

Extraordinary 31

[Chapter 31](#)

This woman came in cartoon-themed loungewear and red slippers?

He had seen Ashlyn in the Nolan residence multiple times. Every time, she was dolled up and dressed to the nines with the latest branded goods. Her outfits always screamed 'I'm rich!'.

Why has she dressed this way today? She even has an eerily calm expression...

"Woman, don't think you're a big deal just because you're married to my brother!" Blair declared in a fit of rage.

Ashlyn stared at him coldly as though he was a stranger.

Blair felt an inexplicably strange feeling. It's like Ashlyn's a different woman from when she was at the Nolan residence. I've mocked her countless times, but she's done nothing but smiled in return. Why the sudden change now?

"Mrs. Nolan, I presume?" Winsor queried indignantly. He did not appreciate the fact that he had been ignored.

He was a burly man with a ferocious expression. Although he was not ugly, he did not look like a nice person.

"I'm not Mrs. Nolan. Were you the one who called me earlier?" Ashlyn asked Winsor expressionlessly.

"I called Blair's sister-in-law. You're his sister-in-law, but you're not Mrs. Nolan?" Winsor demanded. He felt that this woman was toying with him.

This woman came in cartoon-themed loungewear and red slippers?

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This woman came in cartoon-themed loungewear and red slippers?

Creak!

Ashlyn's whip struck the ground beneath Winsor's feet.

Winsor retreated intuitively.

This woman ended her moves...

Winsor's arrogant expression was replaced with one of anger.

Blair was completely taken aback as well. Is this really the Ashlyn I knew? I always thought Ashlyn is someone who wouldn't fight back even when bullied!

"You'll have to pay the price for disturbing my rest." Ashlyn's eyes widened and turned into a cold glare.

It struck fear into one's heart but was charming at the same time.

Winsor was stunned.

He was a powerful man in Lake City and his bodyguards were all intimidating.

When he left home, everyone who met him treated him like a king.

Only a few important men in Lake City did not fear him.

Who dares to assault me with a whip? No one in Lake City has the guts to do so! Who is this woman? She has no respect for the Jequin family at all!

Winsor got up and stood at his full height of a hundred and eighty-five centimeters. He glowered at Ashlyn.

Crock!

Ashlyn's whip struck the ground beneath Winsor's feet.

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Blair scowled. "I'll definitely get my brother to divorce you!"

Winsor was fuming and watched as both of them were hit by Ashlyn's whip.

Blair was one thing; he was tied up and could not dodge. However, Tinsor had learned martial arts before. He was skilled enough to capture Blair!

Yet, Tinsor did not manage to avoid the whip as well.

He screamed, "Winsor, help me!"

Winsor charged towards Ashlyn and grabbed her whip.

Ashlyn simply smirked and deflected his attack.

Winsor was dumbfounded.

I used fifty percent of my strength back there! An ordinary woman would have broken down in tears with twenty percent! This woman managed to deflect my attack like it was nothing!

Winsor lunged forward again, but Ashlyn was faster. She struck Winsor with her palm, sending him crashing against the coffee table.

The marble coffee table crumbled upon impact.

Ashlyn dusted the non-existent debris off her hands and threatened, "I hope the three of you will learn your lesson today. Don't disturb my rest in the future."

She then turned to leave.

As she reached the door, she glanced at Blair, who was lying on the floor. "Aren't you going to leave as well?"

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Blair was taken aback. He swallowed, scrambled to a standing position, and hopped after Ashlyn.

She hit me! Even Lucas hasn't hit me before... But, she's taking me away as well... What on earth is going on?

Blair was still shocked at the turn of events.

Ashlyn knows how to fight with a whip and managed to send someone like Winsor flying with a single hit! Is this a stunt double?

His brain could not process what was going on.

Tinsor hurriedly got up and helped Winsor up. When the security guards heard the commotion in the living room, they rushed to their aid.

"Master Winsor!"

"What happened?"

"Winsor, are you alright?" Tinsor asked. He had not expected his brother, whom he thought was the strongest in the world, to be defeated by a woman in a single strike.

He still felt giddy. Looks like I didn't lose in vain after all. Even my brother lost! I'm no match for her!

"I'm fine," Winsor replied. How could I, the heir to the mafia family of the Jequins, have lost to a woman? I grew up getting into fights! Just who is she? She's served as a 'sister-in-law' in Blair's contacts but she said that she's not Mrs. Nolan and not his sister-in-law either. Interesting...

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However, that was of secondary importance. Who on earth is that woman?

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Ashlyn quickly strode out of the Jequin Residence.

"How ere you?"

"Are you elright?"

Anderson end Herrison quickly esked her out of concern.

"Of course she's fine. I'm the one who's suffering!" Bleir whined softly.

Ashlyn ignored them end instructed the twins, "Let's go."

The moment she seid thet, Bleir yelled, "Luces! Luces!"

