

Extraordinary 1101

[Chapter 1101 Reinvestigation](#)

"What's so important that you must see me today, Old Mr. Oates? Is there something you want to discuss with me?" the president asked as he rubbed his temples.

The Oates family might have declined recently, but he had to admit they still possessed a strong foundation.

Therefore, the president made sure to talk to Nelson respectfully.

"Well, it's like this..." Nelson said before being struck by a violent coughing fit. "I-It's about Lake City."

The president immediately raised an eyebrow. "Lake City? Are you also here because of what happened to James Field?"

Nelson, who was gearing up to play the sympathy card with a bout of severe coughing, suddenly froze. "Mr. President, what do you mean by that...?"

What did he mean by "also?"

The president sighed. "Please head home, Old Mr. Oates."

Upon hearing that, Nelson became anxious. What? I haven't even settled the matter! How can I go back now?

"I'm not going back. James Field is a good man. He just got—"

"I know. This matter needs to be reinvestigated. Although he's currently in custody, he hasn't been convicted yet," the president interrupted, his gaze tinged with helplessness. "However, if we reopened the case, the chances of success would be pretty slim. The evidence of his crime is irrefutable, and the possibility of overturning the case is—"

"Mr. President, what did you just say?" Nelson blurted out. Huh? I haven't even pleaded for James yet. Why is the president already preparing to reopen the investigation?

"I said we need to reinvestigate," the president said. When he noticed Nelson's stunned expression, he couldn't help but laugh. Oh, come on. I'm not a heartless man. Even though running a country is exhausting, I, too, wish for more honest and upright officials in this world.

"Thank you, Mr. President... Thank you." Nelson exclaimed as he heaved a sigh of relief. "That's good to hear. I hope there will be a good outcome."

At the same time, an image of Ashlyn's beautiful face surfaced in his mind. Ah... This news would make her happier, wouldn't it? She and that kid from the Nolan family have been running themselves ragged for James' case... It's been hard on them.

"Mr. President, why have you decided to reinvestigate this case?" Nelson asked out of curiosity. After all, he had heard that the president's stance was firm and unchanging, so what was with the sudden change?

"Oh, it's nothing. I just... I've just gotten myself a godsister, and it feels pretty good," the president replied, an enigmatic smile on his face. "All right. I'll have someone take you home."

"Godsister?" Nelson exclaimed, now even more confused than ever. Gosh! To think there's a woman out there who has charmed the country's leader into acknowledging her as his godsister! She must be a force to reckon with! Then again, I know better than anyone else that some questions are better left unasked.

After seeing Nelson off, the president hurriedly returned to the hospital.

My goodness. I've been working like a dog, and I'm exhausted!

The weather was gloomy and unpleasantly oppressive. Dark, menacing clouds hung low as the wind howled and sent snowflakes swirling in the sky.

Inside South Jadeborough Prison at that moment, dozens of men dressed in prison garb were wielding hoes and tiling the soil.

However, it was so cold outside that the ground was frozen solid, making it impossible to get any work done.

To make matters worse, the men were dressed minimally, so it didn't take long for their hands to turn bright red from the frigid cold.

A gust of cold wind suddenly swept through, and a few frail-looking men nearly dropped their hoes.

"Get to work! What's everyone daydreaming about? If you don't plant the crops now, what will you eat later?" a prison guard shouted sternly as he whipped one of the men on his back, causing a loud smack to ring out.

The man gritted his teeth in pain, almost letting out a cry.

Upon seeing that, the other men began to dig the ground with renewed vigor.

Despite feeling a searing pain in his back, James bit down hard and bore it.

Sadly, prisoners in that camp had zero status and were always either beaten or scolded. As the prisoners were mostly officials who had been punished, prison guards would usually assume they were tyrants who had committed nefarious crimes against the country and fellow citizens.

As such, the guards tormented them relentlessly, and no one intervened. In fact, the prison guards even believed they were doing a favor to society by punishing the prisoners.

"I don't care if you guys were high-ranking officials before. Now that you're all on my turf, you're nothing but parasites of the state!"

[Chapter 1102 Dire Consequences](#)

"You, especially!" the prison guard bellowed as he gave James another lash. "Not only did you buy your way up, but you also accepted bribes! What a sc*mbag! You don't deserve to live in this world!"

James instantly paled and almost cried out in pain.

Ouch! This hurts so much! When have I ever suffered like this before?

When the whip mercilessly landed on his back with another resounding snap, James could no longer tolerate the pain and crumpled to the ground.

Even so, the prison guard walked over and brutally kicked him in the stomach. "Quit your act. Everyone knows the crimes you've committed! There's a mountain of evidence against you! Get up right now!"

James' forehead was heavily beaded with sweat as he clutched his stomach and glared at the guard. "I'm not guilty. I didn't take any bribes!"

"How dare you try to argue with me! Fine. Go ahead, then!" the guard retorted before raising his whip and unleashing his fury on James.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

After several lashes in succession, the piercing sound of the whip echoed through the sky.

Unfortunately, none of the other prisoners dared to step forward, and they could only watch helplessly as James suffered at the guard's hand.

