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Without waiting for her response, Dixon spun around and strode towards the hospital ward.

In the hospital ward, Sienna stared at the ceiling with a blank gaze.

There was a dull pain in her lower abdomen and she knew... that her child was probably gone.

In the past, she had considered aborting him or escaping to a foreign place before giving birth to him.

However, it was only after he was truly gone that she found herself in deep, deep sorrow.

This was her first time pregnant, while Dixon was her first man.

At thirty-six, she was considered to have an advanced maternal age for pregnancy. Yet, she still did not have the right to have a child. If she gave birth to her child, he would be an illegitimate child.

She had never experienced familial love before. So how could she make her son suffer as well?

As tears rolled down her cheeks, she closed her eyes slowly.

I'm sorry, my baby.

Mommy failed to protect you because she's too useless.

She only knew how agonizing pain felt like after truly losing him.

If only reality was like those typical novels. Then, she could abandon everything, escape overseas and raise her child alone.

Unfortunately, the reality of life was naturally cruel. Dixon would never spare her!

She sniffled, feeling despair overwhelm her.

At that moment, she heard the sound of footsteps. Opening her reddened eyes which were brimming with tears, she gazed at the person.

Dixon?

Why does he look so furious?

Oh right, of course, he'll be furious after learning about my pregnancy.

"I..." She was about to say something, but he cut her off, "Sienna, who gave you the guts to hide it from me? Are you getting bolder and bolder? Do you feel happy now that your child's gone? Are you overjoyed? How can you wear such high heels despite being pregnant? You're pregnant, but you foolishly failed to protect yourself! You let that b****, Jennifer, hurt you!"

His rough voice echoed in the room.

His handsome face was twisted in rage, with an expression of utmost fury written all over his good-looking face.

Sienna looked at him incredulously, unable to believe what she was seeing.

Is this just my wishful thinking? Why did I spot a hint of pity in his eyes? A hint of a heartache?

The doctor, who followed closely behind him, gave Sienna another check. "Does your belly hurt?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel uncomfortable anywhere else?"

"No."

"You must tell me if you feel any discomfort. You can only have sex after a month. Remember to replenish your nutrients regularly. Otherwise, you might suffer from anemia and your body will turn weak. Since you're already at an advanced maternal age, if you don't take care of your body, it'll be harder for you to become pregnant again."

After reminding Sienna, he quickly left the ward as if he were running for his life.

That man is so scary! He actually yelled at a patient. How terrifying!

All of a sudden, Dixon looked extremely exhausted. After gazing at the weak woman lying on the hospital bed for a long time, he said, "I'll let the maids at home come over to look after you."

"If I told you that I was pregnant, would you have been willing to keep my baby?" Staring at the man's broad back, she suddenly asked.

He paused before turning around and gazed at her deeply. "If you didn't even ask, how would you know whether I'll make a good father or not?"

Without saying anything else, he whirled around and left.

Sienna buried herself into her covers. The tears, which she had been suppressing, finally surged out of her eyes as she sobbed in sorrow.

My baby! My baby is gone!

In Ashlyn's office, Lucas was gazing at Ashlyn with tightly pursed lips.

His dark eyes were locked onto the woman, who was completely engrossed in her meal.

Despite not having any make-up on, her skin was smooth and flawless. Her sparkling eyes and beautiful nose made her look exceptionally innocent and charming.

She has such breathtaking beauty. But why must she be so sharp-tongued, then? Other women know how to act cute and flirt.

Then, there's her... Lucas' expression looked very nonplussed.

While Ashlyn was eating, she raised her head and noticed that Lucas was silent. When she met his gaze, her heart could not help but skip a beat.

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"Lucas?" Can he stop looking at me like that?

I feel like I'm his prey, and he's going to devour me anytime soon.

Lucas lifted Ashlyn's small chin with his lean and boney fingers. With a deep gaze, he asked, "Honey, I did such a good job today. Aren't you going to reward me with a kiss?"

With that, he moved closer to her until they were only inches apart, his warm breath puffing across her face. He was charmingly devilish.

Ashlyn had just stuffed a prawn into her mouth. Before she could say anything, Lucas' sexy lips pressed against hers. "If that's the case, just feed me."

His large palms cupped her tiny and smooth face. His strong, masculine aura caused her heart to pound rapidly and made her feel breathless.

A lustful atmosphere spread across the silent office.

Ashlyn's face flushed. Where did this man learn such gangster-like moves from? He actually stole my prawn!

She was overwhelmed by a sense of embarrassment and indignation.

She did not know if the poison in her body could ever disappear. Perhaps, she might die anytime soon. As such, she did not want to leave any regrets. For so long, it was always Lucas chasing after her. This

time...

