

## Extraordinary 951

### [Chapter 951 Is That Alice](#)

Moreover, the Chapman family's inheritance had fallen into the hands of Ashlyn, who was the granddaughter of the family.

The director stood there, feeling dizzy as he read netizens' comments and endured Hera's oppressive rebuke.

Somehow, he felt something was amiss.

While Ashlyn led a team of doctors to the operating theater to carry out the medical procedures, Sisley and Hera stood outside the door, gritting their teeth in hatred.

“B\*tch! Who gave her permission to operate on him?”

“He's going to be our burden again if he survives the surgery. Damn it!”

“He should just die and end our misery!” Sisley and Hera continued cussing silently.

All members of the Chapman family had arrived except Brad, who was still behind bars.

The rest of the Chapmans, too, had read all the trending stories on Twitter.

They began asking questions in shock and confusion. “What exactly happened? What does it mean when they say we're only allowed to stay in the residence? Aren't we entitled to even a small portion of the inheritance?”

“How could that old man do this to us? How could he be so biased? How could he hand everything to Ashlyn? We work like donkeys for the family, yet we don't get a single cent in return. Doesn't that make us ordinary white-collared workers?” another person added.

Annoyed, Sisley glared at them. “Go and ask that old man! He gave her the family inheritance, not me.”

“Hera, you shouldn't have auctioned off the red jade. You're the one who made your grandpa angry and caused him to fall ill, aren't you?” one of the family members questioned.

“No. It was Ashlyn. Ashlyn did that to him,” Hera defended herself.

“Stop trying to fool us. We're not stupid, okay? We'll not let you off if anything bad happens to Grandpa!”

Faced with the accusations from all the family members, Hera could only keep mum.

Right at that moment, the doors to the operating theater were pushed open.

An anxious-looking nurse wheeled Bob out on a bed.

The elderly man lay quietly on the bed with his eyes shut, and he was covered with a white hospital sheet.

His hair had been shaved, and his head was wrapped with a white bandage.

The elderly man appeared frail and vulnerable, his pale complexion resembling a sheet of paper, making him seem like a candle flame that could be easily snuffed out.

“Doctor, how's my dad?”

“Doctor, is my grandpa okay?”

The crowd rushed over and bombarded the doctor with all sorts of questions.

Ashlyn, who had just come out of the operating theater with a few nurses and doctors, noticed a group of people surrounding the nurse and Bob.

She glared at them icily. “Quiet!”

The atmosphere froze for a second.

Everyone was so shocked that they gave her an incredulous look.

Some of them had seen Ashlyn before, but most had not.

For a split second, they thought they saw Alice. “W-What are you doing here?”

“Is that Alice? Is she back?”

“No, she's not Alice, but she looks like her!”

Ashlyn ignored them. In an icy tone, she said, “Grandpa needs to rest, so no one should disturb him. Now, move!”

Intimidated by her aura, everyone stared at her stone-cold face and took a few steps back.

The nurses then wheeled Bob into the ICU ward while Ashlyn followed right behind.

All the other doctors caught up with her and walked toward the ICU ward.

One of the bystanders murmured, "What makes her think she's superior to us? Inheriting the Chapman family doesn't make her a cut above the rest."

"She looks exactly like Alice. If she finds out about Alice's past..." another person expressed his concern.

Sisley's face darkened. She shot daggers at the man. "What past? What happened back then? Now all of you listen carefully!"

All the Chapmans instantly zipped their mouths and stared at her in silence.

They used to think that Sisley and her children would inherit the Chapman family. After all, Hera was a prominent figure, and her accomplishments set her apart from the other children in the family.

#### [Chapter 952 A Luxurious Life](#)

All the Chapmans were used to complying with Sisley's directives without question.

Sisley said, "Alice's pregnancy was an accident, and it had nothing to do with us. It's entirely her fault since she led a messy life! Besides, it was Mr. Chapman who kicked her out of the family. It has nothing to do with us. If you start poking around into the past or accusing us of hiding any secrets, you'll have to deal with me!"

Hera nudged Sisley's arm and asked softly, "Mom, what exactly happened?"

"Nothing happened." Sisley looked tensed. Everything that happened in the past is better left buried! If Ashlyn finds out about it, given her status and abilities, she'll definitely seek revenge against us!

Sisley, who was still in shock, let out a long breath as she tried to compose herself. "You're just a child. There are things you shouldn't know."

She believed Ashlyn, too, had no idea what happened. We'll be safe as long as she's not aware of the past.

Meanwhile, in the hotel, Ryan would retrieve the red jade he had acquired from the Chapman family's auction and look at it once in a while.

