

## Extraordinary 701

### [Chapter 701](#)

The sound hit her eardrums, and it was as though he was right next to her.

Finally, the whooshing sound stopped.

Ashlyn looked up with resignation in her crystal-clear eyes. "Let's go."

Silence ensued.

Carefully, she turned at her shoulder to see Lucas gazing at her silently, his clothes intact.

A dangerous and imposing aura emanated from his figure.

Ashlyn shot him a glare as exhaustion crept into her gaze. "Lucas, stop this."

Instead of moving, Lucas reached out and grabbed her waist before pulling her to his chest.

He had been wanting to do this ever since he regained consciousness.

It was something that had lingered in his mind for the longest time.

His suppressed emotions were on the verge of reaching their boiling point in this narrow space.

His voice was husky, belying his desire to ravage her there. It seemed that he was in pain as he said slowly but clearly, "Honey..."

Ashlyn's eyes snapped shut as her porcelain white cheek pressed against the man's chest. She could feel his heartbeat and his breathing clearly.

A while later, she placed her hands on his chest to push him away. But before she could take action, the man's husky voice rang out above her. "Why didn't you come in when you brought breakfast this morning?"

Ashlyn's thick lashes fluttered slightly as she said softly, "We shouldn't get involved anymore. There are too many obstacles between us. Lucas, your parents..."

He lowered his gaze and inched nearer to her. "I know," he sighed.

Holding her captive in his embrace, he stared at her with his dark eyes.

His feverish breath burned her rosy cheeks, making the situation all the more amorous.

Ashlyn was flustered with discomfort. She felt as if thousands of insects were gnawing on her, but there was no way of release.

It felt as if a mountain had landed on her chest, and she had difficulty breathing.

“Since you're aware of it, release me,” she demanded.

Lucas snorted. “Honey...” Suddenly, he leaned nearer and whispered something in her ear.

Ashlyn stiffened as shock flashed across her eyes. “What?” She narrowed her gaze. “D\*mn it!”

Looking up, she vowed, “I shall handle this.”

Right then, someone knocked on the door.

Ashlyn helped Lucas out of the restroom before she went to answer the door.

A European man clad in a white doctor's coat was standing at the door. He carried an imperious nose well, and his eyes had the same startling clarity as a mountain stream. With his fair skin and tall figure, he looked like a typical European.

Sinclair was awestruck when he saw Ashlyn. Oh, what a gorgeous woman!

Tall and curvaceous, Ashlyn looked so beautiful that she was practically glowing, and he couldn't tear his eyes away from her.

Her slick long hair was tied up in a high bun, and a few strands of hair framed her forehead. She looked vibrant and dazzling.

Sinclair flashed a smile, revealing his white teeth. He was pretty sure he didn't know someone this beautiful, but he found her familiar. Even so, he couldn't seem to put his finger on where he had seen her before.

“Hi, gorgeous.”

He took two steps back and confirmed he was at the right ward before adding, “Did I go to the wrong ward? This is Lucas Nolan's ward, right?”

In the bed, Lucas heard Sinclair's voice and said, “He's my psychologist, Sinclair.”

“Oh, I can't believe you kept a beautiful woman hidden in your ward!” Sinclair scurried into the ward and exclaimed, “You're such a lucky patient!”

Lucas' gaze wavered for a second as he pursed his lips. “Honey, you wanted to deliver lunch to Naomi,

right?"

Sinclair's eyes widened in amazement. "Honey? Are you Mrs. Nolan? Wow! Lucas is so lucky! I remember how amazing you were back then when you managed to calm the passenger. Oh, dear. You're my idol!" he cried.

He enthused, "This is too much. Why does Lucas like to keep you away from everyone? You saved him this time, too! It is really rare to see someone else successfully calming him down whenever he has a manic episode! I was watching the live stream. It wasn't only streamed on Twitter. Someone else streamed it on Maredania's social media too! You're now famous in Maredania, and you have many fans there. That was really amazing!"

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Hearing Sinclair's loud voice, Ashlyn twitched her lips. "Outsiders might be enjoying the show, but were you doing the same, Dr. Sinclair?"

Sinclair stiffened. Did she just mock me?

Before he realized what was going on, he saw Ashlyn giving Lucas one last look before heading out. She slammed the door shut and disappeared from sight.

Her destination was Naomi's ward.

The netizens and the bystanders back then were merely enjoying the show.

Only those who were involved in the matter would know how tormenting it was.

No one could bear another person's pain on their behalf.

