

Extraordinary 501

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Spencer persuaded him, “Mr. Nolan, please calm down. Otherwise, your injury will only get worse!”

Lucas remained silent and had a pained expression.

He pursed his thin lips and clenched his teeth.

He stared intently at Ashlyn, who was on the balcony.

When he saw Jared pick her up and leave, he felt a wrench in his heart. The man beside her now should have been me!

He took a deep breath and flung himself onto his bed.

He sent Ashlyn a WhatsApp message: Honey, what’re you doing? I’ve recently headed to Maredania for a business trip...

After sending the self-deluding message, he closed his eyes and endured the pain in his heart...

At the Fraser Residence.

Lochlan returned to the empty villa that was once filled with the laughter of a young girl.

She had disappeared for a few days.

No matter how much he searched, he could not find a trace of her.

He started pacing around the room in a state of panic.

He took a seat in Charlotte’s room and stared at the photograph on the table. Her bashful smile looked like a flower about to bloom.

He caressed the photo and mumbled, “Lottie, just where on earth are you?”

No matter how many resources Lochlan devoted into looking for Charlotte, he was unable to find her.

He slumped onto the sofa dejectedly and felt a strange sense of emptiness in his chest.

Before he realized, he had fallen asleep.

In his drowsy state, there seemed to be someone in front of him putting a blanket over him gently.

He opened his eyes and stared at the beautiful face in front of him blankly. He held her hand and exclaimed, "Lottie, you're back!"

Olivia's expression darkened and her hand that was in the middle of placing the blanket over him froze.

She snapped, "It's me."

That's the voice of a mature woman. She's not Lottie?

Lochlan jumped in his seat and squinted at the woman in front of her. It was his matchmaking partner from a few days back, Olivia.

Olivia was in a red one-piece dress that highlighted her figure and wore light makeup on her beautiful face. She looked like a typical, refined socialite.

Lochlan let go of her embarrassedly and rubbed his temples, "Why are you here?"

Olivia suppressed her anger and took a seat beside him. She explained, "I heard that your foster daughter was missing, so I came to take a look."

"Thanks for your concern," Lochlan replied flatly.

Olivia was not young either. She was twenty-eight then, two years younger than Lochlan.

She extended a fair hand and placed it on Lochlan's. She declared, "Mr. Fraser, I'm interested in you. Why don't we try dating?"

"Ms. Warhol, I believe I've told you this before, but I already have someone else in mind," Lochlan declined. His head hurt. This woman must've come on my mother's orders. That's probably how she got my address as well.

Olivia reacted as though he had just told a joke and chuckled, "So what? As long as you're not married, I still have a chance. Even if you are, there's still the possibility of divorce! So what if you love someone else?"

She clutched Lochlan's hand tightly and placed it on her thigh. She enquired coquettishly, "You're already thirty. Don't you want to do it?"

Her eyes were filled with a seductive charm as she held Lochlan's hand tightly.

Lochlan had not expected the woman to act so boldly during their second meeting.

He retracted his hand and got up, "Ms. Warhol, please keep your hands to yourself. A woman must learn to love herself before she can be loved."

He added impatiently, "I'm busy. Ms. Warhol, the exit is this way."

He then strode outside without giving Olivia a chance to reply.

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Again! I've been ditched by this man yet again!

Olivia clenched her teeth in fury.

The only people left in the spacious villa were a few housekeepers.

Olivia had no reason to stay, so she grabbed her bag and stormed off.

At the First Hospital.

Bob was to be discharged that day, so the members of the Chapman family gathered to pack up his belongings.

Bob had a depressed expression on his weathered face.

When one of the nurses came to give him his medicine, he hesitated before asking, "May I ask if Dr. Berry is here today?"

He had not seen Ashlyn for a long time.

Ever since his operation, Ashlyn had only come to check on him once before leaving him to other doctors.

The nurse placed the medicine on his table and smiled, "Dr. Berry is on an extended leave and won't be coming to the hospital for some time."

