

Read Starting with A Divorce Chapter 171-180

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 171-Getting Drunk

Lindsay came over and embraced Kaitlin tenderly. “Kaitlin, just say something. Otherwise, how can Cason help you deal with it if you don’t say anything!”

Her eyes were red as she looked at Kaitlin. Kaitlin had been locking herself in the room. for the past two days. She felt distressed too.

Kaitlin felt so powerless for the first time. The name of the Baldry family kept looming

over her.

“A video.”

The suffocating pressure made it impossible for her to breathe. She knew that even she didn’t say anything now, it would probably be worse if it was revealed later.

“What video?” Cason looked at Kaitlin warily.

Lindsay also suddenly fell silent and loosened her hand around Kaitlin.

if

Kaitlin panicked and clenched her hand. “It is Ainsley! She gave a man ten million dollars

to make a video of me. Well, that kind of video.”

Cason immediately understood what the video was.

But did Ainsley really pay ten million dollars for someone to do this to Kaitlin?

He stared hard at Kaitlin with sharp eyes. “Did you do something again?”

“No, I didn’t!” Kaitlin didn’t dare to look him in the eye and cowered behind Lindsay.

Lindsay blocked Kaitlin's body. "Cason! Your sister is so pathetic. That ***hurt your

sister. I can't believe you're helping her!"

"Find that ***! If that video gets out, your sister will be ruined!"

The Baldry family would become the laughingstock of the whole of Seattle, and even she

would be mocked.

"Cason! I didn't do anything. Help me! I don't want everyone to see that video. I'll die, I'll

really die!" She cried, tugging at Cason's cuffs, unwilling to let him go.

Cason knew the pressure the Baldry family would be under if the video went viral. But now Ainsley had the video.

He shook off Kaitlin's hand. "What did you do? Tell me!"

"I... I had her kidnapped. But the guy was paid by her to kidnap me. Then..." She hugged Lindsay and cried.

"***! You're so ***!" Cason's whole body trembled with anger.

Kaitlin cowered back in fear. "It's my fault, Cason, help me. I really won't make any more

trouble."

"Kaitlin knows she's wrong. Don't scold her. She made a mistake in a moment of confusion. But that **** shouldn't have done that to Kaitlin either!" Lindsay quickly

defended her daughter.

Cason reached out and pointed at Kaitlin, his fingertips trembling. "A moment of confusion? How many times has she been confused? She's the one who kidnapped Ainsley. If she hadn't made a mistake, could this have happened?"

He was distracted by Lindsay and Kaitlin crying. "I'll go ask Ainsley."

Cason went to the study and immediately closed the door. After thinking about it, he

called Ainsley.

No one answered it....

St. Nork

Ainsley was staring at the phone screen in disbelief. She'd checked Manuel's social

media when she got back but found nothing.

From the moment she saw Manuel, she couldn't be still.

The words they said in front of Pearl Hotel were still echoing in her mind. Since they were breaking up, she couldn't bother him anymore.

She was determined to break up, so she didn't want to pester him.

She didn't know if Irene was there or not. She also didn't know what Manuel really thought.

When she was tossing and turning in bed at night, she heard an unexpected knock on the door. It was almost one o'clock, who would come to her at this hour?

She took a look through the peephole. It was him!

Ainsley turned her back and pursed her lips. Manuel was right outside her door, knocking. Suppressing the violent heartbeat, she opened the door slowly.

"Mr. Gage..."

"What do you want!"

Before she could say anything, Manuel fell towards her. She was startled, but Manuel had already pressed her shoulders.

The smell of alcohol was strong. He was drunk.

She helped him to sit up on the couch. Manuel's hand gripping Ainsley's arm tightly as he

muttered, "Aisy..."

"Why did you come to St. Nork? Why did you come to me?" She asked questions that would not be answered.

Manuel's brow furrowed slightly. He called her name as if he was having a nightmare.

"Don't break up..."

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Ainsley looked away sadly. But the voice was like a thorn in her ear, and her heart ached.

Suddenly Manuel's cell phone rang. She didn't move. When it rang a second time, Ainsley

picked it up.

"Manuel, why aren't you answering your phone?"

It was Irene!

She was frozen, not knowing whether to speak or not.

After a moment of hesitation, Irene sensed it.

"Who are you? Why are you taking Manuel's phone?" Irene asked in a stern voice.

Ainsley spoke in a panic. "He's drunk." Immediately, she hung up the phone.

It seemed he hadn't cleared it with Irene and wasn't about to deal with it.

She threw a blanket over Manuel and then planned to go to sleep.

But it was hard for her to ignore Manuel's mumbling. Particularly, he was calling her

name.

“Aisy, Aisy...”

The moonlight shone down. She pulled back the floor-to-ceiling curtains, unable to ignore the violent heartbeat. The image of spending time with Manuel came to mind in a

flash.

“Manuel, Manuel, what are you hiding?”

Ainsley turned on her computer and started writing her paper. She would not be able to

sleep tonight.

At four in the morning, the moon was starting to fade and the sky was just getting bright.

“Aisy?”

Ainsley stiffened and froze for a long time before turning around. She controlled her

emotions. “Awake?”

Manuel stumbled to his feet and walked into Ainsley. He wanted to touch her but didn't

dare. “I'm sorry.”

“Irene called you,” Ainsley said.

“Well, I was drunk.” Manuel was still a little unconscious.

Ainsley nodded. “You can leave if you're sober.”

Manuel lowered his head in dismay. He walked out of the room but turned back. “Aisy.

don't break up.”

He thought of a thousand words, but in the end, he only said that.

“Mr. Gage, don’t be ridiculous. Please get out.” Ainsley’s hand was trembling slightly. This

time it was she who pushed Manuel away.

His back faded away, disappearing from Ainsley’s sight.

She sat down on the couch. The strong smell of alcohol lingered in the air. But she could still smell the cedar scent interspersed with it.

Ainsley hadn’t slept all night. She drank two cups of coffee. At dawn, she finally finished

her dissertation.

She walked wearily into the bathroom, haggard.

There was a knock at the door.

Gwendolyn comes over with buns. “Ainsley, look! I found them downstairs today.”

She put the buns on the table and was startled to see Ainsley’s face. “What’s the matter with you? So haggard!”

“I didn’t sleep last night.”

“All night?”

Ainsley sat down and picked up a bun. “I was writing a paper.”

Gwendolyn looked at her incredulously. “Writing a paper all night? How are you doing

with your paper?”

“I finished the thesis proposal,” Ainsley said with a calm face.

Gwendolyn stood up sharply. “So fast?!”

She had just found her idea and had not figured out how to write it.

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 172-Still Trying to Lie

“It’s rough. It’s not completely written.” Ainsley explained.

Gwendolyn finished breakfast with her and went back to her room.

Ainsley lay down on her bed tiredly, the feeling of being light-headed was not pleasant.

Before she could fall asleep completely, she heard the phone ring. It was Cason calling.

She picked up the phone with sleepy eyes. “What’s up?”

“Ainsley, Kaitlin told me everything. She shouldn’t have asked someone to kidnap you.. But can the video be...?”

Ainsley didn’t have time to explain everything to him. “Cason, do you know why Kaitlin sent someone to kidnap me? Do you know who gave me the video? This video wasn’t taken on the day of the kidnapping. It was taken by a man before that. Do you know

why?”

There was a long silence. Cason didn’t know how to answer.

It was long enough for Ainsley to fall asleep before he spoke.

“I say sorry for Kaitlin for what she did. But that video...” Cason wanted to say something

but stopped.

up

Ainsley sneered. “You’re quite a good brother. You’re just trying to help her clean. her mess without any regard for what she’s done.”

“What do you mean?”