Back in Lucas' ward, Sinclair had calmed down. He bore a solemn expression as he said, "Lucas, it's all thanks to your wife that your other personality didn't emerge. You didn't know what happened during the live stream, right? She hugged you and calmed you down. She was the one who woke you up. You should take a look for yourself. I've recorded the entire thing on my phone."

Although Spencer had told Lucas about the incident, and Naomi had recounted how vicious Franklin and Livia were, Lucas didn't manage to see the scene for himself.

Turning to Sinclair beseechingly, he said, "Show it to me."

Lucas began trembling uncontrollably when an iPhone 11 was placed in his hands.

The video played, portraying the incident clearly.

Lucas had gone crazy and roared like a madman as he rushed out of Naomi's room. He then injured Franklin's subordinates and brought harm to the innocent doctors and bystanders.

It was Ashlyn and his brother who did their very best to subdue him and wake him up. He looked like terrifying, but she wasn't afraid at all and hugged him tightly.

As a myriad of conflicting emotions swirled in his heart, he felt a visceral pang of sorrow.

Despite the pained expression on his exquisite face, he seemed moved.

Regret and guilt soon washed over him, and his eyes turned scarily red.

Nevertheless, he gritted his teeth and refused to let tears stream down his cheeks.

She's mine. All mine! Ashlyn was sitting on the ground as she hugged him tightly. However, her back was straight, and she looked calm. She took the entire matter into her hands and gained control of the situation swiftly.

Her voice was cool yet authoritative.

It seemed like it could penetrate the screen and send a blow to everyone's heart, exploding upon impact.

Thump!

She appeased the restless employees of Nolan Group and stopped millions of netizens from hurling insults at him.

Slowly, the netizens stopped insulting him and began to sympathize with his plight.

She was also bold enough to tender his resignation on behalf of him.

Everyone now knew that she was his wife, Mrs. Nolan.

Alas, he couldn't give her the best that she deserved.

No, I'll give her the best of everything in the world. Even if she demands the stars and moon, I'll find a way to get them for her.

Sinclair shook his head in resignation. "Ms. Berry is something, huh? She's much prettier in person. No wonder I found her familiar when I saw her earlier. I didn't manage to recognize her, though. She really looks more gorgeous in person!" he lamented. "You're a lucky man."

Without a word, Lucas placed the phone aside and shut his eyes, allowing Ashlyn's words, actions, and

expressions to replay in his mind continuously.

Outside Naomi's ward, the men from Zene Clan were still standing guard.

They greeted Ashlyn politely. "Ms. Berry."

"We're family, so drop the formalities," Ashlyn replied coolly. She pushed the door open and saw Naomi memorizing her lines diligently.

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As she couldn't hear a thing, she didn't know Ashlyn had shown up. That very thought caused Ashlyn's heart to clench painfully.

Standing at the door, she watched Naomi silently for a while before striding ahead and sitting down beside Naomi's bed.

It was only then that Naomi realized someone else was there. Looking up, the young lady flashed a shy smile when she realized Ashlyn had come visiting. Gripping her script, she uttered, "Ashlyn, I was bored in the hospital. Besides, it wouldn't hurt to memorize some lines."

Taking her hand, Ashlyn told her gently, "You don't have to memorize the lines anymore."

However, she belatedly realized that Naomi couldn't hear a thing after saying that out loud.

Ashlyn grabbed a pen and a piece of paper on the table and wrote out a sentence. Her handwriting was so neat that it looked like it had been printed out.

She wrote: Stop memorizing the lines, for the script will be edited to accommodate your situation. The character will also be changed. I'll show you the new script in a few days.

"New script? What do you mean, Ashlyn?" Naomi was confused. "Maxwell told me that the scriptwriter, Snowstorm, is a mysterious figure. She won't change the script easily. I've never heard of her meeting other people."

Ashlyn scribbled hastily: Don't worry.

She then pulled out her phone to give Greg a call so they could discuss editing the script.

Greg had just exited the elevator. "You're in Naomi's ward? Jonathan and I have just arrived. Wait for us. We'll be there soon."

After hanging up, both men headed to the ward.

Jonathan's brows snapped together in curiosity. "Are we going to change the script? Will my idol agree

to it?"

"I have no idea." Greg shook his head.

They walked into the ward to see Ashlyn reading the script. She looked up and waved at them. "Hurry, come here."

She then began to explain her idea. "I was thinking of changing the plot. Naomi was originally an assistant, but now the plot will depict the journey of her becoming an actress. Her dream was to become an actress, but life dealt her a blow, and she lost her hearing. Later, she sacrificed a lot and worked hard before getting a chance to act. In the end, she won the best actress award. She became a popular and successful actress. After that, she'll continue picking trash with the top idol."

