

## **A Divorce 561**

Chapter 561 You're also a Victim

After Charles left, Manuel phoned Serina several times, but there was no answer.

Serina was neither at home nor at school. Even Miles didn't know for sure where she was.

It was not until he watched the video again that he found the figure of Mahdi.

Manuel immediately made a phone call, and this time, the phone was quickly answered.

The person answering the phone seemed surprised, "Mr. Gage, why are you phoning me?"

"Cut the crap. Where's Serina?" Manuel asked indifferently.

"Mr. Gage, I don't know," Mahdi laughed.

Manuel asked in an ironic manner, "You went to the Wade Group?"

Mahdi replied eagerly, "Mr. Gage, I have to go there if Miss requires me to!"

"Tell me everything clearly," Manuel said.

Mahdi was stunned and then quickly told Manuel what had happened. "Mr. Gage, I really don't know where Miss Serina is. After coming out of the Wade Group, she said nothing but just wanted to go to the most secured place. I was going to drive her there, but she refused."

Manuel hung up the phone and looked out of the window, "The most secured place?"

Perhaps he knew where that place was.

Half an hour later, Manuel stopped the car and looked at the familiar apartment.

This was the apartment that Ainsley had rented and where Serina lived in the very beginning. He had been here many times, which was the happiest time in his life.

He walked into the building, entered the password, and walked into the apartment.

As expected, the light in the living room was on. Serina was curled up on the sofa, with her face pale and lips dry and cracked. Her bloodshot eyes implied her tiredness.

"Serina, why are you here alone?" Manuel sat next to her and stroked her head.

"Manuel, can I ask you a question?" Serina said with her trembling voice and looked at him in a daze.

Manuel was flustered but he managed to calm himself down, "What's the problem?"

"At first, you got close to Ainsley to help Irene, didn't you? I was actually kidnapped? Is my psychological shadow caused by that kidnapping?"

She asked a lot of questions with bloodshot eyes, but it was obvious that she was not merely curious about these matters.

Hearing her question, Manuel lowered his eyes. Silence was the best answer.

Serina sneered, "I see. Those are all true, aren't they?"

She suddenly understood why Ainsley had been so distant to her when she just woke up, as if she didn't want to see her.

"I'm sorry for Ainsley, but it has nothing to do with you. You're also a victim," Manuel said in a low voice.

"But why didn't you tell me? After Ainsley recovered her memory, I kept asking her these strange questions. She must be very upset and she even had to comfort me." Serina sneered.

Manuel held Serina in his arms. He understood how she felt.

Ever since he found Ainsley, he bore such feeling almost every moment.

It was hypocritical.

In the Seaside villa, Ainsley was reading the financial news worriedly.

Daniel had just returned home. After putting down his bag, he directly walked to Ainsley, finding her staring blankly at the news.

"This news was edited and released by Irene." said Daniel.

Ainsley's fingers trembled slightly, "So you have the original video?"

"No. Serina is formidable. She jumped straight into the trap, but how could someone like Irene possibly allow herself to get injured?" Daniel laughed.

"Can you do me a favor?"

"Go ahead." Daniel said seriously.

Ainsley pointed at the video and said, "Let this news disappear. Serina is not that kind of person."

Daniel laughed out loud, "If I help you, what can you give me?"

She turned off the TV, leaned back on the sofa, and shook her head. "Then there's no need."

"Just kidding. I can help you."

In the Virginia Mason Hospital, Irene stood guard at the door of Koen's ward. When Cerf went out, she immediately followed him.

"Dr. Cerf, I want to ask you to treat my grandfather. I can give you a reward!" It took Irene a lot of effort to get into the elevator where many medical workers followed Cerf after treating Koen.

There were many assistants following Dr. Cerf, and one of them held her back. "I'm sorry, Miss. The doctor is going back to the hotel for rest now."

Irene continued, "Mr. Cerf, it won't take you much time!"

She spoke the standard language of Fanncia directly in order to stop Dr. Cerf.

But to her surprise, when Cerf heard her words, he was not moved at all. Without saying a word, he took the elevator downstairs with his assistants.

She thought that all the doctors in the world put saving lives as their top priority. As an expert in brain nerves, Cerf was listed in the world's top doctors.

Just like how Mollie had spent all his time attending important meetings, Manuel had paid a huge price to invite him over.