Looking at the red jade made him feel as if he was looking at his sister during his childhood days. I must figure out the relationship between Mary and her daughter!

He was also eager to learn more about Ashlyn, as he was not entirely buying Bob's story. Was Alice really a daughter of the Chapman family?

Based on his investigations, he discovered that Alice was intelligent, talented, and a popular figure in the Chapman family.

As the number one socialite in Lake City, Alice was always the center of attention.

Ryan felt there was something Alice and his sister had in common. The direct descendants of the Yates family were known for their exceptional talents in various fields.

His sister had already achieved a high level of proficiency in piano at a very young age, reaching the tenth grade and winning major awards.

Ashlyn's accomplishments in piano were equally impressive as well.

Ryan sat on the couch and went deep in thought. He could not help but feel Ashlyn was more akin to a member of the Yates family.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

"Come in," Ryan said while putting the red jade away.

Mary pushed open the door and entered with Penelope.

"Ryan, have you taken lunch? Penelope and I just came back from the restaurant, and we bought you stir-fried beef with couscous and fruit juice. Would you like to have some now?" Mary tried to act natural before him while expressing her concern.

"Thank you." Ryan nodded politely and took the stir-fried beef with couscous. He was indeed famished since he did not eat anything at the auction.

"Enjoy your meal. Penelope and I will head back to our room to rest," Mary said and left with Penelope.

Ryan, who was engrossed in his meal, did not notice the vicious glances in their eyes.

After finishing the stir-fried beef with couscous, he felt drowsy and dozed off on the couch.

A few minutes later, Mary and Penelope got into his room and glared at him. "The drug Mr. Haddock gave us worked really well. Look, he's now lying unconscious on the couch."

"Mom, are you sure the item is with him?" Penelope asked cautiously.

"Yes. His personal seal is the jade pendant he wears around his neck, and his name is engraved on the bottom of it," Mary said. "As soon as we stamp his personal seal on the document and top it up with another official chop, we're done!"

Even if the Yates family decided to kick them out of the family, they would still have some money. All we need to do now is stamp his personal seal on the document and top it up with the official chop.

Mary searched through Ryan's belongings and eventually discovered the official chop, which bore the emblem of the Yates family.

"Mom, I'm a little nervous." Penelope held the chop but dared not stamp it on the document.

Mary snatched it from her.

"What's there to be afraid of? We just need to stamp it on the document. Don't you want to live a luxurious life? Once the document is stamped, we'll have more money than we can ever spend. Do we still need to depend on them for money? No, we can live a comfortable life on our own after this," Mary said.

Her excitement grew as she forcefully slammed the official chop onto the document.

### [Chapter 953 Inherit](#)

After pressing it, she carefully wiped the seal clean, put it away, and returned it to its original place.

Only then did she happily take the agreement and drag Penelope along to leave Ryan's room.

...

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Bob passed out for a whole day before finally waking up.

He slowly opened his eyes and noticed the tubes and instruments inside the ICU ward.

He thought for a while before recalling where he was. I suppose I'm in a hospital, but why was I admitted?

He contemplated a little longer. Oh, that's right. The auction. Hera and Ashlyn.

His memories slowly came back to him.

Every breath Bob took caused his chest to ache as he lay there, feeling weak and exhausted.

His head also throbbed with tingling pain, making him extremely uncomfortable.

At that moment, a person dressed in sterile protective clothing entered the ward.

"Grandpa."

The woman's calm voice was indifferent but laced with a hint of concern.

"Ashlyn," Bob uttered weakly.

"I performed surgery on you the day before yesterday because you had a cerebral infarction. You'll need to stay in the ICU ward for another day for observation. If your condition stabilizes, I'll transfer you to a regular ward."

Then, she briefly recounted the incident to him before saying, "I cannot stay here for too long because my presence will disturb your rest."

He suddenly reached out, using all his strength to grab her hand. "Ashlyn, I'm so happy and glad you're finally addressing me as your grandpa."

His aged and veiny hand fell limply on the bed after he finished saying that.

Taking in his fragile state, Ashlyn let out an inward sigh.

"Ashlyn, I beg you. You must inherit the Chapman family. If you don't, I won't be at peace even in death." Bob's voice carried a hint of pleading as he gazed longingly at Ashlyn.

"I've failed your mother and you in my life. Please, I beg you." Murky tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Can you really not promise me? I-I may not have much longer to live." He started to gasp for breath. Startled, Ashlyn immediately called out. "Hurry up and save him!"

