

## Extraordinary 211

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Bayview Villa.

Ashlyn exited the car with the box and headed into her study room.

She began fiddling around with the laptop.

The laptop looked the same as it was before an hour ago, except that all its parts had been switched out. A super computer was born.

She tested its performance. The laptop booted within a second. Then, she tested its frame rate.

“As expected of the latest CPU and hard drive.”

With a smile, Ashlyn jotted down the configurations of her newly assembled device and sent them to a middle-aged man via WhatsApp.

Here you go.

The middle-aged man chuckled in delight upon receiving the text and replied with a voice note. “Wow, kiddo. You used all the parts perfectly and maximized the laptop’s potential. Great! I’m going to produce them now.”

“Don’t forget to split the gains,” Ashlyn responded.

“Of course.”

At this moment, the middle-aged man no longer looked ashen and disheveled. Now dressed in a top-grade custom-tailored suit and seated in a pure leather office chair, he forwarded the configuration blueprint to his assistant.

“Produce all our company’s new devices according to this blueprint,” he instructed the assistant coolly.

The latter’s eyes widened as he glanced at the blueprint. “This... This will unleash the full potential of our newest parts!”

Unbelievable.

All the parts were new, but no matter how they configured them, the end products only performed 20% better than the latest computers on the market.

This company was a manufacturer and retailer of high-end computers.

These new configurations would maximize their parts in the most effective ways possible.

If the company were to release a computer like this to the market, every tech geek would surely want one.

He could already picture the sales amount the company would make.

"Did the mysterious Cornelius do this?" the assistant asked, remaining stunned.

"Of course. Only Cornelius has such skills." The middle-aged man beamed with joy at the mention of Ashlyn.

He then sighed emotionally. "I'm so lucky to have met such a young talent."

The chairman was only ever this happy when he spoke of Cornelius.

Not even the president can make him smile like this.

The assistant grumbled internally before replying with respect, "I shall inform the R&D department now, Sir."

"Go on," the middle-aged man said with a wave of his hand. Then, he happily switched on the Bluetooth speaker on his office desk and played an opera.

The man shook his head in glee as the music of opera resonated in the office.

Meanwhile, at Haddock Tulip City.

Lisa was busy giving the workers instructions, "Make sure the lawns are ready. Have the insecticides been applied? There's going to be lots of distinguished guests today."

"That arch over there is a little slanted."

"Align the candlesticks well."

It was extremely hectic.

Guests began to pour in by around 2PM and they were all dressed in traditional outfits. It was quite a sight.

It was now the perfect time to visit as the tulips were in full bloom, filling the air with a mild fragrance.

In the middle of the place was a huge man-made lake with several Japanese carps in it.

The tea party was held on the lawns right in front of the man-made lake. An arch decorated with pink and white balloons had been placed at the entrance.

Upon crossing the entrance, there was a red carpet that led to a table full of exquisite desserts, red wine and imported fruits. It was an especially warm atmosphere.

However...

The moment Ashlyn showed up in her traditional outfit, something didn't feel right.

This is a traditional-themed tea party, but why does everything look so modern? There's nothing traditional about the food and decorations.

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Especially this arch full of balloons! What's with Sienna and Lisa's tastes?

Isn't it weird to be dressed in traditional clothes in such a modern setting?

The tea party was crawling with guests by now. Ashlyn went in and noticed how many men there were.

She suddenly remembered Sienna mentioning that there would be lots of young and charming men in attendance.

Gazing at these chaps holding wine glasses while engaging in conversations with upper-class women, she couldn't help but frown.

This is a rather strange atmosphere.

Rather than a Haddock Charity event, this seems more like a function for these lonely rich women to find their next toy boys.

Ashlyn was dumbfounded.

Sienna sat on a white European-style wooden chair, chatting away with several ladies.

"Did Ashlyn not invite Ms. Saunders here?"

"Ms. Berry is especially tight-lipped. Maybe she doesn't trust our charity foundation enough," Sienna replied with a smile.

"Speak of the devil," a woman remarked cynically.

Everyone looked up to see a slender and graceful figure walking over.

Ashlyn wore a loose-fitting floor-length dress with pink flowers embroidered on it.

Her slender waistline had been accentuated using a pink brocade belt embellished with jade.