By the time the guard grew tired and stopped the battering, James had been beaten to a pulp, and the whip was drenched in blood.

He lay curled up on the ground, gazing at the gray, overcast sky and the four walls around him.

He slowly closed his eyes as he whispered to himself, "I didn't commit any crimes... I'm innocent..."

I'm innocent...

After the prisoners had finished their chores, they lined up one by one to leave the place, leaving James behind.

The snow kept falling, growing larger and denser with every passing second.

As James remained on the ground, the snow fell on his head and clothes.

Soon, an hour passed...

Two hours later, one of the prison guards couldn't bear the sight any longer and approached the cold-hearted guard from earlier.

"Boss, don't let him freeze to death. If the higher-ups were to launch an investigation, we'd be dragged into this mess."

After all, James hadn't been sentenced yet and was only being temporarily detained.

If he died, everyone would undoubtedly have to face dire consequences.

The prison guard with the whip nodded. "Fine. Drag him back."

Having received the order, two of his subordinates rushed out and dragged a snow-covered James back to his cell.

By then, James was already cold as ice, and his breathing was short and shallow.

"Oh, dear! He's running a fever!" one of the guards shouted. "Boss, let's get the prison doctor to attend to him!"

"What a hassle! Get the doctor over here!"

"Okay, okay!"

Unfortunately, James had already passed out, and his entire body was as hot as a furnace.

The doctor arrived swiftly, giving him a thorough examination and the necessary treatment.

After applying ointment to his wounds, feeding him some fever-reducing pills, and leaving behind some additional medication, he finally left.

Meanwhile, a car slowly pulled up to the entrance of the prison.

Within seconds, several attractive young men and women exited the car and strode into the compound.

At the same time, the guard who had previously whipped James stepped out into the snow and made a phone call in a corner.

“Don't worry, Mrs. Taylor. I've already taught him a lesson as per your instruction. So... Can you secure a spot for my daughter at the film academy this year? Ah! Yes. Thank you, Mrs. Taylor. Thank you.”

When he saw the young men and women approaching him, he immediately hung up the phone and sneered at them.

“Who are you?”

Without skipping a beat, Joseph presented the documents and credentials he had prepared beforehand to the prison guard. “This is the necessary paperwork for a prison visit.”

Upon seeing James' name, the latter couldn't help but furrow his brows.

D*mn it. James is still unconscious. I can't let outsiders know about it...

“I'm sorry, but suspects awaiting trial aren't allowed to receive visitors,” he scoffed. “Unless it's their lawyer, no one is allowed to see them.”

“Is that so?” Ashlyn replied with an arched brow, her face stern as she stared at the smug-looking prison guard.

[Chapter 1103 He Is A Lawyer](#)

This prison guard didn't carry the righteousness one would expect from a police officer. Instead, his narrow eyes and big mouth made him look incredibly sleazy.

Lucas noticed that the word “sergeant” was written on the job tag on the prison guard's chest.

This piece of trash is actually a sergeant?

His intuition told him that this person was up to no good.

Lucas' icy gaze fell on the sergeant's face. The next moment, Ashlyn saw him pull a lawyer's license out of nowhere and flashed it before the sergeant's eyes. “I'm James' lawyer, Lucas Nolan. These are my assistants. May I take them into the visiting room now?”

Lawyer... Lucas Nolan?

Ashlyn glanced at Joseph but noticed that he didn't seem particularly surprised.

Am I the only one that's been kept in the dark? When did this man become a lawyer?

She vaguely recalled hearing that Jadeborough had a renowned lawyer with the last name Nolan. It would cost a fortune to hire that lawyer for a lawsuit, but even then, it did not mean that he would take on the case.

She also remembered how Nolan Group had never seemed to have a legal advisor.

It turned out that Lucas was not only a renowned lawyer but also one that not everyone could hire.

When did this man have so many secret identities? I can't believe he's secretly a reputable lawyer too!

The sergeant scrutinized Lucas' lawyer license for quite some time before reluctantly saying, "Go ahead!"

The prison was heavily guarded.

A prison guard led the way and brought them into a room.

"Please wait a moment," said the prison guard expressionlessly.

"Are you a lawyer? Or is this license fake?" Ashlyn raised an eyebrow and looked at the man in front of her.

Lucas' handsome features were well-defined, and his dark orbs were glistening.

"Honey, doesn't that sound like something I said when your identity got exposed?"

An unnatural expression settled on Ashlyn's face. She awkwardly glanced at him and uttered, "I could say the same of you. Didn't you get uncovered too, Mr. Nolan?"

"When Lucas was in university, he not only studied finance but also studied law. Geniuses in this world are similar and destined to be," Joseph said softly. "So, don't be too hard on Lucas for not telling you."

Lucas had always kept a low profile. Other than a few people in the upper circle, almost no one else that he was a lawyer.

He gained fame in the legal circle after taking on a real estate case back then. However, he rarely took on new lawsuits since then.

After getting married a few years ago, he became even more uninterested in taking on cases and getting into legal battles.

It was because of his close relationship with the Field family that he would willingly agree to be James' lawyer this time.

