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Tightening his grip, Blair clenched the spoon that he was holding. He never ate dishes that looked like what girls would eat.

What more would be expected, in a high-end restaurant, such as the one in the Imperial Hotel?

He would be utterly humiliated.

On the other hand, Tinsor appeared unbothered. He hesitated for a second before trying it. "Wow, it's good."

Elbowing Blair, he joked, "You're a man. What are you shy about? This is Ashlyn's treat. Do you want to disappoint the goddess?"

Ashlyn's lips curled, as she looked upon the two teenagers with a gentle gaze. "It doesn't taste bad. Blair, are you sure that you don't want to try it?"

Blair... Blair's grip tightened further. He had never thought that his name could sound so graceful, coming out of Ashlyn's mouth. In their generation, Lucas was the one who had shared a name with their great-great-grandfather.

All these years, he sincerely believed that the family had held high hopes for Lucas and no hope for them, as they had named Lucas after their great-grandfather.

He had despised his name.

Blair had never thought of a day when he would fall in love with his name because of Ashlyn.

He stared at Ashlyn, hoping to hear his name escape her mouth once again.

"What's wrong? Why are you staring at me?" Ashlyn asked.

"Nothing, nothing." Blair shook his head fervently before digging into the ice cream.

When Ashlyn noticed that he was using his left hand, she queried, "You've hurt your right hand?"

"No." Blair hid his right hand further behind his back.

"Then why are you using your left hand? You're refusing to admit that you're hurt. Weak." Tinsor exposed him for his lousy lie.

Blair glared at him as he took out his right hand, to show to Ashlyn.

He had been punching Hayden too vigorously earlier, and his knuckles were scraped.

"It'll be easy to treat this." Ashlyn then asked for the first aid kit from the server and treated his wound herself. "Brute force is not the only thing that is required when you fight. You need techniques as well."

Dabbing some ointment onto the cotton swab, she continued to clean his wound.

Blair was stunned by Ashlyn's words. She's not laughing at me? What does she mean? She's so good at fighting! She...

Abruptly, Blair was excited.

He gulped. With a mouth full of ice cream, he inquired, "Ashlyn, y-you-"

"I have a few friends who train every week. If the two of you are interested, you can join them," Ashlyn suggested, as she threw the cotton swab into the bin, closing the first aid kit.

Tinsor froze in his seat as he stared at Ashlyn. "Goddess, wait. I've been learning martial arts since I was a young lad. I refuse to learn it from someone else."

Ashlyn spared him a glance before she returned to her ice cream. "The Jaquin family members are successful businessmen now. Say, does your brother still train every day?"

For a moment, Tinsor was at a loss for words.

Ashlyn was right; his brother was constantly dealing with paperwork and clients now. Previously, Tinsor's brother had trained every day. As of now, he only trained once a week. He could foresee Winsor's training decreasing to only once every fortnight, and eventually, it would become once every month. Winsor was a busy man.

"Of course, Ashlyn." Blair nearly sobbed. Being the boy who lived in Lucas' shadows in the Nolan family, this was the first time that someone had paid so much attention to him.

Upon hearing his agreement, Ashlyn continued, "Okay. Then you'll start tomorrow. I'll ask my friend to pick you up after school tomorrow. Once you learn where the place is, you can head there by yourself the next time."

When Lucas entered the Imperial Hotel's restaurant, he swept his gaze across the crowd, before finally stopping at the corner table.

By the table was an elegant woman with two teenagers... eating ice cream.

The three were merrily eating their ice cream like children.

Although the man had a frigid, indifferent look on his face, he still attracted the stares of the restaurant's patrons.

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It was as though he was a firefly in the darkness; he had always caught the attention of those around him.

Approaching the table, Lucas was somewhat able to overhear their conversation.

"Wow, goddess, are you really going to let him train? I..." It was Tinsor's voice. This boy has been chattering non-stop for days. It's annoying.

"Ashlyn, don't worry. I'll do my best. Soon, I-I'll be able to protect you." Blair was blushing at the thought of him protecting Ashlyn. The thought of it caused excitement to swell within his heart.

"Mm. You're quite fit. You should be able to make great improvements." Ashlyn nodded.

The excitement now surged into his head.

Tinsor shot him a jealous glare. Did Goddess just praise him? I'm better in fighting than Blair is!

Lucas stared at the three. What are they talking about?

Why is Blair blushing? He looks like a teenager who is looking at his first love.

Damn it!

He strode over and sat himself down on the empty chair.

His abrupt appearance stunned them, and they all turned to look at him.

"Lucas?" Ashlyn frowned.

This man is persistent. He'd actually chased me all the way here.

"What have you ordered?" the man asked. The dominating aura he exuded caused the two teenagers to fall silent.

