

Extraordinary 911

[Chapter 911 Homebound](#)

"But..." Charlotte was about to argue when she saw Fae walking up to her in a hurry. The older woman assessed Charlotte anxiously and asked, "Lottie, are you all right?"

A surge of warmth seized Charlotte. Touched by Fae's concern for her, she answered reassuringly, "It's just a sprain, that's all. Nothing to worry about."

When Ashlyn was done applying ointment on Charlotte's ankle, she stood up and said to Joseph, "Sit down and let me have a look at your head."

Joseph did as he was told. After that, Ashlyn cupped the sides of his head and began examining it. She had dabbled in medicine before and knew how to examine a person for injuries.

There was no medical equipment there that allowed her to look into any injuries to Joseph's skull. Still, she moved her fingers carefully along his scalp and pressed down on certain points, checking to see if there were any odd bumps or indentations that should not be there.

Following that, she checked his pulse.

"I think it's best if you return to Lake City, Mr. Joseph," she concluded grimly when she was done examining him. "I'm worried that there might be ruptured blood vessels or blood clots resulting from blunt trauma."

"Go back to Lake City, Joe," Fae urged as she looked at Joseph fretfully. "Lottie can go with you. Your father and I will stay here and help out with disaster relief. Besides, I'm sure Lucas and the others can hold down the fort while you're gone. Don't go straining yourself; I can't afford to lose my only son."

Joseph stared at Fae for a moment, his reluctance clearly written on his face. He knew Ashlyn was exceptional in medicine, and as far as he was concerned, her word held more authority than any other doctor's. He had no reason to be skeptical of her now.

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He took a deep breath. If he were to leave for Lake City now, he would not be able to contribute to his country or be by his parents' side while they volunteered in this disaster zone.

The thought of this filled him with insurmountable guilt.

He did not want to leave this place at all.

"The head is part of the central nervous system, you know. There's no telling what might happen to you if any part of your skull or brain is damaged. Go back to Lake City for Fae's sake, if not your own." Ashlyn gave him a cursory glance, then said, "Luigi can go back with you."

Just like that, she made the decision on Joseph's behalf.

Fae gave her a grateful look before turning to Joseph. "Joe, I won't be there with you, but Lottie can take care of you while you're in the hospital."

Disappointment flickered in Charlotte's eyes, but she managed a faint smile as she said, "Joseph took care of me before, and now, it's only right for me to do the same for him. I hope you wouldn't mind having me around, Joseph."

She had a feeling that he wanted Sheryn to go back with him more than anything else. Why did they have to put me up for the task when he probably thinks I'm a bother?

She tried to keep her disgruntlement hidden and did not dare meet Joseph's eyes, afraid that she would see the contempt he had for her in them.

“She's better off going back to Lake City with me than staying here in this disaster zone. There's nothing for you to worry about if I have her with me, Mom.”

He took a deep breath. If he were to leave for Lake City now, he would not be able to contribute to his country or be by his parents' side while they volunteered in this disaster zone.

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She looked up at him in a daze, and at once, his smoldering gaze bore into her.

Did I hear him right? He actually wants me to go back with him! But, what about Sheryn?

“Don't... Don't you...” Charlotte fumbled over her words, but before she could collect her thoughts, Joseph cut her off with a sharp, “Don't read too much into things. Sometimes, whatever you perceive isn't necessarily the truth.”

There was a time when he had suddenly lost grip of his thoughts and mistaken Sheryn for Charlotte.

It seemed as if his mind was gradually giving up on him, and that was one of the reasons why he ultimately agreed to return to Lake City, albeit reluctantly.

He hated to consider what would happen to him if his mind continued to deteriorate as a result of delayed treatment.

However, he was terrified that the incident today would repeat itself.

It was afternoon when Charlotte and Joseph left the disaster zone.

There were other critically-injured volunteers who were headed for the Lake City hospital as well.

Having seen Joseph and Charlotte off, Fae busied herself with volunteer work at the village. It was then that she realized how fast time had passed.

Evening was upon them in the blink of an eye.

Without anyone noticing, the sky began to darken, and a light snowfall accompanied the biting breeze.

At that moment, Fae halted in her tracks.

[Chapter 912 Grim Resolve](#)

It was still autumn back in Lake City, but winter appeared to have arrived early here in the mountains.

This had to be the first snow of the year.

Fae could not resist reaching out to catch the falling snowflakes. Now that the days were getting colder, she wondered how the disaster victims were going to brace through the harsh winter.

At the thought of this, she hurried over to James' tent, where he had set up a makeshift office.

"Ow!"

Just then, a young girl's cry of pain pierced the air. Shocked, Fae looked in the direction where the cry came from and saw Sheryn, who had apparently tripped. On her back was a basket filled with yellowed leaves that looked like wild herbs.

At the sight of this, Fae hurried over to help the girl get on her feet. "Are you all right? Did you get hurt?"

Sheryn regained her footing with Fae's help and quickly checked the basket she had slung over her back. When she was sure that none of the herbs had spilled out during her fall, she looked somewhat relieved.

