

## Extraordinary 561

### [Chapter 561](#)

In despair, he shut his eyes. His father was right. A man like him did not deserve love.

She must be feeling happy that I'm not going back.

Lucas tried to force his way out of the cage, but it was made of the best steel. Moreover, he had not been eating for what seemed to be quite a long while. Not only was he weak, but the dizziness was overcoming him.

Misery settled itself deep in his heart.

Franklin wasn't just locking him up, but he was also medicating Lucas to make sure his son stayed sedated.

Otherwise, Lucas would not be feeling dizzy.

His consciousness slowly faded away.

Finally, he returned to the darkness of his mind.

In the living of the manor.

After her shower, Claire put on a set of pink pajamas before she ran to her parents' room.

"Dad, Mom, can I see Lucas tomorrow?"

"Your brother is going back tomorrow. Haven't you always wanted to go back and take a look at the place? You'll visit your grandpa's grave in our place this time." Livia ran her fingers through Claire's hair as she smiled lovingly at her innocent daughter.

Franklin, who had been looking at documents, did not even raise his head. "Aren't you worried about her going there? You know neither Blair nor Naomi are amiable children."

Livia disagreed, "She's the oldest in the family. How can she stay this child-like way for the rest of her life? We have to let her learn. Her future is with Nolan Group."

"Dad, I think Mom's right." Claire smiled brightly, looking like a harmless rabbit. "Moreover, I really haven't been back for years. I don't think Blair and Naomi even remember that they have a sister."

"Fine," Franklin gave in reluctantly.

"It's settled." Claire hugged her father's arm tightly. "You're the best, Dad."

"Okay, it's late now. Go back to your room. I'll ask someone to send the two of you back." Livia pushed Claire out of the room. "Don't stay up because you're too excited."

Claire bounced out of the room. "I won't!"

The moment she left, Franklin and Livia's expressions turned grim.

They looked nothing like the loving parents they were a second earlier.

Putting down the document in his hand, Franklin asked monotonously, "Are you really going to let her go back?"

"We've been raising the substitute for so long. We'll have to use her, eventually. She's been living for Grace for so many years. It's time for her to pay her price." Livia slowly slathered her cream on her face as she muttered frigidly.

"Shouldn't you feel something for a dog you've been living with for years?" Franklin walked over to Livia and held her shoulders.

"Dad, I think Mom's right." Claire smiled brightly, looking like a harmless rabbit. "Moreover, I really haven't been back for years. I don't think Blair and Naomi even remember that they have a sister."

Livia sneered as cruelty crept into her eyes. Her next words would have sent shivers down anyone's ears. "She's not even comparable to a dog."

At Bayview Villa.

Ashlyn pulled all the strings she could to look for Lucas.

A living, breathing man like him could not have vanished without a trace. Yet, what stunned her was that she could only find traces of Lucas at the airport.

It really seemed as if the man had vanished into thin air right after he left the airport.

There was no news of him.

How can I not find even a hint of his whereabouts?

She sat in front of the computer as she typed furiously on the keyboard.

That was the sight that greeted Jared when he entered the room.

In his hands were two cups of milk. He placed one in front of Ashlyn. "Boss, you've been working all

night. Drink the milk and rest.”

Ashlyn picked up the cup and sipped on its contents. Her exhaustion was radiating off her. “Does anyone have any clue of his whereabouts?”

“No. You’d think that the disappearance of Mr. Nolan would be in the news. But it’s been quiet, both here and overseas. He didn’t bring Mr. White along this time. Don’t you think that’s weird? Did he go into hiding himself?” Jared pondered.

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He was trying to analyze the situation for her.

Ashlyn’s hands froze for a brief second before she returned to her furious typing.

She breathed out, but before she could say anything, Jared continued, “The more you think about it, the more you’ll panic. Boss, you’ve got to calm down.”

“He won’t be out of contact with me.” Ashlyn downed the milk. “I’m tired.”

Jared nodded before he took the cup away. “Rest early.”

He closed the door behind him.

Silence settled in the room.

Ashlyn found herself panicking.

It had a grip on her.

She took out her phone to send a message to Lucas again. As she expected, there was no response from him.

She silently locked her phone and placed it on the bedside table.