After treating Koen, Cerf had to rush to the next medical conference to make full use of all his time.

There were many people who rushed over to ask him for a diagnosis every day like Irene. He couldn't treat them one by one.

Irene stumbled out of the elevator and entered the parking lot following Cerf.

The next second, a black Cayenne appeared in front of Cerf. Irene immediately recognized that it was Manuel's car, and the driver was Roman.

Cerf sat in the back seat, and one of his assistants sat next to him and the other in the passenger seat.

Roman stopped the car in front of Irene, and rolled down the car window. He poked his head out and said, "Ms. Wade, I'm sorry. I've been picking up Dr. Cerf these days."

"Don't count your chickens before they hatch. There are still 20 hours left."

When Irene came out of the hospital, she heard that Dr. Cerf had just come to see the general situation tonight. He had to discuss the solution with the doctors of the hospital tomorrow.

All the brain doctors and psychiatrists in the hospital would be present.

After the Cayenne drove out of the parking lot, the look in Irene's eyes changed. If Manuel had really instructed Cerf to refuse her demand, she would not be able to get Cerf to see her grandpa however she tried.

Therefore, she could only adopt a special method...

The next morning, a meeting was moving into top gear in the Virginia Mason Hospital. Cerf was sitting right at the middle with the leaders of the hospital sitting beside him.

Manuel was seated at one side and listened to their discussion.

"I believe that Mr. Gage's condition mainly lies in the central nervous pressure. Although we haven't found any symptoms of central nervous pressure after multiple brain CTs, there is the possibility of being blocked," the neurology expert said.

#### Chapter 562 An Unexpected Trap

As soon as he finished speaking, the psychiatric department director said, "There are some relevant cases in the past hundreds of years of research. But after analyzing the cases, we found that most patients suffered a major blow before they fell into a coma. In other words, they're unwilling to wake up."

"Dr. Cerf, Mr. Gage had a thorough physical check-up, including intracranial and extra-cranial nerves, but there is nothing wrong."

Dr. Cerf briefly talked with the interpreter, and the latter repeated what he said. "After a simple examination yesterday, we found nothing wrong with Mr. Gage's brain nerves. So, we speculate his heart attack is caused by sudden anger. But there may be other reasons. We can't know the exact cause until we get the thorough test reports."

Manuel nodded. He had been clear about it.

They can get all the reports in two days.

"So, all we can do now is wait for all the reports. Thank you very much," he said softly.

At the same time, Irene was rubbing her fingers furiously in the intensive care unit on the sixth floor.

She had had enough of all these things, including Serina's making a scene, Manuel's indifference, and Roman's curse. She couldn't wait any longer.

It was late at night. Under the faint light in the hospital, several people sneaked in when the security guards were off guard.

There were surveillance cameras everywhere, but all of them wore hats and masks for fear of being identified.

A patient went out when he saw these strange people. He was so scared that he hurriedly slipped back into the ward and could hardly breathe for fear of getting into trouble.

These people found their target ward, exchanged glances, and made a gesture.

Two of them guarded the door, the third one kept watch at the corner, and the fourth one knocked on the door calmly.

According to their observation over the past few days, Dr. Cerf must be up at this time.

Sure enough, a vigorous voice came from the room soon.

They tacitly kept quiet.

They heard the doctor's footsteps towards the door.

The two at the door immediately took out what they had prepared.

As soon as the door was opened, the doctor was dragged out.

The other two rushed forward to strangle the doctor's neck and tightly covered the doctor's mouth and nose with a rag soaked with knockout drops.

It was a flawless corporation.

As the doctor fell into a coma, they carried him over the shoulder without checking how he was for fear of something unexpected.

The unknown men successfully took the doctor away through the perfect corporation.

As they threw the doctor into the van, the driver stepped on the accelerator and disappeared into the night in the blink of an eye.

The van passed through the flat road, soon turned into a bumpy maze-like forest, and then returned to the main road.

A road sign showed it was the suburbs of Seattle.

The van sped up and left.

More than ten minutes later, they pulled over on a deserted road, texted someone, and leaned against the seat to rest.

About half an hour later, a low-key and luxurious Ferrari sports car arrived.

Someone in the van quickly woke up his sleeping companions and got out of the van together.

As the door of the Ferrari opened, a long leg came into view.