Deep down, Joseph was extremely touched about it.

He knew he was fortunate to have a good friend like Lucas.

Inside one of the cells in the prison, a middle-aged man was curled up in a ball on the bed in a corner, shivering. Even though he had a blanket over his body, he was still suffering in the cold weather.

Even though he felt terribly cold, his cheeks remained flushed.

The man on the bed opposite him sat up, touched his forehead, and couldn't help but exclaim, "You're burning! James, you have a fever."

He forcefully tried to pull James up, but having worked the entire day, he barely had any strength left.

Almost all in that prison were officials subjected to investigations. They knew each other prior, and there weren't criminals who committed heinous crimes.

Upon hearing that James was ill, the other men immediately gathered around.

"James, wake up."

"How are you feeling?"

Perhaps because of the cacophony around him, James slowly opened his eyes. What came within his vision was several pairs of concerned gazes.

His mind went blank, and it took him some time to regain his senses. He struggled to sit up and said, "I guess I've been out in the snow for too long."

[Chapter 1104 You Have A Visitor](#)

Someone poured him a glass of water, "Here, have some water."

As James took the cup of water, he inadvertently tugged the bloody strips on his back left behind after being whipped. He couldn't help but let out a hiss of pain.

"Don't ever let me out, or else the first thing I'll do is deal with that bastard," a man yelled. "This is too brutal. No matter what, I used to be a governor. Do they really take us as criminals?"

"Walter, let it be..." James said weakly. "We're just prisoners now. No matter how glorious our past was, it's all in the past now."

He took a sip of water, pulled a small bag of pills from his headboard with his trembling hand, and swallowed the contents.

"The doctor gave me some medicine. Hopefully, I'll feel better tomorrow."

He let out a sigh and surveyed the place. "I never thought I'd end up in this situation one day."

"James, I'm sure you've been wronged. You'll definitely be released in the future... It's a pity we..." Walter said, looking devastated. "We've violated the laws of the State."

"Let's not dwell on this any longer. Everyone should get some rest," James said. He was a little tired after taking the medicine and barely had the energy to continue chatting with them. "Who knows? They might call us all out to work again later tonight. Let's disperse. Move along. Go and get some rest."

Just then, a voice of a prison guard suddenly rang out from the entrance. "James, you have a visitor!"

A visitor?

James was just about to lie down on his bed. He was visibly shocked by the news. Could it be Joe?

But on second thought, he figured he wasn't allowed to have visitors since he hadn't been sentenced.

Who could that be then?

He struggled to get out of bed, then proceeded to put on his shoes and stumbled his way over.

The prison guard opened the cell door. His cold and impatient gaze landed on James. "Hurry up! Why are you dawdling?"

James also wanted to quicken his pace, but any slight movement would affect the wounds on his back, causing intense, searing pain.

That left him awfully uncomfortable, especially since he was running a high fever.

His head was heavy and he felt terrible all over.

The prison guard impatiently grabbed him and shoved him forward, causing him to stumble and almost fall onto the ground.

Luckily, he quickly braced himself against the wall and regained his balance.

However, this action triggered a severe bout of coughing in him. Cough... cough...

“What a nuisance!” the prison guard cursed. “You ought to know better what should be said and what shouldn't. The sergeant wants me to tell you that you'd better keep your mouth shut and be careful with your words!”

With a blank expression, Xie James continued forward. Every step he took was a form of torment for him at that point.

Then again, the strong desire to find out who the visitor was kept him going.

Even though he nodded without saying a word, he was full of mockery deep inside.

Aren't they just afraid that I'll reveal how I get beaten up and tormented in here? Hah!

A few minutes later, he finally dragged his weary and weak body to the visiting room.

Sitting down before the glass window, he saw a few young people standing behind it.

He was evidently shocked by the sight before him.

Other than Joseph and Charlotte, Lucas and Ashlyn also came along.

Why is everyone here? How is this possible?

He slowly took a seat on the chair and picked up the phone.

Waves of emotions overwhelmed Joseph at the sight of James' haggard appearance. Without hesitation, he sat down and grabbed the phone. “Dad, Dad...”

“Joe,” James uttered. “It's snowing heavily outside, and it's so cold here. Why are you all here? Aren't you cold?”

His tone was just like before—full of concern.

Those words made Joseph feel awful. “Dad, I've brought you some stuff for daily use. Don't worry; we'll

surely get you out of here.”

“Silly child.” James sighed. “I’m doing quite well here. No one bullies me. I share a cell with some of my former colleagues. Don’t need to worry about me.”

[Chapter 1105 James Loses Consciousness](#)

Ashlyn had been standing by Lucas' side all along. She couldn't help but frown when she saw the unusual flush on James' face.

If my eyes aren't deceiving me, James looks ill. In fact, he looks like he's having a fever!

When she snatched the phone from Joseph's hand, the latter was a little displeased. Yet Ashlyn's anxious voice rang out before he could protest. “James, are you sick? Don't just share good news and hide the bad. If you're ill, you can be released on bail for treatment.”