Her thoughts and emotions were jumbled in her mind.

When Lucas woke up again, he found himself in a private jet.

This looks unfamiliar. Where am I heading to?

He slowly moved upward, about to sit up.

Abruptly, a sweet voice sounded beside him. “Lucas, you’re awake?”

Lucas' heart skipped a beat before he turned in the voice's direction. "Claire?"

Claire put down the fashion magazine she was reading and smiled gently at him. "Mom and Dad have allowed me to stay with you for a while. I hope you won't find me annoying."

"Of course not." Lucas shook his head. My head's killing me. He rubbed his temples, hoping to ease the pain before he sat up.

Claire poured a glass of water for him. "Dad and Mom said that you've been in poor health since you arrive in France. They told me to take care of you during the flight."

"Claire..." When Lucas looked at her face that was identical to Grace's, for a moment, he fell into a trance.

Grace and Claire were identical twins, but their personalities were worlds apart. One was calm and collected, while the other was cheerful and naive.

Claire was the latter.

She was the eldest child of the Nolan family, but she viewed the world in rose-colored glasses as if troubles would never plague her. She was patient and gentle with everyone she met.

Even though Lucas was apathetic to many people and things, he could not be so when it was Claire.

"Claire, did you see my phone?" Lucas hesitated before asking her.

After a brief dig in her purse, Claire handed him a phone. "Is it this one?"

Lucas took it and realized that it was out of battery.

His gaze turned toward the blue sky outside the window.

The death anniversary of his sister was always the day he suffered the most.

His parents never forgave him; they would always curse at him or humiliate him.

Yet, those cruel parents were the ones to raise a naive and sweet girl like Claire.

Every time he saw how loved his sister was, he would not help but wonder how important he was to his parents.

I'm nothing but someone who was abandoned. Why am I still hoping for someone to love me? When that person chased him away, his parents took him in.

Lucas closed his eyes, not daring to think any further.

He was the one to blame for Grace's death.

He should bear the responsibility.

Now that Claire was returning with him, he hoped she would be safe and sound the entire time.

In the evening.

The private jet landed at South Star Airlines airport.

Lucas turned on his charged phone to realize that four days had passed.

He was in Paris for four days.

Countless messages and missed calls had piled up in his notification box.

Some calls were from Spencer, and some were from Ashlyn.

There were countless unread messages.

She had been sending multiple messages to him every day, asking him what had happened and where he was.

Warmth wrapped around Lucas' heart; he was touched.

He had never thought that she would be so anxious about his absence.

Respite finally came for his numb and despairing heart.

It felt like he was a man trapped in a desert who had finally seen an oasis.

The desire of the heart that craved for love was fulfilled.

He had been given up to the darkness at the start.

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But he had pulled through it; he had woken up to brightness.

The woman dear to him saved him.

At Whitland Villa.

When Ashlyn received the call from Lucas, she instantly rushed to him.

Without delaying any second, she pressed her thumb on the digital lock, and the door opened with a click.

“Lucas, someone is coming.” A sweet feminine voice came from the living room.

The moment Ashlyn heard the unfamiliar voice, her blood froze in her veins.

Her passion, her excitement, her agitation... They were a fire put out by a bucket of cold water.

Her heart felt as if someone had smashed a hammer into it.

Why is there an unfamiliar woman in Whitland Villa?

At that moment, she felt the urge to laugh.

She was the joke.

Her worry for him had swamped her; she had been pulling strings to look for him. She... had never thought that he would bring a woman home.

He must have been unreachable these few days because of this woman.

Ashlyn could not stop thinking about it; the gears in her head overheating itself as emotions clogged up in her mind.

She dared not imagine what had happened during these four days.

Claire stood up from the sofa as she looked at Ashlyn curiously. The woman was wearing white, and she looked beautiful in the artificial lights. Even her pallid face looked exquisite.

What a pretty woman.

Her observation upset her. When did such a pretty woman appear by Lucas' side?

Why didn't I know about this?

However, Ashlyn did not have the time to observe Claire. She stood rooted to the ground. It was then Lucas walked out of the bathroom as he dried his damp hair.