Whistling at the girl, the leader of the team walked up and said, "Ms. Wade is so gorgeous as to overshadow the moon hanging high in the sky."

Irene looked at him indifferently. "Cut the crap. Where is the doctor?"

"There he is. We'd never dare to neglect the order you told us to do," the leader said, clapping his hands.

His companions threw the unconscious doctor onto the ground, raising some dust.

"What did you do to him?" Irene questioned with her brows knitted.

"Don't worry, Ms. Wade. He's doped by some harmless medicine, and he'll come to himself soon. He wouldn't have come here with us if we didn't do so," the leader replied calmly.

Irene was relieved. After thinking for a moment, she walked up to the doctor, squatted down, and carefully reached out her hand to take off his mask.

The moment she saw the doctor's face, her hand trembled violently, and she realized that something was wrong.

"He's not Dr. Cerf. You've been trapped." She quickly got up and was about to leave.

Unfortunately, the trap had already been set up for her, and she had nowhere to hide.

Dozens of well-trained men suddenly jumped out of the bush on both sides of the road and surrounded them.

Irene stared at them coldly, and their leader walked out leisurely.

Roman held a camera in his hand and shook the rope. "You didn't expect it, did you? You asked for it."

"What do you want from me?" Irene looked at him incredulously. "How dare you lie to me?"

As Roman waved his hand, his men took away Irene's people, leaving only him and Irene alone.

Roman pulled Irene into his car and slammed the door shut.

Irene pounded hard on the door, but nobody would save her.

Several men stood up from the back seat and approached her.

“What are you trying to do?” She looked at these strong men in shock.

One of them rushed up, grabbed her hair, and sniffed her face with an intoxicated expression. “You smell so good. I’ve long heard that you’re beautiful. I finally see you today with my own eyes. You should feel lucky, for there is just a part of my team. Otherwise, you’d definitely not be able to stand it.”

All of them put on meaningful smiles.

“Let go of me! Get out!” Irene struggled violently.

One of the men grabbed her head against the window, and Roman rolled up the window and took a picture for her.

“It’s karma,” Roman mouthed.

He must let Irene go through the humiliation that Lainey had suffered.

Those men slowly approached Irene and grabbed her the way that Lainey had been grabbed.

“Let me go! Don’t you know who I am? You’ll all die if you dare to lay a finger on me!” she said fiercely.

However, she thought highly of herself and poorly of the men who followed Roman.

One of the men covered her mouth to shut her up and set a surveillance camera close to her face to shoot her clearly.

Chapter 563 An Eye for An Eye

“Let go of me!” Irene shouted crazily.

She was held down by several men, screaming in pain mixed with moans in pleasure, and her clothes were torn apart, a vivid scene that can be seen through the video.

With hateful eyes, Roman held a piece of glass at Irene’s cheek in the large van.

He seemed to have witnessed how desperate Lainey was when dishonored by a group of men, and he believed this was the first step to helping her get better.

He had been waiting for this day for a long time, for the video of Lainey’s being insulted stabbed his heart deeply like a thorn.

It was a threat to him, but now he could fight back against Irene.

An hour later, as the door was opened, all the men in the car got out.

Roman got in with a camera and took a few photos of Irene lying in the seat desperately.

She glared at Roman with tearful eyes, her mouth stained with blood and her lips dry. Tuck you!” Her voice was hoarse because of screaming.

“Damn you, Ms. Wade. I’ve never taken photos for anyone, but you’re my exception. Hope you like it.” Roman raised the camera and took more photos.

Irene subconsciously raised her hand to block her face, but she realized it was useless when she saw the surveillance camera in front of her face.

She had been captured clearly. Tears streamed down her face as she mocked loudly, "You're a jerk! I was just suggesting, but it was Daniel who did it! Do you dare to deal with him? Huh? You're a coward! Oh, right. Does Manuel know you've betrayed him?"

"Shut up!" Roman shouted, gnashing his teeth.

"Why should I shut up? Are you scared? Or you just don't admit you're a coward and asshole? Go to deal with Daniel if you can!" Irene laughed maniacally.

Injured and painful all over, she felt her laugh cause more pain in her abdomen and abraded mouth, so she had to clutch her abdomen to relieve the pain.

Roman bent down to stare at her rancorously and said in a deep voice, "Don't talk nonsense! I'm not gonna let anyone who hurt Lainey get away with it, including you and him."