Bob frowned and queried, "Why is she on leave? Is she ill?"

"I'm not sure about Dr. Berry's affairs," the nurse replied and left.

When Hera heard her grandfather ask about Ashlyn, her envy grew. What on earth is going on? It's one thing for Lucas to be protective about Ashlyn, but why is grandpa also asking about Ashlyn?

She whined, "Grandpa, why are you looking for Dr. Berry? She does nothing but sulks all the time."

"Hera Chapman," Bob chided and glared at his incompetent granddaughter.

Normally, Bob would never call her by her full name.

When he did, it meant that he was angry.

Hera was astounded. I came here to pick grandpa up so early in the morning. He should be happy, right? I didn't do anything wrong, so why is he angry? What a difficult old man!

"Grandpa... did I say something wrong?"

"I know all about what you did in London," Bob rebuked her sternly. "How could you do something like that on the plane? I wouldn't blame Mr. Nolan even if he threw you off the plane! You even insulted Dr. Berry in the mall and nearly got into a fight with her! Hera Chapman, is this how we taught you? You've disgraced the Chapman family!"

Hera started panicking. How did grandpa know all of this? Who could've told him? Who's the snitch?

She felt indignant, but she had no choice but to swallow her anger, "Grandpa, it's not what it sounds like. Let me explain..."

"Explain? Videos of your exploits are all over Twitter! I may be hospitalized, but I haven't gone blind or deaf! I still know everything you're up to!" Bob yelled. "If you dare to do something so shameful in the future, I'll definitely punish you!"

"Dad, Hera came all the way here because she cares for you. Don't just scold her so harshly." Sisley could no longer watch on as she took her daughter's side.

Sisley frowned. Why on earth is dad so protective of Ashlyn? This rubs me the wrong way!

"In fact, I think Ashlyn is the one who keeps taunting Hera and making her angry! Hera is straightforward and fell for her trap right away."

"No wonder Hera's grown to be so insolent! You're the one who led her astray!" Bob roared.

Anthony noticed that his father's chest was trembling with rage and he hurriedly soothed him, "Dad, calm down. You just underwent a surgery and your body is still frail."

Bob shook his head and spat, "Nevermind, I don't care anymore, you can do as you please!"

After that, he stormed out of the ward with the support of Anthony.

This generation of the Chapmans brings nothing to the family but trouble!

Bob seemed to have aged several decades at the very thought.

At the Haddock Family Manor.

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Sienna lay in her bed to rest and recover from the miscarriage.

This was especially important as she was not young anymore.

If she did not take care of her body, it would be difficult to conceive again.

Then again, she did not care about that. Given her current status, it would be disastrous for her to get pregnant again.

She would rather lose her reproductive functions.

Despite such feelings, whenever she closed her eyes, she would see an adorable child in front of her.

The child was crawling in circles around her and calling her 'mommy'.

The moment she pictured such a scene, she would feel an inexplicable urge to cry.

My child, I'm sorry. Mommy failed to protect you. If there is a next life, please find a good mother.

Sienna closed her eyes.

At that moment, the door was gently pushed open and familiar footsteps filled her ears.

She feigned slumber and did not look up.

Dixon had brought a piping hot bowl of red bean soup and stood upright by her bedside.

He had mixed feelings as he looked at the fragile woman.

What is he standing there for? Has he gone mad? What's there to look at? Why isn't he going out yet?

Sienna felt that she would not be able to stay still much longer, but at the same time, she did not want to see Dixon.

Two minutes passed, then three, and it slowly turned into ten minutes...

Just when she thought Dixon was about to leave, she felt something warm on her belly.

Sienna froze. What is he doing?

Dixon simply stared at the woman's flat abdomen and patted her belly with his hand.

There was once a child in here. My child. If only I'd noticed sooner. Maybe this child would still be here.

He felt his heart wrench.

Am I cursed after all? Am I destined to be forever alone? If I'm not cursed, why must the heavens give me a child, only to take him back?

"Aunt Sienna..." Dixon muttered in a barely audible tone.