He was in a black bathrobe, and his muscular chest was discernible. There were drops of water still

clinging to his skin.

Ashlyn looked at him gloomily.

How funny. He's always been clear to draw the line with other women, but he's showering when another woman is around this time. She's even wearing pajamas.

Are they going to do it after his shower?

Who am I to him?

Right. We're divorced.

It's his right to do as he pleases with another woman; he's single, after all.

I'm just his ex-wife.

Ashlyn took in a breath. She had hundreds of questions she wanted to ask Lucas, but the words refused to form.

She turned to leave.

Lucas did not expect Ashlyn to come so quickly. When he noticed the unusual look on her face, he threw his towel aside and ran after her.

"Hey! Lucas, where are you going?" Claire shouted at her brother as she ran around the sofa.

However, the man continued running as if he had not heard her.

Claire stomped her feet, frustrated.

Ashlyn's mind was blank.

She always thought Lucas would wait for her as long as she wanted.

The man had always been running after her. He never seemed to tire nor regret, and he never cowered from their interactions.

He rejected Jenny's courting.

He gave up on Hera, his childhood friend.

Ashlyn thought she was different. Special, even.

But men were all the same.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt she was a joke.

With a hung head, she continued walking quickly. She was so caught up with her thoughts that she ignored the road.

Suddenly, she tripped, and her body leaned to the side. Just as she was about to fall, a slender arm caught her by her waist.

Lucas pulled her into his arms.

In response, Ashlyn shoved him away. She had been trapped in her head to the point she did not react to the fall, despite her usual quick reflexes.

Her voice was tinged with wrath as she hissed, "Lucas, go back to your lover."

Suddenly, Lucas laughed.

It was a laugh that made his shoulders shake. In the moonlight, the man looked seductive.

#### [Chapter 564](#)

Anger was written all over Ashlyn's face; she was upset and furious.

Her temper flared after she saw that beautiful woman in the house.

It felt as if she had caught a mistress in bed.

She was humiliated, as if stripped naked in front of the public.

She had just started feeling things for Lucas a while ago and considered having a romantic relationship with him.

What is wrong with me? I must have a screw loose in my head.

How can I have feelings for a douchebag like him?

It must be because of the Spirogyra. That's why I'm interested in him.

How can I be so blind?

Staring at Lucas' smile, she felt the urge to connect her fist with his handsome face, repeatedly and forcefully.

Lucas sighed, "Honey, you're so smart and strong. I didn't know you can be so cute too. What a pleasant surprise."

"Shut up, Lucas. If you laugh at me again, I'll make sure you won't know who's looking back at you in the mirror," Ashlyn fumed.

"Honey, that's my sister. What are you thinking about?" Lucas' smile softened. "I've been at my parent's. Some unhappy things happened, but I'll tell you about that later. I'm back with my sister this time."

"Your sister?" Ashlyn widened her eyes. "Isn't your sister..."

She recalled Lucas mentioning a sister living with his parents overseas.

"Claire and Grace are twins. Grace passed away." Lucas reached out to pull her closer.

"I never thought that I'd see the day you'd be as jealous as this. I'm joyous. Honey, you're really concerned about me. I'm thrilled about it. I'm glad that you're here."

He embraced her tightly, rubbing his chin on her shoulders as a tender look took over his face.

He appreciated the fact that he could hug her again after what happened in Paris.

He cherished it.

Ashlyn was beyond baffled.

She put her hands on the man's chest but ended up touching his muscular abs instead.

She could feel the heat emanating from him, seeping into her palms.

Ashlyn's face flushed. "Let go of me. I want to apologize to your sister."

"There's no need to." Lucas raised her chin. "We have something more important to attend to."

With that said, his thin lips sealed her soft ones.

In the moonlight, Ashlyn's white clothes seemed to shine. Her blush darkened.

It made her face even prettier than before.

When Lucas looked at her face, his heart skipped a beat.

He wanted to possess her—to have her beauty all to himself.

At a nearby spot, Claire saw them kissing when she ran out after them.

Her eyes widened in surprise.

What are they doing?

How can they be so intimate with each other?

Claire's face drained of its colors as her breathing quickened.

Finally, just as Ashlyn was about to pass out from the lack of air, Lucas let go of her.