Irene looked pale. She wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth. She was half-naked, with most of her clothes torn into pieces.

"If you dare to release Lainey's video, your video will be released as well. I don't believe you don't mind it. Take care." Roman waved the camera at her and got out of the car.

Irene lay flat on the seat, gasping heavily for breath. She groped for her phone in the car and dialed a number.

"Come and pick me up."

After hanging up the phone, she struggled to get up and got out. There was no one left.

With hateful eyes, she felt so weak as to almost fall to the ground.

When Roman returned to the hospital with his men and the camera, Manuel was smoking in the corridor outside the ward.

"Mr. Gage, it's done. I've sent you the video and photos to your e-mail." Manuel nodded slightly. He had already seen them.

"Cason, how do I look in the new dress?" In a new dress from a famous brand, Kaliyah asked with expectation.

With a heavy heart, Cason got steamed up when seeing her exultant face, so he resorted to venting his anger on her. "Is there anything else you can do except for having fun? As my wife, I hope you can do more than just shopping."

Frightened by his sudden fury, she stood rooted to the spot and stared at him in shock. "Cason, what's wrong?"

Cason snorted coldly and turned his head, unwilling to talk to her anymore.

Standing there at a loss, she panicked and hurriedly explained, "Cason, I don't..."

I can do many things besides shopping. I do housework every day. I..."

"Enough." Cason interrupted her impatiently. "What's the point of talking nonsense?"

He looked at her coldly, and his words were as sharp as a cold sword. "You should do something instead of idling around at home and thinking about trivial things."

After that, he turned around and left.

Widening her eyes, Kaliyah couldn't believe what she had heard. She couldn't help trembling with shock.

As Cason was going to leave the room, she took two steps forward and shouted at his back, "Cason, what do you mean? Are you tired of me? I'm telling you! You'll never get rid of me! Ever!"

Unfortunately, her words could hardly stop his pace for even a second. Tears streaming down her face, Kaliyah flopped down on the floor and roared at the servants who were looking at her curiously, "What are you looking at? Get out of here!"

The cleaning servants left in a hurry.

It occurred to Kaliyah that Cason would not lose his composure for no reason after she cried for a moment.

He would normally ignore her no matter how much he disliked her.

He must have had some tricky problems today. Otherwise, he wouldn't vent his anger at her.

His company had no trouble, so the only one that could upset him was Ainsley.

"Yes, he must treat me like this because of her!" she thought.

Kaliyah raised her head with hatred, tears welling up in her eyes.

She hurriedly got up and intended to talk to Lindsay without even bothering to tidy herself.

Lindsay was watering the flowers in the greenhouse and humming an unknown tune. She seemed to be in a good mood.

"Lindsay." Kaliyah rushed in so recklessly as to kick over a flowerpot beside her, leaving the soil and flowers inside pouring out.

Distressed at it, Lindsay hurried to put down the kettle and squatted down to check out her flowers with her brows knitted. "Ah, how could you be so careless? It's a precious flower delivered by air yesterday. You almost spoiled it."

Kaliyah anxiously squatted down to grab Lindsay's hand. "Here's the thing.

Ainsley is trying to seduce Cason again. What should I do? Please help me." Lindsay paused, putting on a serious look. "What happened?"

Kaliyah recounted the argument she had with Cason just now.

Lindsay heaved a sigh and patted her hand to comfort her. "It's an unnecessary worry."



## Chapter 564 I Want to See Manuel

### The Easton Group

“Mr. Easton, Ms. Glover wants to see you,” Charles said when pushing open the office door.

After a moment of searching for Ms. Glover in his mind, Matteo realized that it might be Sabina, the girl who Robyn set up for him on the blind date last time.

“What brings her here?’ he thought, looking distant and confused.

“Let her in.’ He decided to see her after thinking for a while.

Sabina claimed to help him save Ainsley, after all. It was not bad to be friends with her.

Sabina came in and put a lunch box on the table with a pink flush on her cheeks. “Matteo, I made the soup for you. Would you like to have a taste?’

Matteo nodded. “Thanks. What’s up?’ She couldn’t come here just to deliver soup for him.

Sabina looked back and turned around to stare at Matteo uneasily after checking the door was closed. “Ms. Easton asked me to bring you a message.”

Frowning tightly, Matteo couldn’t believe that she had seen Ainsley. He had been struggling with it despite wracking his brain, after all.