Upon hearing her words, Joseph's face was filled with shock. “Dad, how did you get sick?”

He didn't doubt what Ashlyn said at all.

Upon seeing James, the once spirited and energetic mayor, in such a haggard and disheveled state, Lucas felt a deep sense of distress.

“Mr. Field, if you're feeling unwell, we can find a solution. Your health is paramount. I am your lawyer now... so, I'll see what I can do for you.”

“It's just a cold. The weather here is different from Lake City after all, so there's no need for you all to make a fuss. It's normal to have a headache or a fever once in a while,” James replied before coughing twice.

Charlotte bit her lower lip. “Dad, you must take care of yourself. Mr. Nolan is an excellent lawyer...”

As she had always been emotionally fragile, watching someone close to her suffer deeply saddened her and caused a gradual reddening of her eyes.

James loved her as much as her father did, yet she was now powerless to help him.

“Time's up!” At that moment, the prison guard, who had been standing at the door and monitoring James, shouted, “Get up, now!”

James clung to the phone reluctantly. “Joseph, take good care of yourselves!”

As he struggled to get to his feet, he felt the world spinning around him the moment he did.

A loud thud was heard when James fell heavily to the ground.

Everything went black before his eyes as he passed out.

With his brows furrowed in annoyance, the prison guard glared at James' body on the ground. He was about to chastise the latter for pretending to faint when he remembered the four young men and women standing on the other side of the glass.

Suppressing his frustration, he rushed to help James up. At the same time, he shouted into his walkie-talkie, "Someone, come quickly! It seems like James has fainted!"

"Dad! Dad!"

A stinging pain shot through Joseph's heart, while his heartbeat pounded furiously. His eyes, red and wide, stared at James' body on the ground. He then pounded desperately on the glass, shouting into it. "Dad, Dad, are you all right?"

Thick and heavy, the glass wasn't your everyday glass.

Hence, those inside simply couldn't hear his shouts at all.

Other than Joseph, Ashlyn and Lucas were equally worried. However, despite their anxiety, there was little they could do.

Lucas asserted, "I will immediately apply medical bail for him in my capacity as a lawyer. Joe, there's no need to panic."

"How can I stay calm? That's my dad in there!" Joseph pounded the glass in frustration, feeling the urge to shatter it into pieces.

Meanwhile, the sergeant hurried over with a few prison guards, but there was no doctor among them.

When the prison guard saw the arriving group, he immediately asked, "Where's the doctor, sergeant?"

The sergeant glanced at James, who was lying on the ground with a flushed face. "The doctor is on leave."

The doctor had gone away after seeing James for his illness.

The anxious Ashlyn pursed her thin lips, as she stopped a prison guard outside. "Hi, I'm a doctor. May I go in to treat him? I need to determine his condition."

"Erm..." The prison guard furrowed his brows, as he was not in a position to make decisions. It didn't help matters that Ashlyn was an outsider. How can an outsider like her be allowed into such a place?

“Do you really intend to just stand by and watch someone die?” Joseph took a quick step forward, grabbing the prison guard by his collar. “Does being in prison strip us of our human rights? Are we not even allowed to see a doctor?”

“Joe, calm down. You might be accused of assaulting an officer for this!” Lucas quickly intervened to stop Joseph. He pulled Joseph away, then turned to the prison guard. “Could you please let our doctor in to treat him?”

[Chapter 1106 Dilemma](#)

It was clear that the sergeant had his reasons for not bringing the doctor along.

As the situation was not as simple as it seemed, Ashlyn became even more anxious.

However, in such a place, they couldn't afford to act recklessly or resort to using force.

Otherwise, they would end up being charged with assaulting a police officer.

Ashlyn let out a sigh.

After whipping out her phone, Ashlyn flashed her medical license on it. “Look here. I am a nationally certified doctor. I am not fake. Now please seek approval immediately to let me go in and treat the patient, okay? If the illness worsens due to the delay and something unfortunate happens to the patient, are you ready to bear that responsibility? Or, is everyone in this prison going to do so?”

Ashlyn's demeanor was cold, her strikingly beautiful face exuding a stern aura.

Lucas's deep dark eyes were capable of sending a chill down anyone's spine as his frosty voice rang out. “Please be understanding. Saving lives is crucial. If... you don't contact the sergeant inside soon, we'll have to take harsher measures.”

Having said that, he slammed his fist heavily onto the glass!

A thunderous bang echoed in the room as a crack surprisingly at the point of impact.

The glass was not only tempered but also thickened to increase its robustness. It was said that even bullets couldn't penetrate it. Yet it was unbelievable for Lucas to actually crack it with a single punch.

The frightened prison guard immediately drew his own gun, pointing it straight at Lucas. His voice was trembling. “Are...are you attempting a jailbreak? I...I'm warning you. All of you will end up in jail!”

“All I did was damage public property. According to the laws of the H Nation, minor offenses are liable to a fine of five thousand. For serious offenses, full compensation is required plus a fine of ten thousand. So... how could this possibly be considered a jailbreak? Or are you planning to share the same fate as this piece of glass?”

Lucas' cold voice felt as if it had been steeped in ice.