A section of her long hair had been styled into a loose bun and fastened with a jade hairpin.

The hairpin was paired with a traditional jewel-laced ornament, which dangled as she walked.

The rest of her hair rested over her shoulders, making her skin look especially smooth and bright.

Everything about her face was perfect— her eyes, nose and lips. A scarlet bracelet danced around on her wrist.

From afar, the woman looked just like a lady-in-waiting from the olden days. She was absolutely captivating.

All the noblewomen here were dressed in traditional attire, and each lady was beautiful in her own right.

Yet, none of them looked as enchanting as Ashlyn did.

Her arrival instantly captured everyone's attention.

Many young men began to stride toward her.

"Hey there, Miss. Would you be interested in a chat? I'm in a bit of a rough patch now, which is why I've come to the charity event. I've been teaching in the countryside all this while. The students in my school have no choice but to use old desks and textbooks, and the school itself is in terrible condition. It gets really dangerous for the building whenever it rains. Sigh... Would you be so kind as to give us a donation of five hundred grand?" a young man dressed in a traditional costume pleaded.

Ashlyn glanced at this man. The look on his face seemed to imply that he was deeply concerned about the children.

But for some reason, Ashlyn could vaguely notice a hint of shrewdness in his eyes. He didn't seem very much like an honorable rural school teacher...

Suddenly, another man spoke up. "As if you're worse off than I am. I'm the secretary of a rural mountain village. All the youngsters have moved out and only the elderly remain. These poor old folks don't get proper food or clothes. Some are even sick or can't walk well. The entire village relies on me, but I can't hold the fort any longer. Then, I heard about this charity event organized by Haddock Group. I'm begging you, kind lady... Please save us! Even a hundred thousand will be more than enough!"

The two men's eyes had turned red by now.

A few women glanced at the men after hearing their narratives. The lads looked rather charming and full of vigor. They didn't seem like bad people at all.

"Your stories touched me," said one of the rich women. "I've decided to donate five hundred thousand to each of you. Let's set up a charity program."

Upon hearing the woman's declaration, Sienna instantly grinned. "You're beautiful on the outside and inside, Mrs. LeClair. I thank you on the children's behalf."

Lisa immediately brought over the charity agreements and proposals.

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Mrs. LeClair swiftly signed wherever she needed to. There were three copies of each charity event proposal; one for each man, one for Mrs. LeClair and one for the Haddock Group for filing purposes.

Sienna glanced at the crowd and announced, "Congratulations on setting up two generous charity programs, Mrs. LeClair. I'd also like to congratulate these two gentlemen for receiving the help they needed. To whomever else in need of help, please don't hesitate to make yourselves heard! The lovely women here will surely try their best to assist you."

Everyone began to clap.

Mrs. LeClair proudly returned to her seat while holding her documents.

One million...

That was way too easy!

Those two guys earned a million just by opening their mouths?

Many young men instantly began to make themselves look miserable.

Some poured tea for the older women, and some brought them drinks or desserts.

They tried their best to please the wealthy ladies.

Ashlyn spent the entire afternoon hearing countless stories of how helpless these men were.

Both my parents have cancer; my sister got into a car accident; my brother has turned into a vegetable... and so on— all these accounts caused the women to be filled with tears.

They quickly donated another million and obtained their charity proposals.

Another story went as such: “I’ve been insecure since I was a child and was often bullied because of my good looks. I’m now a sophomore in high school. We’re so poor that my older sister sold herself to a bald middle-aged man to fund my studies, but she was abused by the guy right after getting pregnant until she miscarried. I want to repay my sister, so I’m begging you kind souls—please give me three million, so I can save her.”

One of the rich women instantly broke down. “I’m so sorry for your sister. I have to help her.”

The young lad immediately received a three-million donation.

Ashlyn was astounded at the speed at which these men were gaining money.

This is way too fast.

Are all these women always this brainless?

This is practically a story-telling competition now. These guys are all trying to one-up each other!

They’re going on about how poor and miserable their lives are.

All the young men here had attractive faces and bodies. Paired with their pitiful gazes, they were certainly quick to garner pity, especially in their traditional clothes. The men looked just like young masters from ancient times, waiting to be shown mercy.

It was easy to make one walk into their story and do whatever they asked.