This made Fae even more curious. "What do you have there in your basket?"

Sheryn's smile was demure as she explained, "These are all the herbs I picked from the mountains. They supposedly have medicinal properties, and I thought the emergency medical center might have some use for them."

"That's very sweet of you," Fae praised, obviously moved by Sheryn's efforts. What a considerate and lovely girl! I can't believe she went into the mountains just to pick these herbs. How noble of her!

"You ought to be more careful when you go into the mountains to forage for herbs, especially during this freezing weather," Fae reminded earnestly before leaving in a hurry.

Sheryn stared at Fae's retreating figure in astonishment. Shouldn't she have offered to escort me to the emergency medical center? Maybe even compliment me a little more and then be totally impressed by my kindness? Why did she just leave like that?

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She had deliberately positioned herself here when she caught Fae standing on the street earlier, hoping that Fae would eventually notice her.

Yet, Fae was so distracted with her own thoughts that she was not considerate of Sheryn at all.

It was out of desperation that Sheryn decided to stage a fall to get Fae's attention, and now, she was coated in mud.

Ugh, this is disgusting! She sulked all the way to the emergency medical center and set the basket of herbs down somewhere.

One of the nurses pointed out, "These herbs are all wilted! We won't be able to get much use out of them; their medicinal properties are as good as gone."

Sheryn rolled her eyes and brushed past the nurse without uttering a reply.

After all, it wasn't as if she had meant to pick those herbs, anyway. She only used them as a subterfuge in her attempt to impress Fae.

"We're short on manpower now that Mr. Joseph and Ms. Charlotte have left. I kind of miss the girl, to be honest," one of the villagers, a woman, piped up suddenly.

"I feel you. Ms. Charlotte might be a young lady from the city, but she's humble and hardworking, not to mention a real tough cookie!" another woman from the village chimed in agreement.

Sheryn froze when she heard this.

Excuse me? Mr. Joseph left? How could he just leave without notice? Darn it! How am I supposed to make my move on him and get him to fall in love with me if he's not here?

She was so angry that her breath started to come up short. She wanted nothing more than to punch something right now.

The woman who had been praising Charlotte earlier spotted Sheryn at that moment and called out, "Oh, Sheryn! Would you mind helping me move this patient elsewhere?"

She had deliberately positioned herself here when she caught Fae standing on the street earlier, hoping that Fae would eventually notice her.

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The woman gaped at the younger girl incredulously. "I was only asking you to lend a hand. Is that too much to ask?"

Her words fell upon deaf ears, for Sheryn had already stormed out of the tent.

Presently, Sheryn's fists were clenched, and she was trembling with rage.

She could not believe Joseph had left without telling her! It was inexcusable!

She was angry for what seemed like a long time. Then, she gritted her teeth in agitation. She had already signed up for the Student Assistance Program, and as far as she was concerned, her deadweight mother should do everyone a favor by disappearing from the face of the earth.

At the thought of this, she wondered if she would have been adopted by the Field family, too, if she were an orphan. If that were to happen, then Charlotte's wonderful life could be hers, too. She would wear fancy clothes, use top-of-the-range makeup, and enjoy the privileges of being the mayor's daughter.

She wanted to kick Charlotte out of the picture altogether and take her place! What does that little wench have that I don't? I'm prettier than her, so why does she deserve a better life than me?

Her mind was made up. One day, she would have the entire Field family wrapped around her pinky!

Sheryn was getting an adrenaline rush just from thinking about this.

It was as if her newfound resolve was consuming her whole. I'm going to study real hard and work for my success! Then, I'll leave this village and never come back!

[Chapter 913 Catching Up To Her](#)

The snow was light at first, as if someone had scattered white grains on the ground.

It didn't take long for the snow to become heavier and thicker, fluttering everywhere like goose feathers.

A vast expanse of white soon enveloped the world, and trees with fallen leaves were covered by pure white snow. Snowflakes fell one after another as the wind blew.

Cassandra, Ashlyn, and the rest were braving the snowstorm while they patrolled the disaster site, checking to see if any victims were still left behind.

At that time, it had been five days since the earthquake occurred.

Within those five days and nights, if there were anyone still buried beneath the ruins, the chances of them surviving would be slim.

Moreover, the heavy snow presented new challenges to the rescue team.

It would greatly reduce the sensitivity of those detectors and equipment if the muddy roads froze again early tomorrow morning.

"It's so cold!" Cassandra wore a red and white checkered coat, which made her look like a fairy walking through the pure, white snow.

After rubbing her hands together, Cassandra blew on them to warm them. In order to get herself warmed up, she even stomped her feet.

Her feet were swollen, red, and numb from the cold despite wearing rain boots.

Cassandra looked at Ashlyn, who was walking ahead of her. The girl maintained her upright posture as she walked, seemingly unaffected by the heavy snow.

Despite her rain boots being soaking wet, she was like a lifeless statue that only knew how to search and rescue victims.

"You're really awesome, Boss!" A puff of water vapor escaped Luigi's mouth as soon as he spoke.