Tinsor thought, It's stressful to sit at the same table as him.

Lucas held a much stronger presence than his brother. He could not help but feel impressed by Blair and Ashlyn's resolve.

I can't believe they are still able to stand upright when he's around.

As expected of my goddess. She'll never disappoint me.

Then, he heard Ashlyn's voice. "Mr. Nolan, we'd only ordered for three."

She was evidently trying to drive him off.

Lucas' gaze landed on the woman's transparent gloves. Gloves?

Why is she wearing them?

A terrible feeling settled at the pit of his stomach.

The image of Lilian's autopsy report emerged within his mind. Her body had been coated with venom.

His heart skipped a beat.

Could it be that...

He suddenly grabbed Ashlyn's wrist as he looked into her eyes, not wanting to miss any expressions that flashed across her face. He uttered, "Come with me."

"Lucas, what are you doing?" Blair exclaimed.

Ashlyn was shocked by the ferocious look that he had shot her. "Lucas, we're at the Imperial Hotel now, not your house."

Lucas continued gazing at her sternly, with solemn eyes. His thin lips were pursed into a straight line. Without haste, he dragged her up and pulled her towards the restroom.

"What are you doing?"

Ashlyn struggled to break free of him. Nonetheless, her attempt was futile.

She could only stumble as the man strode purposefully towards the direction of the restroom.

Blair and Tinsor worriedly looked at the two before Tinsor had elbowed the former. "Will your brother hit my goddess?"

"I... don't think so? My brother's not one to constantly resort to physical violence," Blair whispered, still unconfident with his answer.

When Lucas dragged Ashlyn into the male restroom, he slammed the door loudly and locked it from the inside.

Before Ashlyn could arrive at her senses, the man had pinned her to the door.

Without realizing it, Ashlyn's eyes were fixed on the man's handsome face.

He had the defined features of a nobleman, and he certainly appeared charming, from every angle. Even now, his solemn and cold expression still made her heart skip beats.

Recollecting herself, Ashlyn muttered, "You-"

The moment her lips parted, as though he were a hungry wolf, the man leaned closer to seal her red lips with his.

He greedily took in every part of her as if he had wanted to swallow her whole, then and there.

Ashlyn struggled to place her hands on his chest, hoping to push him away.

However, Lucas was more swift. He grabbed her hands and pressed his chest onto hers.

It was a deep and passionate kiss.

Opening his eyes, Lucas gazed at the woman.

Her eyes were closed, while her hair was draped down past her collarbones. Her lashes were fluttering too. Below her fair neck was a white dress that wrapped perfectly around her figure.

She looked like an alluring elf that had stepped out of a fairytale.

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Lucas found a fire burning in his heart as he stared at her.

He pulled the woman in front of him closer into his arms.

Her fresh and unique scent wafted into his nose.

The man's musk enveloped her as she stared at the attractive face that was only a hair's breadth away. Putting her hand on his chest, she could not help but pant aloud, "Lucas, don't do anything stupid."

Lucas tightened his grip around her waist. Complicated emotions were laced in his tone of voice. "Honey, tell me. What are you hiding from me?"

Under the dim yellow lights, the woman was like a goddess, whose beauty had stolen his breath away.

Lucas continued pinning her against the door, gazing at the woman in his arms. The heat in his heart had burned brighter with every passing second.

After another moment of looking at her red lips, he kissed her once again.

An electric current ran down her body, and Ashlyn found herself slumping into his arms.

Her long lashes that had formed shadows beneath her eyes fluttered like butterfly wings.

Her red lips were pursed, and Lucas could not make sense of what was currently running through her mind.

When he released her, his gaze was still fixed on her. Raising his hand, he held Ashlyn's chin, while whispering into her ear, "Honey, if you don't tell me, I'll kiss you until you do."

"Lucas, there's nothing to tell you of." Ashlyn tried to push him away as she fought to control the weakness overtaking her body.

Every time Lucas teased her, her traitorous body would weaken.

Her legs could barely support her.

Looking at the way that she was trying to suppress it, Lucas smirked. "Honey, why are you doing this to yourself?"

With the smirk still on his face, he swooped her into his arms. "You can't even walk, yet, you're still so stubborn."

"Put me down!"

Ashlyn bit down hard on her lower lip.

Her heart was thumping loudly, and at that moment, it felt as though a heatwave had hit her.

The man murmured, his hot breath tickling her ear, "No."

He walked into the elevator and headed towards the Imperial Hotel's twenty-third floor. Spencer had already reserved a room for him on that floor.

When they entered the room, the man threw the woman onto the bed.

Before she could regain her senses, Lucas pressed his body down upon hers.