“What’s it?’ he asked hurriedly.

Sabina repeated what Ainsley had said to her. “She said she’s doing well. She told you not to worry about her and drop the idea of saving her.”

Matteo’s face darkened with disbelief. “How did you do it?’

After pondering for a moment, Sabina said, “Ms. Easton’s in Daniel’s villa. She has injuries on her hands and feet, and I assume Daniel will let someone change the dressing for her, so I changed the shift with that person.”

She paused momentarily and continued, “I think she’s right. Daniel will definitely not hurt her. She’s safe, at least for now.”

Matteo stared at her intensively, far more intensively than the way he had looked at someone else. He had never thought that he would meet someone who was willing to help him regardless of her safety. But now, here she was.

In fact, the Glover family was not as powerful as the Hume family. He wondered if Sabina had taken it into consideration when taking her action. He couldn’t believe she had entered Daniel’s villa and talked to Ainsley.

He was grateful for what she did, but he kept rational. ‘Ms. Glover, please don’t go to the villa again, nor risk your life to save Ainsley.’

Daniel could have targeted Sabina through this incident.

But to his surprise, Sabina refused after hesitating for a moment. "I promised to help you, so I won't go back on my word."

Matteo smiled at her firm face. "You're resolute."

There was a hint of unprecedented appreciation in his eyes, which he was not aware of.

"You can trust me, Matteo. I know it's not easy, but you can give it a try. I'll always be here with you," Sabina said, eyes lit up.

"Maybe," Matteo said, his eyes flashing, "Can you do me a favor?"

"What's it?"

Matteo handed her a recording pen. "Find a way to give it to Ainsley." Sabina took the pen with confusion. She did not ask what it recorded.

"Okay, I'll do it."

In the Salter family house, Lainey was watching a video on her tablet on the sofa, her eyes full of joy.

She had been exhausted ever since the accident.

She wanted to get revenge, but she knew well that she wasn't able to deal with the Wade family even if it lost its power.

A triumphant smile appeared on her face. Roman was glad to see her smile. "Lainey, it's just an appetizer. We'll have Daniel to deal with."

Lainey looked at him gratefully. She understood how much effort he had put into her these days.

A smile came back to her face finally. Irene couldn't understand how painful Lainey was unless she experienced what Lainey had gone through.

However, Lainey worried more about Ainsley now.

She wore a grim face. "Roman, I want to see Manuel."

In the building of the Gage Group, a woman walked towards the president's office with a small bag, but nobody dared to stop her.

Followed by Roman, she opened the office door.

Manuel was surprised to see Lainey. "What brings you here?"

His puzzled gaze shifted away from Lainey to Roman.

Roman shrugged. "I have no idea about what she's going to say, but it must be about Ms. Easton."

Manuel nodded and looked back at Lainey, waiting for her to talk.

Lainey glanced around the office and sat down on the sofa. "Thank you for getting back to Irene for me. But what I hope the most is to pull Ainsley together. Roman said you'd got a plan. I wanna know what it is."

Manuel paused and put the pen down. He crossed his fingers, exuding an aura of dignity.

"I can't tell you until I can. Just wait and see."

"I don't think your plan is gonna work out, no matter how perfect it is. She doesn't want to come back with you, after all," Lainey chuckled.

Manuel didn't say a word. He knew that she was right.

"I know how to cheer her up and change her mind," Lainey said with a confident smile on her face. "So, you should find a way to let me see her."

"I plan to replace her with another woman. Roman must have told you that Daniel participated in the forum a few days ago with a woman who looked exactly like Ainsley. And I've found that woman,"

Manuel said. He was skeptical about Lainey's words.

Lainey asked tentatively, "You're gonna exchange Aisy with that woman?"

"No, I'll let Daniel send Ainsley back personally," Manuel said solemnly.

His confident expression couldn't Lainey and Roman's doubts. Obviously, they didn't believe Daniel could do it.

"We've found the real Ainsley and the fake one, but Daniel knows nothing about it. If he's told that the woman in the villa is not Ainsley but Georgia Dawson, what do you think he will do?"

"But will he buy it?" Lainey asked, a twinkle in her eyes.

"That depends on whether our 'leading actress' can put on a convincing show to trick him. Of course, you also play a big part in it. You'll be a special role," Manuel said with a confident smile.