The weather was indeed very cold.

"All right, cut the bull. Let's hurry up and finish our task so we can go back to our rooms and rest. If it really freezes over tomorrow, it won't be easy to get people out of the ruins. It's better to locate and rescue as many people now as possible."

Cassandra began digging with a shovel as she spoke.

The detector beeped again, indicating that there was someone trapped underground.

After completing their task at night, Ashlyn didn't expect to see an old acquaintance at the disaster site when they returned.

A woman in a black army uniform and boots, with a leather belt around her waist and a military hat in her hand, was patiently waiting in Ashlyn's tent for her.

"You are..." Ashlyn froze for a moment, frowning slightly.

In front of her was a gorgeous woman with a dashing look in her eyes. Her skin was tanned and healthy, and Ashlyn had a feeling she knew the woman.

"Ms. Berry!"

As the woman lifted her leg and stomped on the ground, she raised her hand to give Ashlyn a smart and perfect army salute.

"I am Janet Smith, captain of Thirteenth Air Force of H Nation Army Air Forces!"

The woman's voice was loud and bright, and she had a determined look in her eyes, exuding a powerful aura that no ordinary girl possessed.

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Ashlyn burst into laughter as soon as the woman made her introduction.

She then patted the woman's shoulder and said, "Wow, since when did our meek and delicate Ms. Janet Smith become an air force captain?"

Nodding her head, Ashlyn added, "I'm really impressed." She had a hint of joy in her eyes.

"Stop laughing at me, Ms. Berry."

Even so, Janet couldn't help but laugh as well, finally easing herself up quite a bit.

"Since the Notional Day parade, I decided to join the army. Every day, I'd sit in the barracks with nothing to do. I felt like I was basically wasting my life away."

She then looked at Ashlyn with admiration and continued, "Because of you, I've decided to join the air force!"

"Me? I can't help you. Only you can help yourself. It is you who can make your life more meaningful." Ashlyn spoke as she sat on a small stool beside her. "Sit down."

She then poured a glass of water for Janet. "We have limited conditions and facilities in the disaster site. Have a glass of water."

Looking at Ashlyn's charming face, Janet felt that Ashlyn was always calm and poised wherever and whenever she was.

Janet once assumed she was about to catch up to Ashlyn, but somehow the latter would always be able to make her realize that they would never be equal.

In fact, the distance between them was way greater than she had imagined.

I need to work harder than ever.

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[Chapter 914 The Tin Box](#)

"I've brought some supplies here on behalf of the air force. I-I'd like to be a pilot, Ms. Berry. However, my grandpa and the family are not in favor of my dream. They say I already fight and use weapons. Do I really need to learn how to fly a plane? But I believe I am capable of doing that..."

Janet hesitated briefly before continuing, "Currently, there is an opportunity to be dispatched to study in the Maredania Air Force, and I'm willing to fight for it."

"Well, you should just go for it! It's not hard to fly a plane. As long as you are keen on learning it well, I'm sure you can succeed." Holding the glass of water, Ashlyn warmed her cold hands, then lowered her head to drink it.

"Really?" Janet's eyes lit up. It was as if her mood was lifted immediately. "You aren't against my dream?"

Ashlyn glanced at her nonchalantly as she spoke in a bright tone. "It's not that there aren't any female pilots. We just don't have a lot of them. However, it's probably more difficult to fly a fighter jet in the air force than a commercial airplane."

Her words boosted Janet's confidence very much. Ashlyn watched Janet leave as the former sent her off while feeling emotional.

The delicate girl in the past is now a part of the army. That's a pretty stark contrast, isn't it?

Meanwhile, Ryan had already joined the Maredania Air Force and begun his military training without Ashlyn's knowledge.

Furthermore, he was on the air force team that was waiting for the first batch of exchange soldiers from H Nation.

At the Chapman residence in Lake City, the weather was cold recently, indicating early winter had arrived. Leaves were falling from trees, and the courtyard had a bleak atmosphere.

Bob's health seemed to be deteriorating, and he no longer seemed as energetic as he once was.

The weather that day was quite nice as the sun was out. The warm rays of the early winter sun soothed everyone and brought a feeling of comfort.

As Bob sat by the corridor, staring at the desolate courtyard, he couldn't help but let out a sigh.

"I need you to bring me the tin box from my room, Alfred."

The butler, Alfred, threw the broom aside and went inside the house.

After a while, he then returned with a tin box and handed it to Bob. "Mr. Chapman, this tin box holds great value to you. What made you decide to take it out now?"

"What's inside the box..." Cough! Cough! Bob let out a few loud coughs before continuing slowly, "The box contains Alice's toys that she played with when she was a child. She was a smart little girl and loved to play with ring puzzles. No one else could solve those puzzles except her."

As Bob opened the tin box, he seemed to be reminiscing about the past.

There was a ring puzzle in the box and some other toys suited for those with a higher level of intelligence.

"Look, these are all the toys that she loved playing with. Why did I... even think about bringing her back here in the first place?" Bob's gaze became distant. "She would still be alive and well if I hadn't brought her home..."