Hearing her exclamation, the doctors and nurses outside rushed into the ward and joined her in activating various devices as they scrambled to rescue Bob.

"He got too emotional when he saw me." Half an hour later, Ashlyn, looking somewhat worn out, said to everyone, "Thank you."

"Dr. Berry, you've been monitoring Mr. Chapman's condition outside the ICU in the past two days. You must be tired after staying awake for so long. Now that his condition is stable, you should go home and get some rest. We'll be here to keep a close watch on him," one of the doctors uttered concernedly to Ashlyn.

She nodded before dragging her weary body and moving toward her office.

When she pushed the office door open, she caught whiffs of the aroma of food.

Taken aback, she turned to look at the delicious-looking dishes served on the table. "Lucas? Why are you here?"

Dressed in a black shirt, Lucas crossed his long legs elegantly and was holding a laptop to deal with work matters at that moment.

Hearing her surprised voice, he looked up. His pensive gaze fell on her. He closed the laptop and said, "Come and have your meal."

She walked over and sat beside him.

He pulled her into his embrace and wrapped his arm around her slender waist. "You've lost weight."

She patted him. "Nonsense. I'm still the same."

"I can't sleep well without you by my side." He buried his head in her shoulder and took a deep breath. The faint scent of disinfectant on her smelled particularly pleasant.

"I'll accompany you to take a nap later." She patted his head, suddenly feeling as if she was raising a clingy Golden Retriever, and she felt a sense of warmth filling her chest.

Hearing that, Lucas curled his lips into a smile. "Okay."

#### [Chapter 954 Uninvited Guests](#)

After finishing their meal, Lucas went to answer a phone call while Ashlyn went into the lounge inside her office to get some rest. As soon as her body came into contact with the bed, she closed her eyes and drifted off.

When Lucas hung up the call and entered the lounge, he saw she was sleeping soundly while wearing a serene expression.

Her previously red and plump lips were now a little pale. Her long eyelashes covered her eyes, and her delicate face showed signs of fatigue.

His heart ached at that sight.

He leaned down and gently kissed her lips before climbing into the bed as well.

Lucas stretched out his long arm and pulled Ashlyn, who was sound asleep, into his embrace. She must be drained after working so hard in the past few days.

The time was already past one o'clock in the afternoon when she woke up.

Ashlyn stretched and sat up, finding herself still somewhat exhausted. She knitted her brows as she felt a little dizzy.

When she raised her arm, she heard Lucas' magnetic and hoarse voice ring out. "You're burning up!"

He had coincidentally touched her face with his hand.

Ashlyn was stunned. She got out of bed to look for an infrared thermometer. After a beep, she gazed at the number on the display in resignation. "Thirty-nine degrees Celsius. I have a fever."

"You must've fallen sick from exhaustion." He pushed her back onto the bed. "You need to stay here and get rested. I'll look for the nurse to get you some antipyretic medication."

In fact, Ashlyn had come down with a fever and a cold.

She sniffled and swallowed the medicine.

Then, she heard the nurse, who came in with Lucas. "Dr. Berry, even the most robust body cannot withstand being overworked in this manner. You should go home instead of staying in the office."

Ashlyn nodded. "I'll leave my grandpa in your care."

Half an hour later, the car came to a steady stop in front of Whitland Villa.

However, right after they pushed the door open and entered the villa, Ashlyn sensed Lucas's body stiffen in front of her.

She looked inside the house in confusion and noticed a group of uninvited guests.

Dozens of men in black stood behind the couch in the living room, like rows of black towers.

A middle-aged man and woman sat on the couch, leisurely watching her and Lucas.

"Dad? Mom?" Lucas glanced at them coldly and spoke indifferently. "What are you doing here?"

Franklin flashed a wicked smile while caressing the black cat in his arms. He shifted his sinister gaze from Lucas to Ashlyn, sending discomforting chills to travel down the couple's spines as he sized them up back and forth.

"We miss you. Aren't we allowed to be here?" Livia bored her beguiling eyes into Ashlyn. "Pfft. I wonder what kind of love potion you made my son consume. How dare you admit that you're his wife in public?"

Lucas grimaced in displeasure after hearing his mother's sarcastic remark. "Mom, Ashlyn has done nothing wrong."

"Are you blaming your dad and me then?" Livia arched her delicately-trimmed brows. "Your sisters died so tragically. My dear Claire and Grace. How disappointed and heartbroken would they be if they knew how pathetic you've become."

The expression on Lucas' face changed drastically. "Mom, what's the point of you mentioning that?"