Especially when these women usually had nothing better to do. Their husbands were CEOs or bosses, so they were normally bored out of their minds.

Moreover, Haddock Charity was a reputable organization.

The women had more faith in Haddock, so they naturally trusted these men.

Sitting in a corner, Ashlyn could hear the men crying and pleading from time to time.

Sienna would occasionally make some announcements too. “Haddock Charity has inspected every man’s situation here. We promise you that their predicaments are 100% true, so please donate without any worries! If anyone turns out to be bluffing, we’ll penalize them and reimburse you tenfold.”

She continued, “These youngsters are the future pillars of our nation. Can you really bear to watch them live their lives in such dire straits? Can you bear to see such precious lives lost because you are afraid to part with a small amount of your savings? The media tells us the cruel truth every day; there are those

who have no choice but to take their own lives just because of the money issues they face. Yet, we often spend tens of thousands on bags and shoes. Think about the lives we can save using the money we spend on these goods! We can all play our part in showing the world a little more kindness!”

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Isn't this practically a brainwash session like those pyramid schemes?

Ashlyn saw how serious the upper-class women looked while listening to Sienna's speech. Some even nodded in agreement.

She blinked.

Maybe those who had just arrived at the tea party might not fall for it.

But things could be different as time passed.

Sienna was obviously an expert in brainwashing others. She had manipulated the feelings of these rich women and socialites numerous times.

Her words were completely baseless.

Just as Ashlyn fiddled with her own nails in boredom, she heard a familiar voice coming from nearby. “Boohoo... I'm so sorry to hear that. My brother didn't give me much to spare, but I'll... I'll give you a hundred grand for now.”

Naomi Nolan?

Ashlyn raised a brow and glanced in the direction of the voice. There, she saw Naomi sobbing away as a young man knelt in front of her.

The man's eyes were glistening, but he tried his best to not let any tears fall.

That made him look even more convincing.

“Thank you. I'm so glad I met you at my lowest and most vulnerable. You're my lucky star.”

Ashlyn was speechless.

What did this guy go through now?

Just as Naomi took out her bank card and was about to swipe it, Ashlyn walked over and grabbed her by the hand. “You're giving away a hundred grand just like that? Do you want your brother to freeze your account again?”

"Ugh! Who are you? Why are you getting in my business?" Naomi raged. She was so engrossed in the man's sappy narrative that she didn't even glance at Ashlyn.

Ashlyn chuckled softly. "You don't know who I am?"

Why does this voice sound so familiar?

Naomi turned her head and caught sight of Ashlyn's stunning face.

"What... What are you doing here?" she asked in shock.

"I told you to do better in school if you're that dumb," Ashlyn replied while pointing to her own head. "Did a dog eat your brains?"

"How could you say that to me?" Naomi muttered.

Had it been before, she would have exploded the moment Ashlyn insulted her like this.

But ever since Ashlyn had saved her, she became the woman's loyal fangirl and absolutely idolized her.

"I feel so sorry for him," Naomi explained while grabbing hold of Ashlyn's arm. "He's had sepsis ever since he was young, but his grades are still amazing and he always tops his class. It's just unfortunate that he can't afford the hospital bills. I've always looked up to intellectuals."

"Is that so? Well, I happen to be a doctor, so why don't I give you a check-up?" Ashlyn remarked, smiling at the young man before her.

The man wasn't of tall stature but had a gorgeous pair of eyes.

He couldn't help but feel irked over Ashlyn suddenly showing up when he was just about to receive his money. She's insanely beautiful, but she's still a b\*\*\*\* for getting in my way.

Still, the chap dared not express his dissatisfaction. He could only bite the bullet and answer, "I-It's okay. I should probably go to the hospital for treatment instead."

Then, he quickly turned to Naomi. "Please swipe the card, Miss. I'll remember your kindness for the rest of my life."

"Her allowance has been reduced, so she doesn't have enough money for you. Go find someone else for help," Ashlyn said coldly as she snatched Naomi's card.

The man was dumbfounded.

“Huh? Didn’t... Didn’t you just say you’d give me the money?”

“What’s your name?” Ashlyn gazed at the man with frosty eyes.

For unknown reasons, the man’s voice began to shake as Ashlyn’s eyes fell on him. “I’m... I’m Jeremy Halliwell.”