"That sounds great. Her ordeal is practically Naomi's ordeal." Greg stared at her incredulously. The change in the plot would make things easier for Naomi.

In fact, it was an interesting plot.

Hmm, a young lady who lost her hearing. Compared to a healthy assistant, this is far more interesting.

Jonathan tilted his head. "Ms. Berry, will Snowstorm agree to change the script?"

Ashlyn met his gaze. "Your part will remain unchanged. However, you'll still have to work on your acting skills. You shouldn't waste your time worrying about others," she admonished.

Jonathan knew that Naomi couldn't hear anything, but his face still flushed red in embarrassment. "Got it," he muttered.

Greg was also worried. Just like Jonathan, he was afraid that Snowstorm wouldn't change the script.

After all, Snowstorm was a mysterious and talented person who had only written songs for Jonathan.

He lifted his head abruptly to look at Jonathan. "Snowstorm treats you well, so why are you worried?"

The young man scratched his head awkwardly. "But I've never seen Snowstorm in person! I don't even know if Snowstorm is a man or a woman."

Sometimes, he thought he was fortunate to be chosen by Snowstorm, who didn't hold back in promoting him.

Anyone would shoot to stardom after singing Snowstorm's songs.

As such, he could not help but feel utterly useless.

I must work my a\*\* off in this movie. Naomi is weak, but she never gave up. I can't give up, too!

"You've never met Snowstorm? Turns out the rumor is true," Greg muttered under his breath. He turned to Ashlyn and inquired, "Ms. Berry, how do you usually contact Snowstorm?"

#### [Chapter 704](#)

"I..." Ashlyn opened her mouth and was just about to speak when Naomi's agonized moan rang out from the hospital bed behind the three of them.

"It hurts..."

After Ashlyn was interrupted, she shook her head helplessly as she watched the two men rush toward Naomi.

She wanted to tell them that she was Snowstorm, but their attention was elsewhere.

Forget it. I'll tell them another time then.

"Naomi, where does it hurt?"

"Press the call button."

A few minutes later, Naomi was wheeled to the examination room for a new round of checkups.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn stood at the entrance of the emergency room, observing her colleagues operating those advanced medical devices inside.

Jonathan and Greg were sitting together on a bench in the corridor, and everyone had grim expressions on their faces.

Just then, Ashlyn's phone vibrated.

She picked up her phone and saw that it was a private number calling.

The woman's expression darkened slightly before she answered the call. "Hello?"

"If you want the cure for Naomi's poison, you have to do according to what I say," the person on the other end of the line said in a hoarse voice that had obviously been processed by a voice changer.

"Who are you? Why should I do as you say? What is it that you want me to do?" Ashlyn replied with a cold expression on her face.

All of a sudden, it seemed as if the surrounding air had turned a few degrees colder.

Even Greg and Jonathan could not help but look toward the woman.

“Go to 66 Anchor Street at three p.m. today and drop your most prized jewelry into the trash bin downstairs. If you don't do that, be ready to prepare for Naomi's funeral!”

After saying that, the person hung up.

My most prized jewelry?

Ashlyn stared at her phone for a while, wondering if it was just a prank call.

However, in order to save Naomi, she was willing to give it a shot.

“I will inform Blair to come over. For the time being, I will need the both of you to stay with Naomi,” Ashlyn said, looking down at the two men sitting on the bench.

“Sure, don't worry.”

After that, Ashlyn drove straight to Bayview Villa.

There was not much jewelry that she was particularly fond of. In fact, there was almost none. The woman seldom put on makeup and only wore jewelry on extremely rare occasions.

As such, she did not really have a favorite piece of jewelry.

When she opened her jewelry box, which was filled with all kinds of jewelry, her gaze landed on a necklace made up of tiny rhinestones.

It was a gift from Howard after he received his first salary.

Back then, she had told him that the necklace was gorgeous and she liked it very much.

Ashlyn picked up the necklace and noticed that the rhinestones were still sparkling and had not lost their shine even after such a long time had passed.

Then, she took out a jewelry pouch and put the necklace in.

At two p.m., she got into her Land Rover and drove toward 66 Anchor Street.

Anchor Street was a remote alley located on the outskirts of the city.

That area consisted mainly of slums and dilapidated sites.

Under the afternoon sun, looking at the state of the place gave one an inexplicable depressing feeling.



After Ashlyn got out of the car, she tossed the jewelry pouch containing the necklace into the trash bin at 66 Anchor Street.

Right after she turned around, her expression stiffened as she suddenly looked toward the upstairs window of the dilapidated house, which was located at 66 Anchor Street.