Sienna did not move or open her eyes.

Dixon had been calling her Aunt Sienna of late.

In the past, he would just call her Aunt.

The Haddock family had a complicated history. After Dixon's father, the eldest son of the Haddock family, died, Arthur decided to make his second son the eldest in the family register.

Since Sienna married the third of the Haddock siblings, she was 'promoted' as well.

No one knew what Arthur was thinking, but after that incident, Dixon stopped calling her Aunt Sienna. He simply called her 'Aunt' instead.

Now that he had addressed her in the same way as he had when his parents were alive, Sienna knew that he must have missed them.

Impossible! Could such a cold-hearted man like Dixon actually miss his parents?

Sienna's mind was in a mess and her eyelashes started quivering uncontrollably.

Dixon noticed this and realized that Sienna was feigning sleep. He called out gently in a coarse voice, "Aunt Sienna, if you're awake, please drink this."

Sienna was stunned.

I got found out?

She opened her eyes and met the man's stern gaze awkwardly.

She drank the red bean soup obediently.

The moment she finished the soup, Dixon called out, "Bring her in!"

Her? Who?

Before she could make head or tail of what was going on, there was a periodic clanging of chains.

A disheveled woman in dilapidated clothes was dragged in by two men dressed in black. Her face was filled with dirt and grime, but Sienna could still discern her features.

After some time, she exclaimed, "Jennifer?"

Jennifer was the eldest child of the Haddock family and Dixon's aunt as well.

How did she end up in such a state?

Jennifer stumbled forward in tears and knelt before the bed.

She wailed, "Sienna, please forgive me! I didn't know you were pregnant!"

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"Everything's my fault, so please, tell Dixon to let me off! I won't do anything like this in the future, I swear it!"

One of her hands had been dismembered and the wound was not bandaged up. It looked especially frightening.

She was covered in blood and grime and reeked of a rotten stench. Even dirty stray dogs looked better than she did right now.

That was not all as her feet were shackled as well, causing a jarring sound whenever she moved.

Jennifer knew Dixon was ruthless, but she did not expect him to be so harsh.

He had not gone easy on his own aunt.

In the past, Jennifer had her suspicions about the relationship between Dixon and Sienna, but now, she was finally sure of what was going on.

The two of them already had a child! There's definitely something going on between them. I didn't expect Dixon to be so protective towards Sienna. I've been living in hell the past couple of days. No, this place makes hell sound like a resort!

"Dixon, what's going on? Just let her go. I don't want to see her face," Sienna frowned. She was not doing this out of kindness. In fact, the reason why she was able to work as Dixon's trusted subordinate was that she was a ruthless person as well.

She was seething when she recalled how Jennifer had humiliated her back in the hospital.

“Get out of my sight, you wench. The very thought of you irks me.”

“Since my woman doesn’t forgive you, scram!” Dixon flashed a wicked smile reminiscent of the devil himself. “The Haddock Group’s mental hospital has many facilities there. Aunt Jennifer, you can enjoy your retirement there!”

He waved, and the two men dressed in black brought Jennifer away.

Jennifer screamed in despair, “You won’t get away with this! You’ll die a horrible death! You shameless adulterers! I’ll definitely kill you! No, let go of me! I refuse to go!”

Jennifer had underestimated Sienna’s viciousness as well. She did not expect that Sienna would not feel sorry for her even when she was in such a state.

At the Centennial Healthcare’s lab.

Ashlyn had been unconscious for half a day.

After taking the medicine, she started coughing up blood violently.

Jared’s heart was racing with fear and all of his hairs stood on an end at the sight.

He called a doctor over, but the doctor was at a loss and could only monitor her condition.

Jared had been staying by Ashlyn’s bedside all this while, but she showed no signs of regaining consciousness.

He started to panic and paced in circles.

Harrison could not help but grumble, “That’s enough, Jared. I’m getting dizzy just looking at you.”