The prison guard shuddered at what he heard.

At that moment, the sergeant and several prison guards on the other side of the glass were also staring at the crack in shock.

Where did this monstrous strength come from? This is just too terrifying!

While they were in shock, they heard the voice of the prison guard outside through the walkie-talkie. "Boss, Boss, there's a woman out here who's a doctor. She wants to come in to treat the prisoner... Is that okay? Boss..."

The prison guard sounded like he was on the brink of tears, clearly indicating how terrified he must have been.

"Hold on. I'll come out with my men immediately." The sergeant promptly led a few prison guards and rushed out.

They each held a gun in their hands. Soon, the dark muzzles of their guns were aimed at Ashlyn and Lucas.

The sergeant wore a smug expression. "Who do you think you are? There are plenty of doctors out there, but do you think just about anyone is qualified to become a prison guard in our jail? If you're interested, you'd better pass the official examination first!"

"I'm going to treat that patient today," Ashlyn said with a cold smirk, exuding an air of dominance. "Even if I have to bear the charge of assaulting a police officer, I will still treat him!"

After she finished speaking, she was ready to take action. These scumbags are just too much!

However, Lucas quickly grabbed her and raised up his phone, "Old Mr. Oates, yes, we're at the prison. Sorry for the trouble."

With that, he handed his phone to the sergeant. "It's for you."

The sergeant paused for a moment before taking the phone. "Old Mr. Oates? It's a pleasure to hear from you... Yes, yes, I'll let her in right away. Yes, yes..."

After hanging up the phone, the sergeant's face looked extremely unpleasant, as if someone had slapped him with an invisible hand.

As of then, he would definitely offend someone regardless of what he did.

Previously, he had tormented James under Andrea's orders.

No sooner had he finished doing so than the Oates family instructed him to take special care of James and treat the latter better.

Consequently, he was trapped between a rock and a hard place.

Whatever! I'll just let the doctor treat the prisoner.

The pressure was driving him mad, for whether it came to the Taylor family or the Oates family, he couldn't afford to offend either.

[Chapter 1107 Exposing The Abuse Of James](#)

He realized that he had to be pragmatic, so he immediately forced out an awkward smile. "Dr. Berry, please come this way. If I had known earlier that you had saved Old Mr. Oates, I would have definitely let you in."

"I'll remember you. You really are a good sergeant," Ashlyn said with a cold expression as she followed the sergeant into the prison.

Meanwhile, the sergeant was worried about Ashlyn discovering James' illness, especially the whip wounds on his body. What am I going to do then?

If word got out that he had abused the prisoner, he would be done for, especially since the prisoner had yet to be convicted and wasn't really a criminal in the true sense of the word.

As of then, James was only considered to be a suspect.

The sergeant, despite feeling unsettled, hid his emotions well.

Instead, he personally escorted Ashlyn to James' side. He didn't go anywhere else after that as he closely monitored Ashlyn's every move.

Ashlyn squatted down in front of James. Without any medical tools on hand, she could only take his pulse.

The moment her slender fingers touched James' pulse, she was slightly jolted.

It's so hot. He's running a high fever of at least thirty-nine degrees Celsius. Why is he burning up?

After a while, she withdrew her hand from his pulse and reached out to lift James' eyelids, checking his pupils.

Several minutes passed before Ashlyn lowered her gaze with a solemn expression.

Whoosh!

Before anyone could react, they looked on in shock as Ashlyn tore the clothes off James' body.

The sergeant immediately cried out in his heart, This is bad! Damn it! What sort of woman is she to rip off James' clothes just like that?

Ashlyn speculated that James had been tortured. However, it was only when she saw the glaring whip marks crisscrossing his bare chest that her suspicions were confirmed.

Her pupils contracted violently, and a surge of immense fury began to churn in her chest!

“Damn it! You tortured him! You even used a whip?”

Her beautiful eyes were filled with rage as she glared fiercely at the sergeant.

“Dr. Berry, we can't be blamed for this. He tried to escape! We certainly couldn't let him get away, so we had to take certain measures. Rest assured that we won't kill him,” the sergeant said, rubbing his hands together. After all, James was unconscious and knew nothing.

Ashlyn had never felt so stifled before.

She suddenly felt utterly helpless in front of the government officials of that country, and it was truly infuriating!

Why does trash like that even exist? How can he be qualified to be a public servant?

She clenched her teeth tightly. “If I ever find out you've been beating him again, I won't let you off the hook!”

She was so angry that she felt like her chest was about to explode.

At that moment, Joseph and Lucas, who had been watching from the outside, were also shocked by the swelling and crisscrossing scars.

How could this happen?

“I'm going in. I'm going to kill those b*stards!” Joseph raged and was about to charge in upon realizing what was going on.

Upon seeing the situation, Lucas immediately stopped him. “Joe, calm down.”

"How can you expect me to stay calm? That's my father! My father!" The usually handsome and sunny Joseph now had bloodshot eyes, the whites of which were filled with terrifying red veins. "Lucas! That's my father! How could they lay their hands on him? He's over fifty... Even a young man couldn't withstand that, let alone him... How did he endure it? He..."