She saw a man standing beside the window. He was wearing a black mask, exposing only his chin.

Under the illumination of the sunlight, the mysterious and murderous aura surrounding him became even more intense.

The man's cold gaze was fixed on Ashlyn.

The next moment, a silver handgun appeared in the woman's hand as she aimed the gun at the man. Bang!

Even though the man was caught off guard, he still managed to dodge the shot with his good reflexes. However, the bullet had grazed his arm before landing on the wall behind him.

The man jumped out of the window and charged toward Ashlyn at once.

Although blood was seeping out of the wound on his arm, he seemed as though he felt no pain.

Ashlyn tightened her grip on her handgun and aimed another shot at the man. No matter how agile the man's movements were, it was impossible for him to be quicker than the speed of a bullet.

Bang! The second bullet entered the man's calf.

As Ashlyn was an excellent markswoman, it was extremely difficult for anyone to escape her attacks.

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The man had managed to escape her first shot with just a scrape, and Ashlyn would not allow anyone to escape her attack the second time.

However, the man continued charging at her, as if he was unable to feel pain.

As the two of them got tangled up in a fight, a loud boom of thunder was suddenly heard!

Dark clouds had gathered in the sky, which was still bright and clear moments ago, while lightning flashed.

The next moment, raindrops started falling from the sky, turning into a heavy downpour in just a few seconds.

Even though it was supposed to hurt with the raindrops landing heavily on their faces, the two people did not seem to be bothered by it.

Despite being thoroughly drenched by the rain, the woman continued launching swift attacks at the masked man.

As Ashlyn moved extremely fast and was a skilled fighter, the man seemed to be having a hard time defending himself.

Suddenly, Ashlyn reached for the man's face. Her pale arm and sharp nails appeared to be like a powerful weapon under the illumination of the lightning. Just when she was close to touching the man's mask, the man rolled away from her, dodging her move.

"You shameless rat who dare not even show your face! How dare you get ideas about me! I've already done what you wanted me to and delivered the jewelry. Hand me the antidote right now!"

If not for the fact that she needed the antidote from him, Ashlyn would have already killed him in one shot! However, the man was able to endure pain well. Even though raindrops were hitting the wound on his calf where blood was oozing out continuously, he seemed unperturbed by it.

With a cruel glint in his eyes, the man said, "I'll let you have the antidote if you come with me."

His hoarse voice sounded unpleasant and was harsh on the eardrums, just like the ear-piercing sound of a drag saw.

"What if I don't follow you?" Ashlyn asked, staring at the man coldly.

"Then, don't blame me for being merciless." The man could barely hold out any longer and was in so much pain that all color had drained from his face, which was still hidden under his mask.

With a wave of his hand, a sudden clatter of footsteps could be heard closing in!

Around thirty men in black rushed in from all sides, surrounding Ashlyn.

Under the pouring rain, the woman, whose eyes were blazing, spun around with her handgun in her hands.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Multiple gunshots rang out in the air.

The man closest to Ashlyn received a shot in his head, and blood spattered out instantly. It was a gruesome sight to behold!

Meanwhile, more and more men in black closed in on the woman. Just like numerous black ants, they charged toward her, armed with long rods in their hands.

With a cold and ferocious gaze, Ashlyn let out a sneer before raising her handgun again.

Just then, a streak of lightning cut through the sky.

At that moment, illuminated by the flash of light shooting through the sky, the woman, whose beauty was unparalleled, seemed like a grim reaper from hell.

Her cold voice pierced through the rain.

“What do you guys want from me? Why are you trying to kill me time and again? Since you've provoked me, you are going to have to pay for it!” Ashlyn said as a blood-curdling smile appeared on her face.

She managed to land every shot on the men's heads, and it was an absolutely horrifying sight.

Just then, the sounds of helicopter blades whirring echoed in the air, accompanying the sounds of the raindrops.

Those men in black stared at the helicopter above their heads in shock.

Right then, numerous tall and burly men, wearing camouflage uniforms, parachuted out of the helicopter and descended from the sky like eagles.

All of them were armed with weapons, and they began firing at those men in black.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Sounds of gunshots pierced through the rain, and blood blended with the mud on the ground before being washed away by the rain.

As the men in black fell to the ground like dominoes, more men in black were seen rushing forward.

Their bravery and strength just a while back formed a huge contrast with their current sorry and miserable state.

Luigi bowed at Ashlyn respectfully before saying, “Ms. Berry, please forgive us for arriving late.”