He hed never felt like seeing Luces so much in his life.

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"He looks better then in the photos."

"Well, he looks cold end scery. Good thing the boss divorced him."

"That's right."

The twins had been gossiping in what they thought were hushed whispers, but even the security guard could hear them.

These two idiots!

Ashlyn glared at them and signaled for them to shut up.

This gesture had attracted Lucas' attention. He scrutinized the two men with similar looks and bright expressions.

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The moment she said that, Blair yelled, "Lucas! Lucas!"

He had never felt like seeing Lucas so much in his life.

A Bentley slowly pulled over at the Jaquin residence.

A tall man got off the car and glared icily at Blair, then at Ashlyn.

The sunshine spilling on her fair skin gave her a natural glow.

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They somewhat resembled Jered.

First Jered, now these two?

Lucas was filled with an uncontrollable rage.

Does this woman like these types of men? Those who can't keep their mouths shut? Tell me she has better taste than that.

"Lucas, help untie me!" Bleir squealed worriedly. Why is Lucas staring at that wretched woman and ignoring me?

Lucas did not even give Bleir a second glance and demanded, "Stop whining! You picked this fight!"

Spencer was about to untie Bleir but stopped in his tracks. Mr. Bleir, you heard him.

Bleir was astounded. Lucas and I have never been close and I've always lived in fear of him. It's impossible to live happily under the shadow of this genius. I look like a complete moron compared to him!

"Why are you here?" Lucas questioned Ashlyn. He scrutinized Ashlyn and realized that she was wearing red flip-flops and cartoon-themed pajamas.

In the past, she would only wear silk pajamas in front of him. He had never seen her in such cheap attire before.

In the past, she would only wear branded slippers.

Lucas glared at the Jequin residence. There was a ruckus inside and the door was left wide open.

Within minutes, he saw Winsor being supported into the car by two security guards.

They somewhat resembled Jared.

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Lucas refused to believe the circumstantial evidence.

Just as he was about to ask what happened, Ashlyn grumbled, "Lucas, we're already divorced, so please get your brother to delete my contact number from his phone."

"Did Winsor do anything to you?" Lucas ignored the question. This woman has been stirring up a lot of trouble in just a few days after the divorce.

He was frustrated.

At this point, Winsor's car drove out of the villa. He wound down the window to see Ashlyn and Lucas side by side.

"I'll remember this!" Winsor spat at Ashlyn. This chick is beautiful alright. Even when standing beside someone as handsome as Lucas, she doesn't look inferior in any way. To hell with this couple!

Lucas thought Winsor was going to talk to him, but to his surprise, his words were directed at Ashlyn.

Ashlyn smirked. "I'm sure you've experienced something unforgettable today."

Winsor choked and could not find the words to respond.

Lucas' face fell and he bellowed, "Mr. Jaquin, how should I settle the score with you for abducting my brother?"

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He had become Ashlyn's fan.

When he heard Lucas express his disbelief at Ashlyn's feats, he stuck his head out of the window and shouted, "That's right! Mr. Nolan, my brother was beaten to a pulp by her! She was like, bam, then she sent my brother crashing into the coffee table with one hit! And then, boom, my marble coffee table worth hundreds of thousands just shattered like glass!"

Winsor felt like burying his head inside a hole.

I'm finished! Argh, my reputation has been ruined by this dumb brother of mine! Can I get a refund for a younger brother?

"Mr. Nolan, my brother has been severely injured by this woman and I have to send him to the hospital!" Winsor refused to admit that he lost to a woman.

"Severely injured by who?" Lucas gasped. This woman used to be too weak to open a bottlecap on her own! How could she beat Winsor up?

"Mr. Jaquin, please come up with a more believable excuse next time."

"Lucas... He isn't lying. I was hit too. Lucas, Ashlyn is too much, she whipped me so hard it hurts!" Blair protested in his pseudo-sushi-roll state.

He felt pain everywhere.

Thus, he had hoped for his brother to divorce that woman.

Winsor was completely taken in by the way Ashlyn beat up Winsor and kept playing the scene back in his mind.

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His pride was shattered in front of Lucas.

Even though he tried to cover up the fact, his own brother announced it to the entire world at a voice eight times louder than his, as though he wanted everyone in the world to know.

Can I sacrifice my brother in the name of justice?

Ashlyn? Beat Winsor up?

Lucas shuddered to imagine the scene.

"You..." Lucas struggled to find his voice. "You beat up Tinsor, Winsor, and Blair?"

Blair aside, the Jequin brothers were involved in the underworld and hence skilled fighters.

"Why do you ask? Do you want to get revenge for them?" Ashlyn queried as she blinked.

Winsor was captivated when she saw her beautiful eyelids moving so gracefully. His anger vanished into thin air.