“Which school do you go to?”

“University T.”

“Great,” Ashlyn responded before dialing Jared’s number. “Give me some information on Jeremy Halliwell from University T.”

The man’s eyes were instantly filled with panic. “What do you mean by that? Why are you trying to look me up?”

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“My sister wants to give you some money. It’s not too much to ask if I’m trying to find out whether you’re telling the truth, right?” Ashlyn asked while gazing at the anxious-looking man. “You look so scared. Could it be that you’re so impressive that you’ve received lots of scholarship money or fame? Or could it be that you’re up to no good and I might find out?”

The man’s eyes flashed. “What are you talking about?” he growled.

Naomi had initially been so moved to tears by this man’s story.

But upon seeing how he was stammering after being asked a few questions by Ashlyn, she slowly regained her senses.

It was clear that there was something wrong with this guy.

It was no wonder Ashlyn said to do better in school.

Naomi swore to put more effort into her studies from now on.

At this moment, Jared returned the call. “There isn’t a Jeremy Halliwell, Boss. The principal of University T said this name doesn’t exist.”

Ashlyn turned the phone into speaker mode. “But there’s a Jeremy Halliwell from University T standing right in front of me, saying he has sepsis and comes from a poor family!”

Jared hurriedly replayed the conversation he just had with the principal of University T. “Jeremy

Halliwell? Give me a minute. I'll look up the student records," said the principal in a matured tone.

His voice rang out again two minutes later. "Nope. We used to have a Jeremy Halliwell ten years ago, but he's long graduated. There isn't another Jeremy Halliwell currently enrolled here."

"Thank you, Sir. I'll thank you in person another time," Jared responded.

The young man instantly turned pale and his lip quivered.

He took a step back, thinking to run away.

Yet, Ashlyn stared at him frostily. "Did you hear that? You're nothing but a fraud. There isn't a Jeremy Halliwell in University T. I guess you're using a fake name too."

"What's with your nonsense?" the man retorted. "No one even knows if that was really the principal of University T! You could be using a random phone conversation to mess with me."

Naomi glared at him with rage. "To think that I actually believed you, you liar! How dare you try to fool me with some made-up story of yours?"

Their squabble began to attract the attention of other guests.

Even Sienna walked over with Lisa.

Having been caught red-handed, 'Jeremy' frantically turned and attempted to flee.

But there was no way Ashlyn would let him off so easily.

Bam!

With a stretch of her leg, the man fell to the ground.

Why does she have to be such a busybody? Sienna silently cursed. Everyone else couldn't stop feeling sorry and donating after hearing the men's stories.

Yet, things had to become complicated whenever Ashlyn was involved.

Sienna suppressed her anger and put on a faint smile. "What's going on?" she asked.

"This man is a fraud," Ashlyn answered, giving Sienna a profound glance.

As expected, she saw a slight change in Sienna's expression. A cold look appeared in the latter's eyes for a brief moment.

“What do you mean, Ms. Berry? We at Haddock Charity have thoroughly inspected every donation recipient and ensured that they’re all genuinely in need of help.”

“Sorry, but I’ve just had Jared give the principal of University T a call. The principal said there isn’t a Jeremy Halliwell in their student records.”

Ashlyn’s face looked incredibly attractive under the sunlight.

She remained completely fearless while speaking to the host of the tea party, as though the latter was a regular human being rather than a president.

Sienna was taken aback and she stared at Ashlyn in disbelief.

She was so furious that she clenched her fists. Not even a single rich woman has ever doubted our charitable organization—not even their families have ever been concerned about such a small amount of money.

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That’s why not a single family has ever been skeptical about my charity events or tea parties.

Some families even had their wives or daughters come to butter Sienna up for the sake of maintaining good connections with Haddock Group.

They’d even give her money at times.

Yet, Ashlyn was publicly looking into this matter.

How dare she try to expose me in front of everyone?

Sienna took a deep breath and maintained the smile on her face. “As I’ve mentioned before, we will support those who donate and reimburse them tenfold if they are deceived. That’s why, Ms. Berry, we’ll never accept any frauds here. There must be some misunderstanding between you and Jeremy Halliwell.”