His weight suffocated Ashlyn; she pushed his chest away as her lips parted, to take in more air.

The man swooped down and kissed her roughly. She tried to take in more air, but the man had become increasingly aggressive with his kiss.

He panted, as love burned bright in the room that they were in. The surrounding temperature was seemingly raised.

When he was done, he looked at the woman in his arms. Ashlyn's hair was in a mess, and her body was boneless and limp.

He grabbed her fidgeting hand, "Honey, are you really not going to tell me?"

He sounded as if he was interrogating her.

Ashlyn was weak, and for a moment, she thought that she had melted.

To Lucas, she was like a sweet dessert that he could not stop tasting, after his first try.

Lucas' breathing quickened as he narrowed his eyes.

He looked like a starving wolf who had spotted an easy and delicious prey.

Looking into the woman's clear eyes, he hoarsely complained, "Honey, why won't you tell me anything? It's been years, and you still hide everything from me."

Ashlyn had the most delicate facial features he had ever seen. He loved her slim neck, seductive collarbones, messy hair, and blushing face.

Her clear eyes held dissatisfaction. "Lucas, I don't need you to poke your nose into my business."

However, something unexpected happened to Ashlyn.

She found her body going numb, as the blush on her face darkened.

It felt as though the blood in her veins was rushing; quicker than usual.

She had struggled to catch her breath from the high temperature that she could feel.

The longer Lucas looked at her, the more intense his gaze became.

The way those watery eyes were begging for him struck him hard.

Burning up, Ashlyn found her rationality slipping away from her. She started to panic, and she could not help but grab Lucas' waist.

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Hurricanes had formed in Lucas' eyes as he held her tightly.

By now, Ashlyn had closed her eyes as she hugged him instinctively. His proximity to her made it feel as though she was embracing a block of ice, midsummer; she never wanted to let go.

The temperature in the room seemed to be increasing.

At the most crucial moment, Ashlyn abruptly pushed herself away from the man who was immersed in his feelings of lust.

Lucas narrowed his eyes. When he looked at Ashlyn, she felt as though an elephant was standing atop her chest. "What's wrong?"

With a flushed face, Ashlyn grabbed the box of condoms by the bedside table, throwing it at him. "Use this."

"You're asking me to use this?" Lucas felt humiliated.

Whenever he did the deed with Ashlyn, he was always the one who ensured that he did not spill any in her. After all, pills were too harmful to her, and he did not have any plans to make his children illegitimate, seeing as they were divorced.

However, he preferred enjoying the activity without anything on.

Is she insinuating that I'm not good at this? Is that why she's asking me to use this?

At the man's furious expression, Ashlyn muttered, "I've never known how this thing feels like. Why don't we try it?"

Ashlyn was cursed. What if I manage to pass it on to Lucas?

Hence, the best solution was to stop it, from passing over to him.

Ashlyn was still wearing her transparent gloves; her palms were the central point of the parasite.

She had a parasitic worm in her, and she would pass it on to the man, especially if she were to engage in intimate activities with him.

Hence...

Upon hearing her words, Lucas fell silent.

However, he answered her with his actions.

He tore the packaging open.

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By the time Lucas awoke, it was already the next morning.

He looked at his surroundings and found that the room was a mess. In other words, what had happened last night was wild.

He stood up to discover scratch marks all over his chest.

The man's lips curled. She's like a feral kitten.

He pulled the blanket away, got down from the bed, and entered the bathroom. There was no sign of Ashlyn.

She'd left?

Upon realizing her absence, a dangerous glint flashed across Lucas' eyes.

In a frigid tone, he cursed, "Damn it!"

He had wanted to interrogate her, but he had ended up losing his rationality during their intimacy instead.

The woman had dodged a bullet again.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn had arrived in the hospital.

No matter how much vitality she had, she was still tired from last night's vigorous activities. As of now,

her waist was aching.

She raised her hand to massage her waist as she instructed the doctors and nurses, "I am sure that everyone is well-aware of Mr. Haddock's current condition. Let us prepare for the surgery right away."

"Okay."

"Dr. Berry, are you not feeling well?" The Director of Surgery asked in concern.

"Huh? No." Ashlyn shook her head. "Don't worry about it."

With that, she left the meeting room, his medical records clasped in her hands.

At the doorway of the office.

A man dressed in black had a gloomy look upon his face. Behind him was an elegant woman in her thirties.

It was Dixon and Sienna.

Sienna stared in surprise at Ashlyn, who strode forward purposefully. The latter had a thin waist and a perky bottom. Her perfect, tall figure could not be concealed, even when she was wearing a pair of white shoes and a loose white coat.

her facial features were soft and delicate. The most striking feature was her bright eyes that were gleaming. She appeared both apathetic and cool.