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“Please don’t say that, Mr. Chopmon. I believe that bringing Ms. Alice to the Chopmon family was a blessing and destiny for all of us!” Alfred glanced around to make sure there were no other people nearby before he continued, “Would the Chopmon family be prosperous and influential if it weren’t for the business knowledge left behind by Ms. Alice? Moreover, she even wrote a lot of music scores for you, which helped you become an acclaimed pianist. You are surely aware of these even if no one else knows about them, right?”

Bob’s eyes reddened as tears welled up in them. “The Chopmon family should be held accountable for this, but I should also be responsible for what happened...”

“It’s too late to say so. Ms. Alice will surely forgive you. From now on, you should treat Ms. Ashlyn better. After all, she’s the only family Ms. Alice has in this world.”

With that, Alfred let out a sigh.

In the past, Alice had always respected him, despite the fact that he was only a butler in the Chopmon residence. Therefore, Alfred felt the other children in the Chopmon family were incomparable to Alice.

“I heard that Ashlyn is now working at the disaster site. Although the Chopmon family has been on the decline for some time, and we are not comparable to what we used to be, we should still donate two million worth of supplies.”

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[Chapter 915 The Red Jade](#)

Bob was about to store the box away when he noticed a small, squarish piece of jade tucked in the corner of the box.

He reached for the red jade and held it up between his thumb and index finger to examine it in detail. Engraved on one side of the jade was a young girl's beaming face, and on the other was a leaf.

He recalled seeing Alice wearing this piece of jade around her neck when he first brought her back to the Chapman residence. It was easy to tell at first glance that the jade was worth a fortune.

The pale green of the leaf and the brilliant red of the jade formed a unique and breathtaking contrast.

After Alice had come of age, Bob had her stop wearing the jade, worried that it might be the key to her real family discovering her identity and whereabouts.

Looking back, Bob realized that he had been stupid and selfish.

Guilt and regret instantly filled him.

Still holding the jade, Bob was in such a daze that he did not notice the person standing in an obscure corner of the area.

It was Hera, and she was staring curiously at the piece of red jade in Bob's hand.

Is there something wrong with that jade? Why does Grandpa keep staring at it?

She remembered how much Bob treasured that box where he found the jade; he had strictly forbidden anyone from touching it.

As it turned out, the box was used to store all the things Alice had left behind.

That meant the piece of jade was most likely Alice's.

That night, Hera sneaked into Bob's room without him noticing and swiped the red jade out of the box.

Then, she dashed back to her bedroom and beckoned for Sisley.

"Mom, take a look at this jade. Do you see anything special about it?"

Sisley gave the jade an uninterested look and said, "Isn't that Alice's jade?"

"Then... Do Dad and his siblings have similar jades? Or is this something only Alice had?" Hera could not keep her curiosity at bay. "Grandpa seems to really cherish this jade piece, for some reason."

Sisley took the jade and inspected it over and over.

"An engraving so intricate can only be done by hand. No machine, however advanced, can replicate such results," she deduced. "Also, this leaf design on the back of the jade is irksomely familiar. I feel like I've seen it somewhere before, but I just can't quite put my finger on it."

Hera pointed out without thinking, "The leaf design? Do you think it's a family crest or something? Maybe you've seen it on the scion of a wealthy family before."

Sisley's eyes lit up. "Now that you mention it, I believe I did see the same leaf design during a banquet sometime ago, though I don't remember the details."

She had only just finished speaking when she heard Hera mumble dubiously, "Could it be that... Alice belonged to another family?"

"Put this red jade back where you found it before your grandpa realizes it's missing," Sisley urged, taking a picture of the red jade in the meantime. "You know how particular he is about that box."

"Relax, Mom. I'll put it back," Hera reassured blithely.

Seemingly recalling something, Sisley said, "By the way, with everyone being so into that disaster relief program right now, there will be an auction the day after tomorrow and the proceeds will go to the victims of the disaster. I want you to attend the auction with me so that we'll look like we're contributing to a good cause."

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"Put this red jade box where you found it before your grandpa realizes it's missing," Sisley urged, taking a picture of the red jade in the meantime. "You know how particular he is about that box."

"Relax, Mom. I'll put it back," Hero reassured blithely.

Seemingly recalling something, Sisley said, "By the way, with everyone being so into that disaster relief program right now, there will be an auction the day after tomorrow and the proceeds will go to the victims of the disaster. I want you to attend the auction with me so that we'll look like we're contributing to a good cause."

Hero reminded her mother wryly, "I don't exactly have anything else to donate to the auction, Mom. I don't have much jewelry to begin with, and Grandpa's cut off my allowance. Also, everyone in the fashion industry has eschewed me for good. I don't even have a proper dress in my wardrobe..."

"Oh, don't be so melodramatic. I'm sure your grandpa would pay out of his own pocket to revive the Chopmon family's reputation, just you wait and see." Sisley prodded her daughter's forehead and said emphatically, "Remember to put that red jade box."