Anderson sighed, “We know you care about the boss, but this isn’t something we can interfere in. Now that she’s taken the medicine, we’ll have to leave it to her.”

“You two know nothing!” Jared glared at the twins angrily. “She needs to take two pills a day for twenty-one days! It’s just the first day, and her body is already reacting so violently to it. What about the next twenty days?”

“Isn’t it weird that the side effects are so severe?” Harrison couldn’t help but blurt out.

Jared’s face fell and did not comment.

The whole thing is weird. Think about it, a man was willing to endure excruciating pain, almost draining his entire body's worth of blood, in order to produce this medicine.

Jared shuddered at the thought of the pain Lucas went through. He felt bad for Lucas as well.

Meanwhile, Lucas was peering into the lounge area of the lab using binoculars as he stood on the fifth floor of the opposite hospital.

When he saw Ashlyn lying lifelessly on the bed, he felt a pang in his heart.

Is the medicine ineffective? Why is she still unconscious? No, that can't be right. That antidote costs one hundred million! There's no reason for the other party to lie.

At this point in time, Ashlyn stirred and opened her eyes. "Mmm..."

Her mind was blank and her eyes were out of focus.

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She only regained her bearings after a long while.

She stared blankly at Jared and inquired, "What's the time now?"

"Seven in the evening," Jared replied. He queried concernedly, "Boss, how do you feel? Any better?"

"I feel giddy and I have a splitting headache... It's like the poison worsened," Ashlyn shook her head. As she said this, blood started seeping out of her lips.

The red blood had a hint of black in it and was sticky and warm.

It trickled down her lips and onto the bed.

Ashlyn felt a surge of drowsiness and nearly lost consciousness once again.

"Boss!"

"Boss!"

Jared, Harrison, and Anderson cried out in unison.

Ashlyn perked up and stared at the three men, "What's wrong?"

"Boss... your hair..." Jared's eyes widened as he pointed at Ashlyn's hair.

“What about my hair?” Ashlyn questioned. She grabbed at her hair, only for a large chunk to be caught in her hand.

Her hair was falling off rapidly.

The pillow was strewn with streaks of silky black hair.

“Ah. Am I turning bald?” Ashlyn joked weakly. She commented lightly, “So, is this medicine effective or not? If anything, I feel like my condition’s gotten worse.

The three men could only watch as she forced herself to put on a brave front in front of them.

Anderson sobbed, “Boss... You don’t have to act like this around us, alright? It’ll only make us feel worse.”

“What’s there to feel bad about? Everyone will die eventually. It’s just a matter of time,” Ashlyn chuckled.

Lucas stared at her silently from the opposite building.

His profound gaze was filled with a pained expression as well.

He wished that he could rush over and hug her tightly. The sight of her beautiful and silky hair slowly falling off was heartbroken for him.

Her frail expression and faint smile only served to worsen the blow to his heart.

He felt out of breath.

“Honey, why must you force yourself to remain strong even at this juncture?” Even though he could not hear what Ashlyn said, he could guess from her expression. His heart ached and his eyes were filled with sorrow.

“Honey, there’s no need to force yourself. Even if the sky were to fall on us, I’ll make sure to hold it up for you.”

He then sent Ashlyn a message on WhatsApp: Honey, why didn’t you reply to me? What are you doing?

Ashlyn’s phone buzzed.

She picked it up and noticed Lucas’ WhatsApp message.

She stared at the WhatsApp message in shock for a long time before she replied: I just got up. I’ve been busy lately as well. I’m on a business trip.

She lied.

Knowing Lucas, he would spare no effort in looking for her as long as she had not left the country.

Unbeknownst to her, Lucas was lying as well.

He nearly collapsed from heartache when he saw her reply and sent another message with trembling fingers: Honey, can you send me a selfie?

Spencer noticed that Lucas was not going to hold out any longer and he hurriedly supported him. He suggested, "Mr. Nolan, please rest on the bed. You're too frail at the moment."

"I want to continue looking at her for a while longer," Lucas declined calmly.