Right then, a loud thump sounded out.

It frightened the couple.

Ashlyn turned in the direction of the noise to see a thin figure collapsed on the ground.

"Claire?" Lucas let go of Ashlyn and ran toward Claire.

After a second of freezing, Ashlyn followed him.

When they reached her, they saw Claire lying on the ground with an ashen face and closed eyes. She had lost consciousness.

"Let me take a look." Ashlyn reached out to press down hard on Claire's philtrum before she took her pulse.

When she noticed her weak pulse, she frowned. "Does she have any illnesses or disorders?"

"She has congenital heart disease. She's not one of the healthiest people." Lucas carried Claire up into his arms. "I think she's having an attack."

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At that, he strode toward the garage with Claire in his arms.

Ashlyn remained silent. Although she knew that the other woman was his sister, she was uncomfortable with the intimacy the two had.

It was not that she was petty; there was a tingling sense of something off about it.

She did not where that feeling had come from.

Maybe it's a woman's instinct.

The Bentley whizzed through the highway in the night.

Half an hour later, Claire was sent to the ER.

"Don't worry. She'll be fine." Ashlyn patted Lucas' hand.

He remained staring at the ER's doors. He felt irritated with himself. "She has an attack right when we're back here. I've been neglectful."

I shouldn't have let her come with me.

The medical services overseas were better than here. She lived a worry-free life with our parents.

Why did she have to come with me?

They adored her. Why did they allow her to come back here alone?

Time slowly ticked away. It was one in the morning when the doors to the ER finally swung open.

The doctor exited the room.

"The patient has had a heart attack. Fortunately, you've sent her here in time. She'll be under observation for the next twenty-four hours."

Once he had spoken his piece, he left.

A nurse pushed Claire into a ward.

Lucas turned to say to Ashlyn, "Honey, go home and rest first. I'll watch over her here."

"It's okay. I'll keep you company." Ashlyn shook her head. "You're my man, and we're in a relationship. I don't like leaving you in a room with another woman alone. Even if that's your sister."

She sounded like a tyrant.

But that made Lucas love her more.

It was a wonderful feeling to have a dominating woman by his side.

He enjoyed the look on her face when she was firm with her stance.

He smiled as he held her hand and stared at her pretty face. "Okay. We'll stay here together."

It was late at night.

However, Naomi found herself wide awake in the hotel the filming crew booked.

She kept thinking about how she was the daughter of the Nolan family—a genuine pretty and rich young woman—and how she was framed by others. Her calls to her eldest brother went unanswered. Her other brother was still an intern in the Haddock Group, and it was pointless to seek his help.

She had ruminated about it. Something was definitely wrong about the water.

After drinking it, her throat was uncomfortable, and so was her body. It felt as if she had been set alight.

In the end, she passed out that night.

There's something wrong with that water. Did someone spike it?

Naomi did not want to experience the terror of that night. She had to find out who spiked the drink.

Right then, her hotel door opened abruptly. Naomi's heart skipped a beat as she tensed up and stayed still on the bed. Who is it? Who's in my room in the middle of the night? Why did they have my room card?

The person tiptoed their way toward the bed.

It seems like a woman.

When she reached the bed, she stared at Naomi silently. After assuming that the latter was in deep sleep, she mumbled, "Why don't you have any side effects after drinking that drug? What does that drug do?"

The woman's voice was unfamiliar to Naomi, but she dared not to open her eyes to look at her face. All she did was lay still as she tried to hear the woman's mumbles.

"I'm curious about what will happen to her after drinking it. But she looks fine in the day. Forget it. I'll go back first."

Then the woman tiptoed back toward the door.

Naomi did not dare to move an inch until she heard the door close. It was only then she sat up on her bed.

In the next second, she flew toward the door to lock it.

Ignoring the fact that it was late at night, she called Jonathan instantly.

#### [Chapter 566](#)

“Have you lost your mind? Did you look at the time?” Jonathan had been wandering in his dreams when his phone’s ringtone woke him up.

Groggily, he accepted the call and shouted at Naomi, upset.

“Jonathan, a woman just sneaked into my room!”

“What? Wait for me. I’m coming now.”

The call ended.