“Kaitlin had me kidnapped and threatened with ten million dollars from Matteo. I just

said I'd pay for it. I didn't force Kaitlin to make the video. It was made a long time ago.

You're not confused?" Ainsley laughed lightly.

Cason got anxious. "Ainsley, anyway, that video..."

"She wouldn't even dare to tell you the truth. You're still here to talk to me about the video? Ask for clarification before you talk to me." Ainsley was annoyed. She turned the phone off and closed her eyes.

She was too tired. The fatigue of a night without sleep flooded her body in this instant.

After hanging up the phone, Cason contemplated for a moment and finally went out the

study.

Lindsay was hugging Kaitlin for comfort. As soon as she saw him come out, she immediately stood up. "Cason, how's it going?"

Cason stared at Kaitlin with a cool face and laughed, "You're still trying to lie now?"

"What do you mean Cason? What are you talking about?" Lindsay was confused.

Kaitlin stood up at a loss for words. The hand holding Lindsay was shaking.

Cason knew? How could Cason know?

"Cason..."

"You still don't want to say it now? If so, you don't have to say it. Don't ask me for help if something wrong happens. I will make a statement that you are no longer a member of the Baldry family." Cason was serious.

Kaitlin couldn't believe that her brother was going to kick her out of the ***family. She grabbed Lindsay's hand and cried. "Mom! Did you hear what Cason said? He's kicking me out! That ***Ainsley must have slandered me. Cason, how can you Ainsley but not your sister!"

“I said it. Tell me the truth.” Cason was determined.

believe

Lindsay slapped Kaitlin on the shoulder. “Come on, say it.”

1

“1... I’ll tell you!” Kaitlin’s tears flowed. “I was drunk at the club that day. When I woke

up,

found out that I had. The man said he had recorded the video and asked me to give him.

ten million dollars! That’s why I wanted to kidnap her. But Ainsley bribed him!”

Cason pointed at her with hatred. “***! You did something wrong and blamed others! You’ve been spoiled all these years. That’s why you do this kind of thing again and again! I’m disappointed in you!”

“Cason, I’m wrong. I knew I was wrong when I saw the video. But I can’t do anything about it. If I don’t pay him, he’ll post the video. Then everyone will know it.

not!” Kaitlin wiped her tears.

Cason suddenly remembered the last time Kaitlin came to the company to talk to him about going abroad. Could it be that time....

“You came to me last time to talk about going abroad. The man you accidentally injured with the dagger is that man?” He inquired.

Kaitlin nodded as she cried. “Yes. But then I found out he wasn’t dead.”

“Kaitlin, my daughter, why didn’t you talk to your family? If Cason had given you the

money to buy it back, you would have been fine.” Lindsay felt heartache for her daughter

and cried.

“What’s his name?” Cason’s voice was cold with anger.

“Rai. I don’t know if it’s a real name, but I have a picture of him.” Kaitlin took out her phone and showed the photo to Cason, which she had secretly taken in the hotel last

time.

After she finished, she wiped her tears. “It’s okay if Cason doesn’t help me. I’m going to find Ainsley now and die with her!”

“Kaitlin, how can Cason not help you?”

“You go. She’s abroad. How can you go?” Cason sneered.

“It’s none of your business. You don’t think of me as your sister anyway.”

Cason looked gloomy. “I’ll get the video. I’ll make Rai suffer.”

“Cason, I knew you wouldn’t abandon me.”

St. Nork

Ainsley slept for several hours before waking up. It was two o’clock in the afternoon.

when she woke up.

Despite the long sleep, she was still tired and sleepy-eyed.

When she turned on her phone, there were a dozen of missed calls.

Two were from Cason, one from Gwendolyn, and the rest were from Serina and Lainey.

She guessed Cason had already pressed Kaitlin. She called Cason.

The phone was picked up quickly. “Hello, Ainsley?”

“Is that clear?” She sneered.

“I’m sorry. It’s Kaitlin’s fault. Ainsley, I wanted to talk to you about the video. We were family before.” Cason sounded anxious.

Ainsley wanted to laugh even more. "Cason, you're ridiculous. Look, I won't make it hard for you. I spent ten million dollars on this video. How much can you pay?"

"How much do you want?"

"Twice the price."

"Twenty million dollars?" Cason said with a sharp tone.

Ainsley smiled. "Yes, 20 million dollars. Consider it and pay me. I'll destroy the video."

Cason drew a breath. "Ainsley, if that's what you want, I'll do it."

"What does it matter to me? Mr. Baldry, Kaitlin did it. If you want to clean up her mess, show sincerity. Don't forget I paid ten million dollars for this too."

Ainsley hung up the

phone.

She rubbed her eyes, tired.

She got up from the bed and thought about calling Lainey.

"Lainey, what's up?"

"Ainsley' Answering the phone after so long? Where did you hang out? Is there a handsome man? Save one for me!" Lainey said in a shrill voice,

"So, are you planning on coming?" Ainsley asked.

There was a few seconds of silence. Then she said again, I'll go if there's a cute guy."

"Oh my *****, why are there all these cute guys on the street?" Ainsley laughed.

Lainey screamed. "I'll go right now!"

Ainsley suddenly calmed down. "I saw Manuel."

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 173-The Heavy Rain

“What?! He came to look for you?” Lainey said in shock.

Ainsley talked about it and Irene with Lainey right after the breakup.

Ainsley thought of the building she saw Manuel walk into that day and smiled sorrowfully, “I don’t think so. He came for work.”

“Aisy, don’t think about him anymore.” Lainey’s voice became gentle.

“I see.”

She was warning herself every moment not to think about Manuel. But the more she warned herself not to think, the more she would think.

“Aisy, I’ll come over and keep you company.”

Ainsley laughed. “Lainey, I know you’re worried about me. Your family is so busy right

now. Just stay home.”

“Aisy, I’m worried about you.” Lainey wanted to come over right away.

“It’s okay. It’s still a month away. You can come over whenever you’re done.”

Outside the window, there were neon lights and towering buildings. Manuel sat in front

of the floor-to-ceiling window. Ainsley’s hotel was across the street.

It was a busy part of St. Nork, with a lot of traffic on the road. He lay on the bed, still

thinking about yesterday’s events.

He had been drinking with the people from Applegath yesterday. Getting drunk and dazed, he arrived at Ainsley’s hotel without saying what he wanted to say.

What he could remember was Ainsley’s indifferent gaze and her sense of loss before he

left

The phone rang and his eyes narrowed. It was Irene calling.

“What’s up?” He didn’t tell Irene that he’d come to St. Nork. He’d come the first day Ainsley had arrived.

“Manuel, who was it that answered the phone last night?” Irene’s voice was soft, but her tone was unmistakably sharp.

Manuel only felt annoyance. “What’s up?” He didn’t want to answer the question.

“Why didn’t you tell me, Manuel? Why did you go abroad without telling me? I only found out about you going abroad today after a discussion with Ormus. Did you avoid me on purpose?” Irene’s tone was getting more and more urgent.

Manuel said in a cold voice, “No, I just had to come here.”

Irene’s voice got a little louder. “I heard that Ainsley went to St. Nork for the Decker Contest. Manuel, you must be in St. Nork now.”

Manuel gripped the phone slowly and his tone became colder, “You’re well-informed. So

what?”

Irene giggled. “So you’re really in St. Nork. Did Ainsley answer the phone last night? Manuel, are you going to cheer for her? I’d like to cheer for her too.”

She paused and said, “Why don’t I come there tonight?”

Manuel’s face fell. “Don’t control me, Irene.”

“Manuel, I’m not controlling you. Mathew said you should look after me and that we

should work together. This is between the Wade family and the Gage family. Of course, I have to go to St. Nork and control the situation.”