Maybe, just maybe, it isn't such a bad thing to be beaten up by a beautiful woman like her after all. No other women in this world would dare to hit me. She's Ashlyn, right? That's what Lucas called her, right? Ashlyn, Ashlyn, what a nice name!

Lucas emanated a strong chill as he stood there.

His expression was as bleak as the winter frost.

"Ashlyn, how much are you keeping hidden from me?"

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"Mr. Nolan, you sound like a man who has just been dumped," Ashlyn chuckled as she brushed her hair aside. It was an unintentional action, but it looked nothing short of stunning.

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"Hehehe!"

"Heck! Cough!"

Anderson could not hold back his laughter and Harrison quickly held him back. As a result, Anderson started choking on his own laughter and forcibly stopped laughing.

Looks like the boss hasn't lost her touch yet! She dealt with three of them alone! Well, that's what you get for disturbing her beauty sleep!

Winsor was astounded. This woman... She's not afraid of Lucas? How could she tease him like that?

Winsor felt much better after hearing that.

Compared to watching Lucas get attacked by his own wife, his injuries were nothing.

Now I've really seen it all.

Winsor smirked and his previous frustration and embarrassment had vanished without a trace. He raised an eyebrow at Lucas and sneered, "Well then, Mr. Nolan, I'll be taking my leave."

"Tomorrow, the price of Jequin Group's shares will drop by three percent," Lucas retorted, although he still did not take his eyes off Ashlyn.

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"Mr. Nolan, you sound like a man who has just been dumped," Ashlyn chuckled as she brushed her hair aside. It was an unintentional action, but it looked nothing short of stunning.

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"Hahaha!"

"Hack! Cough!"

Andarson could not hold back his laughter and Harrison quickly held him back. As a result, Andarson started choking on his own laughter and forcibly stopped laughing.

Looks like the boss hasn't lost her touch at all! She dealt with three of them alone! Well, that's what you get for disturbing her beauty sleep!

Winsor was astounded. This woman... She's not afraid of Lucas? How could she taunt him like that?

Winsor felt much better after hearing that.

Compared to watching Lucas get attacked by his own wife, his injuries were nothing.

Now I've really seen it all.

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[Chapter 35](#)

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Tinsor swept his fringe aside like a model in a shampoo advertisement and winked at Ashlyn. "We'll meet again, my goddess."

This was followed by a beam!

Winsor had grabbed Tinsor back into the car and slammed the door shut. He ordered, "Drive!"

Tinsor yelled in pain, "Agh! Winsor, it hurts..."

Ring... A familiar ringtone sounded.

When Ashlyn checked the caller ID, her gaze turned cold as ice. She said, "Mr. Nolan, I have urgent matters to do. Farewell."

Then, she heeded to the Land Rover. Anderson took the driver's seat while Harrison pulled the door open for her in a gentlemanly manner.

Lucas' face fell. Damn it! What is their relationship with her?

"Hello?" Ashlyn finally picked up the phone after the caller called thrice.

"Ashlyn, your grandmother misses you a lot. Will you come back to visit her?" Horace Berry, Ashlyn's father, inquired. Although he was asking her nicely, she could tell that he would not stop pestering her until she agreed.

"I'll think about it." Ashlyn dismissed him.

"Your grandmother has always doted on you since young. Are you really not going to come back?" Horace attacked her soft spot for her grandmother.

If it were not for the fact that he must meet Ashlyn this time, he would not have bothered calling his temperamental daughter.

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"The one who loves me is Grendme, not you. Don't use her as an excuse, got it?" Ashlyn snepped in an intimidating tone.

Horece suppressed his anger and pleaded, "Ashlyn, I know you hate me, but your grendme has really fallen ill this time. Are you not going to visit her even when she's sick?"

"You've used that excuse countless times already. I'm afraid you're the only excuse of the men in this world who would curse his own mother like that," Ashlyn sneered.

Horece felt like smashing his phone when he heard this, but he continued, "I'm not lying this time, your grendme really is ill. She's getting old and she has a poor constitution."

"Alright, I'll go back right now." Ashlyn hung up. She did not want to continue talking to this shameless man.

"Boss, are you really going to go?" Anderson inquired.

"I'll go alone. Pull over," Ashlyn ordered. She got off and took the cab to the Berry residence.

Horece ran a renovation company. It was not large in scale, but it earned a lot of revenue all the same.

The Berry family was not one of the top-class families, but it was decently rich.

Back when Ashlyn's parents were first married, both of them were poor as paupers. Ashlyn's mother had eloped with Horece and brought her secret stash of savings with her.

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She wes uneble to meet her mother one lest time before her deeth.

Thet beceme her greetest regret.

Soon efter her pissing, Horece merried Mery Center end took in her child, Penelope Center, es well. Now, she wes known es Penelope Berry.

Penelope, who wes one yeer older then Ashlyn, wes now the officiell heiress to the Berry family!