“No worries.” The woman, who was as beautiful as a goddess, stood tall in the rain with blood stains splattered across her face. With a frosty look in her eyes, she ordered, “Kill them all!”

The previous time she got poisoned, it was ZZ terrorist group that was behind it. As such, she was sure

that Naomi had also been poisoned by the same organization.

## [Chapter 706](#)

Ashlyn crouched down and ripped apart the shirt of one of those men in black who was lying on the ground, dead.

Indeed! A large letter “Z” was tattooed in the middle of his chest.

As the raindrops pounded on the man's chest, his tattoo turned into a deep shade of purple, which looked so disturbing that it sent shivers down one's spine.

Ashlyn realized that the masked man was merely using the antidote as bait to draw her into his trap.

He had never intended to give her the antidote. Convinced that that was the case, the woman leaped up and launched a sudden attack on the mysterious masked man who was surrounded by the men in black.

Under his subordinates' protection, the man was about to escape.

However, with a howl of the wind, Ashlyn delivered a forceful punch to his back at the speed of lightning!

The impact of the attack sent the masked man flying before he landed heavily on the ground with water splashing everywhere.

Ashlyn had put her full strength into that blow, and it was almost impossible for anyone to withstand it.

Lying on the ground, the masked man spewed out a mouthful of blood.

He stared at Ashlyn blankly while covering his chest with one hand.

Despite the excruciating pain he felt, the man was still struggling to prop himself up. However, while he was trying to do that, Ashlyn was already approaching him.

Even though a few of the man's subordinates were dashing toward him from a distance not far away, they were no match for Ashlyn's speed!

Just like the god of death, the woman was moving toward the masked man at high speed, and just in a blink of an eye, she was already standing next to him.

Enduring the intense pain, the man stood up, preparing to receive Ashlyn's blow.

However, once again... Bam! He got hit by Ashlyn and collapsed to the ground.

From that strike, there was one thing that the woman was able to ascertain.

She had come to the conclusion that the masked man was not the same one she had met at the Whitland Villa previously. The other masked man exuded an aura a few times more powerful than the man in front of her right then. He also had a much sharper and colder look in his eyes.

Who could that man be?

Meanwhile, Ashlyn lifted her foot and stomped on the masked man's chest. As she did that, a stream of blood trickled out of the man's mouth.

The rain continued to ding furiously off the tin roof, accumulating puddles of water on the ground.

The storm seemed to be out of control with thunder roaring and lightning flashing across the sky continuously.

The masked man felt a sharp pain with every rain drop falling on him.

Pointing her silver handgun between the man's brows, Ashlyn asked in a frosty voice, "Who are you?"

Having said that, she bent down, and just when her fingers were about to touch the man's black mask, he started to speak.

"I..."

The moment he opened his mouth, he started coughing out blood.

"Who I am is not important. Isn't your sister-in-law's life more important?" The man let out a sinister and arrogant laugh before continuing, "As long as you let me go, I'll give you the antidote!"

At that moment, Ashlyn's fingers were already touching the man's mask. She just had to exert a slight force to lift the mask, and the man's face would be revealed!

However, her fingers froze when she heard his words.

The truth was almost out! But...

The woman struggled internally for a moment before deciding to retract her hand.

With a cold expression, she said, "Give me the antidote!"

The masked man reached into his pocket with his bloodied hand and took out a small box.

Ashlyn reached for it at once, but the man grabbed her hand.

His cold hand gripped her arm desperately as if she would disappear once he let go.

The woman frowned, wondering why the man was acting so strangely!

She pulled her hand back forcefully and said, "If this is not the real antidote, I will not let you off. If I have to, I will hunt you down to the end of the earth!"

Ashlyn did not even bother to wipe the blood stains off her fingers before removing her leg from the man's chest.

The masked man's subordinates quickly helped him up, and at once, they disappeared into the rain.

Luigi walked over cautiously and asked, "Ms. Berry, are we really letting them off just like that?"

"Yup, let them go. A cornered rabbit will fight with teeth and claws," Ashlyn glanced at the antidote in her hands and said, "Let's head back to the hospital!"

## [Chapter 707](#)

The helicopter ascended into the skies and flew through the rain at top speed.

Soon, the helicopter landed on the hospital's helipad.

Immediately, Ashlyn, Luigi, and the others dashed toward the emergency room where Naomi was.

Meanwhile, inside the emergency room, the doctors were trying their best to save Naomi.

"What's her blood pressure?"

"Sixty! It's decreasing steadily!"

"Heartbeat?"

"Below sixty and plunging!"

"Quick! Inform her family at once that the patient is in critical condition!"