Tears welled up in Joseph's eyes. His body was filled with pain and anger that he simply couldn't suppress, not even for a moment.

"Trust me. Ashlyn will cure him. She'll definitely find a way." Lucas pushed him against the wall, his large hand gripping Joseph's shoulder tightly. "Don't make a scene. One day, we will avenge Mr. Field, but causing a ruckus now won't do any good!"

"Joseph..." Charlotte couldn't hold back her emotions any longer. When she saw the wounds on James' body, her tears flowed out like pearls from a broken string. She cried out in pain and threw herself into Joseph's arms. "Joseph... I feel terrible... I'm really useless. I can't save Dad..."

[Chapter 1108 Treating James](#)

A slight tremor ran through Joseph's heart. The young girl's fair arms were tightly wrapped around his lean waist. Her tears soaked his shirt, quietly seeping into his skin and seemingly burning him.

The heat that resulted made his heart flutter.

His flaring temper was immediately doused by it.

He closed his eyes, swallowing down all the pain and sorrow, together with all the frustration and anger that lurked within them.

Upon seeing Joseph gradually calm down, Lucas slowly released his grip. "Ashlyn is inside. Even if you don't trust me, you should trust her. After all, she is your aunt..."

Once Joseph regained his freedom, he extended his trembling hands, gently embracing the young girl in his arms. He spoke in a hoarse voice. "Lottie, don't be afraid, Dad will definitely be okay."

Behind the glass partition, Ashlyn had already ordered the guards to carry James into the prison doctor's office.

She glanced around at the medicine shelf behind the desk, which was filled with all sorts of drugs. However, she didn't see anything she could use.

In her haste, she picked out a few wonder drugs then fed them to James.

Thereafter, she retrieved an IV drip bottle and gathered a few medications needed for the drip. After mixing and shaking them evenly, she injected them into the drip bottle.

She then firmly grasped James' arm and swiftly inserted the needle. Only when the needle pierced into the vein of James' arm did she start to tend to the wounds on his back.

Some wounds were deep and still oozing blood. The frigid environment they were in would only slow down the healing process.

Ashlyn looked at the liquid in the IV drip bottle before reaching into her bag and pulling out a small bottle. She poured out a Rulent 133 pill and stuffed it into James' mouth.

The Rulent 133 pill was meant to strengthen his body, for he had no access to any nutritional supplements in prison.

The sergeant looked on in shock as Ashlyn brought out the pill.

It was mostly unknown to ordinary folk, but the sergeant had once seen such a pill at an auction.

I remember that it was called Rulent something... I heard that one pill alone is worth five hundred thousand. Did she casually feed James one of them? And James swallowed half a million just like that? Who exactly is this woman? What kind of person is she? From the looks of it, she seems to have more than one pill in that small porcelain bottle she's holding.

The sergeant suddenly felt a chill run down his spine.

Could this woman possibly be some a big shot who keeps a low profile? But I've not heard of such a person in Jadeborough... And then there's that man who's incredibly handsome. I've not heard of any famous lawyers in Jadeborough with the surname Nolan. The only one I've heard of with that name is the lawyer who shocked the entire city in a case years ago. That lawyer hasn't taken a case in years, so how could this young man possibly be him?

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It was mostly unknown to ordinary folk, but tha sargaant had onca saan such a pill at an auction.

I ramambar that it was callad Rulant somathing... I haard that ona pill alona is worth fiva hundrad

thousand. Did sha casually faad Jamas ona of tham? And Jamas swallowad half a million just lika that? Who axactly is this woman? What kind of parson is sha? From tha looks of it, sha saams to hava mora than ona pill in that small porcalain bottla sha's holding.

Tha sargaant suddanly falt a chill run down his spina.

Could this woman possibly ba soma a big shot who kaaps a low profila? But I'va not haard of such a parson in Jadaborough... And than thara's that man who's incradibly handsoma. I'va not haard of any famous lawyars in Jadaborough with tha surnama Nolan. Tha only ona I'va haard of with that nama is tha lawyar who shockad tha antira city in a casa yaars ago. That lawyar hasn't taken a casa in yaars, so how could this young man possibly ba him?

Therefore, the sergeant had assumed that famous lawyers were all middle-aged men in their thirties or forties. He could never have imagined that the sensational lawyer, Mr. Nolan, who made headlines years ago, would be standing right there!

Having followed Andrea's orders to torture James, he wondered if there would there be any serious consequences.

The thought made him feel uneasy. I'm just a lowly sergeant, don't...

While considering the situation, he reassured himself repeatedly, No, it can't be. They're just a group of young people, with no background or connections. I surely won't get into trouble. I definitely won't. I just abused a prisoner... it's no big deal.

With that thought in mind, he regained his confidence.

"Tonight, I will stay by his side until he regains consciousness," Ashlyn said coldly to the sergeant. "Since your doctor is not here, it's my duty as a doctor to be responsible for the patient."

"Well..." The sergeant looked uncomfortable. "This might not be appropriate, as you're not part of our staff."