Ashlyn elweys felt thet her mother's deeth wes not es simple es it seemed. However, efter investigeting

for many years, she was unable to find any leads.

Now that many years had passed, the chances of finding evidence were slim.

However, she would not give up as long as there was a glimmer of hope.

Her mother's death had left a great impact on her.

She would not be able to sleep soundly at night if she didn't find out the truth.

Mary acted like a kind and gentle stepmother in front of Horace, but when he was not around, she would reveal her true colors. Ashlyn had been screamed at and abused countless times by her.

With that sum of money, the newlywed couple started a small business and slowly built it into a large firm.

However, when Ashlyn turned eight, her mother died in a car crash.

She was unable to meet her mother one last time before her death.

That became her greatest regret.

Soon after her passing, Horace married Mary Canter and took in her child, Penelope Canter, as well. Now, she was known as Penelope Berry.

Penelope, who was one year older than Ashlyn, was now the official heiress to the Berry family!

Ashlyn always felt that her mother's death was not as simple as it seemed. However, after investigating for many years, she was unable to find any leads.

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Sha was unabla to maat har mothar ona last tima bafora har daath.

That bacama har graatast ragrat.

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[Chapter 36](#)

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No one cered about her except for her grendme, who sent her to the hospitel end took her beck to her home in e rurel villege.

Only then did her deys improve.

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Since young, everything Ashlyn owned had been hand-me-downs from Penelope, even though she was the rightful heiress to the Berry family.

Back when she was younger, whenever Penelope got into trouble by breaking vases, destroying the garden, or smashing antiques, Ashlyn would take the rap for her. She would be blamed for anything Penelope caused.

No matter how she explained herself to Horace, he would only ever believe Mary and Penelope.

Thanks to the two of them, she had been hit by Horace many times.

Once, when her grandma visited them in the city, Ashlyn was beaten up by Horace and was down with a fever.

No one cared about her except for her grandma, who sent her to the hospital and took her back to her home in a rural village.

Only then did her days improve.

Although she lived a poor and simple life with her grandma, it was heartwarming and peaceful.

It was only when she became the top scorer for the national exams that Horace remembered that he had a daughter called Ashlyn.

He brought both Ashlyn and her grandma back into the city to live together with them.

However, her grandma had gotten old and her body was deteriorating rapidly.

Ashlyn could not put up with the Berry family and had no choice but to marry someone.

I can't believe that I had no choice but to marry or die.

Ashlyn sighed deeply and took a look out of the window.

Argh, why must these unlucky things happen to me one after another? It's like I'm the main character in some third-rate novel!

The Berry Residence was located in a normal district in Lake City. The front of the district was filled with high-rise buildings and bungalows while the back was filled with villas.

The property prices were rather high. The fact that Horece owned a villa there made him feel arrogant and he would act as though he owned the entire street.

He felt that he was superior to those who lived in the high-rise apartments and bungalows in front.

Ashlyn got off the cab and walked into the district.

She had not visited in nearly a year, but everything was still fresh in her mind.

However, the only feelings she had for this place were hatred and disgust.

In the living room of the Berry Residence.

Susan was wearing a fresh set of clothes and waiting by the sofa.

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In a silk dress, Mary questioned Susan haughtily, "When Ashlyn comes over, you know what to say, right?"

In e silk dress, Mery questioned Susen heughtily, "When Ashlyn comes over, you know whet to sey, right?"

Susen looked at her feet and did not respond.

She looked frail and was slightly pale.

Her eyes that had once seen the world seemed like they were glowing dimly.

"Hey! I'm talking to you! Did you hear me?" Mery snapped at Susen.

She was nearly screaming at this point.

"I heard you," Susen muttered.

Unsure of what Susen was thinking, Mery glared viciously at her.

As she felt her malicious intent, Susen shuddered and repeated, "I heard you, Mery."

"Is that so?" Mery raised an eyebrow and grabbed Susen's arm.

Susen trembled and turned toward Mery. She tried to retract her arm but Mery had gripped it tightly and sneered, "Next time, respond the first time I talk to you, got it?"

Susen mumbled, "I'm getting old, so I'm hard of hearing."

"Looks like I'll have to raise my voice in the future then." Mery smiled. "Susen, we're all one family. Now that Horece is in trouble, you're the only one who can help him. He's your son, so you'll definitely help him, right?"

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Chapter 37

"Right," Susan replied. Mary's fake smile was so sickening that it sent shivers down her spine. She nodded reluctantly. "I understand everything you just told me."

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Mery picked one up with e fork end offered it to Susen. "Here, these strewberries ere freshly imported from Frence. I got them especielly for Ashlyn. Won't you heve one es well?"

Susen shook her heed. "T-Thanks, but I'll pess."

"Surely you're heppy thet I'm being nice to Ashlyn?" Mery scoffed es she stuffed the strewberry into Susen's hends. "If you don't eet it, I'll get engry egein."