Ashlyn did not know where she got the courage from. Stuffing another piece of chicken into her mouth, she grabbed Lucas' broad shoulders and pushed him against the sofa.

She lifted her beautiful, porcelain-like face and looked at him, her gaze falling onto his sexy lips. Her eyes were extremely bright.

With a faint smile playing on her lips, she said in an indescribably domineering tone, "Mr. Nolan, since you've not eaten, I'll feed you until you're full."

After speaking, her faintly pale lips sealed his.

Lucas felt like his breath had hitched. As he looked at her, his gaze darkened. Did she actually took the initiative to kiss me?

His eyes became sharper as a beastly expression appeared on his handsome face. In the next moment, he grabbed the back of her head and deepened the kiss forcefully and domineeringly.

It was the first time that Ashlyn was responding to him so passionately.

It's fine... Since I might die soon.

At the very least, I won't leave any regrets behind.

Lucas was a man who could never control his feelings. He was exceptionally handsome, wild, and domineering.

No woman could ever refuse such a man. When he was nice to a woman, it was as if she was the only one who existed in his world.

Ashlyn could not help but confess that she had already fallen in love with him.

But, so what?

I'm already poisoned. And it's an incurable poison.

Sorrow and pain appeared in her eyes gradually.

Lowering her head, she pursed her lips tightly as her initially sparkling eyes became dominated by a sorrowful look.

She never expected that she not only had the Spirogyra in her body but also the Backtrack poison. God always likes to play jokes on me, huh?

It's such a pity that I'm going to die before I can find Mommy.

I'm going to die before I can find my sister.

Even though I admitted that I have fallen in love with Lucas, I'm still going to die anyway.

She could not help but stretched out her arms, hug Lucas tightly and bury her face against his chest.
"Lucas, promise me that you'll continue living."

His brooding eyes flickered with a tinge of surprise. Ashlyn is not a pessimistic person. Instead, she's an extremely vigorous person, who is full of vitality. There's a strong, unbreakable spirit within her.

Why is she saying something like that all of a sudden?

This isn't like her at all.

He was about to probe further when Ashlyn's phone rang on the table.

It showed that the incoming call was from Lochlan. Why is he calling?

Lucas noticed a slight change in Ashlyn's emotions when she frowned.

Lowering his gaze and looking at her phone, Lucas asked, "Why is Lochlan calling you?"

"I don't know." Ashlyn shook her head, but she still accepted the call. "Hello?"

"Hello, Ms. Berry. I'm sorry for disturbing you so late at night. However, I don't know who else to ask other than you." Lochlan sounded extremely hesitant.

"You don't need to be so polite, Mr. Fraser. Did something happen to Charlotte?" Ashlyn had a bad feeling about it.

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She had a feeling that Lochlan's call had something to do with Charlotte.

"Well..." Sighing, Lochlan started explaining what happened.

After a minute, Ashlyn hung up the call.

When she raised her head, she noticed Lucas gazing at her solemnly.

Her eyelashes fluttered as she said, "Lucas, I'm going to work a shift at night. Go home first."

"I'll stay with you." A faint smile appeared on his lips.

I don't need you to keep me company, okay?

All she wanted to do was to go to the lab at Broadway Hospital and look at the results of today's research.

The Backtrack poison was spreading across her body every day. If she were not wearing a long-sleeved shirt to conceal her wrists, the bruises there would be extremely noticeable.

She was immediately overwhelmed by anxiety.

Remaining passive is not my style.

However, if Lucas insists on staying here, what should I do?

Taking a deep breath, she hugged his muscular waist. "Lucas, do you know something?"

Lucas felt his breathing quicken as his heart pounded rapidly against his chest and his muscular body stiffening. Not only did she take the initiative to kiss me, but she's also sending herself into my arms?

"I really don't hate you anymore." Ashlyn's lips curved upwards, revealing a dazzling smile that was as beautiful as a rose in full bloom.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, she leaned in and whispered beside his ears. "What about you? How do you feel about me?"

Lucas' voice was hoarse. "Honey..."

His brooding eyes scrutinized from Ashlyn's head to toe in disbelief.

Suddenly, Ashlyn pinched his ears, moved her scarlet lips to his, and planted a kiss there. "I want you!"

Lucas' eyes sparkled brightly as he stared at Ashlyn's alluring red lips like a hungry wolf.

At the very next second, he kissed her passionately. However, while Ashlyn was hooking her arms around his neck, a silver needle suddenly appeared on her fingertip!

She stabbed it into the back of his neck!

Instantly, he felt a piercing pain, as if he had been bitten by a red ant. Then, a numb feeling spread across his body and he started to lose consciousness.