“Suit yourself.”

Manuel hung up the phone and frowned. He squeezed his brow as he thought about what Ainsley had said again.

“We’re just normal friends, maybe not even normal friends...”

“Sorry for lying to me all this time, or sorry because of Irene?”

He wanted to tell Ainsley, but he didn’t dare to bet on it. At least now he could still meet Ainsley. He wanted to talk to Irene and make it clear. But he couldn’t fall out with Irene, at

least not now.

That night he got a call from Irene. She had arrived at St. Nork and wanted him to pick.

her up. He didn’t go.

Inside the hotel, Ainsley continued to work on her paper.

She was supposed to be the fastest of the group of contestants. The rest were still thinking about the idea.

For a thesis, the idea was the most important indeed.

If it was wrong from the beginning of the topic, it would be a mess.

It took her only two days to finish her proposal. Gwendolyn was surprised at her

progress.

“That’s too fast for you.”

The competition was an academic project competition organized by the top universities abroad. The judges were very professional. In addition to famous psychology professors from different countries, there were also some people from the Institute of Psychology.

The professionalism of the judges and the harshness of the selection process predetermined the strong influence of this competition.

According to inside scoop, after this competition, the experts of the Institute of Psychology would choose their favorite ones to enter the Institute.

By the fifth day of the competition, Ainsley had stopped thinking about Manuel.

She had finished her assignment and stretched out, and Zane had already emailed her all the data she needed. She had already started sifting through the data.

Systematizing and then classifying it in detail, she began to think about how to model it.

When she finished planning the modeling approach, it was already midnight.

Outside the window was the sound of dense rain. The weather forecast in the morning mentioned that it would rain heavily tonight. It was raining half an hour ago, and she

didn't expect it to continue now.

She stood up and walked to the bed. Before she could lie down, she was startled by a

fierce knock on the door.

Last time it was drunken Manuel who knocked like that. Was it Manuel again?

She opened the door and saw Manuel standing in the doorway with wet hair and body.

His eyes were scarlet and glowing with exhaustion. Ainsley jumped.

"Manuel, you..." What was going on?

His hand covered hers. The cool touch nearly made her shake the hand off.

She turned sideways, letting Manuel walk in.

"Aisy," he said with a ****voice.

Ainsley's sanity was gradually replaced by emotion. She felt sad. She fetched her towel and handed it to Manuel, saying awkwardly, "Manuel, what's wrong with you?"

“I was in front of the hotel and was afraid to go in. When I came back to my senses, I realized that it was raining.” Manuel remained calm and collected, but he looked at her

with sad eyes.

Ainsley was shocked. Could it be that he had just been waiting in front of the hotel?

But the rain had been going on for half an hour. Did he just stand there under the

rainstorm?

She didn't think Manuel would. But seeing him in such a mess, she wasn't sure anymore.

“Why? You came over drunk last time. This time you're drunk too?” She asked.

Manuel thought for a moment before saying, “Just a little.”

Ainsley sniffled hard and shook her head. “More than that.”

The smell of alcohol was particularly strong on him. It wasn't like he just drank a little.

“Manuel, I don't think we should see each other again until you've dealt with your affairs.”

If he didn't make it clear to Irene, then it would always be an unclear situation between

them.

Manuel suddenly looked up and said, “I don't have anything to do with Irene. I don't like her. Aisy, and it's my problem that I haven't made it clear before. But I've made it clear to

her today.

“She came to St. Nork?” Ainsley frowned.

Manuel nodded. "Yes, I've cleared it with her."

"So she's gone back?" Ainsley stared out the door of the hotel room, afraid Irene would jump out.

"Not yet, I guess. I'm not sure.

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 174-A High Fever

Today he and Irene had a profound conversation for a long time. Originally, he thought that Irene would understand after hearing his explanation. But he didn't expect her to be so stubborn and unwilling to let go.

After explaining to Irene, he did not go back to the hotel. Subconsciously, he walked to the hotel where Ainsley was staying.

He stayed at the door for a long time and figured out a lot of things.

He was Manuel, the big shot in Seattle.

How could he be compromised just because of one Irene?

Ever since he'd fallen asleep drunk in Ainsley's room last time. She hadn't dared to face

him much.

"Manuel, go back. We've broken up." Ainsley said coldly.

It had been too many times. Her heart had been torn out long ago.

It was pouring outside and warm in the house. It was warm in the house. But she just

felt cold all over.

Manuel couldn't stand Ainsley being like this. She was too cold as if she was a machine.

He took Ainsley in his arms. Ainsley struggled violently. But he held her tighter and

tighter.

“Let go of me!”

“No,” Manuel said unquestionably.

Ainsley was unable to breathe. The suffocating hug made her feel safe unexpectedly. She stopped struggling. The scent of cedar was on the tip of her nose. The warmth of his chest was unnaturally hot.

Her forehead pressed against Manuel’s chin. It was hot.

She pushed Manuel. “You let me go first.”

“What’s wrong?” Manuel’s voice was ***.

Ainsley lifted her hand to cover Manuel’s forehead. It was hot.

“You have a fever, Manuel,” she said as she went to the cabinet next to the couch and pulled out a medicine box. She handed Manuel the thermometer. “Take it.

Manuel obeyed and took the thermometer. He also felt dizzy and his eyelids were too

tired to lift.

When the time came, Ainsley took the thermometer and saw that it was thirty-nine degrees. A high fever!

She immediately wanted to get dressed. “You have a fever. Let’s go to the hospital.”

“No.” Manuel sat on the sofa and leaned back lazily.

Ainsley frowned. “How can you not go to the hospital when you have a high fever?”

“I’m fine.” He didn’t want to go anywhere. He just wanted to stay with Ainsley a little

longer.

“But you have a fever.”

Manuel pointed to the medicine box. "There are fever reducers."

Ainsley hesitated and poured him a glass of water. "If the fever doesn't reduce later, you need to go to the hospital."

Manuel laughed at her persistence. "Are you concerned about me?"

"Even if a stranger has a fever, I also will suggest he go to the hospital." She said

awkwardly.

Manuel forced a smile. "Got it."

After taking the fever reducer, Manuel just felt sleepy. He gradually fell asleep on the

sofa.

Ainsley put the blanket over him and sat down to write her paper.

The scene was just like the last time Manuel was drunk. The only difference was that

this time Manuel had a fever.

She felt an inexplicable sense of reassurance when Manuel was sleeping next to her.

Every once in a while, she would check Manuel's body temperature.

Two hours later, Manuel's body temperature came down. He woke up.

"Aisy, did I sleep for a long time?"

"No, two hours," Ainsley said calmly.

Manuel propped himself up and walked over to Ainsley. He just tried to touch her, but

she dodged.

"Now that you're awake, leave now."

Manuel's hand stopped in mid-air. "Aisy..."

"Leave. I'm going to rest." Ainsley's expression became more determined.

Manuel nodded and whispered, "Okay."

He left. Ainsley lay in bed thinking about it.

Inside the other hotel, Irene looked angrily at the call log on her cell phone. It was

unreachable again.

Where the hell could he be if he wasn't at the hotel?

He must have gone to Ainsley again. She threw the cup by her hand hard before she finally calmed down.

Early the next morning, Ainsley received an unexpected phone call from Irene.

"Do you have time to have a cup of coffee together?" Irene asked.

"What do you want?"

"Let's talk about it when we meet." Irene didn't wait for her to refuse. She hung up

phone after telling her the time and place.

the

Ainsley looked at the hung-up phone speechlessly. She felt strange. What the hell did

she want?

Inside St. Nork's café, Ainsley walked in. Upon entering, she saw Irene sitting in the corner, sipping her coffee.