"Alright then, I'll get you a chair," Spencer offered.

Ashlyn asked the men around her, "Do you guys have a mirror?"

"What do you need a mirror for?" Jared raised an eyebrow.

"You don't have one?" She wanted to check her reflection to ensure that Lucas would not catch on to her lie.

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She instructed Anderson, "Get me my bag from the coat rack by the door."

Anderson got up and passed her her belongings.

She fished out some lipstick and applied it using her phone as a mirror.

Her complexion looked a lot better after that.

Soon, Lucas received a selfie from Ashlyn.

Lucas had been observing her the entire time and nearly broke down when he saw her applying lipstick.

She hasn't told me anything about the fact that she was poisoned. Even now, when she's in such a bad state, she still tries to pretend that she's doing fine. Sometimes, I wish that she's just an ordinary woman that would depend on me.

When Lucas took a second look at the photo, he noticed that she had flashed an especially radiant smile showing two rows of straight pearly whites.

In the past, if she were healthy, she would not have sent such a photo so willingly.

However, she seemed to have changed. She was now more gentle and accepting.

Lucas' heart warmed up a little.

Back at the Field's residence.

Ever since Mrs. Field discovered that Charlotte liked her cooking, the servants seemed to have lost their jobs.

Mrs. Field would cook every single meal personally.

Joseph grumbled enviously, "My mom treats you like her own daughter! Every time I said I was craving for her chicken soup, she would simply ignore me, but now, she's cooking for you every day."

Charlotte smiled bashfully as she sat on the sofa. She looked cute in her pink dress.

Mrs. Field seemed to adore her more and more. She wished she could bring Charlotte to meet her friends and show her off to them.

As Charlotte grew close to the Field family, she noticed that the family of three was especially happy together.

Mr. Field was learned and gentlemanly, Joseph was lively and optimistic, and Mrs. Field was gentle and kind.

She loved this feeling. Although the two-story bungalow was small, it was cozy and warm. She loved the feeling of home it brought her.

Joseph loved cracking jokes and would often tease her until she flushed red with embarrassment.

Mrs. Field washed a bunch of grapes and offered them to her family. She quipped, "You can't be staying at home all day! Joseph, you're in charge of bringing Lottie out tomorrow!"

The following day, Joseph called up Lucas and wanted him and Ashlyn to join them for an outdoor barbecue.

To his surprise, Lucas said that he was ill and hospitalized.

Joseph was overwhelmed.

"Are my ears deceiving me, Boss? You're so fit I thought you'd never fall sick! What happened?"

“Nothing serious. I’ll be fine in a few days,” Lucas croaked.

The man’s ordinarily indifferent tone sounded much weaker and softer than usual.

Lucas was a merciless and decisive man in the corporate world, but now, thanks to Ashlyn, he was staring out of the window, lost in thought.

Joseph knew that something was off from his tone and demanded, “What on earth happened to you?”

“I’m fine. Enjoy yourself,” Lucas brushed it off and hung up.

Joseph frowned at the black screen.

That’s strange. What’s up with Lucas? It sounds like something’s happened.

Before he could think too deeply into it, Mrs. Field rushed him, “Lottie, are you ready to leave?”

“Yep, I’m done.”

Joseph was closest to Lucas, but he had his fair share of unsavory friends as well.

He called up a few men from rich families and instructed them to bring their friends along. With that, they headed for the outdoor barbecue.

It was a warm and sunny day, perfect for an excursion.

They decided to go to a lakeside area on the outskirts of the city.

They quickly set up the barbecue in an area with good scenery.

Charlotte was wearing a pink short-sleeved blouse with a knee-length pink dress. She looked like a Barbie doll adorned in pink.

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The only thing peculiar about this ‘Barbie doll’ was that she was wearing a blue surgical mask that covered everything except for a pair of bright eyes.

This made the others curious about the face hiding behind that mask.

She followed by Joseph’s side obediently and tensed up when she saw the group of people chatting happily.

Her heart was pounding.

In the past, she feared social interactions and crowds.