"In that case, can I get you to report this to your superiors and file a request?" Ashlyn remained expressionless. The domineering look in her eyes made it clear that she wasn't taking no for an answer.

"Dr. Berry, please don't put me in a difficult position," the sergeant replied, his tone equally firm.

[Chapter 1109 James Awakens](#)

"I am James' sister-in-law and also a doctor," Ashlyn said as she stared at him indifferently. "If you don't want to file the report, I don't mind doing it myself."

"You!" The sergeant gritted his teeth, glaring at her. "Don't push your luck."

"You're welcome to arrest me!" Ashlyn glanced at him lazily. She was now filled with disgust for everyone there.

Not wanting to bother with them, she stood up and took James' temperature again.

After feeding him more medicine, she administered another IV drip.

His temperature began to drop. Although he still had a low-grade fever of thirty-eight degrees, it was much better than the frighteningly high temperature earlier.

"Wayne, Logan, stay here and watch her! If she dares to make any rash moves, arrest her immediately!" Cowing to Ashlyn, the sergeant finally ordered two prison guards to stay behind before leaving with the others.

As the security there was stringent, he believed that Ashlyn wouldn't dare to do anything out of line.

Ashlyn subsequently took out her phone and dialed Lucas' number, briefing him on the situation.

In the end, she said, "You guys should go home first. I'll be staying back here."

Lucas hesitated for a moment. "Alright."

After hanging up the phone, he relayed the message to Joseph and added, "Joe, you take Lottie home. I'll keep watch here."

He wanted to be there the moment Ashlyn came out.

There was no way he could bear to leave her alone there.

"How could we possibly leave?" Charlotte's eyes sparkled with determination. "Joseph, I don't want to leave. I want to stay."

Joseph nodded in agreement. "We won't leave. Although it's cold here at night, there's still heating in the lobby."

"Alright then." Lucas's gaze pierced through the glass once more, but he couldn't see anything.

As time passed slowly, the waiting process was tormenting to everyone, regardless of whether they were outside or inside.

Ashlyn kept James company, along with the two prison guards.

Those two prison guards were so exhausted they could barely keep their eyes open, yet they still tried

their best to stay awake.

When Wayne glanced at Ashlyn, he couldn't help but admire how alert she still looked. "How does she have so much energy? Do all beautiful women have such good stamina?"

"I'm so sleepy. Come, let me lean on you for a bit." Logan quickly moved closer to Wayne.

The two of them leaned on each other, both on the verge of sleep.

As the sky began to brighten, James slowly opened his eyes from his sickbed.

My head hurts. It feels like it's about to explode.

He stared at the ceiling for a while, remembering that the bed in his cell looked different. There's supposed to be another bunk above me. Why am I looking at the ceiling now?

He was stunned when he heard a familiar female voice. "You're finally awake, James."

"How could wa possibly laava?" Charlotta's ayas sparklad with datarmination. "Josaph, I don't want to laava. I want to stay."

Josaph noddad in agraamant. "Wa won't laava. Although it's cold hara at night, thara's still haating in tha lobby."

"Alright than." Lucas's gaza piarcad through tha glass onca mora, but ha couldn't saa anything.

As tima passad slowly, tha waiting procass was tormanting to avaryona, ragardlass of whathar thay wara outsida or insida.

Ashlyn kapt Jamas company, along with tha two prison guards.

Thosa two prison guards wara so axhaustad thay could baraly kaap thair ayas opan, yat thay still triad thair bast to stay awaka.

Whan Wayna glancad at Ashlyn, ha couldn't halp but admira how alart sha still lookad. "How doas sha hava so much anargy? Do all baautiful woman hava such good stamina?"

"I'm so slaapy. Coma, lat ma laan on you for a bit." Logan quickly movad closar to Wayna.

Tha two of tham laanad on aach othar, both on tha varga of slaap.

As tha sky began to brightan, Jamas slowly opanad his ayas from his sickbad.

My haad hurts. It faals lika it's about to axploda.

Ha starad at tha cailing for a whila, ramambarang that tha bad in his call lookad diffarant. Thara's supposad to ba another bunk abova ma. Why am I looking at tha cailing now?

Ha was stunnad whan ha haard a familiar famala voica. "You'ra finally awaka, Jamas."

He whipped his head around abruptly, only to find a beautiful woman sitting by the bed. When her stunning face entered his view, he looked at Ashlyn in shock. "Ashlyn? What are you doing here?"

"You're sick, and it's serious," Ashlyn replied, glancing up at the IV drip. It was the fourth bag and once it was finished, his body would recover quickly, while his suffering would also be somewhat alleviated.

"How did you get them to let you in?" James was still quite shocked.

"I'll leave as soon as dawn breaks." Ashlyn glanced again at the two prison guards nearby who were sound asleep. They had finally given in to their drowsiness.

"James, listen to me. We will find a way to save you and clear your name. We've found out that the Fraser and Haddock families have set you up. We will find the evidence to help you."

"Ashlyn..." James was deeply shocked. "The Fraser family? The Haddock family?" He had long suspected that Dixon would seek revenge, for he had been investigating the Haddock family all this while.

