "I don't know what the Oates family is thinking. At a time like this, why haven't you signed the consent for the surgery yet? What exactly are you waiting for? Are you joking around with Old Mr. Oates' life?"

She glanced disdainfully at the Oates family members and added, "Besides, as people get older, they tend to have serious health issues. I heard that Mr. Trevor is looking for a renowned doctor. Has he been deceived by someone?" Brianna's tone was filled with admiration and recognition for Chloe as she spoke.

"Professor Yeatman is my mentor, and currently, there is no one in the entire H Nation who can match my mentor's technical expertise in this field. Even Maredania has invited my mentor to give lectures. What on earth are you guys thinking?" Brianna's tone was filled with pride. Brianna was Maredania's number one socialite, and she studied at the prestigious medical university. Besides, she was also

Chloe's most accomplished mentee. One could say she was truly God's favorite. It was all for Trevor's sake that Brianna stood here and talked to the Oates family members for a while. It was a pity that this d*mned Trevor actually went out to look for a so-called renowned doctor instead of coming to beg her. The more Brianna thought about it, the angrier she became.

However, as the number one socialite, she couldn't lower her stance! Finnick didn't say a word; he just let out a sigh. The other members of the Oates family remained silent. Although Trevor was usually unreliable, each of them had their own selfish motives, and not all of them necessarily wanted Nelson to be saved.