Now that she was disfigured, her condition worsened.

Her face was drained of all color and she took cover behind Joseph intuitively.

Joseph stared at Charlotte in confusion, "I thought it'd be fun with more people."

"Oh my, It's the first time I've seen Mr. Joseph being so considerate to others before," a voice interjected.

Charlotte's eyes widened and stared at the man.

A thirty-year-old man in branded casualwear was speaking to them.

"Let me introduce you guys. This is my sister, Charlotte Lynch. I expect you guys to treat her with respect," Joseph introduced Charlotte and brought her in front of the crowd.

Charlotte bit her lip and did not dare to face the others.

Her expression seemed particularly awkward.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Lynch, I'm Will..." the man bowed and extended a hand towards Charlotte.

Joseph's eyes narrowed when he sensed Charlotte's uneasiness. He slapped the man's hand aside and snapped, "Keep your filthy paws to yourself. That's my sister you're trying to touch!"

"Oh, come on." Will retracted his hand and whined, "There's no need to be so petty, is there, Mr. Joseph? A handshake won't hurt."

Joseph scowled, "What if you scare my sister? Go away now and leave her alone!"

He had not wanted these men to get close to Charlotte, especially after noticing her timid expression.

After all, Charlotte was sensitive and a bit autistic. Normally, she would remain silent at home and jump in fright whenever he raised his voice.

Joseph never felt such a strong sense of responsibility before.

"Ah, how hurtful! Mr. Joseph, don't tell me..." a handsome man exclaimed as he placed a hand on Joseph's shoulder. He grinned wryly, "Is there something going on between you and your sister that we shouldn't know about?"

“Stop spouting nonsense,” Joseph spat as he whacked the man on the chest. “Keep your dirty thoughts to yourself.”

“My, what a quick denial!”

“Ms. Lynch, take off your mask! We can’t say we know you if we don’t even know how you look like.”

“Ms. Lynch, are you still studying?”

Joseph’s group of friends started to overwhelm Charlotte with questions.

Charlotte was shy and timid by nature.

However, when she heard them tease each other, she let her guard down a lot.

It looks like these men are all very rich, but that doesn’t make them difficult to get along with.

Will noticed that she was different from the other ladies that tagged along. In his eyes, Charlotte was introverted and bashful.

He smiled gently, “Don’t mind us, Ms. Lynch, we just like it to be lively.

Charlotte shook her head and replied softly with a smile, “It’s alright...”

When they heard her melodic voice, everyone was taken aback.

They got curious as to how beautiful the face behind that mask was.

“Ms. Lynch is young. So all of you watch your mouths and make sure not to be a bad influence.”

“That’s right!”

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“Alright, that’s enough idle chit-chat. Come and help start a fire!” Joseph called out towards a few other men.

Will helped to set up the barbecue pit and asked, “Mr. Joseph, what brought this barbecue party on?”

“I was just bored,” Joseph shrugged.

They had bought pre-prepared skewers that only needed to be grilled on the rack.

The ladies brought by Joseph’s friends were all dolled up and they approached Charlotte.

Joseph was the son of Mr. Field, who was on par with Lucas in terms of status.

He usually did not interact with any females at all and this was the first time anyone had seen him with a woman.

Based on the way he cared for her, they knew that she must have been someone special.

“Ms. Lynch, we’ll all be friends in the future. There’s nothing to hide, so why don’t you take off that mask?”

The lady who spoke was Yvonne, an internet celebrity, and she could not stand the way Charlotte acted as if she was a delicate and pure maiden.

“I... I...” Charlotte opened her mouth but was unsure of what to say.

The injuries on her face coupled with the fact that she was autistic by nature made her feel inferior to others.

She looked down and averted the gazes of these pretty ladies.

“Hey now, what are you guys doing? Don’t bully Ms. Lynch, alright?” Will instructed when he saw Yvonne and the other ladies surrounding Charlotte.

“That’s right, Ms. Lynch is young, so take good care of her,” another man called out.