She walked over to her. There was already a cup of coffee ordered for her on the table. "Thanks. But what did you want to talk to me about?"

Irene smiled gently. She looked Ainsley up and down, and then complimented her, "You look completely different now than when I saw you before. You're so great to be able to participate in such a grand competition. Don't be nervous. I just want to cheer you up."

Ainsley was aware that she couldn't have such a simple purpose. She put the cup back on the table and smiled lightly. "I'll work hard. But I don't think we need to meet specifically if you're just trying to cheer me up, right?"

Irene smiled sweetly. "Look, why are you always so hostile to me? I thought you already knew why I came to see you."

"You can just say it. There's no need to be so polite between us." Ainsley said straightforwardly.

Irene froze for a moment, and the smile on her face froze. She didn't expect Ainsley to be so straightforward.

She thought she was a gentle woman to Ainsley all the time. Why was Ainsley so hostile to her? It should be because of Manuel.

"Since you said so, I'll be straightforward. Manuel came a few days before me, and I know what he came for. I don't want to say anything else to you. But one thing I hope you know is that Mathew likes me a lot, and my grandfather likes Manuel a lot."

She continued after a pause, "Grandpa told me that Manuel and I had been considered childhood sweethearts by our elders. Grandfather has been talking about our marriage these days. Ms. Easton, you like Manuel too, don't you?"

Ainsley's eyes changed abruptly. She lowered her eyes, hiding her inner turmoil and said, "Ms. Wade, you don't have to tell me this. I don't want to tell you who I like."

Irene chuckled with cold eyes. "Ms. Easton, we're all sensible people. If it weren't for Manuel, I think we'd be good friends. I like your personality a lot."

"Thanks, I get your point. If there's nothing else, I'll go back first. I have a paper to write." Ainsley's eyes dimmed and she stood up.

Irene nodded. "See you. I wish you success."

Ainsley walked out of the café. The meeting with Irene was amazing.

She didn't know why she had agreed to the meeting so confusedly. It was probably because last time Manuel said he had made it clear with Irene.

In the café, Irene's eyes were cold. She stared hard at Ainsley's back until it disappeared

from her sight.

It was only a short period since they had seen each other. But she felt that Ainsley had changed a lot.

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 175-You Crossed the Line

Ainsley used to be gentle. Now she was very sharp, like a hedgehog straightening its

thorns.

Irene smiled. Ainsley now looked like the sharp Ainsley several years ago.

The phone rang. It was a call from Manuel.

"Hello, Manuel."

Manuel questioned, "Where are you?"

"I'm at the café." She said in a warm voice.

Manuel's voice grew sharper. "With whom?"

The

She picked up her coffee cup and took a sip, then put it down heavily. "Just me right now. If you're asking who I was seeing just now, you should know."

"Ainsley?" Manuel drew a cold breath.

Irene burst out laughing. "Manuel, what are you worried about? I didn't say anything to her, except to wish her success in the competition."

"You crossed the line." Manuel's tone was cold.

Irene's face fell. Listening to the busy tone of the phone, she angrily stood up and walked

away.

Twenty million dollars?

Lindsay and Kaliyah both looked at Cason in shock. They couldn't believe how a video could cost so much money. Or was Ainsley seeking revenge?

"Cason, that **asked you for so much money! Did you agree?" Lindsay, of course,

was unwilling.

Kaitlin came down from upstairs just in time to hear the words.

She blushed and couldn't believe what Cason said. "She wants 20 million dollars?"

So much money! She had seen what was going on at home in the past few days. Since

Manuel and Matteo had dealt with the Baldry family twice in a row, the Baldry family was not as powerful as it used to be. She heard Cason in the study calling someone to

borrow money to pay for the goods.

The Baldry family had a huge backlog of goods in their factory. Those payments had not been received. Although they had billions of dollars in assets, they didn't have a lot of

available assets.

She even suspected that the money available in the family was probably not enough for 200 thousand dollars. But Ainsley wanted 20 million dollars!

Kaliyah was furious She didn't expect Ainsley to ask for so much. But Kaitlin was the one to blame. If she hadn't had a one-night stand with that man and been videoed, how

would all these have happened?

She married Cason not only because of affection. The Packer family was able to slowly return to its former strength with the support of the Baldry family. But now the Baldry family was failing. Besides, Cason was always paying for his sister.

“How could we pay for it?” She said worriedly.

Lindsay blushed. “No! You already gave her 13 million dollars when you got divorced. The house and car you gave her could offset 20 million dollars.”

Cason looked at Kaitlin with a serious expression. “What do you think?”

Kaitlin’s face turned pale. What else could she think? She had to get the video back, no

matter what she had to do!

But what did Cason mean? He wasn’t going to help her?

“Of course, I’m going to get it back. Cason, don’t you?” She was worried.

Cason let out a sigh. “Kaitlin, have you counted how much trouble you’ve gotten your family into? I can help you this time. But I want you to remember that this time it cost 20 million dollars to fix it for you. You’re an adult now. Don’t you know the situation of the family and how much money the Baldry family has for you to squander?”

“Cason, I know I’m wrong.” Kaitlin was filled with panic about what everyone would think. of her once the video was released.

Lindsay’s eyes were red. She held Kaitlin in her arms, saying sadly, “Kaitlin, it’s all mom’s fault for not being able to do anything and letting that *****bully you! What bad luck that our family has to be

involved with Ainsley!”

Cason got angry and laughed. “Mom, if it wasn’t for Ainsley, the video would have been

released!”

“She’s blackmailing us. But you’re defending her! Cason, don’t forget, the reason she wanted that video was to get back at your sister! Are you still treating her as a good person?” Lindsay said with resentment.

Cason looked stern. He knew that no matter what he said to Lindsay, it was useless. His

Mom forgot that Kaitlin had kidnapped Ainsley!

Kaliyah was annoyed listening to their quarrels. If she had to choose, she would have to give up Kaitlin. That was 20 million dollars. They didn’t even get the 13 million dollars.

back.

It seemed that Kaitlin wouldn’t return the one million dollars she lent her last time. She

couldn’t take the initiative to ask for it back, could she?

“Okay, it’s useless to talk about this now. I’ll pay Ainsley.”

Kaitlin and Lindsay hugged and cried. Kaliyah followed Cason back to the room.

Ainsley was inside the hotel.

After meeting with Irene, Ainsley couldn’t feel calm for a long time. She didn’t write the

paper.

Koen was not wrong. After all, the Wade family and the Gage family were indeed family friends. If Manuel and Irene could get married, the two families would be better tied together.

Since she chose to break up, they should be completely disconnected. It wouldn’t do her any good to continue the relationship.

There was a knock at the door!

Almost subconsciously, she looked at the door of her room. She didn’t need to open the door to see, she knew it must be Manuel.

She walked slowly to the door and put her hand on the handle. Through the peephole,

she looked at Manuel's angular face outside the door. The more she looked, the more

her heart ached.

She missed Manuel. She missed his gentle, loving eyes and his cedar scent.

But this time, she did not open the door.

back. The doorbell rang again. She leaned against the door and said aloud, "Manuel, go

It's over."

For a long time, there was no sound outside the door.

It had been so long that she thought Manuel had gone away. She sat helplessly on the floor, the cold floor stinging her skin.

"Over? How is it over? We will never meet again?" Manuel laughed bitterly.

Ainsley's eyes dimmed. Saying it was over was not the same as hearing him say it was

over. She felt sad.

She didn't say anything. Manuel continued, "Aisy, will you trust me for once? Don't break

up."

He said it weakly. The door was closed tightly. He knew Ainsley must be listening. The closed door was like Ainsley's heart, which had closed on him.

"Manuel, go away. Don't come back to me." Ainsley said slowly. As if she had lost her strength, she closed her eyes. A tear slipped from the corner of her eye.