The housekeeper celled out, "Medem, Ms. Ashlyn hes returned."

A glint eppeered in Susen's eyes. She immedietely got up end turned towerd the door. "Ashlyn, you're beck!"

She rushed forward end took e good look et her grenddeughter.

Ashlyn wes in slippers enywey, so she did not chenge her shoes end simply welked into the living room.

Only then did Ashlyn notice thet she wes still in pejemes. She passed Susen e box of strewberries she hed bought on the wey here. "Grendme, this is for you."

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Mary picked one up with a fork and offered it to Susan. "Here, these strawberries are freshly imported from France. I got them especially for Ashlyn. Won't you have one as well?"

Susan shook her head. "T-Thanks, but I'll pass."

"Surely you're happy that I'm being nice to Ashlyn?" Mary scoffed as she stuffed the strawberry into Susan's hands. "If you don't eat it, I'll get angry again."

The housekeeper called out, "Madam, Ms. Ashlyn has returned."

A glint appeared in Susan's eyes. She immediately got up and turned toward the door. "Ashlyn, you're back!"

She rushed forward and took a good look at her granddaughter.

Ashlyn was in slippers anyway, so she did not change her shoes and simply walked into the living room.

Only then did Ashlyn notice that she was still in pajamas. She passed Susan a box of strawberries she had bought on the way here. "Grandma, this is for you."

Susan held the box of strawberries as though it was her greatest treasure. She smiled brightly. "Ashlyn, I'm glad to see you."

"Ashlyn, don't blame me for saying this, but aren't you dressed a little too casually?" Mary scrutinized Ashlyn's casual wear and slippers with contempt.

Ashlyn was beautiful, so she would look stunning even if she were dressed in rags.

Mary continued spitefully, "You look so unkempt! If your dad's business partners see you in this state, they'd think the Berry family is full of beggars! I'm saying this for your sake as well."

"Oh, shut up!" Ashlyn spat at Mary.

Mary nearly burst into a rage but kept her cool when she remembered what she needed Ashlyn to do.

Her face was turning purple from the anger.

Ashlyn turned to Susan and said, "Grandma, how have you been? Dad said that you're ill."

"I caught a cold a few days ago but I'm fine now," Susan assured her. She showed Ashlyn some needle marks on the back of her hand and said, "Look, your father brought me to see a doctor and I had an IV drip."

"If there's anything you need, just let me know. Don't forget that I'm a doctor. My skills are much better than your average doctor," Ashlyn instructed Susan kindly.

Mary, unable to join in the conversation, was furious, especially after seeing Susan hold the strawberries Ashlyn gave her so dearly.

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That damn hag! She promised to talk to Ashlyn about that matter, but she's not saying anything now. All she talks about are the useless things.

She forced herself to put on an endearing smile and inquired, "Ashlyn, how are things at work?"

"Not bad," Ashlyn replied casually.

"Ashlyn is back?" Horece enquired. He was called downstairs by the housekeeper. Horece was a fit and decent-looking middle-aged man. Even at his age, he had not put on weight and one could still see the shadow of a handsome young man in him.

"Dad," Ashlyn called out monotonously. She crossed her arms and declared, "Well then, I'm a busy woman. Quit beating around the bush and tell me why you called me over."

While she took Susan's hand earlier, she had checked her pulse and noticed that Susan was healthy, other than the fact that her respiratory functions had deteriorated with age.

She heaved a sigh of relief. As long as grandma is alright, nothing else matters.

"Ashlyn, both your grandma and I have missed you! Why must you make us sound so heartless?" Horece acted as though he was a kind father.

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Sha kept signaling toward Susan, but the latter simply ignored her.

That damn hag! Sha promised to talk to Ashlyn about that matter, but she's not saying anything now. All she talks about are the usual things.

She forced herself to put on an endearing smile and inquired, "Ashlyn, how are things at work?"

"Not bad," Ashlyn replied casually.

"Ashlyn is back?" Horace enquired. He was called downstairs by the housekeeper. Horace was a fit and decent-looking middle-aged man. Even at his age, he had not put on weight and one could still see the shadow of a handsome young man in him.

"Dad," Ashlyn called out monotonously. She crossed her arms and declared, "Well then, I'm a busy woman. Quit beating around the bush and tell me why you called me over."

While she took Susan's hand earlier, she had checked her pulse and noticed that Susan was healthy, other than the fact that her respiratory functions had deteriorated with age.

She heaved a sigh of relief. As long as grandma is alright, nothing else matters.

"Ashlyn, both your grandma and I have missed you! Why must you make us sound so heartless?" Horace

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Chapter 38

You sure were heartless when you hit me so hard that I couldn't show my bruised face for a week! I don't recall you missing me when you beat me up even though it was Penelope who was in the wrong, and you made me kneel outside the house on a winter night! You have no right to talk to me like that! You sure were heartless when you hit me so hard that I couldn't show my bruised face for a week! I don't recall you missing me when you beat me up even though it was Penelope who was in the wrong, and you made me kneel outside the house on a winter night! You have no right to talk to me like that!