Seeing how protective the men are towards Charlotte, the women became livid.

They were aware that they were just playthings to these men. But when they heard them defending Charlotte, they were upset.

What’s so great about this woman? She can’t even let others see her face! If it weren’t for the fact that Joseph brought her here, no one would care about her!

They were jealous.

Charlotte could not shake off the feeling that these women had a strange look in their eyes, but they were smiling brightly all the same.

Yet, she still felt something was off.

At this point, Joseph had cooked a few chicken wings and brought a plate filled with several lamb and beef skewers over. They were piping hot and fragrant.

“Lottie, let’s eat over there.”

Charlotte's eyes lit up and she nodded vigorously, "Sure."

She followed Joseph to a large tree and sat there with her back facing the rest.

Yvonne stared at her enviously and scorned, "She's probably an ugly woman, isn't she? Why else would she hide her face?"

"Hush! Give the two a little bit of privacy, will you! Who knows what they're doing there?" Will smiled suggestively. Everyone present understood what he meant by that and grinned.

Yvonne smiled and whined coquettishly, "Will, feed me."

"Get lost! Why should I feed the likes of you? You're nothing but my plaything!" Will spat. "Go and get me some meat! How shameless!"

Yvonne's face fell.

She had intended to make a joke, but she turned into the joke herself.

The other ladies were sniggering at her, making her wish she could bury her head in a hole.

She had been on bad terms with Will lately, but she had not expected him to humiliate her publicly.

She was furious, but she had no avenue to vent her frustration.

She reluctantly trudged over to Will's side and helped him to grill some meat.

At this point, Joseph had returned with an empty plate, "Is there any freshly-grilled food?"

Will grabbed some food and placed it on Joseph's plate. He then rushed Yvonne, "Hurry up! Can't you see that Mr. Joseph and his sister are waiting?"

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Yvonne looked down indignantly.

Why? Both of us are women, but that mask-wearing wench gets to act like a princess while I have to work like a servant!

"Mr. Joseph, join us for a drink," one of the men offered Joseph a cup of beer.

Joseph shook his head, "I'll go accompany my sister. You guys have fun."

"There are so many ladies here, surely there's no need for you to accompany her! Go bring this plate of

food to Ms. Lynch,” Will ordered Yvonne coldly.

Yvonne brought the plate of food to Charlotte as instructed. When she looked into Charlotte’s beautiful eyes, she was overcome with rage.

A vicious look flashed across her eyes. As she bent over to place the plate down, she suddenly reached for Charlotte’s mask.

Charlotte was in a good mood while she stared at the sky.

She felt at ease away from the crowd.

When she saw a woman’s red manicured hand suddenly reach for her mask, her mind went blank and she thought of only one person - Joseph.

“Joseph! Help!”

Yvonne tore her mask off and shrieked, “Argh! How ugly!”

When they heard Charlotte’s scream, everyone turned around and looked at her.

All they could see was a petite girl standing there looking helpless as she covered her face.

Joseph felt a wrench in his heart. Damn it!

Without thinking, he shoved Will aside and rushed over, screaming, “Lottie!”

Yvonne came to her senses and stepped backward. She apologized, “I-It wasn’t intentional. I’m sorry! I didn’t know that you were so ugly!”

Everyone was stunned by this sudden turn of events.

“What on earth is going on?”

“Darn, what did Yvonne do?”

The men Joseph invited could not possibly sit there idly and chased after them.

Charlotte’s face was drained of all color. She covered her face and felt the world spinning around her.

She did not hear Joseph calling out to her and she felt like she was about to collapse at any moment.

They saw... They saw my disfigured face! Ugly? This woman called me ugly even when apologizing. Is she really sorry?

Charlotte's eyes reddened as she watched the woman's lips move, but she could not hear anything. There was a ringing in her ears and all she knew was that she was ugly!

When the men Joseph invited saw Charlotte's disfigured face, they were taken aback as well.

This girl's eyes are so pretty, but her face... The disparity made everyone dumbfounded.