"So, you'll let me see Ainsley?"

"No, it's easy for you to see her." Manuel's eyes were filled with delight.

"What do you mean?" Lainey asked, full of confusion in her eyes.

It was a cold winter. With the blowing wind, the first snowfall came."

At dawn, Ainsley pulled open the curtains. The world was clad in silvery white like a dreamy place.

Outside the room, Aaden hurriedly walked into Daniel's study and whispered something in his ear.

#### Chapter 565 The Recording Pen

Hearing it, Daniel immediately stood up and followed Aaden out of the room.

A woman in a white down jacket was holding a dagger across her neck outside the villa. As the gate was opened, a car drove in, and some people with first aid kits walked into the villa with the driver.

Aaden and Daniel walked to the gate. Daniel looked at her in a sulk.

"What do you want?"

“I want to see Ainsley!”

Daniel’s face darkened. “You might have forgotten what you did before. How dare you show up here? Didn’t Roman tell you that we have backup copies of your video? You’re too naive if you think you can threaten Mr. Hume with your life. How much do you think your life is worth?” Aaden said.

Lainey went weak at the knees. At the sight of the man who had hurt her and insulted her, she couldn’t help trembling.

Her hand trembled so violently that she almost couldn’t hold the dagger, but she forced herself to muster up the courage because she cared about Ainsley so much.

But Daniel also cared about Ainsley.

Licking her pale lips, Lainey said coldly, “I know my life means nothing to you, but what about Ainsley? You probably don’t know how much I mean to Ainsley. If I die in front of you in this villa, she will definitely hate you!”

“So, you’re going to threaten me with my concern about her? Don’t you think it’s very risky? It’s meaningless,” said Daniel. He looked at Lainey coldly, but he had to watch his language.

As Lainey had just said, her life meant much to Ainsley. So, it meant much to Daniel.

“Daniel, you must have been glad that Aisy refused Manuel in the hospital and left with you. You can rest assured that I won’t ask her to go with me. I just want to see and talk with her,” Lainey said, looking mysterious.

Daniel wondered what she wanted to talk about with Ainsley.

“Are you scared? What are you scared of? Do you let me see her or not?” As Lainey tightened her grip on the dagger, a shallow wound appeared on her neck, and blood seeped.

“Stop it!”

In the villa, the doctor went all the way to Ainsley’s bedroom, led by the driver.

Ainsley was restless somehow. Typically, a boundless expanse of snow could relieve people, but strangely, she felt panic with indescribable anxiety filling her mind, and she found nowhere to vent it.

The driver left the room after a worried glance at the doctor. “All you have to do is change the dressing for her. Come out immediately after it’s done. Don’t say anything else. Otherwise, you’ll die.”

The doctor was terrified. And then the driver went out with relief.

He knew what was happening outside the villa, so he must stand by, ready to give orders from Daniel.

The doctor put away his fake fear. He carefully took off the gauze on Ainsley’s hand and gently changed her dressing. The scar on her hand had a scab and would recover soon.

“Who asked you to come here?” Ainsley noticed something different. He was more professional than Sabina.

The doctor looked at the wound intensively, dipped cotton swabs in medicine, and smeared it on the wound. 'Ms. Glover lets me come here. She wants to help you. Mr. Easton told me to give you something.'

He threw away the cotton swabs and took out a recording pen from the inside pocket of his coat. Just as Ainsley was about to take it away, he pulled it back suddenly. "Ms. Glover likes Mr. Easton very much, and she's willing to fight against the Hume family only for him. We know you're Matteo's cousin, so can you please help Ms. Glover with this relationship?"

Ainsley smiled. "The relationship is only between them. I can't change anything. A relationship is not a deal. I'm grateful for Ms. Glover's help. And I'm sure Matteo will understand her feeling. Does Ms. Glover ask you to say this to me?"

Or it's just your own idea?"

The doctor hesitated for a minute. "It's my idea. She doesn't know."

"Sure enough. I've seen her before. She truly wants to help me," Ainsley said and took the pen from the doctor's hand.

Her fingers trembled slightly. She had a hunch that the pen would make a difference in her life.

The doctor handed her an earphone. After putting it on, Ainsley pressed the play button.

It was a long silence at first. And then she heard her own heavy breathing and beating heart, the sound of swallowing, and a deep sigh.