"I will."

That was a lie. Hero could not bring herself to put this jade box into the box.

She was sure that no harm could come from her borrowing it for a while. It wasn't as if she would lose it. I'll put it back when I grow tired of it.

Meanwhile, Ashlyn received a phone call inviting her to attend the charity auction that aimed to raise funds for disaster relief.

Seeing as she was already volunteering, she planned on turning down the invitation, but something prompted her to reconsider. The charity auction was a formal event backed by high-level executives of

H Nation. These executives probably wanted to use her online platform to turn this auction into a large-scale event in hopes of raising more funds for charity.

At the thought of this, Ashlyn relented and talked to Lucas about making a trip back to Lake City.

Coincidentally, it was only a week ago when a certain world-class luxury brand released the catalogue for their latest evening gown collection.

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Coincidentally, it was only a week ago when a certain world-class luxury brand released the catalogue for their latest evening gown collection.

[Chapter 916 Collaboration](#)

It seemed par for the course, then, that the privilege of being the first to wear the latest collection fell on Ashlyn.

The vice president of the luxury fashion brand personally contacted Ashlyn. "Ms. Berry, it would be our greatest honor if you would wear one of our pieces to an event as grand as the charity auction. Furthermore, we promise that we will auction the dress you wear for the evening, and all proceeds will

go to the disaster relief.”

Ashlyn did not expect a high-end fashion brand like Alethea, which exclusively catered to A-list celebrities, to reach out to her personally.

In a bid to persuade her to take up the offer, the vice president of the brand went on to say, “We will be collaborating with Lille Magazine, the leading fashion magazine in H Nation, on next month's issue. On that note, we would love to have you on the cover. Do you think you'll be up for it?”

The man's enthusiasm caught Ashlyn off guard, and she replied hesitantly, “I don't know if I'm suited for the job, seeing as I'm not a model or a celebrity...”

Countless celebrities and supermodels would kill to be on the cover of a leading fashion magazine. She could not believe that an opportunity as precious as this one would fall on her, and she could not help but be skeptical about it.

“You've been a pacesetter in the recent disaster relief efforts. If anything, you and Mr. Nolan have set an example for the nation as a whole. We would extend the same invitation to him as well if it weren't so difficult to get ahold of him. You see, we initially planned on having a power couple like you on the cover...”

Ashlyn found herself picturing Lucas' grim, albeit handsome face during a photoshoot.

The thought of it amused her so much that she could not help smiling. She looked so dazzling in that instant that everything else around her seemed to fade away.

“Hmm... Maybe it's best if you let go of that idea,” she suggested.

She knew what this collaboration with Alethea would mean.

Following the phone conversation, the magazine cover shoot was scheduled for the day before the charity auction.

Ashlyn arrived on the set of the cover shoot at eight o'clock in the morning.

The location of the cover shoot was a renowned forest park in Lake City. Now that it was the beginning of winter, the park looked forlorn, especially with fallen leaves strewn all over the place. There was a man-made lake in the forest park as well. For what it was worth, at least the water looked crystal-clear, and every so often, a few ducks waded into the lake and frolicked there.

Surrounding the lake were resorts and recreational facilities, but given the freezing weather, there were hardly any tourists around. The lack of a crowd made it seem like the forest park was cut off from the rest of the world.

Presently, the employees from the magazine had set up a makeshift styling booth with whatever props they had on hand.

To one side, Cassandra was incredulous when she saw the first outfit that had been picked out for Ashlyn.

She hurried up to one of the magazine employees and asked, "Ms. Hinton, you're not seriously expecting Ashlyn to wear so little on a cold day like this, right? She'll freeze to death!"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Jensen, but the theme for today's cover shoot is 'Altruism', which means Ms. Berry will not only be expected to wear those clothes, but also to pose and move more naturally, like walk around the lake or dip her toes into the water. It's so we can fully capture the meaning behind our theme and offer a more candid perspective to our readers."

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The person in charge of the cover shoot for the magazine was none other than Sharon, Ashlyn's former rival from LX Corporation.

It was only with Mary's help that Sharon was able to return to work as a designer for LX Corporation, but those days were short-lived.

Sharon had been counting on Mary's help to become the chief designer in LX Corporation back then, but to her surprise, Mary had iced her out completely.

Consequently, Sharon had no choice but to leave LX Corporation once more and ended up joining Lille Magazine as part of the editorial board.

Not long after that, she was promoted to managing editor due to her sharp sense of fashion and experience as a former fashion designer. By chance, she was put in charge of this cover shoot.

However, she had no idea that Ashlyn was the mysterious designer from LX Corporation two years ago. Now that she had seen Ashlyn in person, she could not help but think that Ashlyn had a figure similar to that designer.

More importantly, Ashlyn had nearly the same mannerisms as that designer as well! It was a shame that the mysterious designer always wore a mask, so Sharon never did get a proper look at her face.

Ashlyn and the designer might be two different people for all Sharon cared, but they were similar enough for Sharon to take her anger out on the former.