The end of her brows was slightly arched—she did not have the same thin brows that most women had.

Surprisingly, her brows did not visibly contrast against her other features; instead, they blended flawlessly together.

This was the first time that Sienna had seen Ashlyn in her doctor's coat.

Despite the lack of makeup on her face, Ashlyn still appeared divine, even while she was dressed in a plain white coat.

Ashlyn took steps to approach, sweeping her gaze across the pair. "Mr. Haddock. Ms. Oates."

"When is my dad going in for surgery?" Dixon sounded indifferent, as though he was asking of the medical condition of a stranger.

Sienna was quietly watching Dixon beside him. She realized that the man was expressionless while he

was talking to Ashlyn.

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Sienna did not know what was wrong with her. A ridiculous thought had emerged in her head. Will Dixon be attracted to Ashlyn too?

A second later, she denied her own thoughts. Impossible. Dixon despises Ashlyn. To the Haddock Group, Ashlyn was a threat. She had destroyed one of the connections that the Haddock Group had, and Haddock Group had suffered a tremendous loss. How could he possibly fall for Ashlyn?

Upon such a thought, Sienna heaved a sigh of relief.

“We’ll start sharp, at nine in the morning,” Ashlyn answered, expressionless.

At that moment, she took out a piece of paper from her folder. “These are the necessities for his post-surgery recovery. You have to prepare all of these for him.”

Generally, a nurse would be the one who would have to inform them about such details.

However, as she had a copy with her right then, she decided to hand it over to Dixon.

Sienna hurriedly accepted it and thanked her.

“I have some matters to attend to, so I’ll take my leave first.” At that, Ashlyn retreated to her office.

She had no plans of inviting the two into her office at all.

Dixon stared at the closed office door for a while.

Then, he turned to walk out of the building.

Sienna had just lifted her foot, about to follow after him, when nausea rushed up to her throat. She quickly covered her mouth and ran past Dixon, straight towards the restroom at the end of the corridor.

Dixon froze, as his eyes followed her running form.

In the next second, he hurried after her.

In the women’s restroom, Sienna gripped the edge of the sink as she started retching.

“Ugh—”

Upon seeing her discomfort, Dixon raised his hand to gently pat her back. He asked, "What's wrong? Why are you vomiting?"

Sienna sucked in a breath before taking a piece of tissue to wipe her mouth.

Crushing the tissue in her hand, she forced herself to calm down. Tucking her emotions away, she raised her head to look at Dixon. "Maybe my stomach was upset."

Dixon stared at her coldly. "If you don't feel well, you might as well do a checkup since we're in the hospital."

Sienna's face was pale, and her throat was dry. "There's no need for that. I'll just take some medicine later."

"Sienna, are you challenging my patience?" Dixon abruptly slammed his palm on the wall and pinned her between him and the sink. He scowled, "Why do you look so pale? Have you done something wrong?"

Dixon's intense stare sent shivers down her spine. She plastered a smile onto her face and answered, "No. How can that be true? You know everything that goes on within the company. Without your permission, I wouldn't have done anything. If I'd made a mistake, you would've fired me long ago."

Sienna was afraid of Dixon.

Terrified, even.

It was a fear that had consumed her.

Dixon could feel Sienna's trembling body.

He retracted his arm to press his lips onto hers. "Aunt Sienna, are you afraid of me?"

"I-I'm not." The smile remained on Sienna's face, but waves of terror were crashing onto her.

If Dixon discovered that she was pregnant, she would be doomed.

"You're not pregnant, are you?" Dixon looked downwards at Sienna's still-flat stomach.

His words struck her like a bolt from the blue, and she found herself rooted to the ground.

Tensing up, she looked at Dixon, face drained of color. In a determined tone, she replied, "No. How could I possibly be pregnant?"

Dixon was wearing a black suit today, and it suited him to the T; the suit complemented his feminine

looks, making him appear dangerous.

“Aunt Sienna, I hope that you’re not hiding anything from me. Otherwise... I’m sure that you’re familiar with my style.”

Sienna shuddered as she lowered her eyes, not daring to look at him.

“That’s impossible. I wouldn’t lie to you.”

Dixon reached out to grab her chin. “You’d better not.”

Keeping the panic away from her face, Sienna muttered, “Dad’s surgery is happening soon. Let’s hurry.”

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As Arthur had multiple fractures on his body, the surgery lasted five hours.

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When Ashlyn, the main surgeon, had announced the end of the surgery, the other doctors and nurses collapsed onto the ground.

“I’m exhausted!”

“It has finally ended. What’s up with the man. His bones were fractured in so many places. No wonder Mr. Haddock couldn’t find anyone to be his doctor.”