Ashlyn glanced at Sienna calmly. “Oh? In that case, Ms. Oates, you might want to listen... To this.”

She replayed the audio recording of Jared’s conversation with the principal of University T.

Everyone’s gazes fell on Ashlyn and they noted how exquisite she looked. Her light makeup made her look even more elegant and fairy-like.

With a demeanor that was neither aggressive nor insecure, the woman held her phone in her porcelain-skinned hand.

This was a face that every woman couldn't help but covet.

Sienna was filled with rage but tried her best to maintain her composure. "This doesn't explain anything, Ms. Berry. I'll only believe you if you can get the principal of University T to personally come over and make his statement. I have more trust in Haddock Group than your voice recording."

Ashlyn narrowed her eyes. She's clearly trying to protect 'Jeremy'.

If that's the case, can his sappy life story ever be proven wrong?

One of the rich women couldn't help but speak up. "You're going too far, Ms. Berry. Mr. Halliwell here already has it rough; why are you still doubting him? You're adding salt to his wound."

"Yeah! These people need our help. How could we hurt them instead? We'd be no different from monsters," another wealthy lady chimed in.

"I've never met someone this wicked in my life. I suggest you kick this woman out, Ms. Oates."

"Such a cruel soul like her doesn't belong here. She has such an ugly heart."

Ashlyn was lost for words.

She finally understood that saying: There was no use trying to wake a person pretending to sleep.

Meanwhile, Naomi, who had been secretly filming the entire ordeal with her phone, sent the video to Lucas.

Seeing so many people on his side, 'Jeremy' suppressed the panic in his heart and declared haughtily, "I really do have sepsis! I'll be dead if I don't get treatment soon. Yet, this woman here insists that I'm not a college student and says I'm faking my identity. I... I guess I'm better off dead!"

The man dashed towards the lake.

Sienna immediately ordered the security guards to stop him before rebuking Ashlyn. "You disappoint me, Ms. Berry! How could you force him to kill himself?"

Ashlyn was amused. "He's the one who wants to die; what does it have to do with me?"

"What has our society become? She made someone try to kill himself in a lake, and now she's saying it has nothing to do with her! This is outrageous!"

"I can't bear to watch any of this. I feel so sorry for Jeremy."

While the crowd was busy putting Ashlyn down with their self-righteousness, a voice suddenly came

from nearby. "This way, please, Principal Potter."

"This way, please, Mr. Granger."

Everyone turned to the direction of the voice.

A row of people walked past the balloon-filled arch and headed this way.

The man in the lead was tall and well-built, and the cold expression on his face made it seem as though he could rob someone's soul.

His frosty eyes could send chills down a person's spine.

Those pupils turned even colder and darker as he heard the wealthy women's rants.

It only took one glance for Ashlyn to realize the man was Lucas Nolan. What's he doing here?

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Could it be... She glanced at Naomi who was smiling smugly.

"M-Mr. Nolan?" Sienna reacted the fastest and went over to greet him. "What a surprise! Excuse me for not welcoming you at the entrance earlier!"

Those were words of formality. In fact, Sienna was shocked by his presence.

What is Lucas Nolan doing here?

She had a hundred questions as she could not figure out why Lucas was here.

He ignored her completely. His pretty face was as cold as ice; it was as if all emotions were sucked into his blackhole-like eyes.

His icy gaze became warmer when he saw the pretty woman at a distance.

She was dressed in a traditional Han costume; her alluring figure attracted a lot of attention.

The warmth in his eyes disappeared in an instant as he regained his iciness. He then asked the two middle-aged men beside him, "Principal Potter, Mr. Granger, can you identify Jeremy Halliwell from University T here?"

Immediately after he spoke, Jeremy Halliwell turned pallid and trembled in fear.

Who in Lake City did not know who Lucas Nolan was?

It was unexpected of him to swallow his pride and investigate this matter.

What was going on?

Jeremy Halliwell's head was spinning as horror overwhelmed him.

Walking step by step into the crowd, he dared not lift his head in an attempt to remain invisible.

Everyone at the scene was shocked.

Sienna, who was usually an expert of communication, failed to utter a word under Lucas' imposing aura.

Lucas is here for Jeremy Halliwell? How is this possible? It's impossible!

She looked at Lucas in disbelief before regaining her senses. "Mr. Nolan... Do you mean that these two..."