Blair had just arrived outside the emergency room, drenched in rainwater. When he saw Greg and Jonathan, he said, "Maxwell, Jon..."

Bang! Just as the man started speaking, the emergency room door swung open.

A nurse rushed out of the room and said urgently, "Where is Naomi Nolan's family? The patient is in

critical condition!”

The color drained from Blair's face at once, unable to believe what he had just heard.

Grabbing the nurse's arm, he exclaimed, “How is that possible? Is my sister going to die? Will she die?”

His booming voice reverberated through the quiet corridor.

Jonathan was also in disbelief as he rushed over. With bloodshot eyes, he begged, “Please, you have to save her!”

Greg took out his phone with trembling hands and tried to call Ashlyn, but he was unable to reach her after trying many times.

Tears started streaming down Blair's cheeks as he said, “Nurse, my sister is still so young. She's not even twenty yet... She's at the age where she should be enjoying life and having fun. Please... Please think of a way to save her...”

Even though a handsome man like Blair was grabbing her arm, the nurse was not in the mood to admire his good looks. She couldn't help but feel a tinge of pity. “We've already tried our best... You should prepare for the worst,” the woman replied apologetically.

Just then!

Ding! The elevator door opened.

Following that, a woman who was covered in mud stepped out. She was entirely drenched, and the wet clothes that were hugging her body accentuated her exquisite figure.

The air surrounding her carried the metallic scent of blood, and bloodied water dripped on the ground from her clothes as she strode over.

It was as if the grim reaper had arrived from hell. Ashlyn had a stern and determined expression on her face, and her eyes were cold.

Meanwhile, a group of tall, well-built men in camouflage uniforms stood behind her. All of the men had frosty expressions on their faces and exuded murderous vibes. One look, and it was clear that they were not to be trifled with.

Feeling extremely intimidated, the nurse turned around at once, wanting to head back to the emergency room.

However, Ashlyn's crisp and icy voice rang out from behind her.

“Wait.”

The nurse took a deep inhale and turned around slowly. By then, Ashlyn was already right in front of her. The nurse looked up fearfully, and when she managed to get a good look at the woman's face, she froze.

“Dr. Berry?”

It's Dr. Berry!

Ashlyn took out a small box from her pocket and placed it in the nurse's hand. “This is the antidote. Feed it to Naomi.”

“Yes, yes! Right away!”

The nurse dashed back into the emergency room without delay.

“Ashlyn!” Blair, who was in agony just a moment ago, rushed over to Ashlyn after witnessing the scene. Looking surprised, he asked, “You've managed to obtain the antidote?”

“Yup.” Ashlyn merely nodded without intending to tell Blair how she had gotten her hands on the antidote. “You should let your brother know.”

“Sure, I'll tell him right away!” Blair was so excited that he nearly jumped with joy.

Meanwhile, Greg was looking at Ashlyn with a complicated gaze, wondering who exactly the woman was.

She was just as imposing as those fighters in the movies he had directed, and the man could feel himself tingling with excitement.

Even though Greg was extremely curious about Ashlyn, he knew not to ask anything that he was not supposed to.

“Ms. Berry, please get some rest.”

“Ashlyn... Take a seat.” Jonathan gulped as he pointed to the bench. Apart from that, the man did not know what to say. He was worried that if he said something wrong, those solemn-looking strong men behind Ashlyn would pin him against the wall and beat him up!

“It's all right. I need to go back and wash up,” Ashlyn replied expressionlessly.

As she turned around, the group of men behind her did the same, leaving together with her.

[Chapter 708](#)



"She's like a female boss!" whispered Jonathan only after they had gone into the elevator.

Greg responded with indifference, "She is the female boss."

At night, the heavy rain continued to fall with no end in sight, as if there were holes in the sky.

Ashlyn was seated in front of the computer and editing the script.

She gave the female lead a completely different character and proceeded with the changes.

By the time she was done with the editing, it was already four in the morning.

She let out a long exhalation and stretched herself before standing up.

She had no idea that at that moment, a man dressed in black was rummaging through the trash bin at 66 Anchor Street and retrieved the rhinestone necklace.

When the lightning flashed across the sky, it lit up his face. It was a face that Ashlyn was familiar with.

The man opened up the jewelry pouch with care. When he saw the necklace, a look of nostalgia flashed across that handsome face of his.

It's really the same necklace!

"This sincere love of yours is truly touching. It's a pity she doesn't know about it."

Suddenly, a deep magnetic voice rang out behind him.

Instantly, the nostalgic expression was replaced with a vicious look that was directed at the man behind him.