A minute later, someone knocked on Naomi’s room door.

Naomi peeked through the peep-hole. She only opened the door when she realized it was the tall teenager she was waiting for.

The moment she saw Jonathan, her pounding heart finally came down from her throat.

“Don’t be scared,” Jonathan consoled when he noticed her frightened look. “What happened?”

After hearing Naomi’s explanation, the teenager’s expression darkened. “It seems like the person who drugged you has no idea how the drug would react. That’s why she came to check on you.”

Suddenly, a thought popped into his head as he stared at Naomi. “Have you felt anything off recently?”

Naomi blushed.

Her heart was racing when the handsome teenager stared into her eyes.

It was a feeling that was taking her breath away.

Averting her eyes, she hung her head and mumbled, “Don’t... Don’t come so close to me.”

Jonathan did not understand the meaning of her words. His lashes fluttered, and he leaned even closer to her, confused. She could almost see the small pores on his face. “What did you say?”

Forget it.

Naomi silently crept backward. She could almost feel Jonathan’s hot breaths on her skin.

Why is he coming so close to me?

Does he not realize that he's handsome?

Why is he leaning his idol-like face so close to mine?

He'll quicken the girl's breathing and race her heart. She'll- I'll die from the lack of oxygen!

When she was Jonathan's assistant, she was immune to his attractive looks. After all, her two brothers were specimens of male beauty. Few were comparable to them.

However, after Jonathan saved her...

Naomi realized she could not stay too close to him. If they were not a distance away, she found it difficult to breathe. It was an uncomfortable sensation.

It can't be because of the drug, can it? Are my feelings part of its side effects?

"Naomi, I'm talking to you. Quick, tell me, have you been feeling unwell?" Jonathan urged.

Has she been frightened out of her wits? Hasn't she collected herself yet?

"M-My heart is pounding, m-my face is burning up, and my body too. It's uncomfortable." Naomi was now sure that it was because of the drug.

As she spoke, she fanned herself with her hand.

"What do we do? Why don't you rest today? I'll ask for a leave from Maxwell," Jonathan said after a moment of contemplation.

"I-I can still work." Just don't come too close to me.

Naomi kept the second part of the sentence to herself.

However, she was anxious. She felt as if she had stepped right into a mystery she could not solve.

In the Field family villa.

"Joseph, ask Ashlyn if she can remove the scar on Lottie's face." Fae pulled her son to a corner.

"Although the doctor said that it's impossible the last time, I just want to try."

"Sure. I'll ask her later." Joseph swept his gaze at the floor above. When he realized that there was no sign of that familiar girl, he muttered, "Mom, she seems to be connected with the Fraser family. I've done some investigation, and I want to talk to you about her."

"The Fraser family?" Fae frowned. "I heard that the Fraser family has a foster daughter, and she has a poor reputation. Everyone has been saying that the girl is Lochlan's child bride. How can Lottie be connected with the Fraser family?"

#### [Chapter 567](#)

It was obvious that Fae did not believe her son's words.

"Mom, she's the foster daughter."

Instantly, Fae's expression turned grim. "Are you telling me that... Lottie is Lochlan's foster daughter?"

Just as Joseph thought that his mother would be disgusted by Charlotte or cursed at her, he heard her say, "The Frasers were horrible with her. The poor girl's face has been disfigured, yet they're still slandering her. What do they mean by child bride? This is infuriating!"

From her tone, it was obvious that she felt bad for Charlotte.

"You will not chase Lottie off?" Joseph looked at his mother in surprise.

"Do I look like one of those people? I don't care who the Frasers are or whose foster daughter she is. Lottie is staying with us, so she's one of us. If Lochlan dares to show his face here, I'll teach him a lesson. How dare he treat Lottie in this way? If the Fraser family was fantastic, she would've wanted to go back."

The more she said, the more agitated she became. Her face flushed bright red. "Did she? She never mentioned the Fraser family. What does that mean? It means she doesn't want to go back there."

Right in the middle of their conversation, someone knocked on the door.

The maid walked out from the kitchen, about to open the door, when Fae stopped her. "Go ahead with your work. I'll open the door."

With that said, she walked out of the living room, passed the courtyard, and opened the front door.