Lucas' eyes became bloodshot, making him look as terrifying as Hades. "Ashlyn! How dare you? I'll

strangle you!”

Laughing, Ashlyn jumped away from Lucas and blew a kiss at him. “I’m sorry, Lucas. I’ll tell Spencer to pick you up.”

Lucas’ burly body toppled onto the ground. Right before he landed, he saw Ashlyn took off her white coat and strode out.

She’s lying! She’s not working a night shift at all. Just what exactly is she planning to do that she has to keep it from me?

Looking at her back, Lucas’ expression turned ugly.

The situation had slipped out of his control.

What secrets are she hiding?

He wanted to chase after her. However, the tranquilizer’s effects were starting to show. The strength in his body disappeared as he gradually closed his eyes.

In the lab at Centennial Healthcare, Ashlyn forced herself to stay awake at the meeting table as she listened to the eight researchers’ report.

“So, what you’re saying is that there’s no progress at all, right?” Ashlyn massaged her temple tiredly. “All of you may leave now. Leave the report with me.”

The eight researchers left guiltily.

Jared sat beside her, feeling worried. “Boss, how are you feeling? Did any other symptoms appear today?”

Ashlyn took off her gloves and revealed her wrists, which had been eroded by the poison.

“I’m extremely, extremely tired. Jared, if this doesn’t work, in the future...” Before Ashlyn could finish her sentence, Jared interrupted her, “Boss, nothing will happen to you. We’ll definitely develop an antidote! We’ll never give up until the very last moment.”

Looking at Ashlyn’s exhausted face, Jared felt heartbroken. He assured, “Boss, you’re going to be fine. I... I’ll just infiltrate the NN Terrorist Group to look for the antidote.”

“Do you think that I haven’t sent anyone there?” Ashlyn chuckled. “But it’s futile. They can’t find anything.”

She gazed at the night sky outside the window. After a while, she said, "Jared, I even invested in a movie! I wonder if I can survive until its release in the theatres."

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"Of course you will, Boss. Let's just take your medicine first." Jared stood up and poured a glass of warm water for Ashlyn.

After taking the glass of water, she took two sips and swallowed a black pill.

The black pill only served to ease her mind. It was completely ineffective.

A vicious gaze flashed across her eyes. If that's the case, I should just do something that I've wanted to do the most.

At Whitland Villa, Lucas spotted Spencer standing beside the bed when he opened his eyes.

When Spencer felt Lucas' sharp gaze on him, his heart skipped a beat. "Mr. Nolan, you're awake."

"How long have I slept for?" Lucas sat up and massaged his forehead. What a vicious woman. Her tranquilizer is so strong that I'm still feeling a bit uncomfortable.

The black shirt that he was wearing had two buttons unbuttoned, revealing his sexy collarbones. Paired with his disheveled hair, he exuded a wild and untamed aura.

"You've slept for four hours," replied Spencer quickly. "It's already midnight."

Lucas' hoarse voice sounded slightly cold. "Where's Ashlyn?"

"Ms. Berry... She..." Spencer glanced at Lucas briefly before grabbing a file on the bedside table and passing it to him. "Mr. Nolan, you should take a look at this first."

Lucas did not respond. Taking the file, he flipped to the first page.

When he took a closer look at what was written on it, his sharp eyes narrowed. A cold and furious look appeared on his face. "What is this? Are you saying that Ashlyn has been poisoned by the Backtrack poison?"

Spencer nodded. "Yes. Lilian's body was coated with this poison. Its effects are extremely powerful. It can infect others simply through touch. The consequences of the infection are horrendous. The poison will erode the brain slowly, gradually causing the victims to lose all brain functions. In the end, the victims would be unable to take care of themselves. Their bodies will weaken, and they'll gradually die, while all body functions will degenerate. Ms. Berry... seems a bit strange recently."

She's not just strange—she's acting extremely out of the norm!

When Lucas thought of how Ashlyn refused to be intimate with him, how she kept wearing transparent gloves... and how she escaped after knocking him out with the tranquilizer...

Damn it!

He was now certain that Ashlyn had been poisoned.

"Prepare the car. We're going to Bayview Villa." Lucas tossed the blanket aside, exuding an extremely vicious aura.

The next morning was extremely cloudy. Dark clouds loomed over the sky as if a thunderstorm were going to occur anytime soon. A suppressive atmosphere filled the air.

In the Fraser family's dining room, Charlotte looked at Lochlan, who was wearing a silver suit. Normally, he would wear the iconic blue firefighter uniform. However, he was wearing a suit now.

The tailor-made suit fitted nicely over the man's lean body, making him look dignified and impressive.

"Uncle Lochlan... what's up with you today?" Charlotte's blinked as she stared at him with her bright eyes.