He had no idea when the man dressed in white with a black umbrella appeared. The contrast between the black umbrella and white clothes was particularly stark in the midst of the storm.

The man, who was holding on to the necklace, tightened his grip unconsciously. "Were you stalking me?"

"Don't use such a word. I wasn't stalking you. Your way of testing her feelings for you is foolish and pointless, so I felt the need to remind you." The man in white smirked wickedly.

"What are you trying to say?"

"What's the point of being a coward who doesn't dare to confess his feelings? Then again, it's a little too late even if you want to." The man in white chuckled.

Following that, a group of men dressed in black showed up behind him. "Mr. Chef, please."

"Mr. Silvermoon, what have I done wrong?"

"You gave the antidotes to her. Is that not a betrayal on your part? Is falling in love with her not another act of betrayal? How could you fall in love with your enemy? Have you forgotten the vow you made when you first joined ZZ Organization?"

The eyes of the man in white were as cold as ice.

In ZZ Organization, everyone had their own unique code name. As for the man right in front, his code name was "The Chef."

"Mr. Silvermoon, are you telling me you are better than me in controlling your own feelings? Your feelings for her are so much stronger than what I feel for her. Back when she was being humiliated, who was the one who flew into a fit of rage?" The Chef sneered and retreated as he saw the group of men in black approaching him.

"Shut up! You're not fit to talk about her in front of me!" There was fury in Silvermoon's eyes. "None of you are worthy!"

Ridicule appeared on The Chef's face. "Whether we are worthy or not isn't up to you to decide."

Having said that, he dragged the leg that Ashlyn had injured earlier on and continued to move backward.

His position in ZZ Organization might not be as high as Silvermoon's, but he was not going to give up without a fight.

The torrential rain continued to pound on the ground.

Just as the group of men in black was about to pounce on The Chef, a loud explosion could be heard.

Boom!

A smoke bomb blew up in front of everyone.

Even the heavy rain was not able to erase the smoke from the air. In no time, the thick, black smoke had totally blocked out the visions of the group of men in black.

It was then that The Chef slipped away into the dark.

"Mr. Silvermoon, what should we do now?" One of the men let out a few intense coughs before asking.

“Go after him!” ordered Silvermoon with a grim face. The Chef is getting increasingly sneaky, but I don't believe he will be able to escape our clutches every time.

The morning rays shone into the ward through the window.

### [Chapter 709](#)

The golden rays fell on the girl who was lying on the hospital bed.

Her pretty face looked so serene. Perhaps sensing the morning sun rays, she furrowed her elegant brows, and her long lashes fluttered slightly before her glistening eyes opened gradually with a hint of drowsiness in them.

She took her time to sit up and enjoyed the cool morning air as it blew into the ward. Looking at the leaves on the trees and the moist ground outside, she suddenly realized that it had been raining the entire night.

The birds were also chirping happily outside the window.

Birds? Chirping? Naomi froze at that thought.

Just then, someone pushed open the door.

She turned and saw Ashlyn, who was dressed in a white dress, walking in with packaged food. The tall young man right behind her was none other than Blair.

Their footsteps sounded so clear to her.

Before that, she lived in a completely quiet world. All of a sudden, everything seemed to have become so lively and vibrant.

Unwittingly, her eyes teared up as she looked at Blair and Ashlyn walking toward her.

“Ashlyn, Blair. I can hear! I can hear everything! My ears have recovered. Ashlyn, I can really hear.”

The excitement that was evident in her voice and on her face made her look all the more gorgeous under the morning light.

Looking at her joyous expression, Ashlyn could not help but smile gently.

There was warmth in those sparkling eyes of hers.

Naomi stared at her in a daze. If Ashlyn can protect me like this forever, that will be wonderful.

When Ashlyn noticed her sister-in-law's gaze on her, she raised her eyebrows.

“What are you thinking about?”

“Oh, nothing.” Naomi felt that it was too selfish of her to hope that Ashlyn would always be there for her.

She bit her lip and told Blair, “Blair, I’m so hungry. I’m craving delicious food.”

Her appetite had not been great because of her poisoning, and she had lost a lot of weight.

Even her face had become smaller than a palm, and her chin looked pointy.

Anyone who saw her in that state would feel pity for her.

“There are still some tests to be done, and you need to be on an empty stomach for that purpose. Just hold on for a while more.” Blair patted her shoulders and continued, “If the results of the tests are favorable, you will be discharged.”

“Really?” Naomi looked at her brother with delight but found it odd at the same time.

Yesterday, the poison took effect, and it was so painful that I could barely breathe. In the end, I even passed out from the pain.