"Can't I talk about my daughters?" Livia let out a shrill and spine-chilling laughter. "My daughters died because of you, yet you continue living in this world without the slightest remorse. How did the Nolan family wrong you to have raised an ingrate like you? This is what you owe our family. I want you two to break up at once. In that case, we can still remain a loving family. "If you don't... Well, did those people not teach you a sufficiently memorable lesson that night in the disaster area? Is that why you two are getting carried away?"

"Your expression didn't even change when you brazenly admitted to your plan of assassinating your adopted son. I've gained a new understanding of how shameless the two of you can be." Lucas grasped Ashlyn's hand.

This time, he didn't want to let go of her hand anymore.

He wanted to be with her and live a peaceful life together.

#### [Chapter 955 Authorization](#)

"You shouldn't have been so naughty," Franklin murmured as he gently caressed the black cat's fur. The black cat's green eyes were deep and slightly frightening.

Ashlyn felt unusually calm despite facing the odd couple. She stood by Lucas and listened to the three of them converse. She quirked her lip, feeling cold and parched.

In an unrestrained and partially disdainful voice, she said, "I'm the one who gets to decide what to do with my life. The two of you have no right to meddle with my affairs. You're better off saving your energy. I'm with Lucas because we are in love with each other and it's not because of anything else. So, what other methods do you have to break us apart? You can always try," Ashlyn said, turning a mocking gaze at Livia. "So? Will you admit defeat?"

Instantly, Livia's expression darkened. It was true that her martial art skills were not strong enough to defeat Ashlyn when they were at the hospital previously.

It greatly shamed her, and Ashlyn was currently using it to make fun of her.

Livia's heart was filled with hatred as she glared at Ashlyn icily. "You b\*tch! Get her! Make sure you mess up her face!"

The moment she uttered the words, the men in black behind her pounced on Ashlyn and Lucas like wolves.

Backing away, Ashlyn put some distance between herself and Lucas and prepared to fight.

However, Lucas suddenly stepped in front of her and intercepted one of the men in black's attack.

His movements were smooth and fluid as he tangled with them.

He dodged to the side, neatly evading one of the men's attack.

Out of the blue, he grabbed a vase near the door and threw it at his opponent.

The vase shattered upon impact and left a bloody streak running down the man's forehead.

Ashlyn, too, was not weak. She lifted a leg and kicked one of the men toward Franklin.

Shocked, Franklin hurriedly got up and dodged.

The man fell onto the couch with a heavy thud.

Sneering, Livia joined the fray. However, she had grossly underestimated Ashlyn's abilities.

With numbers on her side, she thought she would be able to capture Ashlyn easily. In fact, she had forgotten how strong Lucas was.

If his illness acted up and he had a manic episode, he would have lost his mind. When that happened, Ashlyn would be left to fight alone.

Thus, Livia was surprised that she did not manage to provoke Lucas into having a manic episode.

His expression remained solemn, and his handsome look carried a hint of coldness with it.

Fist to the flesh, the punches rained down upon the men in black.

They were not his opponents at all.

Lucas' identity as the clan leader of an ancient martial arts family was not merely for show.

Franklin glared at Lucas furiously while hugging the black cat. "Lucas, you ingrate. How dare you treat your mother and me this way? How dare you try to resist? You've gone too far!"

"Don't you dare touch Ashlyn. She's my bottom line." With a thud, Lucas threw the last man in black at Franklin's feet. His expression turned ugly.

Franklin glared at Lucas. "How dare you treat us this way?"

"The Nolan family has put in a lot of effort to raise you, and this is how you repay us?" Livia bellowed angrily.

The instant the words left her lips, Ashlyn's fist came down on her.

Livia stumbled a few steps backward before she managed to stabilize herself.

"Apart from guilt-tripping Lucas, what more can you do?" Ashlyn raised a brow at Livia. "Can't you come up with more sophisticated methods?"

Franklin tossed aside the black cat and brought out a contract. "We'll leave if you sign this."

"What's this?" The coldness in Lucas' eyes was chilling.

"This is Nolan Group's letter of authorization and South Star Airlines' transfer authorization letter." Franklin grinned wickedly. "Give them to me. I'll take good care of them in your stead."

### [Chapter 956 Refusal](#)

"When Grandpa passed away, he divided his property and gave you and Mom your shares. Yet, you wish to take over the whole group? If you lack funds, you can sell off your shares." Lucas was unfazed by Franklin's words.

It was sickening how the middle-aged couple's greed knew no bounds.

If he had not been the Nolan family's adopted son, he would have cut his ties with them.

"Did you forget that we're true members of the Nolan family? On the other hand, you're only an adopted son," Livia reminded him contemptuously, "The Nolan family gave you everything."