Spencer White hurried forward and introduced to everyone, "They are the Principal and the Director of Admissions of University T."

Principal Potter looked around his surroundings. As a principal of a university, it made perfect sense that he would not know every single student on campus. Hence, he signaled the Director of Admissions to run the name, Jeremy Halliwell on their university's laptop, which Mr. Granger's assistant was carrying.

However, it was exactly as Jared said on the phone. There was only one Jeremy Halliwell, who graduated ten years ago.

The assistant held onto the laptop and showed everyone the records.

The Director of Admissions, Mr. Granger, then reported to the principal, "Principal Potter, there is no student named Jeremy Halliwell in our university currently."

The principal took a glance at the rich ladies present. Some of them knew him and he had heard of the Haddock Charity before.

But what puzzled him was why he had to provide admissions evidence regarding Jeremy Halliwell. He had not a single clue about the background story.

He said frankly, "Did everyone hear that? We really do not have any current students with the name Jeremy Halliwell. The only student with that name graduated ten years ago."

Hence, the news about Jeremy Halliwell from University T being diagnosed with sepsis was fake!

The rich ladies witnessed this scene in horror. Even if Ashlyn's call recording could be edited, the

Principal and the Director of Admissions had testified personally.

“It’s all made up.”

“Oh my god! Ms. Oates, what is going on?”

“I’ve already donated two million... What if the person I donated to is an imposter too? That’s over the limit!”

“That’s right. This con artist is using our sympathy to cheat money. What a jerk!”

“Thank god Ms. Berry is observant!”

Hearing the chatters of the rich ladies, Sienna’s expression darkened as sweat rolled down her forehead.

Since taking over the Haddock Charity, it was her first time encountering people who would expose and demand the verification of the beneficiary’s identity on the spot!

I can’t believe Lucas Nolan is here for Jeremy Halliwell. Is Naomi that important to him? Why haven’t I heard about this? I thought the Nolan family’s siblings are not on good terms.

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Is he doing this for Ashlyn, the b\*tch? But didn’t he just show off affection with his wife on his social media? This is a PR crisis!

She had to figure out a way to turn the tide. Haddock Charity’s reputation must not be ruined by today’s incident!

Sienna’s mind functioned quickly as she tried to fix the situation. She stared at Jeremy Halliwell who was almost transparent amongst the crowd and blurted out, “You liar! Stay there! Where are you trying to escape to?”

Lisa, who had a great rapport with her, reacted quickly and called for the security guards.

The tall and strongly built guards strode forward to pin Jeremy Halliwell onto the ground.

After being beaten up by the security guards, Jeremy Halliwell lied on the floor miserably.

He had a good beating.

When he tried to struggle and scream, Lisa tore off the hem of her Han costumes and gagged his mouth, preventing him from making any noise.

“I can’t imagine there’s a scammer in our foundation. Sorry for that!” Sienna wiped off the sweat on her

forehead while glancing at Lisa.

She then smiled, "Thank you, Mr. Nolan, for helping us to get rid of the maggot. It was our organization's negligence. I'm ashamed for letting all of you down."

Ashlyn's pretty eyes shimmered under the sunlight; her red lips curved upward into a playful smile.

Sienna had chills all over her body upon seeing this.

What is this woman planning to do now?

"Ms. Oates, didn't you say that you'll offer a ten times compensation if it's fake? So... are you going to compensate Ms. Nolan tenfold for what she intended to donate? Ms. Nolan was going to donate one hundred grand!"

The woman's callous voice rang.

Almost fainting of anger, Sienna put up a fake smile and said, "But Ms. Nolan has not donated any money yet, has she? So, she didn't suffer any losses..."

Ashlyn fixated her glare at Sienna without blinking and retorted, "However, Jeremy Halliwell is an imposter! When you gave that statement, you did not specifically say that you'll compensate only when we suffer a loss!"

Naomi did not think about the compensation at all. Upon being reminded about it by Ashlyn, she raised her chin and said arrogantly, "Is Ms. Oates trying to go against her own words?"

No matter what, she did not enjoy being called dumb by Ashlyn... She wanted to be smart for once, but she was unsure what her sister-in-law thought about her performance...

She racked her brains to think of insulting words to cooperate with her sister-in-law.