I just didn't expect Dixon to act so swiftly and ruthlessly!

"Yes. This is a bottle of Rulent 133. Keep it properly. If you're not feeling well, just take one." Ashlyn handed the medicine bottle she carried with her to James.

"Rulent 133? Sounds somewhat familiar..." However, James couldn't recall where he had heard of it before. Thereafter, he furrowed his brows as his head was still aching a little.

[Chapter 1110 The Hypnotist](#)

"It's just a tonic for strengthening the body," explained Ashlyn nonchalantly.

If members of the Oates family were to hear that, they would surely throw a tantrum out of jealousy.

To claim that such a precious medicine was a mere tonic for strengthening the body would be absolutely infuriating to them.

"James, there's something I've been wanting to ask my sister directly, but I'm not sure if she would tell me." Ashlyn hesitated for a moment, her eyes fixed on James.

James paused and gave her a quizzical look. "What do you want to ask?"

"You probably know that Alice Chapman is my mother. When the Chapman family acknowledged me, Fae knew about it as well. Why didn't she tell me then that she and my mother were best friends? That they were like sisters?"

The issue had always puzzled Ashlyn.

Zoe once mentioned that during her schooldays, she, Ashlyn's mother, and Fae were the best of friends.

Hence, she wondered why Fae didn't tell her that she and her mother, Alice, were good friends.

James had not expected Ashlyn to pose that question to him.

A hint of embarrassment flashed across his haggard face as he took a moment before speaking.

"Your mother, Alice, was an exceptional woman. She was the kind of person who could make others feel inferior or even intensely self-conscious in her presence. Your sister... she had always been a close friend and confidant to your mother. Your mother had also helped the two of us a lot.

It's just... Fae's not someone who is emotionally resilient. When she lost your mother, she spent her days crying, even falling into depression for a while. Later on... I had someone hypnotize her. She can only remember that she had a good friend who passed away but not that friend's name... unless someone deliberately provokes her or tries to awaken her... In her memory, there's only a vague shadow of your mother. That's why... when the Chapman family announced your relationship with them at the auction, she didn't react in any way. I'm sorry, Ashlyn... I don't want to lose her. Even without the deep-seated memories of her friendship with your mother, her feelings for the latter still remain. She would make the chicken soup your mother taught her and can't help but be kind to you. It was my selfishness that..."

Ashlyn stared at James in shock.

Hypnosis... Mrs. Field was actually hypnotized, resulting in the loss of her memories of my mother. This... This is just too terrifying. Doesn't that mean the hypnotist can take anyone's memories at will?

"Who is it? Who is the one who hypnotized her?"

Ashlyn's face turned pale. It was rare for her to be so perplexed, but the revelation was something she found hard to accept.

It's just... Fae's not someone who is emotionally resilient. When she lost your mother, she spent her days crying, even falling into depression for a while. Later on... I had someone hypnotize her. She can only remember that she had a good friend who passed away but not that friend's name... unless someone deliberately provokes her or tries to awaken her... In her memory, there's only a vague shadow of your mother. That's why... when the Chapman family announced your relationship with them at the auction, she didn't react in any way. I'm sorry, Ashlyn... I don't want to lose her. Even without the deep-seated memories of her friendship with your mother, her feelings for the latter still remain. She would make the chicken soup your mother taught her and can't help but be kind to you. It was my selfishness that..."

memorias of har friandship with your mothar, har faalings for tha lattar still remain. Sha would maka tha chikan soup your mothar taught har and can't halp but ba kind to you. It was my salfishnass that..."

Ashlyn starad at Jamas in shock.

Hypnosis... Mrs. Fiald was actually hypnotizad, rasulting in tha loss of har mamorias of my mothar. This... This is just too tarrifying. Doasn't that maan tha hypnotist can taka anyona's mamorias at will?

"Who is it? Who is tha ona who hypnotizad har?"

Ashlyn's faca turnad pala. It was rara for har to ba so parplaxad, but tha ravalation was something sha found hard to accapt.

Who exactly is the hypnotist?

James cleared his throat lightly. "I heard he has passed away. Back then, I had to put in quite an effort to find him. His name was Zachariah, and he a renowned master of hypnosis. If you search for him on Google, you can find some news articles or stories about him."

Ashlyn frowned as she endeavored to get to the bottom of the matter.

She had lost many of her childhood memories. Lucas claimed that she had saved him and his sister when they were young, but she couldn't recall a single detail from that time.

Did I lose part of my childhood memories to hypnosis? Were they taken away from me? I must uncover the truth.

"What are you two whispering about over there?"

Just then, Wayne's voice suddenly filled the air. Ashlyn turned around and saw that Wayne and Logan had woken up at some point and were now rubbing their eyes.

Ashlyn took James' temperature again, "Thirty-six point five. Finally, the fever has subsided."

She rose from her chair, prepared some more medicine, and placed it on the table. "I've prepared enough medicine for five days. Remember to take it after each meal. You should be feeling much better after that."

A hint of emotion surfaced in James' eyes. "Ashlyn, I've done wrong by you."