An embarrassed look appeared on Lochlan's face. When confronted with her clear eyes, he could not utter a single lie.

He sat down opposite Charlotte and took a sip of his coffee. After calming himself down, he explained, "I need to go out for something."

"Oh, is it something important?" Charlotte looked extremely playful and teasing. "Uncle Lochlan, you look really handsome wearing this!"

Lochlan merely smirked and did not say anything.

After breakfast, he drove away.

Pouting, Charlotte looked at the butler. "Do you know what Uncle Lochlan's doing? Why is he acting so mysterious?"

The butler coughed lightly. Naturally, he did not dare to gossip about his employer's affairs in private. "I don't know. Maybe there are some matters to settle."

With that, he went to buy groceries with the maids in charge of the kitchen.

The house immediately became very empty.

Charlotte was about to leave and go upstairs when she heard the sound of footsteps coming from the living room. Thinking that Lochlan had forgotten to bring something, she smiled and turned her head around. "Uncle Lochlan, did you..."

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When Charlotte took a closer look at the person, her smile faded gradually. "Mrs. Fraser?"

Mrs. Fraser gave Charlotte a once-over. The slender and tall teenage girl was wearing a pink nightgown, with red strawberries printed on it. Its sleeveless design revealed her fair shoulder and chest, as well as her straight, thin legs.

"Did you seduce my son with this figure of yours?"

Charlotte's face turned pale. "Mrs. Fraser, my relationship with Uncle Lochlan isn't what you think it is."

Mrs. Fraser smiled smugly. "It's not? Then, why are you staying at my son's place and refusing to leave? Charlotte, let me be honest with you. My son is going to attend a blind date today."

"A blind date? Uncle Lochlan is attending a blind date?" The color drained completely from Charlotte's face as she stared at the proud Mrs. Fraser in disbelief.

No wonder Lochlan was dressed up so handsomely this morning. So, the matter he was talking about was the blind date!

But why didn't he tell me? Why is he hiding it from me?

"His blind date is the eldest daughter of Wood Group. As a socialite who had just returned from her study abroad, she's wealthy, educated, and has a good background. Now, look at you. What reason do you have to keep staying by my son's side?" Mrs. Fraser poked Charlotte's forehead with a finger that had a ruby ring wrapped around it.

Her manicured nails were decorated with accessories, and they stabbed into Charlotte's skin, causing bloody scratch marks to appear on her forehead.

It was an alarming sight.

Shaking her head vigorously, Charlotte gazed at Mrs. Fraser as she hurled insults at her. Mrs. Fraser's scolding echoed in her ears like piercing alarms.

No... No, it's not like that.

It's not...

Her face became so pale that it was almost translucent.

The more anxious she was, the more she found it hard to say anything. When confronted by the domineering and mean Mrs. Fraser, she could not utter a single word.

All she could do was shake her head in terror as tears streamed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

I don't want to go outside anymore. The outside world is so horrible.

Lottie... Lottie, go back to your own world. Go back.

Go back!

A voice in her mind kept persuading her.

"Why are you crying? You useless piece of trash! What do you know except to cry? You'll only be a burden to my son! Let me tell you this. You're just a burden! If it wasn't for you, my son would've been married a long time ago. Then, he won't still be unmarried despite being thirty years old! Who do you think you are? You're just a plaything for my son! When he's fed up with you, he'll just discard you in a corner!"

Charlotte's pretty eyes widened. Covering her ears, she shook her head vigorously. Stop talking! Stop talking!

No, I'm not!

I'm not!

Her tears surged from her eyes, leaving two streaks of tears on her pitifully beautiful face.

The more Mrs. Fraser looked at her, the more enraged she became. This b****! This seductress!

With a seductive face like that, why is she pretending to be weak?

When she thought about how Charlotte kept clinging onto Lochlan and preventing him from being together with the socialites, Mrs. Fraser felt fury raged within her.

An unknown strength suddenly coursed through her body. She vented all the suppressed anger and hatred she had towards Charlotte.

Slapping Charlotte's face, she yelled, "B****, I'll tear your face apart today. With that, you'll have nothing to seduce men with anymore!"

Feeling humiliated, Charlotte clutched her face, which was burning in pain. She subconsciously raised

her hand to resist Mrs. Fraser. Don't... Don't hit me!

Mrs. Fraser's eyes narrowed when she sensed her resistance. Her fury started to overcome her rationality. With a menacing gaze, she scanned the shelves and spotted a sewing kit.

The maid had placed it there casually after using it yesterday.

Walking over briskly, Mrs. Fraser grabbed the sewing kit and shook out a dozen needles from it.

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She raised the needle, whose sharp tip glinted in the light, and walked towards Charlotte.