Taking a peek at Ashlyn, she was hoping to receive an encouraging gaze or smile.

But, she did not get what she hoped for.

She felt heartbroken as she tried to cheer herself up. It must be because I did not perform well enough, hence sister-in-law did not praise me. I'm so sad. I need to gather more knowledge by reading books and perform better the next time.

When Ashlyn heard what Naomi said, she felt like laughing but she suppressed it.

Overwhelmed with anger, Sienna almost fainted. Unfortunately, her body was too healthy; if she had been weak enough to faint, she might have gotten away from the compensation.

A hundred grand times ten is a million! I'll jump into the lake and commit suicide if I give Naomi a million for nothing.

However, looking at Lucas' horrifying and cold figure, she did not have the guts to reject their demand!

She felt as though a devil was choking her while her vitality was being sucked out from her body.

Putting on a stiff face, she forced herself to not tremble while saying, "Haddock Charity has always emphasized a lot on credibility as we aim to convince the public with our virtue. This incident is a result of our negligence, hence, I will take full responsibility. Of course, I'll compensate you! Lisa, get me the check!"

Upon saying this, she almost collapsed. If it weren't for Lisa who supported her in time, she would have fallen onto the ground pathetically.

Lisa dripped cold sweat, feeling anxious for Sienna.

After the latter regained her balance, she took the one million check from the former before handing it over to Naomi sincerely. "Ms. Nolan, I am extremely sorry. I apologize on behalf of Haddock Charity. Sorry for the horrifying experience."

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Sienna then thanked Ashlyn earnestly, "Ms. Berry, you're amazing at identifying a scammer. Thank you for helping Haddock Charity! Thank you so much!"

Her prompt apologies and willingness to compensate brought her more fans instantly.

The rich women, whose trusts in Sienna were wavering, could not help but praise her, "She really did compensate."

"And she apologized."

"No one is perfect. Maybe something went wrong in the verification process this time."

"Ms. Oates is still trustable."

"Yes! I agree! I think Ms. Oates was unaware about it too."

Ashlyn had to admit that Sienna, who was appointed as president of the charity group by Dixon Haddock, was indeed capable; she knew when to be dominant or submissive.

This woman is not simple.

Naomi was not expecting to receive the one million compensation. She was feeling both happy and proud of herself.

She had made money for the first time in her life. Before this, she only knew how to spend money; never had she earned any money. My first ever income is a million! I'm so happy!

There was no need to carry on with the tea party.

Hence, it came to an end hastily.

Naomi grabbed Ashlyn's hand excitedly. "This is my first time earning money. Brother, I'll buy the two of you a meal at the Imperial Hotel. Shall we go now?"

Just when Ashlyn was about to decline her invite, she said, "Well, can't you go? It's a million! We can enjoy the signature dishes at Imperial Hotel to our heart's content!"

She then looked at Sienna, who had an annoyed expression. "Don't you enjoy spending others' money?"

Ashlyn was amused by this little girl.

After glancing at Lucas, she told Naomi, "Let's go."

Lucas felt as though he had fallen out of favor.

Even Naomi was more favored than him; she could buy Ashlyn a meal but he was still being rejected by this pretty little woman.

The man said softly, "We have troubled you today. Why don't we have a meal together? The meal's on my younger sister."

With a chuckle, Principal Potter replied, "Don't we need to make an early reservation at Imperial Hotel?"

"Principal Potter, let me tell you, you don't have to worry about the reservation as long as my sister-in-law is around!" Naomi looked at Ashlyn with admiration after saying this. "Isn't that right?"

Naomi heard about this from Blair Nolan, saying that no advanced reservation was needed if Ashlyn wanted to go to Imperial Hotel for a meal. I wonder if her privilege will work?

Ashlyn grinned. "It's my honor to have a meal with Principal Potter and Mr. Granger. Let's go."

Lucas frowned slightly. What is the relationship between this woman and the boss of Imperial Hotel? Can he be a suitor of hers as well?

When he thought of this, he was on the edge of exploding in anger. How he wished to beat up the boss

of Imperial Hotel and blow up his restaurant!

\*

The group walked out of Tulip City together.

This was Lucas' first time thinking that his sister was an eyesore.