“He definitely needed Dr. Berry. His bones looked like they had gone through the grinder. We had to piece them back together. If they weren’t pieced back well enough...”

Ashlyn looked at her bone-weary colleagues and smiled. “Come on. Let’s wrap up the surgery and send the patient to the ICU for twenty-four hours.”

“Sure, Dr. Berry.”

The nurses climbed back onto their feet as they started work.

“It has been a tiring surgery. I’ll treat you all to dinner at the Imperial Hotel tonight.” Once she had finished speaking, she walked out of the operating theater.

Cheers sounded out from behind her.

“The Imperial Hotel!”

“All hail Dr. Berry!”

When Ashlyn walked out of the operating theater, she saw Sienna sitting on the bench.

She had a laptop on her lap, and she was working.

The moment she heard the door opening, Sienna stood up to ask Ashlyn, "Dr. Berry, how is he?"

"The surgery went well. All he needs now is to rest and recuperate for a while." Ashlyn removed her surgical mask and took a breath of the fresh air.

She was tired, and she had planned to take a break in her office.

Right then, she heard footsteps and a woman's piercing voice. "Dixon, what is going on? Why didn't you tell us about Dad's surgery?"

"Jennifer..." Sienna turned. Just as her name had escaped her mouth, a loud slap echoed in the corridor.

"B*tch, shut up. You're merely a bringer of misfortune. You have no right to call my name." Jennifer glared at Sienna. "Everyone knows that you're with Dixon."

The middle-aged woman was Jennifer, the eldest child of the Haddock family.

Behind her was Korbin, the eldest son of the Haddock family, along with his wife, Jacqueline. Pretending to be the nice one, she tugged Jennifer. "Jennifer, Sienna's one of us now. You can't embarrass her in public."

All Sienna felt was the burning sensation on her face. She covered her swollen left cheek, looking nothing like the confident woman that she was in the office. Chewing on her lips, she forced the tears away from her eyes.

She then took a deep breath and looked Jennifer in the eye. "Jennifer, what have I done to infuriate you?"

Jennifer sneered, "It's one thing that Dixon didn't tell us about Dad's surgery, but it's another for you to not tell us either. Who gave you the courage to hide this from us?"

Ever since Dixon had taken over the Haddock Group, he had ruled the family with an iron fist. His siblings were all suffocating under his control.

Sienna was the only one who had become Dixon's right-hand man.

Dixon's siblings had long hated Sienna. They did not even know that Arthur had been in surgery.

Catching wind of the news, they had immediately rushed over to the hospital. As the weakest one, she was their target for venting their emotions upon.

Sienna stared at her, upset. "I'm only following Dixon's orders about Dad's surgery. If you want to do your part, you can watch over him in the hospital. My husband's waiting for me at home. I'll head off now."

With that, she turned to leave. Unfortunately, Jennifer grabbed a handful of her hair and dragged her back.

Pain prickling her scalp, Sienna gripped onto Jennifer's hands. "Jennifer, let go of me! Let go!"

She stumbled, and her heels soon broke off. Sadly, that was a minor concern to her, in comparison to the stinging pain that was coming from her scalp.

"B*tch, how many men did you hook up with, to become the trustee of the charity?" Jennifer was envious of Sienna.

Upon the establishment of Haddock Charity, Jennifer had been eyeing for the seat of the trustee. She had never expected the position to end up with Sienna.

During these few years, the other Haddocks barely had any responsibilities. Sienna was the only one who had Dixon's trust, meaning that she was having a great life in the Haddock family.

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The Haddocks hated her.

They were here to hound her, with Arthur's surgery as their excuse.

Throughout the entire ordeal, Ashlyn remained, watching silently from the side. She had not liked any members of the Haddock family.

Although she was not a saint, nor a woman with overflowing sympathy, she did not enjoy the sight of Jennifer bullying Sienna.

She furrowed her brows before taking a step forward to grab Jennifer's wrist. "Ms. Haddock, the hospital isn't a place for you to run wild. Please don't affect the other patients' recuperation."

"Who are you? Who do you think you are? I'm teaching my own siblings a lesson, and it's none of your business." Jennifer's wrist had hurt from her tight grip; she could not help but release her grip on Sienna to fling Ashlyn's hand away.

"This is a hospital, and Mr. Haddock is my patient. Can you bear the responsibility for disrupting the

other patients' rests?" Ashlyn stared at her with a questioning gaze.

Jennifer rubbed her sore wrist as she glared back, in return. Her heart skipped a beat as she thought, What a beautiful woman! She's the old man's attending doctor? How can that be? Whose leg is she trying to pull?

"What rubbish are you talking about? There aren't any doctors as young as you. If you're his attending doctor, I'll film myself eating sh*t!" Jennifer sneered in disdain.