"That's why I'll take protect Nolan Group and South Star Airlines on Grandpa's behalf."

"I see you prefer to do it the hard way." Franklin no longer wished to waste his time on Lucas. To Livia, he said, "Let's leave."

"Lucas, just you wait. We won't let this slide," Livia threatened as she walked away.

The men in black clambered up from the ground and hurried after them.

Ashlyn let out a long sigh when she heard someone slam the doors of the mansion shut. "It looks like you've recovered from your illness."

Ian is truly skillful. If it were before, Lucas' illness would have acted up whenever he gets agitated.

However, his face had merely turned slightly pale after the interaction.

Lucas had not expected Ashlyn to show concern about his condition instead of being worried about her own comfort.

He felt a warm feeling seep into his heart and he could not help himself from embracing her. "Silly girl."

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Hera and Sisley brought some fruits and daily necessities with them as they entered the elevator.

Bob had already been moved to the normal ward and the mother and daughter were currently headed toward that room.

Just then, a caregiver was feeding Bob some oatmeal porridge in the ward.

He could only eat bland food in his current condition.

Sisley set down the container of food she brought and glanced at the plain oatmeal porridge disdainfully. "Dad, I brought you some mushroom soup. Why don't you have some? It will do you good."

"Madam, Mr. Chapman's body is very weak at the moment. The doctor recommends that he abstain from hearty food for the time being," the caregiver informed Sisley quietly.

Sisley's face clouded over as she looked up at the ceiling and rolled her eyes. "How will he recover if he doesn't have some nutritious food in his belly? What on earth is the doctor thinking? She's doing it on purpose, isn't she? It looks like she doesn't want him to recover!"

The caregiver was troubled. "Those were Dr. Berry's instructions. If you don't believe me, you can check with her."

"How dare you speak to my mother in that manner? Do you wish to be fired?" Hera was irritated when she heard the caregiver mention Ashlyn.

"Who's trying to fire the caregiver I hired?"

All of a sudden, a cold voice sounded from the direction of the door of the ward. Sisley and Hera turned to see Ashlyn, who was dressed in a large white coat, standing at the entrance.

Her slim and tall figure was further emphasized by the loose white coat and she carried herself in an imposing manner.

Reluctantly, Sisley explained, "I spoke hastily because I was concerned about Mr. Chapman's health. I hope you won't take my words to heart."

No matter how disgruntled and resentful Sisley felt, Ashlyn was currently the matriarch of the Chapman family in name. Thus, she had no choice but to behave herself in front of Bob.

"Ashlyn..." Bob extended a hand toward Ashlyn. After a brief hesitation, Ashlyn came over. "Grandpa."

"My days are numbered. If you still refuse to take over the position, I may as well just drop dead." Bob reached for the machine by his bed with the intention of turning it off.

"Grandpa, no!" Ashlyn hurriedly grabbed his hand. "Don't be rash!"

Bob kept his hand on the machine, gripping the switch firmly. "I'll unplug the machine if you refuse to agree to it! I no longer need to get better. I'll just die right now!"

"Grandpa, why must you threaten me?" Ashlyn sighed. "I don't have much of a relationship with the Chapman family since I grew up in the countryside. I have no obligation, nor do I feel a sense of duty toward the family. If you really wanted a descendant of the Chapman family, why must you choose me?"

#### [Chapter 957 Black Sheep](#)

"You're the only one... The rest of them are all black sheep who only know the concept of spending money. If I hand the Chapman family over to them, the Chapman family will fall from grace by tomorrow and cease to exist!"

Bob was no fool. He knew that none of the younger Chapmans were normal.

It was especially the case for Hera. The immense hope he had in her back then was why he was thoroughly disappointed in her now.

He had been a fool to assume that she was the child who could take over the Chapman family.

He finally realized that the child he had raised was useless.

Everything she had done had brought nothing but disappointment upon him.

That feeling intensified when she had stolen the red jade a few days ago. It even made Bob wish he would never see her again.

Even though Hera was peeling apples for him and bringing him glasses of water without needing any prompting, Bob was still unfazed. He had thoroughly given up on her.

"Grandpa, are you really going to hand the Chapman family over to Ashlyn?" Hera squeezed out miserably. "There isn't a place in her heart for the Chapman family, so why don't you—"

"No. Don't even think about it," Bob interrupted. "Ashlyn is the only one I'll hand the Chapman family to. No one else can ever get their hands on the Chapman family."

Then, he turned to Ashlyn and asked, "Ashlyn, are you sure you don't want to accept this?"