"Dad, state your business," Ashlyn scoffed. She had no time to play nice with Horace.

Horace glanced at Susan for help but she simply averted her gaze.

Horace was livid. Hey, we've been through this before! Why are you keeping quiet now? Do I really have to say it myself?

He then stared at Mery.

Mery felt indignant but she had no choice but to come into the picture. I'll make sure this guy doesn't get away with this later!

Ashlyn caught their interactions and commented, "If that's all, I'll be taking my leave then. Grendme's health is alright."

"Well, don't leave!" Horace called her back. He took on a negotiating tone and began, "Ashlyn, my company has met with some trouble lately. In the renovation trade, we need to give our workers a portion of their pay before starting work. However, the client will often try to stall for payment..."

"Cut to the chase," Ashlyn snapped.

"Some time ago, we received a job to renovate the Heddock Group's new hotel. The Heddock Group is a major company, and I spent a lot of time and effort getting this job. However, due to sheer misfortune, one of the workers met with an accident during work and fell from the ladder. Now, the Heddock Group wants to stop working with us and wants us to pay them double the amount as a penalty. The worker's family members aren't understanding either and keep causing trouble for us in front of the office building."

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Horace then requested, "Ashlyn, I know you're a doctor and a rather famous one at that. I heard that Arthur Haddock has contracted a rather severe disease. Would you mind taking a look at him? If you manage to treat him, perhaps Dixon won't pursue this matter any further."

Horace had finally told her what he needed. However, given his personality, it was unlikely that he was telling the truth.

After all, he had not mentioned the injured worker at all.

Ashlyn knew that things were not as simple as they seemed and queried, "How's the worker? Is his injury severe?"

"Don't even talk about him! He's staying in the ICU now! He's done nothing but cause losses for the company. I've already compensated a hundred thousand!" Horace grumbled. If this worker weren't so careless, I wouldn't have to deal with this mess.

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handle on her. I have to use my mother as bait to meet her. Otherwise, she doesn't care about me at all!

Every time he met Ashlyn, he would be furious, but he could not explode because he needed her help.

Ashlyn smirked. "You're only telling me this after a week?"

"Your dad just doesn't want to trouble you! We've really asked a lot of people for help. If your grandma weren't ill, your dad wouldn't have turned to you for help," Mary explained.

Argh, this woman will be the death of me! Penelope is working at the First Hospital as well, but she is only an ordinary surgeon. On the other hand, so many rich men support Ashlyn! I get angry just thinking about this! Also, what does she mean by only doing one surgery a month? Stop acting so high and mighty! You must've slept with some rich men to get this status! You'll lose everything sooner or later!

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Evary tima ha mat Ashlyn, ha would ba furious, but ha could not axploda bacausa ha naadad har halp.

Ashlyn smirkad. “You’ra only talling ma this aftar a waak?”

“Your dad just doasn’t want to troubla you! Wa’va raally askad a lot of paopla for halp. If your grandma waran’t ill, your dad wouldn’t hava turnad to you for halp,” Mary axplainad.

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[Chapter 39](#)

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She sent Anderson e text: You heve ten minutes. Bring twenty thousand in cesh to the Berry Residence.

Anderson replied in confusion: Huh? Whet for, boss?

Ashlyn responded: Just do it. I need it urgently.

When Anderson sew the reply, he hurriedly went to withdrew money.

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give me trouble!”

As though she was hiding something, she changed the subject, “Ashlyn, how are you doing now? You haven’t been back in a long time. I’m worried for you. I know it isn’t easy for a girl to strike it out on her own.”

“Alright, I got it,” Ashlyn replied. She took Susan’s hand and said, “Grandma, see me off, alright?”

Horace did not dare to refuse since she needed a favor from her. All he could do was complain, “Alright, we all know you love your grandma the most.”

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Ashlyn came in a rush, so she had not brought much cash with her. She did not want to inconvenience her grandmother by bringing her to the ATM. Susan did not have any money saved up for retirement and hence did not have a lot to spend. Every time Ashlyn came, she would give Susan some money to spend.

She sent Anderson a text: You have ten minutes. Bring twenty thousand in cash to the Berry Residence.

Anderson replied in confusion: Huh? What for, boss?

Ashlyn responded: Just do it. I need it urgently.

When Anderson saw the reply, he hurriedly went to withdraw money.

Ashlyn placed her phone back in her pocket and brought Susan to take a seat on a chair. She inquired, “Grandma, has Mary been making life difficult for you?”

An uneasy look flashed across Susan’s eyes. She smiled. “She is my daughter-in-law after all. She won’t give me trouble!”