"Aisy, I'm sorry." Manuel lowered his eyes and looked at his toes.

He was full of exhaustion and great pain.

The path separated the two. He didn't know how he had walked out. All he knew was

that he didn't go anywhere but to the club.

Inside the club, Manuel was getting drunk. Drinking was his chosen way of venting. He

had never felt that it made sense to drink away his sorrows. But when he was experiencing inner pain, he wanted to use alcohol to numb the nerves of pain.

The club was filled with the sound of music. Hot bodies were swaying on the dance

floor.

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 176-It's Time to Go back

The man and woman got closer and closer, and the noises made him calm down.

He reserved a booth by himself with two empty bottles in his hand, and he asked the waiter to serve him wine.

He lifted the bottle and drank it with his head up. If he drank too much, he would get drunk. He was already drunk once last time, but this time he was sober when he wanted to get drunk.

It wasn't until the third bottle was drained that he felt blurred and saw everything around

him doubling.

At this moment, a woman came to his side, her red lips very charming. She said alluringly, "Handsome guy, why are you drinking alone? I am also alone, why don't we drink together?"

The woman was ***with low-quality perfume, and the pungent smell made his stomach churn. He waved his hand to signal her to leave.

But the woman approached Manuel unyieldingly. She straightened her chest, got closer to Manuel, and said in a high-pitched voice, “Handsome guy, look at me! Let’s have a

drink together.”

She reached out to prepare wine for Manuel. But, before she poured it out, the bottle was

***back.

“Go away,” Manuel said impatiently.

The woman was embarrassed. She saw that this man was her compatriot, and he was handsome and wore high-end clothes. Even the wine he drank was expensive.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t come to him.

When she was about to continue asking, the man looked at her coldly, “Don’t you

understand?”

The woman finally stood up, and left with an annoyed remark, “***!”

He finally got a moment of tranquility. He suffered a severe headache, remembering that when he went to find Ainsley last time, she still cared about him. But Irene ruined

everything.

At 2:30 in the morning, the winner’s club was about to close. The crowd dispersed, as well as all the blondes. Only Manuel and a waiter were left in the club.

The waiter was also from his country. He saw Manuel leaning on the sofa and patted him, “Sir, we are about to close here! Sir, wake up!”

But Manuel was already drunk, and his phone happened to ring at this time.

The waiter immediately answered the phone, “Hello, this gentleman is drunk in our club. Are you his friend? Can you come and pick him up?”

The person on the other end of the phone was silent for a while before saying, "Okay, which club is it? I'll be right there."

Fifteen minutes later, Irene walked into the club and saw the drunk Manuel. She looked at the waiter gratefully, "Thank you."

"Madam, our club is about to close. Please take him back quickly."

"Okay." Irene was stunned and suddenly thought of something.

She turned on Manuel's phone and said to the waiter, "Can you do me a favor? Here's the

money.

She handed a stack of banknotes to the waiter, which was worth a thousand dollars.

The waiter took the money almost instantly, "What's the matter? I'm willing to help."

"Call this person." Irene pointed the phone screen at the waiter.

"Okay."

At this time, Ainsley was not feeling well either. She was screening the data while looking at the computer screen lethargically.

It was so late, but she couldn't fall asleep.

She had designed many models and was going to choose the most suitable one from

them.

As she was thinking about it, the phone rang, and she saw the incoming call on the phone screen. It was Manuel.

She hesitated for a long time before picking it up. But, the person who spoke was not

Manuel.

“Hello, are you a friend of this gentleman? He got drunk in our club and it was about to be closed. Can you come and pick him up?”

Drunk?

Ainsley wanted to refuse, but she still couldn't speak out about her rejection.

No matter how firm her rejection was, she couldn't deny that she cared about Manuel.

“Okay.”

She put on her clothes, took her bag, and went out. The winner's club was not far from the hotel where she was staying, and it took only ten minutes to get there.

St. Nork at two thirty in the morning also had a special atmosphere. There was no one on the street, and the yellowish light of the street lamps shone at her feet.

Walking into the club, she froze.

Before entering the door, she saw Irene from a distance. Irene came out in a hurry and opened the door of a car on the side of the road.

Ainsley's breath was uneven because behind Irene she saw Manuel, who was helped out

by the waiter.

Irene opened the car door for him, put him in the back seat, and then turned to talk to the

waiter.

Although the distance was not close, Ainsley could hear their conversation in the quiet

street

“Thank you for calling me, I'm sorry,” Irene said.

The waiter replied, "I didn't know who to call at first, but this gentleman kept saying your

name. So I hurriedly called you."

"We grew up together, and he tends to call someone's name when he is drunk," Irene said with some embarrassment.

After thanking the waiter again, Irene got into the car, and the car quickly left the street.

The waiter turned around and walked into the club. He glanced at her inadvertently and turned off the lights in the club.

The whole street was silent and unpeopled, and the lights of the shops on both sides.

had long been put out.

She was alone on the street, stunned and turning the scene just now over and over again

in her mind.

She lowered her head with eyes slightly red and let out a chuckle, "Ha! Ha..."

What did she worry about? She clearly knew that Irene was by his side. No matter how concerned she was, she should know that Irene would take good care of him.

Besides, as the waiter said, he kept murmuring Irene's name. So she shouldn't show up

anymore.

A drop of cold water hit her head, and she reached out to catch it.

back. The rain sluiced down, and it was so cold. It was time for her to go.

Back at the hotel, her clothes were soaked through, and her hair was messy and wet on

her face.

The scene just now seemed to be lingering in her mind.

She blocked Manuel's phone number and cut off all contact methods.

She was very disappointed, and she shouldn't wake up from her dream so late.

Manuel was a little confused when he heard the busy tone on the phone. He had made many phone calls to Ainsley, but there was always a busy tone. After trying more than 20 times, he was finally sure that Ainsley had blocked his phone number.

She cut off her ties with him, so there must be something that he neglected.

The day before yesterday, his memory was in chaos after he got drunk at the club. He

didn't remember how he got out of the club, nor how he returned to the hotel.

He had been dealing with the affairs of Applegath Company yesterday, and he had little

time until now.

He was looking at the call log. When he was drunk, he received a call from Irene.

Just thinking about it, he saw Irene coming out of the factory.

He frowned slightly, "You sent me back when I was drunk the day before yesterday?"

Irene nodded, "Yes, the waiter who answered my phone call that night said you were drunk and asked if I could pick you up, and I said yes."

"What else?" It was definitely not that simple.

"What else? I took you back to the hotel, and that's all." Irene said seriously.

Manuel stared into her eyes, "What happened to Ainsley?"

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 177-Living Their Own Lives

Irene was a little nervous for a while. She dodged his eyes and said, "How do I know where she is? Manuel, I fell asleep after I sent you back to the hotel."

"Impossible." Although Manuel couldn't remember exactly what happened, he had a vague impression in his mind.

He remembered that Irene had sent him back as well as what she had said to the waiter in the club. She seemed to ask him to make a phone call.

He looked at Irene inquisitively, "Tell me, what did you talk to the waiter at the club?"

"I didn't say anything, Manuel. He told me that the club was about to close and that I should take you away quickly. That's all." Irene said.

Manuel didn't pursue it, he knew that he could ask nothing from Irene.

But, something happened to him absolutely when he got drunk. He just didn't know it.

Ainsley had blocked his contacts now, and he had never felt such a sense of panic.

He rushed out with the car key and drove to downstairs the hotel where Ainsley stayed, but he was stopped by the waiter before entering.

"Sir, this is the contest zone. You can't go in."

"It was still accessible a few days ago?" Manuel said coldly.