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[Chapter 917 The Shoot](#)

Previously, there was no scene involving getting into the water. Nonetheless, Sharon wanted to see Ashlyn shivering in the cold water during early winter. That scene would surely be captivating.

"Ms. Hinton, isn't this a bit too much? It's freezing outside. She might catch a cold if she goes into the water," Cassandra tried to dissuade Sharon.

"I wonder if Ashlyn is truly willing to participate in the shoot. This shoot is for charity, and she's being held up as a national role model. She's done so many good deeds, but she can't do this one thing?"

Sharon raised an eyebrow as she stared at Cassandra. "Or are you saying everything about her is just a carefully crafted image? And all her so-called good deeds and contributions are just empty talk? You can cancel the shoot if you think she can't do it. We can find someone else. However, when the time comes, I guess the public opinion on Twitter will be..."

"You!" Cassandra glared at Sharon, infuriated by the woman before her. Grinding her teeth, she finally uttered menacingly, "Sharon, if I find out you're deliberately targeting my boss, I'll make sure you can't survive in this industry!"

Hearing Cassandra's warning, Sharon scowled a little but quickly maintained her composure. "Ms. Jensen, please watch your mouth. Do you know how to show some basic respect? If you want to continue the shoot, then we'll start now. Otherwise, leave. I won't stop you!"

"Of course, we'll shoot." Ashlyn's cold voice came from behind them.

"Boss..." Cassandra quickly walked up to Ashlyn. Ashlyn merely patted her hand and stared at Sharon with an icy gaze.

The world is truly small. I can even run into acquaintances in such a place.

Sharon, the former designer of LX Corporation, had always been disdainful of Ashlyn.

Ashlyn did not expect to meet Sharon again during a magazine shoot.

"I'm not a professional model, and I agreed to this cover shoot because your magazine invited me," Ashlyn said, enduring the bone-chilling wind with a cold smile. "What's the matter? Your boss was the one who invited me. You can report it to your boss if you don't want me to be on the shoot. There's no need for you to force yourself to do something you don't want to and force me to withdraw on my own accord. When I do withdraw, you will spread rumors online, saying I'm difficult to work with or acting like a diva, right? Sharon, you have not changed after all these years."

Ashlyn's icy eyes stared at Sharon. Her aura was even colder than the freezing wind.

"If you can't cooperate with me, I'll have to ask your boss to send another editor to work with me."

Sharon's previously arrogant demeanor was instantly shattered when she saw Ashlyn's expression.

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"Ms. Berry..."

Ashlyn ignored her, knowing all too well what she was thinking. She is just trying to ruin my reputation and sabotage my collaborations. I will not be fooled so easily.

Ashlyn turned to the stunned photographer standing nearby. "My makeup and costume are done. Let's begin."

It was as if she had taken control of the situation, treating it like her own turf.

She was like the queen giving orders.

The photographer finally snapped out of it and quickly said, "Ms. Berry, you can start by striking some poses freely, and I'll see if I can capture some good shots."

Right then, Ashlyn's phone suddenly rang.

She glanced at the screen and realized it was Lucas.

"Hello."

"Why bother arguing with her if you don't want to do the shoot?"

The man's magnetic voice came through the phone.

Ashlyn paused. "You're here?"

"How could I not come to witness your first cover shoot in person?" Lucas' voice was indulgent, but his words were merciless and cold. "It's okay. After you finish the shoot, I'll buy the magazine publishing company, and you can deal with them however you want. By then, they can only listen to you."

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[Chapter 918 The Photos](#)

Ashlyn could sense a hint of anger in Lucas' tone.

Lucas was always cold, but his emotions would change drastically if the matters concerned her.

Ashlyn hesitated for a moment before replying, “It's fine. Shooting this cover was actually a task arranged by the higher-ups. It's an opportunity and a coincidence. I'm fine with the public opinion being against me if I don't do it. But at the end of the day, I genuinely want to spread that kindness.”

After hanging up the phone, Cassandra asked, “Boss, what should we do now?”

A gust of icy wind blew past, chilling Ashlyn to the bone.

Ashlyn shivered, her face stiff from the cold.

But still she walked toward the nearby lake.

She walked naturally and casually as if she was strolling in her backyard.

Even as the freezing wind whipped around her, she seemed unaffected.

She reached the edge of the lake and stepped in, instantly causing ripples to form in the water.

The north wind howled, blowing fallen leaves around her. She was like a fairy in the woods, leisurely walking despite the bone-chilling cold.

Sharon stood not far away, holding a thermos cup with a mocking expression on her face.

In the end, aren't you still continuing the shoot obediently? You can only learn the hard way.

Standing in the icy water, Ashlyn alternated between dipping her feet in the water, walking, and lifting her skirt to jump around.

A hint of determination flashed in her bright eyes.

Meanwhile, the photographer continuously clicked the shutter.

Lucas stood on the opposite side of the lake, watching the woman who insisted on entering the water in such cold weather.

Which magazine requires such a shoot? Is it because my beloved isn't part of the entertainment industry, yet she managed to snatch such a great opportunity that they are deliberately bullying her?