"I'll stab your face until it's ruined! Perhaps then, you won't dare to appear in front of my son again. After all, men are superficial beings who only care about beauty. If your face is destroyed, who would want you? Even if you become a prostitute, no one would want to sleep with you!"

Charlotte was shocked and terrified. She could not help but stagger backward and shield her body with her arms, trying to protect herself.

"No!" screamed Charlotte miserably.

She retreated backward further out of fear until her back was pressed against the wall.

Holding the needles, Mrs. Fraser inched closer and closer to Charlotte.

Charlotte's expression changed drastically as she stared at the sharp tips of the needles.

Mrs. Fraser strode towards her and stabbed the needles she was holding forcefully onto Charlotte's face.

"Ahhh—" While Charlotte shrieked in misery, a dozen needles had already stabbed her face. The pain was excruciating.

Blood flowed down the needles, making her beautiful face looked extremely horrifying.

Mrs. Fraser released her grip instantly. When she gradually regained her rationality and saw what had happened in front of her, she shook her head vigorously.

"No... It's not like that. I didn't stab you... I didn't even want to hurt you."

Pointing at Charlotte, who had dropped to her knees due to the unbearable pain, she snapped viciously, "You forced me to do this. If you didn't seduce my son, I wouldn't have lost my rationality out of fury!"

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to harm you on purpose. Please don't blame me! Charlotte, if you

want to blame someone, blame it on your terrible fate and family. After all, you're nothing but an orphan!"

With that, Mrs. Fraser hurriedly dashed towards the mansion's door.

When the alarm clock rang, Ashlyn's mind was still blank.

It took her quite a while before she finally came to her senses and realized that she needed to take Charlotte out shopping.

She glanced at her dark wrists habitually, discovering that the black patches had already spread to the middle of her arm.

She smiled helplessly. This poison is spreading really quickly.

Taking a deep breath, she finished washing up and left the lab.

As she was too tired last night, she fell asleep there.

When she walked to her Land Rover, she saw Anderson sitting on the driver's seat.

The young man looked at her worriedly, while Ashlyn raised her eyebrow. "I'm not dead yet. Why do you look so depressed?"

"Boss..." called Anderson, almost choking on his tears.

"That's enough. Get rid of that melodramatic expression. I'm a scourge, okay? I will not die so easily. Perhaps, there might be a cure tomorrow." Patting his shoulder, Ashlyn sat on the seat beside him. "Let's go to the Fraser family."

Half an hour later, the car stopped outside the Fraser family's mansion.

When Ashlyn alighted the car, she frowned when she noticed that the entrance to the mansion was wide open.

Once inside, her sharp senses brought her attention to the blood on the floor.

She was taken aback. Why is there blood on the floor?

She strode towards the living room briskly.

The air in the empty living room was filled with the metallic smell of blood, while drops of blood were splattered on the clean floor.

“Charlotte?” Ashlyn started to panic. What happened? Why is there blood?

She heard no response in the empty mansion.

Calling Anderson quickly, she instructed, “Come in.”

Unsure of what was going on, Anderson alighted the car and dashed into the mansion. He immediately saw the panicked look on Ashlyn’s pretty face. “You’ll go upstairs, while I’ll search in the courtyard. Charlotte’s gone.”

“Why is she gone?” Anderson was shocked too.

Both of them went their separate ways to search for Charlotte.

After ten minutes, they met at the mansion’s entrance again.

“She’s not upstairs.”

“She’s not in the courtyard either.”

Ashlyn was worried sick. As Charlotte was autistic, she was afraid that something bad might have happened to her.

“Tell the others to search for her. I’ll look for Lochlan right away.”

“Okay.”

Meanwhile, Lochlan was sitting in a café, which had a relaxing atmosphere.

Over ten minutes have passed since the agreed time, but Ms. Warhol was nowhere to be seen.

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He fidgeted with his cup of coffee in annoyance. Just when he was about to leave, someone pushed the glass door of the café open. A woman, who was dressed fashionably with a pair of sunglasses on, walked in slowly.

“I’m sorry, the traffic was congested. You must have waited for long, Mr. Lochlan.” Olivia took off her sunglasses and flashed him a smile which she thought was pretty.

“I just arrived too,” replied Lochlan indifferently.

Olivia scrutinized the man in front of her. Wearing a suit, he had a dignified aura. In addition to his good looks, he came from a wealthy family too. She heard that he was a firefighter who did not like to inherit the family business.

How interesting.

“Mr. Lochlan, do you have any hobbies?”

“Not really.”

“What do you like to eat? Western or Asian?”

“Ms. Warhol, I’ll get straight to the point.” Annoyed, Lochlan interrupted Olivia’s questions. He raised his dark eyes and finally looked at her. “I have someone whom I like. This blind date was arranged by my mother against my wishes. I’m sorry but I’ll have to go first.”