Ashlyn wavered. Looking at Bob's wrinkly hand on the machine's switch, she ultimately sighed and muttered, "Okay."

Her agreement brought a smile to Bob's face.

After that, he ate some oatmeal porridge, but alas, he had overexerted himself.

In no time, he fell asleep.

After Ashlyn asked the caregiver to take care of Bob, she turned to leave.

Hera furiously stormed after her. "Don't be so smug just because you're now the head of the family. No one actually thinks of you as the head of the family! It's just a title you possess. You're just—"

"Are you done?" Ashlyn questioned, shooting her an icy, apathetic look.

"Um..." Hera mumbled, rooted in her spot. Somehow, the words she was ready to hurl at Ashlyn refused to leave her mouth. She had been frightened into silence.

"If you're done, shut up," Ashlyn hissed before giving her one last annoyed look and walking toward the office.

Hera could only remain in her spot, fuming as she watched Ashlyn go.

Why was I scared of Ashlyn?

The last thing Hera would do was admit that she had momentarily been frightened by Ashlyn's vicious glare.

Meanwhile, when Ashlyn returned to the office, she realized Lucas was there.

He was sitting on the couch, reading the newspapers. His side profile was perfect. Even though his skin was smooth, his facial features were defined.

His eyes were dark and mysterious, and his brows made themselves known despite the rest of his outstanding features. The shape of his lips caught Ashlyn's gaze.

Every part of him exuded elegance and grace.

He was wearing a black shirt that day, his sleeves rolled up a little. There was something alluring about the slight reveal of his muscular arms.

"Why are you here again?" Ashlyn asked, lifting a brow at the sitting Lucas. "Does a president have that much free time?"

"I'm here to see my wife. Is that not allowed?" The man laughed, his eyes turning into crescents.

"It is allowed," Ashlyn muttered, only half exasperated. When she walked over to him, she spotted a few plates of fresh fruits on the coffee table.

Did he come just to give me fruits?

Lucas nonchalantly took a peach and brought it to Ashlyn's lips. She froze for a second but soon parted her lips to eat it. Then, she heard the man say, "The funds for the disaster relief have all been sent to the disaster zone. Haddock Charity has also donated five million."

As the flavor of the peach spread in her mouth, Ashlyn asked, "Is Dixon that generous?"

"It's a task assigned to him by his superior. How could he not complete it?" Lucas said as a mocking smile grew on his lips.

Since Dixon had destroyed Ashlyn's Imperial Hotel, Lucas was definitely going to ruin everything Dixon had.

#### [Chapter 958 Lynlyn](#)

Lucas' eyes briefly flickered with a vicious look, but he swiftly concealed it.

Ashlyn did not notice it. She was turning on the television, and when the screen flickered to life, entertainment news was broadcasting.

"Influencer Lynlyn has joined Haddock Group's newly established entertainment company, Haddock Entertainment. She has become Haddock Entertainment's first artiste. Mr. Haddock, may I know why you think Lynette Berry, also known as Linnie, will be the next best thing?"

On the screen, Dixon was wearing a black suit, sitting on the couch with a glacial expression on his face.

"Lynette is a hardworking girl, but I also found out that she has a stubborn bone in her. That quality of hers will aid in her development in showbiz, and I'm sure that we, Haddock Entertainment, will be able to make Lynette a national idol."

"Amazing words from Mr. Haddock!" The host then passed the microphone to Lynette. "What do you think about the nickname Lynlyn?"

Lynette, who was wearing a white dress, had a similar makeup style to Ashlyn. Her pureness had a little charm, and she looked like she was only around the age of eighteen.

However, perhaps because of her few years of experience as an influencer, she exuded a sense of maturity, which contrasted with her looks.

"Ashlyn has always been my idol. I really, really like her and worship her. It's my honor to be called Lynlyn, and I feel blessed. However, I'm certain that, one day, I'll surpass her in fame. I'll be standing on the peak of a mountain taller than hers."

Lucas was staring at Dixon and Lynette in annoyance.

"Lynette does kind of look like you. If it's late at night, or if she's in a dark area, anyone might mistake her for you," he commented.

Ashlyn arched a brow and began studying Lynette.

She then curled her lips and said, "Dixon is resorting to lowlier and lowlier tricks. I can't believe he found a copy of me to disgust me. If Lynette does something horrible, he might take the opportunity to make me the scapegoat instead."

"Indeed." Lucas nodded. "It looks like we need to find a way to get rid of Lyne—"

"No rush," Ashlyn told him, still staring at the television. "Let's see what Dixon has in store for us first."