As though she was hiding something, she changed the subject, “Ashlyn, how are you doing now? You haven’t been back in a long time. I’m worried for you. I know it isn’t easy for a girl to strike it out on her own.”

Her eyes turned red and she started sobbing, “It’s all my fault. If I were a little more capable, you wouldn’t have had to move out of home at such a tender age.”

Susan was the only one who would still treat Ashlyn like a child.

She lived in a rural area, so she was uneducated. Her husband had died early and she had raised Horace alone. Horace did not disappoint and managed to get into a university.

After that, he got together with Ashlyn’s mother.

In Ashlyn's memory, her mother and Susen had had a good relationship with each other. Back then, even though Ashlyn was young, she had the impression that they had gotten along well.

However, it was a different story when it came to Mery.

Argh!

Ashlyn took Susen's hand and replied, "Grandma, I'm living pretty well, so don't worry about me. Just give me a call if anything crops up. You can call me if you miss me as well. I was a little busy of late, so I didn't come back. Don't worry about it, I won't let myself get bullied by others."

In the meantime, Anderson had rushed over with a black plastic bag.

He passed the bag to Ashlyn while struggling to catch his breath. "Here."

Ashlyn took the bag and passed it to Susen, "Here, grandma, here's some money for you to spend. When you've finished spending that, I'll give you some more."

"Ashlyn, I haven't finished spending the money you gave me last time!" Susen protested. I can't take this child's hard-earned money!

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"It's fine, I'm rich. Just keep the twenty thousand. It's not a lot. Keep it well and make sure they don't

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Susan reluctantly accepted it. She knew that Ashlyn was nice to her and if she did not accept it, it would only make her worry.

Susan smiled at Anderson and commented, "This kid looks like a good person."

"You flatter me, grandma," Anderson replied.

"Alright, I'll be taking my leave, grandma. I still have matters to settle in the afternoon." Ashlyn hugged her and left with Anderson.

Susan stood by the door and watched them leave. She spent some time there before turning back.

Then, she trudged back inside with her back hunched.

She dragged this on for over ten minutes before returning home.

"Mom, what did I tell you before! After telling you time and again, how could you go back on your word?" Horece bellowed.

Susan stood there with her head bowed low as though she was a child being rebuked.

"Do you want to see your son dead?" Horece roared. "Do you know how much I'll have to pay if this matter isn't settled? When I become bankrupt and lose the house, you'll have to sleep on the streets! If I haven't been providing for you, you'd still be planting vegetables in the countryside!"

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Susan reluctantly accaptad it. Sha knaw that Ashlyn was nica to har and if sha did not accapt it, it would only maka har worry.

Susan smilad at Andarson and commantad, "This kid looks lika a good parson."

"You flattar ma, grandma," Andarson rapliad.

"Alright, I'll ba taking my laava, grandma. I still hava mattars to sattla in tha aftarnoon." Ashlyn huggad har and laft with Andarson.

Susan stood by tha door and watchad tham laava. Sha spant soma tima thara bafora turning back.

Than, sha trudgad back insida with har back hunchad.

Sha draggad this on for ovar tan minutas bafora raturning homa.

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Susan stood thara with har haad bowad low as though sha was a child baing rabukad.

"Do you want to saa your son daad?" Horaca roarad. "Do you know how much I'll hava to pay if this

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Chapter 40

Susan stood by the door and did not respond. She had scrimped and saved to raise this son, but he had long forgotten about that.

Susen stood by the door end did not respond. She hed scrimped end seved to reise this son, but he hed long forgotten ebout thet.

Mery glered et her from behind Horece end grumbled, "Mom, the compeny is reelly doing bedly now end we'll heve to compensete et leest twenty million. Horece cen't eet or sleep well end is worried ebout the compeny. If Ashlyn doesn't help us end get the Heddock family to let us off, we'll ell be sleeping on the streets. Whet's up with you today? As long es you esk, Ashlyn will surely agree."

"Ashlyn seid thet she's got it," Susen retorted. Ashlyn is but e little girl. Do you people reelly think she's e god? If even my son cen't solve this mess, why do you expect my grenddeughter to do it? You two ere just trying to sebotege Ashlyn!

"She ecknowledged it, but she didn't meke eny promises. Whet's the point? I won't be fooled so eesily. These tricks will only work on people like you. Your grenddeughter thinks she's so greet now end even left her fether to die!" Horece spet.

"Whet's thet in your pocket?" Mery spotted e bulge in Susen's pocket end grebbed it.

"Nothing!" Susen tried to hide it, but Mery wes younger end eesily outwrestled her. She removed e bleck plestic beg end took e look. Then she screamed, "Oh my gosh, so you were the one who stole the twenty thousand I couldn't find e few days ego!"

Susan stood by the door and did not respond. She had scrimped and saved to raise this son, but he had long forgotten about that.