"Sir, the closure has not started a few days ago, and today is the first day of the closure

phase. The waiter explained.

Manuel was stunned. He forgot that Ainsley came here for the Decker Contest. The

second round of the Decker Contest was held in a cloistered environment. The reason

why he was able to enter the hotel a few days ago was that the closure phase had not.

begun, and now the hotel was closed.

He missed the best time to see Ainsley.

Now there was no way for him to see her, "I want to find someone. Can you call the

phone in the room?"

"Sir, if you have an emergency, you can make a phone call, but the whole process needs to be recorded." The waiter said.

"Okay."

The waiter took Manuel to the switchboard and asked for the extension in Ainsley's

room. The beeping sound seemed to pierce Manuel's heart, and he couldn't help becoming nervous.

His hands were tightly clasped together, and his palms were already sweating.

"Who is that?"

It was Ainsley's voice.

"Ms. Easton, there is a gentleman who wants to talk to you."

Ainsley froze for a moment, "Who?"

Manuel looked at the waiter, "I'm Mr. Gage."

"This gentleman is Mr. Gage."

"You tell him that we need not have a talk and should live our own lives separately."

"Beep... Beep..."

What was left was the busy signal, and Manuel nodded helplessly as if he had lost all his

strength, "Thank you."

In the room, after Ainsley hung up the phone, she stared at the landline for a long time in a daze. Why did he come to find her after she had blocked all contact with him?

There should have been an ending between them long ago, though this ending was not

perfect,

She should also continue to pursue her own path, and the first light was the Decker

Contest.

In the waiting room of the airport, Manuel was waiting for the flight.

Grandpa had been urging him to go back to his motherland these days, but he had

refused many times.

When he was back home, Serina sat in the living room and waited.

As soon as she saw him, she rushed up immediately, "Manuel, how is Ainsley? Did you chase her back?"

Manuel was in low spirits, "I'm going to see grandpa."

Serina knew the result of his dismayed look and sat back on the sofa disappointed.

Suddenly, he thought of what Koen had said to Mr. Wade two days ago, "Why is he so eager to let Irene enter our house?"

"This girl keeps talking about Manuel every day. I'm fed up with her. Let her bother you in

the future."

"Then I can't wait."

The Baldry family.

Since Cason sent 20 million dollars to Ainsley last time, she really sent the memory card

to him.

When he watched the contents of the memory card in the study, he was startled. (huge bed in the hotel, Kaitlin was flirting with a man.

On the

He turned off the video with a cold face, picked up the memory card, and walked into Kaitlin's room angrily, "Stay at home every day from now on, or I'll send you to grandpa."

Kaitlin was a little nervous when looking at the memory card in her hand, but the only thing to be thankful for was that the video had been returned to her.

After trampling the memory card into pieces, she threw it into the trash can. But, just as

she relaxed and lay on the bed, the phone rang.

Looking at the unfamiliar phone number, she suddenly felt a little nervous. After connecting, she heard the voice of the person on the other end, and her body trembled.

It was him! Rai!

"Kaitlin! What a good job you've done! You asked your brother to appoint so many people to search my whereabouts. Do you want to take revenge? I won't give you a chance. You seem to think naively that there is only one memory card, don't you?" Rai laughed brazenly after finishing speaking.

Kaitlin sat up from the bed holding the phone with a pale face, "What do you mean? What do you want? I have already given you nine million dollars altogether, and you are

still not satisfied?"

“I’m not satisfied? You and your brother forced me to do so! I planned to go abroad, but your brother pressed me to come back and live an unsettled life. Do you really think I

won’t take revenge?”

“How is it possible?” Kaitlin was stunned.

She knew that Cason was pursuing Rai, who remained at large for so many days. She didn’t expect him to be so bold as to call her.

Rai said arrogantly, “If you want to blame, blame your brother for insisting on forcing me

to death. Wait!”

He hung up the phone, and Kaitlin didn’t react for a while.

She hastened to call this phone number several times, but the line was busy.

She ran into a separate study in horror and told Cason what happened just now, “Cason! What should I do? He means to post the video on the Internet. What should I do?”

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she was shaking all over. This video could ruin her life.

Cason looked at the phone number gloomily, “Don’t be afraid.”

He couldn’t afford to deal with Manuel and Matteo, but he did not regard Rai as a threat.

He made several calls to his assistant, and three hours later, Rai was caught.

When Cason saw him, he was lying on the ground with wounds all over his body.

“Are you Rai?” He looked down at Rai as if looking at a dead dog.

Rai smiled with blood on the corner of his mouth, “What? You’re scared.”

Cason stepped on his back and said coldly, “Where’s the video?”

“Hah, do you think I’ll tell you?”

“Say it or not?” Cason slowly exerted force on his feet.

Rai snorted, holding back the pain, “You will see it tomorrow.”

“Have you forgotten that you still have a younger sister?” Cason looked at Rai calmly.

“You!” Rai suddenly became flustered. He was trying to stand up with his hands on the ground but was firmly held down by Cason.

“I will not hold you accountable for other matters if you can hand over the video,” Cason

said impatiently.

Rai coughed twice, “Greeny Internet Cafe.”

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 178-The First to Submit a Paper

Cason nodded, looked at the secretary behind him, and said, “You get it with him.”

After returning home, Kaitlin anxiously came to Cason.

“Cason, how is it?”

“It’s fine.” Cason went upstairs irritably. He didn’t want to see Kaitlin at all now.

After returning to the room, he frowned wearily.

Kaliyah walked into the study and kneaded his shoulder gently, “What’s the matter,

Cason?”

“Keep an eye on Kaitlin from now on. Don’t let her cause trouble.” Cason’s voice was

Kaliyah nodded, “I will.”

Manuel returned to Seattle, but Irene did not.

She stayed to promote cooperation with Applegath, and more importantly, she stayed to

watch over Ainsley.

Ainsley finished writing the paper on the 20th day and became the first person to submit the paper. Gwendolyn was very awkward after knowing this.

“Ainsley, you are really amazing. You actually became the first person to submit the

paper.

There was an unwritten rule in the Decker Contest that the paper first submitted would

be supervised by all the mentors.

The mentors of the Decker Contest were all high-level professors from prestigious

universities. It was an honor to be able to receive their guidance.

However, the first one to submit the paper had to meet higher demands. The first paper would be carefully reviewed by all the judges, who would put it under closer scrutiny

than those submitted later.

Ainsley smiled embarrassedly, “It’s just luck.”

“Don’t be too modest!” Gwendolyn said with a smile.

Gwendolyn took Ainsley to her room and asked her to look at her computer screen, “How do you think this paper?”

Ainsley looked at the paper, which was in the same direction as the one written by

Gwendolyn.

“Not bad.”

“This paper was written by my student.”

Ainsley was very confused but didn't say it. Although the committee didn't restrict their actions a few days ago, they actually started to prevent cheating from all aspects.

Especially the mailbox was not allowed to accept papers, so how did Gwendolyn receive this paper on her computer?

A monitoring system had been installed on their computers, and all email exchanges could not escape the detection of it. Except for the data used in the paper, other documents could not be transmitted.

Ainsley looked at this paper carefully. Its idea was very innovative. She had read a lot of papers on the impact of online games on teenagers, and most of them held negative views. However, this paper dealt with the positive roles online games play in the development of adolescents.

“The idea is very good, and it is in a similar direction to the paper you wrote

During the meal, Gwendolyn talked to her about this.

“Your idea is better!” Gwendolyn praised.

Ainsley lowered her head and smiled slightly. Her paper was on the influence of psychological factors on various criminal behaviors.

She classified all criminal behaviors into categories in terms of psychology and

analyzed them according to criminal psychology.