He strode quickly toward Ashlyn.

Within minutes, he reached her, scooping up the shivering, purple-faced woman in his arms. "The shoot ends here!"

"Even if you're Mr. Nolan, you can't do whatever you want here." Sharon rushed over and saw Lucas holding Ashlyn tightly in his arms. She was furious when she saw that scene.

Why do all the good men in the world belong to other women?

"We signed a contract. If you don't do the shoot, it's a breach of contract. What gives you the right not to shoot? You're just an internet celebrity who's done a few good deeds, and it's all because Mr. Nolan is protecting you..."

Slap! Before Sharon could finish speaking, a slap landed harshly on her face.

Ashlyn broke free from Lucas' embrace and walked up to Sharon with her chin slightly raised. She still looked like a haughty queen.

"Who's protecting me is none of your business. Take a good look. This is your ugly face." Ashlyn took the phone from Cassandra and held up all the footage that Cassandra had recorded earlier in front of Sharon.

A hint of determination flashed in her bright eyes.

Meanwhile, the photographer continuously clicked the shutter.

Lucas stood on the opposite side of the lake, watching the woman who insisted on entering the water in such cold weather.

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She snatched the comero from the photogropher's honds, her fingers fronticolly pressing buttons.

She was stunned when she sow the photos.

Every photo captured was incredibly ethereal and beautiful. Ashlyn, who was already stunning, had an impeccable face that shone brightly in the cold winter wind, exuding a mesmerizing charm like a winter elf.

"If you can't survive in LX Corporation, do you think you can continue to stand in the fashion industry? You will definitely leave Lille Magazine the way you left LX Corporation back then."

"You! Ashlyn! You're going too far! Do you think you can bully a small editor like me just because the Nolan Group is wealthy?" Sharon yelled furiously, not expecting Ashlyn to be so tough.

"Me? Bullying you? Let's post this on Twitter and let everyone decide who's the real bully here. What do you say?"

"Ashlyn, are you out of your mind? Do you want me to post your ugly photos? I don't believe you look good in every single one! We'll see what you can do then!" Sharon covered her burning cheek, furious like a mad stray dog.

She was infuriated to the point of insanity, almost losing her rationality.

She snatched the camera from the photographer's hands, her fingers frantically pressing buttons.

She was stunned when she saw the photos.

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[Chapter 919 Ruin Your Reputation](#)

She was wearing a V-neck dress. The flared hem rippled as she swayed.

She was stunning. In fact, she looked prettier than many actresses in their retouched photos.

How's this possible?

Sharon continued to browse through the gallery and found no ugly photos.

None of the photos needed retouching and could be used as a cover photo straightaway.

No professional model could ace a photo shooting session like Ashlyn.

How's this possible? She's merely an influencer who has received credit for her contribution to the disaster zone. How is she able to showcase herself in such professional versatility?

Sharon continued to swipe through the gallery.

“Stop going through the photos! How am I going to submit the work to the chief editor if you accidentally delete them?” The photographer saw Sharon's crazed look and snatched the camera over.

“How is this possible... How is this possible?” Sharon was trembling all over. Why is this woman so beautiful? The more Sharon looked at Ashlyn's photos, the more she felt the latter looked like the mysterious designer of LX Corporation.

Ashlyn had the same curvaceous figure and the same melodious voice as the mysterious designer. She also had Lucas guarding zealously by her side.

A terrifying idea suddenly appeared in her mind.

She pointed at Ashlyn and shouted, “You... You're the mysterious Ms. X. You're her, aren't you?”

Hatred welled up in Sharon's heart. If it weren't for Ms. X, she wouldn't have had to go to Mary for help and get cast aside after she had been used.

In the end, she had been dismissed by LX Corporation.

After losing her job, she had no choice but to work in the fashion magazine industry. Not only did LX Corporation fire her, but they also banned her from the design industry.

She must be really down on her luck to meet her foe again after she had climbed her way to the position of managing editor of the leading fashion magazine.

This damned Ms. X!

Right then, all the grievances Sharon had suffered fled through her mind.

She glared at Ashlyn, wishing she could shred her to pieces.

Ashlyn stared at Sharon expressionlessly. Her gaze was icy cold as she spoke. “Does it matter if I'm Ms. X?”

“I lost my job as a designer because of you. How dare you show up in front of me again?” Sharon's every word simmered with vehement hatred as she continued to look daggers at Ashlyn.

“What does your losing your job have to do with me? If you hadn't done those despicable things, you wouldn't have lost your job.” Ashlyn felt Sharon's logic farcical.

She massaged her temples, feeling a headache coming. She regretted agreeing to do a photo shoot for

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"Losers will never reflect on themselves. They will always blame others for their debacle." Lucas' deep voice sounded particularly cold on this winter day.

Everyone looked at him in shock.

The man was tall and handsome, his presence imposing.

However, every word he said sent chills down everyone's spine.