By then, the subtitles on the screen had turned provocative: Lynlyn provokes Ashlyn out in the open!

"Tsk, ts. Does she want me to respond to that so that she can ride on my coattails before calling me petty?" Ashlyn chuckled and shook her head. "I'm not going to waste my time on a clown like her."

Ashlyn was famous, and she had countless fans.

It would not be unusual to have someone mimic her.

After all, many rookies in the entertainment industry liked using that method to live off a more popular figure's laurels.

They would be either known as a younger copy of the already-famous artistes or the self-proclaimed heir to the famous artistes' legacies.

It was a popular tactic for them to try and gain fame, but only a select few were successful in using that strategy to achieve fame.

"Honey, let's watch a movie instead," Lucas suggested, not wanting Ashlyn to get frustrated by those matters anymore. "Let's go."

There was a private theater designed in a homely manner beside the study.

Lucas carried Ashlyn to the couch.

After turning on the equipment, he asked, "What do you want to watch?"

"Anything." Ashlyn yawned.

In the end, Lucas chose a sentimental romance film.

The kissing scenes in that film were plentiful to the point Ashlyn could not help but turn red in the face.

She thought Lucas would have chosen an action film or some kind of patriotic film, but as it turned out, he had chosen to watch romance.

Ashlyn was getting flustered.

The longer the film went on, the more tangible the love in the air seemed to be. Her face started heating up.

All of a sudden, Lucas pulled her into his arms and fixed his burning gaze on her. "Honey, why don't we kiss too?"

#### [Chapter 959 Anniversary](#)

Before Ashlyn could come back to her senses, Lucas pressed his lips against hers.

The next morning, before Ashlyn got out of bed, she received a call from Brand X's public relations director.

"My dear Ms. X, it's the brand's anniversary event today. Will you be able to make it? The president hopes that you'll be able to show up at the event."

Ashlyn chuckled. "I've never been allowed to appear in the anniversary events in the past years, so what's with the change this year?"

"It's mainly because we've hired a few models for the brand this year, but it's also because a few stars from our business partner will be on the runway for us," the public relations director carefully said.

Hearing that, Ashlyn lifted a brow and fell silent for a while. She then said, "All right. I'll be there, but I won't be there as a designer. I'll be there as Ashlyn Berry, got it?"

"Of course, of course. As long as you're willing to come," the public relations director hastily said before ending the call.

Ashlyn was popular and a major contributor to the disaster relief efforts, so naturally, the higher-ups had nothing but praise for her.

Even if she were not Brand X's designer—even if she were only the major contributor to the disaster relief—many would still wish to catch a glimpse of her.

At three in the afternoon, Ashlyn and Cassandra drove to Rosalind's studio. Right as they arrived, they heard the sounds of Lynette's news coming from the studio's television.

It irked Cassandra.

“Boss, are we really going to let Lynette do as she pleases? She's shamelessly coasting on your efforts non-stop!”

“She hasn't done anything concrete that's disrupting my life,” Ashlyn uttered in a flat tone. “It won't be too late for us to intervene if she really does that. Now, she's only trying to gain fame by using my name, and if I were to mess with her now, people would think that I was petty.”

“But this is so irritating. There's only one of you in this world, and no matter how much she looks like you, she's a fraud!” Cassandra angrily cried out.

She despised Lynette and was disgusted by how Lynette shared the same family name as Ashlyn—Berry.

“Forget it. She's only getting called Lynlyn; she hasn't done anything outrageous,” Ashlyn said as she walked into Rosalind's studio. “It really won't be too late for us to deal with her if she does something absurd.”

Cassandra nodded.

She had faith in Ashlyn.

After all, Ashlyn was no doormat. Anyone who dared to lay a finger on Ashlyn would receive a swift punch in return.

Upon entering Rosalind's studio, Ashlyn saw Rosalind, who was in a meeting. “Is my dress ready?”

Rosalind curled her lips and glanced at the time. “You're X Corporation's designer, but you're asking me for the dress? Are you trying to ruin X Corporation's reputation?”

“Pah! It's just a dress. I'll wear another designer's dress if that's what I want, and I'll wear whatever brand I like,” Ashlyn coldly said, sounding aggressive.

Rosalind immediately took a dress off the rack and said, “For you.”

Ashlyn glimpsed at the dress. “Not bad. I'll pay right now.”

Rosalind frowned. “Stop with the act. You were the one who invested in my studio back then, and I've

always given you my clothes for free. Paying me now will be insulting me!”

Right then, Cassandra, who barely slept well the night before, yawned. “That’s enough. Stop messing around. The event’s about to start.”