The data on these crimes were all obtained from major psychological firms with the help

of Matteo and Zane.

The more important innovation was that in addition to classifying these crimes, she wrote a set of programs in python to measure crime rates and predict crimes.

This was something she had planned to do a long time ago, and she finally took this opportunity to do it.

“Ainsley, I’m really afraid that I won’t be able to advance,” Gwendolyn said worriedly.

“Don’t be afraid, it will be fine.” Besides that, she couldn’t say anything.

Although they were banned from going out, the regulations were not that strict. It was okay to meet and talk like this.

On the thirty-fifth day when everyone’s paper was submitted, they would gather in the St. Nork Auditorium, waiting for their results.

Those who ranked in the top 20 could advance to the final defense, while the rest would

be eliminated.

It could be seen that Gwendolyn was very popular among all the contestants, and almost everyone said hello to her.

Ainsley noticed that Gwendolyn showed the same shyness when she looked toward a man, who was a foreigner with blond hair and blue eyes.

“That’s Eric. He is a gentleman.” Gwendolyn introduced to Ainsley.

Ainsley noticed that the man was also looking at them.

Everyone was sitting upright, and the group of judges had arrived.

Gwendolyn seemed extremely nervous. She couldn’t sleep well these days because she was thinking about the grade of her paper.

If she went back without getting the award, she would definitely become at laughingstock. After all, before she attended the contest, the school had done a lot of publicity for her and given her a bonus.

“Ainsley, I’m so nervous.” Gwendolyn held Ainsley’s hand tightly.

Eric was sitting in the row in front of them, and Ainsley’s eyes were riveted on him since.

he sat down.

Ainsley comforted, "Don't be afraid. You can definitely advance."

Those who ranked in the top 20 could advance. While she was still thinking about it, the

judges spoke.

"Until then..."

The staff distributed the transcripts one by one to them. In order not to produce embarrassment, each contestant only knew his or her own score.

Most of them were disappointed when they saw the transcript at first glance. Only a few

of them smiled triumphantly.

Ainsley took her own transcript. The full marks of this contest were 100, and her score

was 98.

She had heard from Professor Wade and Mollie that most contestants who advanced

got a score of more than 80.

Different from ordinary contests, the scoring standards of the Decker Contest were very high, and the judges were almost all well-known professors and scholars from famous

universities.

The members of the research institute had to process and analyze a variety of data every day. They were conversant with the models established by the contestants and could find any mistakes immediately.

Ainsley's model also had problems at the beginning. It had been improved after dozens

of calculations and adjustments.

The people around Ainsley turned their heads and exclaimed, “Ninety-eight points! Oh my

**!”

Everyone looked at Ainsley in amazement. In addition to the score, there was also a ranking on the transcript. A “No.1” was written on Ainsley’s transcript.

Eric suddenly turned his head and looked at Ainsley with his emerald eyes that exuded a

strange brilliance.

Gwendolyn smiled awkwardly at Ainsley after getting her score and ranking, “Ainsley, I’ll

go to the bathroom first.”

4/5

Walking into a toilet cubicle at random, she sat on the stool and opened the transcript she had just got. She was a little dazed for a while when she saw 20 on it. She didn’t

even rank in the top ten.

The twentieth place was the last place to advance, and Eric got the second place.

With her level, she was doomed to lose the Decker Contest.

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 179-It’s Good to Be Promoted

She heard a voice from outside the toilet cubicle. It was a foreigner, “That woman is so amazing. She turns out to be number one...”

“The judges were kind to her just now because they liked her. They gave her such a high score. If I haven’t read her paper, I would really suspect that she bribed them.”

“Is her paper really that good?”

“Her paper is awesome and has a profound proposition.”

Listening to these chattering voices, Gwendolyn became even more confused. She tore up the transcript in her hand and threw it into the trash can.

She remembered all the applause and praise when Ainsley won first place, as well as Eric's eyes full of admiration.

Eric won second place. She knew that he had a strong drive for excellence. This time Ainsley won first place, which must have made him very interested.

After calming down, she returned to the auditorium.

Ainsley was surrounded by many people, and all of them wanted to see her transcript.

Gwendolyn noticed that outside the crowd, Eric stood in the corner and stared at Ainsley. closely with a strong interest in his eyes.

She suddenly became nervous and hurried towards Ainsley, "Ainsley, let's go."

Others couldn't understand what she said, but Ainsley spoke fluent English, "My friend

and I left first."

Just as they were about to leave, someone behind stopped them.

"Is that Ainsley? Please come with me." The man looked at Eric again, "Eric, you come

too."

Ainsley looked at Gwendolyn, who looked a little embarrassed, "You go. I'll wait for you.

here."

"Okay. If it's too late, you can go back first. Ainsley followed the man.

There was a conference room on the other side of the auditorium. When Ainsley walked in, she saw that Mollie was also there and that she was looking at her with relief.

She sat down with Eric. The judges were clearly interested in their papers.

“Ainsley, they are very interested in the calculation program you wrote, and they want to ask you a few questions,” Mollie said with a smile.

Ainsley nodded and began to listen carefully to the judges’ questions.

This discussion went on for two full hours. In the first hour, she was the one to be asked, and it was Eric in the second hour.

After walking out of the conference room, Ainsley stretched.

Eric took the initiative to speak, “Your paper seems very interesting.”

“Yours too,” Ainsley said. She almost guessed what Eric wrote after listening to the

discussion.

“I have never met an opponent, but I met today,” Eric said.

Ainsley shrugged noncommittally, “Cheer on.”

“But, can you tell me how you came up with the idea of using python?”

“Okay,”

The two talked all the way back to the auditorium.

And this scene was also seen by Gwendolyn, who stared at it with discomfort.

On one side was Ainsley, and on the other side was Eric.

Why did these two people come out together, talking and laughing?

Ainsley walked up to Gwendolyn, “Eric, I’m going back with my friend.”

“Okay, Ms. Easton, goodbye.”

Eric left without even looking at Gwendolyn.

All the way back, Gwendolyn was not very happy.

“Gwen, what’s wrong with you?” Ainsley asked worriedly.

Gwendolyn said sullenly, “Ainsley, I rank the twentieth place.”

“It’s good to be promoted.”

“But, I got the last place, and Eric got the second place.” After all, she was afraid that Eric wouldn’t like her.

“Love is independent of scores, nor does it have anything to do with ability,” Ainsley said seriously.

“I know,” Gwendolyn said.

The defense time was scheduled to be seven days later for the time being. During these seven days, all of them could make good preparations for it.

Those eliminated would move out of the hotel within the next two days, and the staff of the Decker Contest had booked their air tickets.

Although they failed to advance to the next round, they were very proud to be able to participate in such a grand contest.

A few days before the defense, Gwendolyn suddenly asked Ainsley if she wanted to go.

to the club.

Ainsley agreed. When she arrived at the club, she found that not only the two of them, but all those who had advanced were there.

Some people looked at Ainsley meaningfully, while Eric sat in the corner and read a book

silently.

Ainsley noticed that since they arrived, Gwendolyn’s eyes had been fixed on Eric.

However, Gwendolyn was not the only one who liked Eric. In just half an hour, three girls had gone to drink with Eric.

She also noticed that every time Eric talked to other people, Gwendolyn's eyes flashed coldly.

Just as Gwendolyn was envious, she saw Eric standing up and walking towards her from a distance. Her breath stopped for a moment, and she couldn't believe it.

When Eric stood still in front of her, she even thought about what to say, but she didn't.

expect Eric to say to Ainsley who was beside her, "Ms. Easton, can you come here for a

while?"

Ainsley subconsciously looked at Gwendolyn, "What's the matter?"

"Can you come with me? It's about the paper." Eric explained.