Suddenly, dozens of bodyguards swarmed toward them. It was a terrifying sight to witness.

The leading man had a tray of something dark and slimy. Before Jennifer could see what it was, several other bodyguards had restrained her.

Spencer stepped on her knees and forced her to kneel before Ashlyn.

Throwing the tray with the black slimy stuff in front of her, Ashlyn uttered, "Go ahead, Ms. Haddock."

Jennifer was so shocked that her face appeared pale, despite the thick foundation that she had applied. "Who are you? What are you trying to do? We're in broad daylight. What are you going to do? Do you know who I am?"

The black, slimy stuff in the tray was disgusting, to say the least.

Its pungent scent wafted across her nose, making her gag.

One of the bodyguards forced Jennifer towards the tray, and she was now an inch away from it.

Jennifer pursed her lips into a straight line as she widened her eyes. Tears brimmed in them.

The rest of the Haddocks were staring at them, stupefied.

Where did these bodyguards come from?

The first to return to their senses was Korbin. Without saying another word, he rushed over, trying to rescue Jennifer from the men in black. However, he was far from a decent fighter, and he could not even cause the man to budge.

Anxious, he shouted, "She's Jennifer Haddock! If you really force her to eat sh*t, Dixon won't ever let you off the hook!"

"Is that so?" A cold voice snorted before a towering man walked towards them. Turning to Dixon, he asked, "Mr. Haddock, what are you going to do with me?"

A soft but cold voice scoffed, "Mr. Nolan, aren't you funny? They're merely pieces of trash. They're not worth my time."

Korbin widened his eyes as he turned towards the direction of the voice. Then, he took two steps back in disbelief. What? How can this be?

At the end of the corridor, two equally tall men with vastly different temperaments slowly walked towards them.

Both were wearing black suits, but Lucas had sharp features with a frigid look. He looked noble and elegant. With one hand in his pocket, his strong presence commanded all eyes in the room to turn to him.

Dixon, on the other hand, was not as captivating as Lucas was. However, his soft features, which were much more feminine than a beautiful woman's, had a tinge of attractive slyness to them. His looks sent shivers down any onlookers' spines.

When the two men came closer to them, Lucas' expression grew colder and gloomier. The heavy feeling that he had brought with him made everyone's heart skip a beat.

He lowered his eyes to look at Ashlyn. "Are you hurt?"

Ashlyn shook her head.

Dixon's cunning eyes glanced at a disheveled Sienna. Her hair and clothes were in a mess, and strands of her hair were lying on the ground, torn out by Jennifer.

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Sienna did not dare to look at him. I must appear ugly, seeing that I'm in a mess right now. Subconsciously, she covered her swollen cheek with her hand, not wanting Dixon to see her in such a manner.

"Do you know how much Aunt Sienna has earned for the Haddock Group? Do you know how much she has done for the Haddock Group's reputation?" A sneer grew on Dixon's lips. "The old man is still lying in his hospital bed, yet you're beating her up here? Here's my warning. Whoever looks down on Sienna Oates will be looking down on me as well."

Sienna raised her head to stare at Dixon in shock.

W-What did he just say? How can this be possible? He's protecting me?

Perking a brow up, he crouched down. Like a devil straight from hell, he grabbed Jennifer's chin and

uttered, "Witch. Which hand of yours had you used to hit her?"

"I... I..." Jennifer could barely breathe, as she was an inch away from the feces. She had gagged and retched into the tray several times now.

"You can't tell me? I guess you'll lose both of your hands then." Dixon waved, as another group of men in black rushed over from the end of the corridor. One of the men had a large knife in his hands, and he walked over, towards Jennifer.

Without saying anything, he grabbed his hand and raised the knife.

"No! Don't! Dixon, I was wrong! I won't pick a bone with Sienna anymore. Dixon, aren't you afraid of Dad holding you accountable for this?" Jennifer shrieked maniacally. Her eyes were as wide as saucers, and her back was soaked in sweat.

A pungent smell came from her bottom.

Ashlyn could not help but frown.

Dixon retracted his hand and muttered, "Coward. She's soiled herself."

He stood up, and a man instantly handed him a clean handkerchief. He took it and wiped his hands with a look of disdain.

Just as Jennifer sighed, thinking that Dixon was letting her off, she heard the man's nonchalant voice. "Chop them off."

Thump! A muffled noise.

A knife swung down.

A hand fell onto the ground.

"Ah!" Jennifer screamed, as she held onto her left arm and stared at the mutilated spot. Blood was gushing out of the stump.

The blood streamed down her clothes and puddled, onto the ground.

Taken aback, Sienna retreated.

Her face was pallid as she turned to look at Dixon.

This was the first time that she had clearly sensed the terror of Dixon.