A tall man in his early thirties stood by the doorway. He looked flawless, and the firefighter uniform he had on made him look righteous.

Fae was not a fool. She sneered, realizing that the man in front of her was none other than Lochlan.

Speak of the devil.

"Mr. Fraser. I'm sure you're not here for no reason. What brings you here to my humble abode?"

Lochlan pursed his lips. "Mrs. Field, is Charlotte staying in your house?"

"I don't know who Charlotte is. I only have a Lottie in my house, and she's my goddaughter. I don't know if Mr. Fraser knows her or not."

Fae's words stunned him.

She had revealed Charlotte's identity.

Instantly, Lochlan paled. He muttered in disbelief, "Mrs. Field, Charlotte is a member of the Fraser family. When did she become your goddaughter?"

He sounded anxious.

Swiftly handing the gift in his hands to Mrs. Field, he requested, "Please let me see her."

Fae withheld the fury in her. "The Frasers are a reputable family. I won't accept your gift as I have done nothing for you. It's best that you keep it for yourself. I won't decide for my daughter about meeting you. I'll have to ask her for her answer."

"No need. I don't want to see him."

Just as Fae turned around, she heard Charlotte's soft voice coming from the living room.

She had been standing by the doorway of the living room, and she overheard Fae and Lochlan's conversation.

When Joseph was talking to Fae, she was hiding in a corner by the stairs.

It would be a lie to say that their words did not move her.

She had never thought that the Field family would welcome her like this—to see her as one of their family members.

Charlotte only met them by chance; the Field family and she were not related by blood.

Yet, they treated her with utmost gentleness. Most importantly, they treated her with basic respect.

The Fields asked for her opinion on everything that involved her, and they listened to what her thoughts were.

It was genuine respect, and not everyone could do it.

"Lottie, come back with me!" Lochlan shouted from outside the house, "I've thought it through. Even if

you're disfigured, I won't abandon you. I'll treat you as well as I did before. Lottie, have you forgotten about it? The happy moments we had together. Won't you regret leaving me?"

Every word from Lochlan was an iron ball crashing into her heart.

The pain was unbearable.

However, the image of his shocked look at the restaurant back then had been seared into her mind.

### [Chapter 568](#)

He had only appeared days after that encounter.

He hesitated for days.

To Lochlan, her looks were more important than her soul.

Right. He's from the Fraser family. If the woman by his side was disfigured, he would feel embarrassed.

Charlotte chuckled self-deprecatingly.

Tears streaked down her face, and it broke Joseph's heart; he had been watching them from the side in silence.

His mind went blank for a split second. A wrath that seemed to have come from nowhere filled his chest, and he strode out of the living room toward Lochlan.

With a quick swing, his fist collided in the other man's face. "Why are you shouting? How dare you shout at our house? Aren't you a shameless man? Let me warn you now. If you dare to harass my sister again, I'll hit you whenever we meet. Douchebags like you deserve nothing but violence!"

Lochlan had not been expecting the punch.

He was a firefighter, and he was trained in combat.

When he came back to his senses, he instantly returned the blow.

Joseph was not a doormat; he was often around Lucas. Although he was not as good as the latter in martial arts, he was still a good fighter.

Charlotte, who had been immersed in her sorrows, jumped in fright when she heard the commotion.

She hurriedly walked over to see the two men in a fight.

Fae was standing at the side. Fearing that her son would suffer injuries, she shouted, "Joseph, stop it.

Mr. Fraser, let go of him!”

The two men were boiling with rage, and they did not heed Fae’s words.

Soon, the commotion attracted the attention of the neighbors. Some passersby could not help but look into the Field family’s house.

“Stop it! Stop fighting!”

Upon hearing Charlotte’s familiar voice, Lochlan could not help but turn toward her. Right then, Joseph punched him and send him flying.

Charlotte was in pink pajamas, and she was wearing a pair of pink house slippers. Her hair was tied up to show her forehead. It exposed the disfigured half of her face to the air.

Living with the Field family, she never had to cover her scars. The Fields had never looked at her oddly, nor did they show disgust toward her looks.

The entire time, the Field family treated her as usual. It made her feel like they were equals; she loved the comfortable way they treated her.