Olivia, who was initially very interested, immediately turned upset. She exclaimed in a high-pitched voice, “What did you say?”

Lochlan stood up. He knew that his attitude would infuriate her, but he needed to tell her. “I’m saying that we’re not right for each other.”

“Lochlan, you’re being such a bully! Do you think that I won’t be able to marry? Or do you think that you’re extremely charming?” Olivia was so furious that her face turned pale and her body was quivering. “Let me tell you this. You’ll pay for your actions today!”

“I’m sorry, Ms. Warhol.” Lochlan apologized to Olivia. With that, he strode out of the café briskly.

Overcome by fury, Olivia grabbed the cup of coffee on the table and hurled it at his back.

Lochlan felt a pang of pain coming from his back. The coffee mug fell onto the ground and broke into smithereens.

The hot coffee seeped through his suit and burned his back while leaving a large stain on the expensive suit.

It was an alarming sight.

He turned around slowly and glared at Olivia coldly. “I’m shocked by your character, Ms. Warhol.”

After speaking, he left without looking back.

The moment he exited the café, his phone rang.

Ashlyn?

For some reason, Lochlan had a bad feeling.

“What’s wrong, Ms. Berry? What? Are you saying that Lottie is gone and there’s blood on the floor? Okay, I’ll send someone to search for her right away.”

He hung up the call. In the next moment, the BMW dashed out like an arrow, instantly disappearing from the café’s entrance.

Olivia stood up quickly and got into a Mercedes parked at the café. She instructed the driver, “Investigate who’s the b**** Lochlan’s taking care of.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” The driver quivered. Looks like her blind date didn’t go well!

At some point, it started drizzling.

The bleak raindrops were like the reflections of the pedestrians’ sorrow.

A teenage girl, who was completely drenched, walked aimlessly in the rain. Like a zombie, she staggered forward unsteadily, her expression despondent.

—B****, I’ll tear your face apart today. With that, you’ll have nothing to seduce men with anymore!

—I’ll stab your face until it’s ruined! Perhaps then, you won’t dare to appear in front of my son again. After all, men are superficial beings who only care about beauty. If your face is destroyed, who would want you? Even if you become a prostitute, no one would want to sleep with you!

No... No one will sleep with me... I’m not a prostitute, neither am I a b****...

I just don’t have a mother.

I don’t have a mother...

Mommy, I miss you so much... Mommy, where are you?

Mommy...

The dozen needles were still stuck in Charlotte’s face. As her injuries had not closed up yet, blood kept dripping down her face. The relentless rain beat against her face, causing the wounds to hurt terribly.

Not only did her face hurt, but her heart was also aching terribly.

Uncle Lochlan, I’m sorry... Did you not marry because I’ve been a burden to you?

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No, I'm really not a b****. Mommy... Mommy...

The rain started to become heavier gradually, and the drizzle turned into a huge downpour.

Unable to bear the emotional and physical pain anymore, the weak teenage girl fainted in the rain.

At that moment, a black car stopped slowly. A tall man opened the doors, stepped out, and carried Charlotte into the car.

Then, the car doors slammed shut before the car disappeared into the rain...

At the Fraser Residence, Lochlan glared at the butler grimly.

"Where did Lottie go? Why is there blood on the floor?"

"Sir... After you left, I went to buy groceries with the maids. I don't know what happened, or where Ma'am went."

The butler was also extremely flustered after knowing that Charlotte had disappeared.

"Look for her! We must find her! Go to the security company and hire thirty bodyguards right away. Even if we have to comb through the entire Lake City, we must find her!"

Lochlan was so worried that he was almost losing his mind.

"Yes, sir. I'll do it now."

Ashlyn massaged her forehead tiredly. "Mr. Lochlan, does Charlotte have any favorite places? Did you search there? And did something important happen today? Why must you go out?"

She did not know why she was so inexplicably worried about Charlotte.

After all, she was not extremely close to her.

However, when the thought that such a kind girl like Charlotte might be harmed, or something bad might have happened to her, Ashlyn felt sad and her heart would ache.

It was a strange feeling for her.

"She usually goes out with me, she never goes out alone. Her sickness fluctuates..."

Lochlan could not continue his sentence.

As he spoke, tears brimmed in his eyes.

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have left."

Taking a deep breath, a look of guilt and self-blame appeared on his face. "My mom forced me to go on a blind date. To make my rejection clear to the other party, I went and stayed for a few minutes... I... I told her clearly that there's someone I like."

"Mr. Lochlan!" Ashlyn interrupted him sternly. A strict expression was on her pretty face. "If you like Charlotte, you should protect her well. Don't be half-hearted and let her get hurt."