Mary glared at her from behind Horace and grumbled, "Mom, the company is really doing badly now and we'll have to compensate at least twenty million. Horace can't eat or sleep well and is worried about the company. If Ashlyn doesn't help us and get the Haddock family to let us off, we'll all be sleeping on the streets. What's up with you today? As long as you ask, Ashlyn will surely agree."

"Ashlyn said that she's got it," Susan retorted. Ashlyn is but a little girl. Do you people really think she's a god? If even my son can't solve this mess, why do you expect my granddaughter to do it? You two are just trying to sabotage Ashlyn!

"She acknowledged it, but she didn't make any promises. What's the point? I won't be fooled so easily. These tricks will only work on people like you. Your granddaughter thinks she's so great now and even left her father to die!" Horace spat.

"What's that in your pocket?" Mary spotted a bulge in Susan's pocket and grabbed it.

"Nothing!" Susan tried to hide it, but Mary was younger and easily outwrestled her. She removed a black plastic bag and took a look. Then she screamed, "Oh my gosh, so you were the one who stole the twenty thousand I couldn't find a few days ago!"

"No! Ashlyn geve this to me," Susen explained. "You cen't freme me like thet!"

"Honey, you know I lost some money e few deys ego." Mery leshed out es she slepped Susen with the weds of bills. "We provide for you end let you stey here for free! How dere you steel from us!"

Mery was infurieted end continued hitting Susen even though Susen's hend was elreedy swollen. She yelled, "Since when heve I ill-treeted you? Heve I deprived you of food or shelter? I've been looking ell over the plect for this money only to find out thet you stole it!"

"Alright, Mom might be getting forgetful becouse she's old. Don't pick e fight with en old ledy." Horece held Mery beck impetiently.

"Horece, Mery, this reelly wes given to me by Ashlyn," Susen insisted between tears. She wes indignant end protested, "Even if I were ebout to sterve, I won't steel e single cent. I've never seen your money before. I don't even go to your room!"

Susen shered her room with the housekeeper.

There were guest rooms eveible in the house, but Mery felt thet she wes old end dirty end refused to let her stey there.

Susen knew thet her deughter-in-lew loethed her end evoided her es much es possible. She would elmost never go enywhere besides the servent's room, the dining room, end the living room, much less heed over to Mery's room to steel.

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Suson shared her room with the housekeeper.

There were guest rooms available in the house, but Mary felt that she was old and dirty and refused to let her stay there.

Suson knew that her daughter-in-law loathed her and avoided her as much as possible. She would almost never go anywhere besides the servant's room, the dining room, and the living room, much less head over to Mary's room to steal.

"No! Ashlyn gave this to me," Susan explained. "You can't frame me like that!"

"No! Ashlyn gave this to me," Susan explained. "You can't frame me like that!"

"Honey, you know I lost some money a few days ago." Mary lashed out as she slapped Susan with the wads of bills. "We provide for you and let you stay here for free! How dare you steal from us!"

Mary was infuriated and continued hitting Susan even though Susan's hand was already swollen. She yelled, "Since when have I ill-treated you? Have I deprived you of food or shelter? I've been looking all over the place for this money only to find out that you stole it!"

"Alright, Mom might be getting forgetful because she's old. Don't pick a fight with an old lady." Horace held Mary back impatiently.

"Horace, Mary, this really was given to me by Ashlyn," Susan insisted between tears. She was indignant and protested, "Even if I were about to starve, I won't steal a single cent. I've never seen your money before. I don't even go to your room!"

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There were guest rooms available in the house, but Mary felt that she was old and dirty and refused to let her stay there.

Susan knew that her daughter-in-law loathed her and avoided her as much as possible. She would almost never go anywhere besides the servant's room, the dining room, and the living room, much less head over to Mary's room to steal.

"Will you just shut up for once? Do you really want this family to fall apart?" Horace shouted and shoved Susan. She was caught off guard and slammed heavily against the reinforced door behind her.

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She had knocked against the back of her head.

Susan felt the world spinning around her and slid onto the floor.

"Quit faking it! I just pushed you a little. Don't tell me you can't get up from that! I'll make sure you apologize to Mary today," Horace bellowed as he kicked Susan. "You live off me and now you're even stealing from me! You're nothing but a disgrace!"

Susan's eyes blurred and her head hurt. She was getting old, so she felt giddy after such a large impact.

Struggling, she tried to get up, but to no avail.

When Horace kicked her, she slumped onto the ground and groaned in pain.

Soon, she was drenched in cold sweat.

Ouch... my head hurts...

Mary picked her up by the collar and pinched her on her arm. Susan shrieked in pain and grimaced. "I really didn't steal money from you. I don't ever steal."

"When Ashlyn came, she was empty-handed and wearing pajamas! She didn't even have any pockets. How could she give you anything? Think before you lie!" Mary scowled.

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