X Corporation’s event would start at seven in the evening, and Ashlyn had arrived at six in the evening.

Brand X had been one of the top-tier brands in the country.

Not only were they having an event for their anniversary, but they even invited quite a number of celebrities and several famous models for the opening and closing shows.

All of the models, naturally, were wearing X Corporation’s new clothes.

The moment Ashlyn arrived, the public relations director ran over. “Ms. Berry!”

“Hmm?” Ashlyn raised her brow at him. “Why are you in such a hurry? Did something happen?”

“Well... Mr. Shaw is asking for you to walk the runway for the opening show. Are you okay with that?” the public relations director tentatively asked her, his wish for her to accept it visible on his face. Ashlyn had a pretty face and a slender body. However, she was about a hundred and seventy centimeters tall—a little short for modeling standards.

#### [Chapter 960 The Opening Show](#)

Nevertheless, she was tall in comparison to average women.

Ashlyn was tall, and there was something apathetic in the way she carried herself.

It made her a good model.

The models in the event were no ordinary models, and yet, Richard was asking Ashlyn to be in the opening show.

“Ms. Berry, Mr. Shaw said that we’ll be donating five million for the disaster relief efforts, so your appearance in the opening show is of extraordinary significance,” the public relations director continued.

“But why didn’t Richard say anything about this to me?” she queried, frowning.

Richard Shaw had established X Corporation by himself, and he managed to bring it to great heights until they had achieved what they now had.

Yet, Richard had not said anything to her about starring in the opening show.

It seemed as though the public relations director had been the one to make the decision himself.

Something fishy was going on.

“Why don't you... give Mr. Shaw a call then?” the public relations director suggested, peeking at Ashlyn.

Ashlyn shook her head. Calling Richard for something as minor as this would make her seem petty and reluctant.

“Never mind. It's just a runway walk,” Ashlyn mumbled.

“All right. If you're afraid of the crowd or if you feel too tense, you have to tell the show director immediately so that he can help you recompose yourself,” the public relations director added worriedly.

Studying the public relations director's anxious look, Cassandra snorted and said, “Boss has been through many things. This is just a runway walk. Why would she be afraid of it?”

The public relations director was still hesitant. But she's an inexperienced rookie. How can she be as good as a professional?

Nonetheless, those were words that he did not dare to say out loud.

Ashlyn had just called Richard by his name, after all.

In other words, she was definitely on good terms with Richard.

In the meantime, the models were all looking at Ashlyn with amusement in their eyes.

Some were even whispering, “She's just an influencer who got a chance to show off when she contributed to the disaster relief activities.”

“We're models with awards to our names. Who does she think she is?”

“I know, right? I can't believe she even stole your role in the opening show, Sadie! She's too much! We only got the chance to be here after so many auditions.”

“What right does she have to land this opportunity so easily?”

“Forget about it. She has someone powerful backing her. She's Mrs. Nolan. Didn't you hear her call Mr. Shaw by his name?”

When Cassandra heard the models talking smack about Ashlyn, she desperately wished to walk over to slap them.

She held back, however.

Ashlyn was the star in the disaster relief efforts at the moment. Any bad news concerning her would bring her soaring reputation crashing to the ground immediately.

Ashlyn peeked at Cassandra's furious expression and laughed. "Just ignore them. We're not professionals anyway. Since Richard asked me to walk the runway, I'll do it once. Moreover, the opening show is important to a model. It's an honor for those who get to walk the runway during the opening show. I've abruptly taken the chance for that from one of them, so it's normal that they're angry."

Ashlyn was a designer, after all. So, she knew well how things worked in the industry.

Cassandra then shot the models another glare before dropping the topic.

Right then, a man with a young woman came backstage.

When Lynette saw Ashlyn, a look of surprise flitted past her eyes.

At the same time, Ashlyn saw Lynette. Their eyes met.

A strange tension filled the air.

Still, Ashlyn looked away a second later.

Dixon had spent much money headhunting Lynette's manager, so her manager was an extremely capable individual.

Without a doubt, he was good at fighting for resources to pave the way for the artiste he was managing.

Lynette was almost the same height as Ashlyn, and more importantly, she was younger.

Her young age meant that her future was filled with endless possibilities in the entertainment industry.

Right then, a female staff member walked over to say to Ashlyn, "Ms. Berry, please put on the clothes for the runway. This set of clothes is one of the main works that our company's famous Ms. X designed."

Ashlyn nodded. "Okay."

All of a sudden, Lynette's manager excitedly walked over to Ashlyn and stood in her way.