Although Lochlan saw her scars in the past, her hair hid them partially. This was the first time he saw it in full view.

His eyes instantly widened in disbelief at the sight of them.

There are so many of them. The scars crisscrossed over each other. Charlotte’s once-beautiful face was now hideous. The scars were like oddly-shaped ants that crawled and settled themselves on her face; it was a sight that made any onlookers nauseous.

Lochlan’s mind went blank; he could not find the words to say to her. He could not think of what he should do either. Why did this happen?

“Why are you so hung up on such an ugly woman?”

Kate Fraser’s familiar voice sounded from the doorway. She was wearing high heels and holding onto a limited-edition purse as she walked toward Lochlan. With a tender and upset look on her face, she helped her son up.

“Mom, why are you here?” Lochlan was stunned to see his mother.

Kate shot a glare at Charlotte, but when she saw her disfigured face, her own face paled. She shrieked, “W-Why have you become like this?”

Charlotte bit her lip and looked at her, embarrassed.

She could not help but feel the fear that came to her every time she saw Kate, the person she wanted to avoid the most.

Subconsciously taking a few steps back, Charlotte shut her eyes as the color drained from her face. Her hands reached up to cover her head. "D-Don't come near me. Don't..."

Joseph swiftly rushed over to stand in front of her, shielding her away from Kate. "Mrs. Fraser, this is the Fields' house. Please leave."

"You're chasing me away after hitting my son? You're not getting rid of me that easily. Do you think that the mayor's family is allowed to be bullies?" Kate sneered. "This is a lawful society. I hope you don't assume we will take this quietly."

### [Chapter 569](#)

Kate was overjoyed.

The little b\*tch's is ruined. Haha. If it were not for the situation, Kate would have laughed out loud instead. It seems those needles has been effective.

Let's see how the little b\*tch's going to seduce my son with that face of hers.

Now that Charlotte was disfigured, she was confident her son would no longer obsess over her.

The next thing she would do was to make sure that the Warhol family and the Fraser family would be united through marriage.

I'm going to make that b\*tch disappear from Lochlan's life for good.

The Fields must be blind to protect her as if she's precious.

But they can have her if they love her that much.

To Kate, Charlotte was nothing but a disposable product. She could throw her away whenever she wanted to. She never saw Charlotte as another living human.

Never had the thought of Charlotte having ideas and feelings of her own crossed Kate's mind. From the start until the end, Kate had no respect for her.

Even the Fraser family's dog had a higher status than Charlotte did in Kate's eyes.

"I don't know you. I don't know any of you. Leave... Leave!" Kate burst into tears as memories flashed past her mind. They were images of Kate stabbing her with needles, humiliating her, and more. Every

image of Kate in Charlotte's mind was horrifying.

N-No! I don't want to see this woman. I don't want to!

The commotion finally made James walk out of his room.

His solemn look and strong presence sent chills shooting down the crowd's spine. "What is going on?"

It was Kate's first time seeing the fabled Mr. Field; her heart skipped a beat when she saw him.

Then, she thought, So what if he's the mayor?

Lochlan was beaten up!

Therefore, she moaned, "Mr. Field, is this how your family deals with things? Violence? Look what your son has done to mine?"

Anyone with brains would choose to stand by the Fraser family's side and not protect the b\*tch. Idiot. James isn't a brainless fool like Fae. Let's see how that little b\*tch gets chased out of the Field family.

Charlotte stared at James with tears in her eyes. He'll... chase me away, won't he? He won't let me stay here in the Field family anymore. That's what I'll always be—trouble for everyone else.

This is all my fault. Charlotte felt guilty and miserable. Yet, she was reluctant to leave. The love that the Field family had given to her made her feel as if she had a place within them.

She did not want to leave. Joseph protected her like he was her brother, and Fae watched over her like a mother.

Charlotte was the one who had wronged the Field family. This was all her fault. She would leave. She could not let the Field family come into harm for saving her.

Mustering her courage, she muttered, "Mr. Field, I..."

James gave her a consoling look before he turned to Kate with a frigid expression. He interrupted Charlotte to say, "Mrs. Fraser, your son came to harass us early in the morning, and he started a fight with my son. Is this how you teach your children? Although the Field family isn't as well-off as yours, we're still influential. Did you think you can embarrass us whenever you want to?"