Charlotte took a few steps back. She could clearly feel the unusual stares on her.

No! I don't want this! I want to go home! Home!

The tears that rolled down her cheeks shone like diamonds.

Just as she was tormented by unbearable sorrow and wished that she could just disappear back into her own world, a large hand gripped hers suddenly and she was pulled into a man's embrace.

She could hear the man's strong heartbeat clearly.

Joseph held Charlotte tightly. The usually kind-hearted and cheerful man gave Yvonne an uncharacteristically cold glare and scoffed, "My sister got into an accident and was disfigured. Did you enjoy bullying her? Are you happy now?"

Yvonne's face turned pale. Before she could react, however, someone had slapped her hard across the face.

"You wench! How dare you look at Ms. Lynch's face? Apologize!" Will glared at her as though he wanted to kill her right then and there.

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Yvonne bit her lip. She was fuming, but she could not afford to offend anyone here. She took a step forward and apologized between tears, "I'm sorry, Ms. Lynch, I didn't mean it. I hope you can forgive me."

Charlotte seemed not to have heard her.

As if he could sense her fear, Joseph patted her back in a soothing way. "Don't worry, Lottie. I'm here. I won't let anyone bully you."

At that moment, a charismatic voice called out from behind the crowd, "May I ask what's going on here?"

This familiar voice made Charlotte's body turn stiff.

She did not dare to look up.

She had not heard the familiar voice for days. Why am I hearing his voice now?

She had hoped so desperately to take a look at Lochlan's familiar face, but she did not dare to reveal her face.

She hid in Joseph's embrace like a timid mouse, wishing with all her being she could run away from reality.

Joseph's voice rang, his chest vibrating rhythmically as he spoke, "Mr. Fraser, it's been a while."

It really is Uncle Lochlan! Charlotte bit her lip and remained motionless in Joseph's embrace. For some reason, his embrace felt warmer than Lochlan's did.

Even though she did not know this man well, he had given her a hug when she needed it most.

The same happened back then as well when she thought she was going to die in the rain.

It was Joseph who saved her.

And it was Mrs. Field who had treated her kindly and adored her.

In the past, Charlotte would rush to hug Lochlan, but now, she hesitated.

Uncle Lochlan will definitely be scared of my face like the others, right? Will he call me ugly?

She did not dare to imagine the answer.

"Will, what's going on? You should've called Mr. Fraser and me if you were here for a barbecue."

When Charlotte heard Olivia's voice, her heart sank. There's a woman with Uncle Lochlan?

She suddenly recalled what Mrs. Fraser said about how Lochlan went for a matchmaking session that day...

"You're not even married yet and you're already siding with him?" Will said flatly. He greeted Lochlan, "Hello, Mr. Fraser, please do join us."

No, don't.

She did not want to see Lochlan at all. More accurately, she did not want to see his face of disgust when he saw her.

I'm so ugly...

I've already been gone for so long. Unexpectedly, Uncle Lochlan did not bother to look for me at all... He's even on a date with another woman...

Charlotte felt terrible.

She was nearly in tears.

Seeing how things had turned out, Joseph knew that the party was a bust.

He was in no mood to drag the party on and he declared, "My sister isn't feeling well, so I'll be taking my leave."

"Mr. Joseph, what do you mean by that? We've just arrived, and you're leaving?" Olivia grumbled.

She was a rich lady and most people would show her some respect.

Even if he is the son of Mr. Field, he still has no right to act this way.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Warhol. I really need to leave," he replied and left with Charlotte.

The instant he turned around, however, Lochlan stopped Joseph and his gaze fell upon Charlotte.

"Hold it!"

"What business do you have with me, Mr. Fraser?" Joseph's eyes narrowed.

Lochlan's heart was racing as he stared at the woman in Joseph's arms. She had buried her face in Lochlan's chest, but her smell and figure felt familiar.

He stared at Charlotte. Lottie, is that you?

He inquired in a quivering tone, "Mr. Joseph, this is..."