With similar pale looks, Korbin and his wife were staring at Dixon. “You’re the devil himself!”

Dixon paid no heed to Korbin’s curses and fear. Instead, he turned to glance at Lucas. “Mr. Nolan, are you satisfied with how I’d dealt with this?”

“Since Ms. Haddock has lost her hand, she gets to skip on the feces.” Lucas’ eyes had a dark look in them. “How dare you question whether she is a doctor or not? You must have had a death wish. Or perhaps, do you think that Arthur is enjoying too long of a life?”

“You should’ve checked on Dr. Berry’s identity. Do you think that she’d earned the title of the best surgeon while sitting on her hands?” Spencer raised his leg to kick Korbin once more. Haddock trash.

“Mr. Haddock, Hayden had insulted my woman the day before today, and Ms. Haddock had questioned my woman today. Do the Haddocks think that the Nolans are cowards?” asked Lucas in a glacial tone as he raised his brows and stared fixedly at the Haddocks.

Jennifer was on the verge of passing out from the pain, and words no longer formed in her brain. I’ve already lost a hand. What else does Lucas want?

Lucas Nolan—an intimidating presence, was the ultimate prominent figure of Lake City. He was ruthless and cruel.

Even Dixon, of the Haddock family, had to be sidelined when Lucas was around.

Despite the lack of changes in his expression, the words that spilled from his lips sent shivers down everyone’s spine.

“I wonder what Mr. Haddock will do.”

This was the first time that Dixon had been forced to do something.

No thanks to these pieces of trash!

With an angry glower, he hissed, “I’ll give three percent of Haddock Group’s shares to Dr. Berry as compensation.”

“I won’t need the shares,” Ashlyn, who had been silent, finally uttered, “Mr. Haddock, why don’t you donate thirty million to the Saunders Charity instead. It’ll be for the group homes. Many children in group homes have tough lives, and many group homes don’t have a source of income. Why don’t you allow some children who have just left the group home to work at Haddock Group?”

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Sienna chewed on her lips before combing her hair back to tidy herself up. "Dr. Berry, the Haddock Charity can do things like these. Why do you have to make this request?"

"Ms. Oates, with how the Haddock Group works... I'll be honest with you. I'm worried." Ashlyn flashed her a radiating smile.

"Take Naomi's incident as an example. If Ms. Oates weren't good with public relations, perhaps... Your charity won't be around anymore, will it?"

Ashlyn was rubbing salt on her wound.

Sienna paled as she lowered her head.

She was glad that Ashlyn had saved her earlier.

However, they had stood on different sides, and it was impossible for them to be in a league.

Dixon muttered, "Since Dr. Berry has asked for it, it'll be thirty million and job arrangements."

Lucas did not understand why Ashlyn was doing it, but he supported her unconditionally anyway.

Upon hearing Dixon's words, Ashlyn raised her arms lazily and yawned.

She was fatigued, and she nearly fell asleep right where she stood.

It had been a waste of her time and energy to watch the Haddock family's drama unfold.

She turned, about to leave, when she heard a man's shout. "Aunt Sienna!"

Ashlyn turned to look in Dixon's direction to see Sienna sway and collapse onto the ground. Between her legs, a puddle of blood was growing.

It was an alarming sight.

Without wasting another second, Ashlyn rushed over and instructed Spencer, "Call for the nurse and the physician assistant. Quickly!"

Soon, urgent footsteps rushed towards them.

Several nurses and doctors hoisted Sienna up.

With one hand on Sienna's wrist to check her pulse, Ashlyn announced, "The patient is most likely having a miscarriage. Send her to get an ultrasound. Notify the head of gynecology to prep for surgery."

“Of course, Dr. Berry!”

It seemed as though chaos had broken out on the scene, but Ashlyn was in control.

Dixon, who had been staring at Sienna’s face, felt as if he was struck by a bolt from the blue, upon hearing the word ‘miscarriage’.

He widened his eyes at Sienna, who was unconscious, and it took him a while before he finally returned to his senses.

“Miscarriage? What did you say?” He grabbed Ashlyn’s arm and stared at her. “How can she be pregnant?”

He had questioned her earlier, and she had simply told him that it was an upset stomach. How can she be pregnant now? Am I going to be a father? Am I going to have a kid? I can have a kid? How can this be? No. That’s impossible. Dixon closed his eyes in disbelief.

“I’ve studied Traditional Chinese Medicine. She does have the pulse of a pregnant woman.” Ashlyn spared a glance at Dixon before she pushed him away, running towards the ultrasound room.

“Mr. Nolan, what shall we do now?” Spencer carefully peeked at Lucas. Lucas had arrived in a hurry, but Ashlyn had not even paid much attention to him.