Why does everything seem fine today? On top of that, I can be discharged already?

After all, she was not stupid.

Since Lucas was still at the hospital, it must be Ashlyn's doing.

Was Ashlyn the one who got me the antidote?

That must be it!

Ashlyn, are you the one who found the antidote? How did you do it? Was it difficult?

Even the doctors could not do anything about the poison.

How did Ashlyn get it?

Ashlyn caressed her hair and reassured, “Don't worry about anything else. Just go with Blair for your tests.”

Very soon, the results of her tests were out.

Fortunately, her statistics were within the normal range, which allowed her to be discharged.

Before leaving the hospital, Naomi went to check on Lucas. Even though he was ill, it did not diminish his powerful aura one bit.

Naomi choked up as she called out, "Lucas..."

She was in a daze when she thought about the things that had happened to her and Lucas during the last couple of days.

"Ashlyn really dotes on you," said Lucas with a hint of jealousy. In order to find the antidote for his sister, Ashlyn had gone out of her way.

As Naomi's brother, his heart was filled with jealousy.

Lucas did not stay at the hospital for long and got discharged together with Naomi.

#### [Chapter 710](#)

Sinclair started nagging, "Lucas, this is not good. You should have stayed in the hospital for a few more days. The quiet environment of the hospital is conducive for your recovery."

"Shut up!" The nagging of his psychologist was starting to get on his nerves.

In the past, he had always known that Sinclair was a little talkative. However, he did not realize that his words could drive one insane.

"Lucas, as your doctor, I have the need to tell you this. If I don't advise you, who will?" Sitting in the Bentley, Sinclair was still babbling away.

By then, Lucas felt like punching him in the face, but he suppressed that urge. "Another word from you, and I will throw you out of the car!"

"You're so violent. This won't do. You have to learn how to calm your emotions!" Seeing that Lucas was threatening him, Sinclair could not help but advise the former again.

At that point, Lucas felt that Sinclair was beyond salvation.

Meanwhile, Blair had sent Naomi back to Whitland Villa.

Sitting in the living room and looking at Sinclair who was pacing in and out, she felt that he must be very busy.

She also found it amusing at the same time.

Just as she was about to say something, her phone rang.

“Jonathan? What's up?”

Jonathan sounded a little anxious. “Naomi, I heard you've recovered. Where are you?”

When he arrived at the hospital, she was nowhere to be seen. The bed had been made up, and all her daily necessities were gone.

That caused an inexplicable panic in him.

“I have been discharged, and I am back home.”

Naomi blushed when she heard the concern in his voice.

During her stay at the hospital, he went there to visit her almost every day. As a top idol who was occupied with work and had such a busy schedule, he always found time to be with her.

It was not the first time that she was touched by his concern.

Just listening to his voice was enough to make her heart beat faster and her face blush.

Sh\*t! Am I ill?

“So, you are back home. All right then. I'm glad to hear that you are fine.”

Jonathan hung up the phone with a hint of disappointment in his tone.

What a shame! Now that she is back home, I won't be able to see her every day!

Feeling frustrated, he left the hospital.

Meanwhile, a group of uninvited guests arrived at the Whitland Villa.

Together with Livia, Franklin swaggered into the living room.

When they saw Naomi sitting on the couch and having fruit, Livia eyed her with disdain. “I can't believe you are still alive.”

“Judging from your tone, you and my dad will be very pleased if I die.” Having been abused by that cold-blooded and ruthless couple, she was not expecting much from them.

As far as she was concerned, her family consisted of only Lucas, Ashlyn, and Blair!

Her father, Franklin, was no more than a stranger, and Livia was not even related to her by blood.

“How can we be pleased when we lack a cash cow? Now that your ears are fine, I'm sure you are worth more than three hundred million. In fact, five hundred million won't be an issue.” There was a menacing look in Livia's eyes as she uttered those vicious words.

Looking at the couple in front of her, Naomi bit her lip and insisted, “Dad, I don't want to go and keep those bosses company. Please? I will do my best to earn money. Dad—”

“Naomi, know your place. You should know the purpose of a daughter of the Nolan family.”

Livia pinched her chin and said, “Of course, you are meant to get money for us! Lucas keeps such a tight rein on Nolan Group, so it's really difficult for us to get him to give us any money for our laboratory. Furthermore, it sucks to use money from the Nolan family.”

“Last time, you missed your date with Mr. Zimmerman, and he was very upset about it.” Franklin looked at Naomi without any expression and ordered, “Go and change your clothes. Then come with us.”

Lucas was not at home and left two bodyguards to look after her.