Ashlyn glanced at him coldly. "From what I heard from you, your mother doesn't like Charlotte. Have you thought of the possibility that your mother visited after you left?"

When Lochlan heard Ashlyn's words, he was in disbelief. Subconsciously, he rebuked, "How is that possible? My mom won't try to make things difficult for Lottie behind my back, right? She's just a young girl. No matter how much my mom dislikes her, she won't..."

Ashlyn caught the critical point quickly. Her face turned grim as she said, "Your mom dislikes her. Hence, you wouldn't know if she did anything crazy, right? Bring me to your mom right away."

"Bring you to my mom? Why do you want to visit my mom? Isn't this a bit inappropriate? She doesn't know you at all," replied Lochlan hesitantly.

Ashlyn raised her head and looked at him with a cold gaze. At that moment, Lochlan felt like he was looking at Lucas.

Both of them were equally cold, leaving no room for negotiation.

A single glare from Ashlyn was enough for all the words he wanted to say to become stuck in his throat.

Twenty minutes later, a few black cars stopped in front of the Fraser family's house.

A slender and tall woman, who was clad in black from head to toe, stepped out of the Land Rover in front. Standing in the heavy rain, she looked like the grim reaper from Hell.

Another man who was dressed in black alighted the car and raised an umbrella above her head.

The woman waved her hands and the men in black immediately separated into two rows, dashing into the house.

Mrs. Fraser felt very uneasy for the whole day.

Why did I stab Charlotte's face with needles?

She would glance at her fingers occasionally. Why did I lose my mind and do such a crazy act?

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If Lochlan knows about it... He treasures Charlotte so much. Will he hate me?

No, no way.

He will never know.

But what if that little b**** told him?

Mrs. Fraser felt extremely worried and uncomfortable.

After waiting for the entire day, she did not hear any accusations from Lochlan. Instead, Mrs. Warhol called and mocked her.

As she was still concerned about the incident with Charlotte, she could not be bothered to argue with Mrs. Warhol. After a few minutes, she hung up the call.

Mr. Fraser raised his head from the television and gazed at Mrs. Fraser. "What's wrong with you today? Why do you keep sitting and standing up?"

A look of annoyance flashed across her face as she snapped, "Nothing's wrong!"

"Really?" Mr. Fraser frowned.

She's acting so strangely.

"What else can happen to me? Mrs. Warhol called me, so I'm feeling very frustrated," said Mrs. Fraser as she sat on the sofa.

The moment she sat down, two rows of men in black charged into the living room, exuding a hostile aura.

Shocked, she almost fell from the sofa.

She shrieked, "Who are you? Why did you barge into my house?"

On the other hand, Mr. Fraser was calmer. Standing up, he glared at the men. "Who are you? Did the Fraser family offend any big-shot? Did we offend a deity?"

The living room was filled with a suffocating silence. Only the sound of raindrops outside could be heard.

"I don't dare to call myself a deity. I just want to ask you, Mrs. Fraser, if you went to Lochlan's house this morning."

A cold voice sounded from the midst of the rain. Then, a slender figure stepped into the living room.

What kind of face is that?

With the rainy night serving as her backdrop, her face looked as exquisite as a nymph, while her facial features were very delicate. However, the look in her eyes was extremely cold, sending chills down one's spine.

Mr. Fraser had experienced all sorts of things in life. Despite that, as he scrutinized Ashlyn, he wondered, Since when did such a powerful person appear at Lake City?

The young woman looked elegant and dignified, yet the cold and intimidating aura around her was frightening.

Even a man like him, who was already past the age of fifty, shuddered unwittingly.

Having turned completely pale, Mrs. Fraser looked at Ashlyn who had come to interrogate her. She instantly knew that Ashlyn did not come with kind intentions.

However, Mrs. Fraser stubbornly refused to confess.

"Miss, what are you talking about? I don't understand what you're saying. Normally, I won't go to my son's house unless something happened."

Ashlyn scoffed coldly. "Really?"

Mrs. Fraser forced herself to remain calm. "If nothing happened, I usually won't disturb him."

"Charlotte is autistic. She doesn't have any friends too. Why would she disappear for no reason? Are you completely oblivious to that, Mrs. Fraser?" Ashlyn raised an eyebrow as she looked at the stubborn Mrs. Fraser.

Although the middle-aged lady looked quite similar to Lochlan, she was nowhere as honest as him.

Her eyes kept flitting, which was a tell-tale sign that she was lying.

Does she treat me as a three-year-old child who can be easily fooled?

Looking like she was taken aback, Mrs. Fraser exclaimed in shock, "Oh my God! Is Lottie missing? Why didn't Lochlan tell me and his father?"