Being senseless, she invited Ashlyn to ride in her Porsche. When the latter got into her car, she smiled happily as her flattering had succeeded. The last time he saw someone with such a smile was at the Jaquin Residence.

He deeply doubted whether his sister had any problems with her sexual orientation.

I'm already wary of fire, theft, Jared, and the Jaquin brothers; do I have to be wary of my sister too?

Lucas' handsome face was grim as he sat in his Bentley. He was extremely close to exploding with rage.

Is my Bentley Elegant 728 that's worth ten million not good enough? The leather and the material of interior lining are of top quality. Furthermore, I installed a 4-inch ultra-thin screen DVD system and surround sound system in it. The car is basically a mobile private cinema. Is it not luxurious enough? Huh? But that woman still chose Naomi's Porsche 911 over my Bentley. This is pissing me off!

## [Chapter 220](#)

Lucas gritted his teeth while staring at the red Porsche 911.

As the car stopped in front of the Imperial Hotel, a few valets came over enthusiastically to assist them with the parking.

Just as they got out of the car, they saw Blair, Tinsor, and Winsor at the entrance.

Lucas had a stern look on his face. What are these three people doing together? Are they waiting for us?

After that, he saw his brother, who still had a bandage on his head, rushed forward like a dog. "Ashlyn, I've been waiting for you."

He bowed and nodded before pushing the door wide open. "Ashlyn, come in. It's hot outside."

Tinsor pushed him away angrily, rushing to be the guy who led the way. "Goddess, Imperial Hotel's dishes are getting more delicious. My brother will buy the meal this afternoon."

"Ms. Berry, you don't have to be shy. I heard from Tinsor that you saved him at the clubhouse two days ago. I have to buy you a meal to thank you. Not just today and tomorrow, but also the day after. It would be best if..."

Winsor flashed a smile, which he thought was handsome, at Ashlyn. He then winked playfully and said, "It would be best if I can support you forever."

Initially, the brothers were going to visit Blair at the hospital, but when the latter received Naomi's text saying they were dining in at Imperial Hotel, they rushed to the restaurant without hesitation.

Blair's head was not hurting anymore; all his pain had been relieved.

What was bizarre was Winsor and Blair, who were usually enemies, became Ashlyn's fans at the same time. Although they still bickered non-stop, they no longer fought whenever they had the chance to.

"Winsor, I think you are too free!" Ashlyn said mercilessly.

She then lifted the hem of her skirt gracefully and walked into the grand hall.

Naomi followed them immediately at the sight of this. "Hey, wait for me!"

Meanwhile, Winsor had a brief exchange of words with Principal Potter and Mr. Granger.

The two authoritative people of University T were extremely curious about Ashlyn's identity.

This young lady is extraordinarily beautiful. Her demeanor is sophisticated. Didn't Ms. Nolan address her as sister-in-law? Then why is Winsor appearing to be pursuing her? Winsor Jaquin and Lucas Nolan... I thought something serious happened when Mr. Nolan called for our presence so urgently. But... he did all that to humiliate others for this lady named Ashlyn. The way this lady speaks to Winsor is... as if she's trying to chase a dog away... But not only is he not upset, but he also looks happy... I don't understand... Perhaps I'm too old.

Ashlyn's eyes glimmered as she listened attentively to the chatters around her.

Suddenly, a man reached his big palm out to grab her slim wrist but she raised her arm and dodged away in time.

Lucas' thin lips tightened while his outstretched hand lingered in the air.

His eyes stared at the woman without blinking.

He was so infuriated that anger almost gushed out from within his eyes.

You look so interested in listening to these rascals, but I can't even touch you?

His gaze darkened.

The atmosphere at the grand hall of the Imperial Hotel was full of suffocating oppression. Even the waiters could sense the horrifying aura.

However, someone thought it was funny. Winsor cocked his eyebrows smugly.

My goddess is so feisty! She doesn't give Lucas special treatment just because he's extremely good-looking.

He was no longer upset by the rejection from just a few seconds ago.

I'm happy as long as Lucas is sad! Hmph!

Ashlyn walked straight toward the front desk upon entering the Imperial Hotel.

Before she opened her mouth, the manager exclaimed, "Ms. Berry, you're here. Wow! You're gorgeous today! You look like a classical beauty."