The cold gaze he had on Kate made the woman shudder.

She looked at James in shock. He's protecting the little b\*tch too?

And he's reprimanding me, the lady of the Fraser family?

Anger welled up in Kate's chest, and it overwhelmed her mind. Her anger replaced the respect she had for the mayor of Lake City. "Your son has to apologize to my son!"

The Fields were stupefied by how shameless and immoral Kate could be.

No wonder Charlotte escaped from the Fraser family. No one can stand to be in the same room as this aggressive and domineering woman. Fury vibrated through Fae's being, but the words would not form as she jabbed a finger in Kate's direction.

She's a mad woman. She's worse than those unreasonable shrews!

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"No! I... I won't apologize!" someone stammered softly.

Stunned, Joseph thought, Little One? Was that Little One?

Previously, he had kept Charlotte behind him to protect her. All of a sudden, someone tugged his arm from behind and before he knew it, she shielded him with her thin body. An expression of determination mixed with fear flashed across her face. "Joseph... Joseph did nothing wrong!" she said firmly, "It was you! You cut my face with a needle. You... you called me a slut. My face is like this all because of you. W-Who are you to... to come into my home and... and cause a scene?"

These few sentences might have been easy for someone else to say. However, it took Charlotte quite a while before she could spit it all out.

And when she finally did... she had exhausted every ounce of strength! Her entire back was drenched with sweat! There was perspiration covering her forehead as well.

She desperately tried to quell the fear within her; the fear of speaking out loud. She had no idea where this sudden outburst of courage came from.

Watching the Field family stood up for her made her want to come forth and try her best to express herself. For the first time in her life, she wanted to overcome the source of all that pain.

There were people she wanted to protect too. She certainly didn't want to see them insulted and walked all over by Mrs. Fraser! She was fine with being insulted herself. But she would not allow that to happen to the people she wanted to protect!

The entire Field family was shocked.

Mrs. Field walked up to her in disbelief and grabbed her hand as though it would give her strength. "Lottie... you..."

She was deeply touched. What did she just say? My home...

She really takes this place as her home!

Mrs. Field's eyes began to water.

She had long since noticed how Charlotte was different. The little girl was quiet, anti-social and extremely shy. The doctor she consulted revealed it was highly likely that Charlotte was suffering from autism. Everybody was clear about how it affected people.

It certainly wasn't easy for someone suffering from autism to express him- or herself so clearly.

She had been hesitant about bringing Charlotte to see a doctor because she was afraid of giving this sensitive little girl the wrong impression that her family disliked her.

Joseph stared at the little girl standing in front of him in disbelief too.

She's clearly so weak and vulnerable... and in so much pain... This horrible woman standing in front of her disfigured her. She must be terrified.

Joseph couldn't even bring himself to picture that scene.

"Mrs. Fraser, what else do you have to say?" Mr. Field asked sternly, "Would you care to explain to what happened to Charlotte's face? What right did you have to cut there? Don't you know how important one's appearance is to him or her? Disfiguring someone is such a vicious thing to do. As a family head, how could you do something like that?"

Lochlan was completely dumbfounded after hearing what Charlotte had said.

My mother?

She's the one who hurt Lottie?

The blood on the floor that day belonged to Lottie?

Did Mom do that?

As Mrs. Fraser hadn't expected Charlotte to expose her like that in front of everybody, she immediately flew into a panic. However, she quickly regained her composure.

She didn't have any evidence. Only both of us were present that day. No one else could have seen what had happened.

"I certainly didn't expect someone as young as you to go around accusing people of things they didn't

do. Since when did I ever cut your face? What does your disfigurement have anything to do with me?"

"Mom, did you really cut Lottie's face?" Lochlan asked in a trembling voice.

"Are you out of your mind? Are you going to believe her over me? I've proved my innocence that night! There were so many scorpions in there. If I did it, would I have jumped in?" Infuriated, Mrs. Fuller thought to herself, how is he so easily convinced by that little vixen?

He's actually questioning me? Oh, she'll be the death of me!

I should have just disfigured her entire face back then, not just half of it!