Gwendolyn forced a smile, "Ainsley, hurry up!"

As Ainsley stood up and followed Eric to the side, Gwendolyn soon pulled her face.

She even heard the discussion behind her and lowered her eyes sullenly.

"Doesn't Gwendolyn like Eric? Why does Eric like Ainsley?"

"I think so. You didn't see that Eric was reading a book just now, and he put down the book in his hand immediately after Ainsley came over."

"I didn't realize it, but your conjecture makes sense."

"Gwendolyn only got the last place, and Ainsley got the first place. If I were to choose, I would also choose Ainsley!"

The more Gwendolyn repelled these voices, the more they lingered in her mind.

She covered her ears in pain and ran into the bathroom. She couldn't put her expressions under restraint. After lapping her face with cold water, she regained some sanity.

Did Eric really like Ainsley?

But she clearly saw Eric's gaze, and she couldn't deceive herself.

In fact, what those people said was right. She was just the bottom of all contestants present, while Ainsley ranked first among them. She knew who to choose without.

thinking about it.

This kind of *****was very common in psychology. She could even analyze her thought. Although she knew that this was wrong when it happened to others, she

couldn't drive it out of her mind.

After she came out of the bathroom, her complexion improved a lot. But, Eric and Ainsley hadn't come back yet. They sat on the other side, discussing the paper on the

table.

The more she looked at them, the more curious she was. What were they talking about?

When they finally came back, Gwendolyn's expression was already terrible.

Starting with A Divorce Chapter 180-Who Let You Come out

"Ainsley, stop talking about the paper, it's time to play now." Gwendolyn's tone was calm.

Ainsley nodded, picked up the wine glass, and touched hers.

It was already twelve o'clock in the evening when the party was over, and they went back to the hotel together.

The elevator reached the floor of Ainsley's room, and Eric stopped her when she got out

of the elevator.

"Ainsley."

She looked back curiously, "What's the matter, Eric?"

"See you tomorrow." He said with a smile.

Ainsley didn't know what he meant, but she still nodded.

Gwendolyn clenched her fists, and her face became even paler.

After a while, Eric also got off the elevator, and Gwendolyn was still in it.

The people behind them started gossiping again.

"Eric really likes Ainsley?"

"It should be. Ainsley is quite good-looking. I heard that her paper was praised by several

reviewers."

"So incredible!"

On the day of the defense, Ainsley and Gwendolyn arrived at the St. Nork Auditorium

early in the morning

The defense was conducted in groups, and each group had five people, which was decided by the lottery. It happened that Ainsley and Gwendolyn were in the same group.

While waiting, she received a strange text message.

"Help me."

Ainsley read the text message on the phone wonderingly. It was from Gwendolyn, and why did Gwendolyn send such a strange text message?

She glanced at the time. It was already eight o'clock, and the defense would begin at nine o'clock. There was only half an hour left, and where did Gwendolyn go?

She made a phone call, but no one answered. A few minutes later, she received another text message, "Champion, your good friend is locked up by

us. Do you want to rescue her? Come to the bathroom in the southwest corner.”

She looked at it intently for a long time. She didn't recognize this phone number, and no one answered when she called it.

Who sent the text message? And who locked Gwendolyn up? Looking at the time on the phone, it was almost time to enter the conference room.

Ainsley hurriedly ran to the bathroom over there. It had been abandoned for a long time, and the surrounding area was covered with weeds.

But she still bravely ran in, “Gwendolyn! Where are you?”

She called many times, but no one answered. What answered her was the sound of the door being closed tightly.

Her heart *****a beat, and she hurriedly yanked the door, only to find that it was

locked.

“Who? Who are you?” She demanded.

But, no one answered her except for endless echoes.

“Gwendolyn? Where are you?”

She took out her mobile phone, only to find that there was no cell service at all.

It was eight-fifteen. What should she do?

Although there was no disgusting smell in the abandoned toilet, it was filled with musty

and rotten smells that signaled its dilapidated state.

Ainsley carefully observed every corner of the toilet and found that the only exit was

locked.

There was no sound outside, and Ainsley didn't know if the person had left.

"Anyone there?"

The time had ticked away, and half an hour had passed. It was now eight-forty-five, and there were still fifteen minutes before the defense started.

The result of drawing lots was that she was the first one to make the presentation. If she failed to arrive on time, she would be deemed to have given up her defense.

"Is there anyone? Who can save me?" She asked feebly.

How could someone be here?

But at this time, Ainsley was startled by the sudden sound of glass shattering. There

was a window at a very high position above the sink.

At this moment, the glass had been broken by Eric.

The size of the window was just enough to let her pass it, and Eric's voice came from the

window, "Climb out!"

Ainsley was very anxious. She searched for a long time and finally found a half-used

ladder. She leaned the ladder against the wall and slowly climbed up.

"It's you!"

The position of the window was high, and when she could see the view out of the

window, she saw Eric waiting anxiously.

It should be that when Ainsley was looking for a ladder just now, Eric had pulled over a lot of haystacks and piled them by the window.

"Quick! Jump down!"

She had no time to hesitate. She was determined to jump out directly.

She was painful all over and felt a lot of fine scratches on her elbows, but she didn't have time to check them.

She struggled to stand up, and an equally warm hand grabbed hers, leading her to run

wildly.

They were running too fast, and the wind hit Ainsley's face with chillness, "Thank you."

Her voice was ***by the wind, but Eric could still hear it.

The scene of the defense.

Gwendolyn looked at the time. It was already eight-fifty-five.

Ainsley hadn't come yet at this time, so maybe she won't be able to come.

She took a deep breath nervously and kept staring in the direction of the door, both apprehensive and frightened.

During the defense, Mollie saw that Ainsley hadn't come yet and immediately called her.

But, she had lost cell service.

She looked at Gwendolyn. She had the impression that Ainsley was with her all the time,

and maybe she knew it.

She walked over, "This contestant, why didn't Ainsley come?"

"Ainsley, I, I don't know." She turned her head immediately, unwilling to talk to Mollie

again.

Mollie was also very confused. After another two minutes, she still didn't come.

If she didn't come before nine o'clock, she would be deemed to have given up the contest.

At this moment, the door of the conference room was pushed open, and Ainsley ran in

panting, "Sorry for being late."

Gwendolyn's eyes widened, and she lowered her head in panic. Why did she come out?

As soon as it was nine o'clock, Ainsley stepped forward and began to defend her paper

without more ado. She took a deep breath and turned on the projector.

"Hello, judges, this paper I wrote is for crime reduction and crime rate measurement..."

She talked eloquently, and her emotions were not affected by what had happened just

now.

An hour later, she walked off the stage to the applause of the audience, and the judges scored with satisfaction.

Gwendolyn lowered her eyes. Such a paper and programs were really amazing.

Ainsley hadn't suspected Gwendolyn at all. She walked up to her, "Gwen, are you alright?"

"I received a strange text message. Have you been locked up?"

"I, I didn't." She said eagerly.

Ainsley turned on the phone and showed her the received message, "Look, this is it, are you fine?"

"I'm fine." She said lightly without further speech.

“Maybe someone wants to plot against me.” Ainsley didn’t think much about it, only thinking that she was nervous about defending.

After the defense, Gwendolyn walked out without waiting for Ainsley.

“What’s wrong with you?” Ainsley asked.

“Nothing.”

Ainsley said to herself, “I was locked up just now. Fortunately, Eric came to rescue me,

otherwise, I would not be able to attend the defense.”

“Eric saved you?” Gwendolyn looked at Ainsley in shock. Why did Eric save her?

Ainsley nodded, “Yes, he saved me, thanks to…”

Gwendolyn’s anger which she had suppressed for a long time finally broke out at this moment, “Who let you come out!”