“Lottie’s gone?” Mr. Fraser was surprised too. Having seen Charlotte a couple of times, he thought of her as a quiet and pretty girl.

Although he had some qualms about her living with his son, he had never harmed Charlotte because he thought that she had a pitiful life as an orphan.

Never did he expect Charlotte to go missing.

As he had been married to Mrs. Fraser for many years, he glanced at her subconsciously, finally understanding why she was so uneasy for the entire day.

His instincts informed him that this incident must be related to Mrs. Fraser.

A terrifying thought surfaced in Mrs. Fraser’s mind. If Charlotte’s gone, does it mean that my son doesn’t know that I stabbed her?

That’s great!

If that b**** is missing, she should never be found.

She was elated by that thought.

This way, my son will never know that I stabbed that little b****.

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With that, he can get together with Ms. Warhol and marry a year and a half later. If they give birth to a child, I’ll finally be able to have a grandchild!

Mrs. Fraser thought that she had concealed her emotions well. However, unbeknownst to her, Ashlyn noticed all of her expressions.

“Looks like you don’t plan on telling the truth, Mrs. Fraser. It doesn’t matter. I love to teach a good lesson to liars.” Ashlyn clapped her hands.

Two men in black walked in, carrying a meter-long glass case.

The case was filled with vigorous venomous scorpions.

Each of them waved their huge pincers as if they were ready to clamp down on someone’s skin and inject the venom into them.

The color from Mrs. Fraser’s smooth face was completely drained as she stared at the case.

She had never seen so many venomous scorpions in her life. Her heart pounded frantically against her

chest.

She could not help but shriek, "Take them away! Take them away now! Who are you? Why are you causing a ruckus at my house? I'm going to call the police. We live in a lawful society. The police will lock you up! Not only did you trespass on private property, but you're also planning to torture us!"

The entire house was silent even after Mrs. Fraser's screams.

All the servants had been restrained by Ashlyn's men.

With a cold smirk, she gazed at Mrs. Fraser. "If you don't tell me the truth, I'll let you play a game with these scorpions. How about that?"

"No! You madwoman. Who the hell are you?" Mrs. Fraser widened her eyes and glared at Ashlyn.

Despite Mr. Fraser's good temper, he could not help but become furious. "Miss, how did my family offend you? Why must you interrogate my wife like this?"

Ashlyn lowered her head, and her voice was laced with iciness. "You don't deserve to know who I am. I just want to know where Charlotte is."

"I don't know... I don't know where she went." Mrs. Fraser shook her head vigorously. "You're asking the wrong person."

"Looks like you want to do things the hard way, huh?"

Immediately, two men in black walked forward, grabbed Mrs. Fraser, and tried to push her towards the glass case filled with scorpions.

Mrs. Fraser turned pale as she screamed, "No! No!"

"Mom!" At that moment, Lochlan dashed in. "Ms. Berry, what are you doing? She's my mom, after all!"

"I need to ask her precisely because she's your mom." Ashlyn's gaze landed on Lochlan before she gestured for her subordinates to continue.

The two men gripped Mrs. Fraser tightly. When her face was about to touch the largest venomous scorpion, she yelled loudly, "Save me, son! Save me!"

"Ms. Berry, please spare my mom." Lochlan did not expect himself to be involved with such a ruthless woman like Ashlyn.

He regretted asking Ashlyn to keep Charlotte company now.

Mrs. Fraser assumed that as the Fraser family was an influential and respected family in Lake City, Ashlyn would not dare to do anything to her.

However, she did not expect this young woman to be so ruthless!

Her eyes widened as she stared fearfully at the venomous scorpion, which was waving its pincers and preparing to pounce at her. Miserable howls escaped her mouth.

Sheer terror overwhelmed her, causing her mind to become completely blank.

"This is the Fraser family. How dare you be so impudent? Who... Who are you? The Fraser family never offends anyone. How dare you treat my wife like this? How can the Fraser family hold our head high in Lake City anymore?" yelled Mr. Fraser furiously. He was so angry that his chest was heaving, unable to believe that he was being bullied by such a young woman.

"Dad..." Lochlan was about to speak when Mr. Fraser interrupted him, "Stand at the side!"

Pointing at Ashlyn, he continued scolding, "I advise you to release my wife right away. Otherwise, don't blame me for being impolite."

Usually, his orders would never be disobeyed regardless of whether he was in the company or at home.

He had never been threatened and disrespected before.

Regardless of his nice temper, after seeing how his wife had been mistreated like this, he couldn't help but feel his fury sprang to life at Ashlyn's ruthless actions.

Ashlyn glanced at Mr. Fraser. "I just want to know where Charlotte went. It's as simple as that."