She had continued with her usual routine.

She’d ignored Mr. Nolan...

Is he going to be upset?

“What can I do? She’s my honey. I can only let her do what she wants,” Lucas sighed as he stared vacantly at the direction that she left in, “She’s so busy. What if she gets too tired? Spencer, go and...”

“Of course. I understand.” Upon hearing his request, Spencer rushed to work on it.

Tsk. Is Mr. Nolan finally coming to his senses? Is he finally going to spoil her?

*

At five in the evening.

At the gates of First Hospital, a truck with two words printed on its side—The Peacock—slowly drove into the hospital grounds.

Soon, numerous trolleys were brought down from the truck.

Each trolley was filled with sumptuous and exquisite dishes.

The trolleys were pushed to every floor and every room of the hospital.

Doctors, nurses, patients, and visitors alike had all received dinners from The Peacock, including desserts and appetizers.

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“Oh my god! What’s going on? Why is The Peacock sending us meals?”

“The Peacock is almost as good as the Imperial Hotel. I’d heard that it’s one of the businesses owned by Nolan Group.”

“Good God, have you heard of the news? Mr. Nolan was at the hospital today. Someone had insulted Dr. Berry, and Mr. Nolan was furious!”

“I saw Mr. Nolan’s assistant, Mr. White. He was the one who had given out instructions for The Peacock’s staff.”

Ashlyn was sorting out her documents when someone knocked on her office door.

“Come in,” she muttered.

The door swung open with a creak, and the sounds of wheels rolling traveled into her ears.

Ashlyn raised her head in surprise to find Lucas pushing in a trolley.

What is he doing?

“The Peacock’s senior server, Lucas Nolan, will be serving you today.” The man’s deep voice reverberated in the office.

Ashlyn cocked her brows. “I’m sorry. I’ve invited my colleagues for dinner at the Imperial Hotel.”

The moment those words left her mouth, the phone on her desk rang. She answered the call, and before she could say anything, her colleagues’ excited voices boomed into her ears. “Dr. Berry! Mr. Nolan has given everyone in the hospital food, from The Peacock. Let’s go for dinner another time.”

The person who had called was so excited, that their voices had nearly shattered glass.

What kind of rich man’s scheme is this?

Everyone in the hospital... Does that mean that...

Did he include patients and visitors as well?

Oh, God.

She returned the receiver to its original position as she looked at the tall man in front of her. She could never predict what he was going to do next, and she could never comprehend why would do what he did.

Huffing quietly, she asked in curiosity, "Lucas, what are you doing?"

Lucas remained silent as he looked at her.

Then, he strode towards her and pulled her towards the coffee table.

The man placed his hands on her shoulders and started massaging them, with the right amount of strength. "Am I using too much force?"

"It's just right." Ashlyn nodded. He's massaging me?

Ten minutes later, Lucas uncovered the trolley.

A bouquet of fresh roses revealed itself in front of Ashlyn, who was stunned.

"Honey, thank you for your hard work." Lucas took the bouquet and handed it to her before he started taking out the dishes.

Carefully, he placed them onto the table.

So, he'd bought everyone in the hospital a meal just because he'd wanted to have a meal with me?

I...

Ashlyn was dumbfounded.

"Your surgery is over. Why are you still wearing those gloves?" Lucas asked, taking note of the transparent gloves that she was still wearing.

He quietly stared at it, waiting for her response.

Ashlyn clenched her hands and muttered, "I've fallen in love with the feeling of gloves on my hands."

At that, Lucas fell silent and started feeding her dinner instead.

The evening sun coated the sky in red. Such a mere task of feeding her was already an enjoyable activity for Lucas.

Abruptly, his lips approached hers, as he and sealed off her lips.

Ashlyn was speechless.

*

In the doctor's office.

Dixon could barely believe his ears.

"What did you say?"

They couldn't save my child?

It felt as if he was dreaming. He trembled in fury.

He lost his child right after he had discovered that he had one.

This is all because of that b*tch, Jennifer.

"Damn it!"

Even if he were to chop Jennifer's hands a million times over, it would never put out the burning rage in him.

When the image of Sienna's bloody state emerged in his brain, he nearly lost his mind.

The doctors at the gynecology department had never seen a family member of a patient as scary as he was. She wiped the sweat off her forehead and stuttered, "I-I'm sorry, Mr. Haddock. We couldn't save the child."

Isn't Sienna Oates his aunt?

The child should be his niece or nephew...

Why is he so agitated?

Right then, a nurse walked over and said, “Doctor, the patient in room 307 has woken up.”

The doctor jumped to her feet as though she found an escape and hastily explained, “Mr. Haddock, Ms. Oates has woken up. I have to go to her room to complete a check-up.”