Shoron's eyes glinted with arrogance as she said, "It's clear that you guys bullied me. Yet, you managed to twist it around so nicely. Mr. Nolan, you do have a silver tongue." She shook the phone in her hand. "I've recorded a video of how you guys bullied me just now."

Perhaps she had been working for the magazine long enough, Sharon was very good at recording videos. From the angle of her recording, Ashlyn seemed to be pointing while hurling abuses at her.

"Do you want to ruin your reputation, Ms. X or should I say, Mrs. Nolan?" Sharon said with a smug smile. I'm a genius. "What would the netizen think if they saw you two, the mighty CEO and his wife, bullying a petty editor like me?"

"So... you think you have the material to ruin my reputation?" Ashlyn thought Sharon was naive.

Right then, Cossondro, who had been by her side all this while, rushed over to Sharon.

Before Sharon could react, the phone in her hand was gone.

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Right then, Cassandra, who had been by her side all this while, rushed over to Sharon.

Before Sharon could react, the phone in her hand was gone.

[Chapter 920 Talented And Fashionable](#)

Thud!

Cassandra had tossed Sharon's phone into the lake.

The phone hit the water with a small splash before going under.

Sharon was stunned.

When she finally snapped back to reality, she shouted exasperatedly, "H-How could you do this?"

"Truly, some people never realize their mistakes until it's too late." Cassandra looked at her with a sneer. "Boss, Mr. Nolan and I could easily snuff your life out. Who do you think you are to go against us?"

Sharon's initial arrogance and hatred gradually turned to a trace of panic spreading fiercely in her heart when she heard Cassandra's words.

Even though she was a managing editor, she was still a nobody in the eyes of someone like Lucas.

The man could easily ruin her life.

She retreated instinctively while pleading for mercy, "Mr. Nolan... Mr. Nolan, please listen to me. I lost my head just now. I..."

Lucas ignored her. He released his arm that was holding Ashlyn and asked, "Are you still feeling cold?"

Ashlyn shook her head. "I feel much warmer now."

Lucas stared at Ashlyn's pretty face. A trace of sympathy flashed across his eyes as he suggested, "Stop shooting if it's too cold."

"It's a charity cover. I want to finish it." Ashlyn broke into a small smile. "The cold is not that bad."

Lucas nodded and squeezed Ashlyn's hand affectionately. "All right, then." Then, his domineering gaze fell on Sharon. "Ms. Hinton, since you're so talented and fashionable, why don't you do the photoshoot yourself? Let us see your fashion sense."

Sharon's face turned ashen. She turned to Lucas in disbelief. "No... I'm not a model. I don't know how to do it."

At that moment, Lucas looked aloof and noble. He looked at Sharon, carrying an air of a superior person.

"Ms. Hinton, don't you like shooting outdoors the most? Since you're so good and knowledgeable about it, how could you say you don't know how to do it?"

Everyone's expression changed when they heard that.

None of them dared to say anything, let alone speak up for Sharon.

It was apparent that Lucas was avenging Ashlyn.

The whole crew had the same thought.

Sharon had picked the wrong target that was way out of her league.

"No... Mr. Nolan..." Sharon said in quavering voice.

"My wife was standing in cold water in summer wear. It's all right if you don't want to dress so thinly. I'm fine if you just soak in the water for two hours." Lucas' voice was boiling with rage.

Lucos nodded and squeezed Ashlyn's hand affectionately. "All right, then." Then, his domineering gaze fell on Sharon. "Ms. Hinton, since you're so talented and fashionable, why don't you do the photoshoot yourself? Let us see your fashion sense."

Sharon's face turned ashen. She turned to Lucos in disbelief. "No... I'm not a model. I don't know how to do it."

At that moment, Lucos looked aloof and noble. He looked at Sharon, carrying on air of a superior person.

"Ms. Hinton, don't you like shooting outdoors the most? Since you're so good and knowledgeable about it, how could you say you don't know how to do it?"

Everyone's expression changed when they heard that.

None of them dared to say anything, let alone speak up for Sharon.

It was apparent that Lucos was avenging Ashlyn.

The whole crew had the same thought.

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For the sake of charity, Ashlyn had had to endure the freezing water in such cold weather.

There were barely any clothes to keep her warm. All because of this woman in front of him.

"N-No... I will do it..." Sharon was on the verge of tears.

Although rumors said that Lucas had bipolar disorder and was neurotic, he was still the president of Southern Star Airlines and Nolan Group.

If she dared to object to him and refuse his demand publicly, she would face an ending worse than death.

Everyone at the scene gaped in shock as the high and mighty managing editor started to strip off her clothes. Underneath her fur coat was a black dress.

She took off her coat and stood tremblingly in her flimsy dress.

"S-Start shooting..." she said to the dozed photographer while shivering in the cold.

The photographer hurriedly grabbed the camera and started taking the photos.

After a few shots, Sharon jumped up and rushed to her coat.

Cossondro walked over and stopped her. "Boss has been shooting for half an hour. You only have done it for a few minutes. Why the rush?"

"I-I've done it." Sharon's eyes were red. "I-It's too cold."

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