The sigh reminded her of her father.

She used to sneak into his study to eavesdrop on his phone calls or business talks. He would heave a sigh when meeting some challenging problems. And the sigh was the same as that in the recording.

She realized that it was recorded by her father.

"Ainsley..."

Ainsley was stunned at her father's weak, elderly voice. Despite being mentally prepared for it, she still couldn't help trembling.

She couldn't hear him call her name in such a gentle voice since her father had passed away.

A few seconds brought her back to the day three years ago when she saw her father in a car accident after she was picked up by Manuel. His face was covered in blood and his eyes were blurred, but he seemed to be able to see her clearly.

However, she was overwhelmed by the grief and passed out.

He had expired when she woke up. She wasn't there with him before his death, which was the reason why she couldn't forgive herself and Manuel.

Manuel entered her life for a ridiculous purpose, which was the start and the cause of all her subsequent misery.

She could not forgive herself, nor could she forgive Manuel.

The recording was still playing. "Aisy, I'm very worried about you. It's not your fault. I hope you can be strong-minded and cheer up even though I can't stay by your side. If it's a conspiracy, I hope you can protect yourself. Don't be afraid, sweetie. I'll always be there for you. Matteo is good to you. I've entrusted you to him. I'm afraid I won't be able to see you wearing a wedding dress, so he'll replace me to hold your hand and walk down the aisle with you. Babe, I'm sorry for not being able to protect you..."

Chapter 566 They're Waiting for You

With tears welling up in her eyes, Ainsley clutched her chest in deep grief.

The doctor didn't say anything but handed her a tissue.

Ainsley wiped away her tears. She must suppress her grief now.

As the recorder was playing, she heard Matteo's voice.

"Aisy, I'm sorry that I didn't let you hear your dad's last words. I didn't want you to know the truth before you regained your memories because I hope you'll be happy. It's so difficult for you to face the truth. It felt like a heavy stone on my heart, and I could hardly breathe. I have this feeling on every death anniversary of your dad. It was hard for me to pretend nothing had happened and conceal the truth from you. Now that you've heard his last words, I hope you can pull yourself together and unravel the conspiracy. Aisy, don't let your dad down."

Ainsley got more swollen eyes after hearing Matteo's words, and something inside her changed.

She felt like she had returned to the moment when the car accident happened, but she got out of the car to reach out to hold her father's hand instead of passing out. She felt like his father was still alive, and his warm, big hand held hers.

The two clips of recordings were recorded at different times. Her father's last words, recorded three years ago, were followed by Matteo's heartfelt words.

As she closed her eyes, darkness pressed on her head. She tried to feel her dad's warmth.

His father's hand, which had held hers, finally dropped. She imagined she was still holding his hand, but the ending was not changed.

A small light appeared in the darkness and lit up her whole world. Everything became clear.

She felt as if a lifetime had passed. When she opened her eyes, she noticed she was staying at Daniel's house and saw the doctor in front of her.

"Ms. Easton, I saw a woman threatening Daniel with her life to see you when I came in. She said she's from the Salter family," the doctor said.

"From the Salter family? Which Salter family? But the only one who'd do this for me is Lainey," Ainsley thought.

She smiled. "Can you support me to sit in that wheelchair?!"\*

The doctor glanced at the intelligent wheelchair beside the bed and pushed it over to let Ainsley sit in it.

Ainsley took a fruit knife from the coffee table. "Can you do me the last favor?"

"Oh, my God! The lady is going to commit suicide!" the doctor shouted crazily as he pounded on the door.

Everyone in the yard stared at him in shock. Daniel knitted his brows.

To prevent him from escaping, a locked gate was set at the junction of the living room and the yard.

It was still locked even on such an urgent occasion.

Lainey was astonished as well. "What are you waiting for? Go to check her out!"

When Daniel walked into the room, Ainsley looked at him coldly with a dagger against her neck like Lainey had done just now.

"Ainsley, what're you doing?" Daniel said tiredly.

Ainsley shook his head. "I want to see Lainey."

A hint of doubt flashed across Daniel's eyes. "How did you know she was here? The doctor told you? It looks like I think poorly of how determined they're. I can't believe I'm trapped twice," he sneered.

"I want to see her."

With a wide-eye gaze, Daniel could do nothing but agree with it. He couldn't stand to see her bleeding again. God knew how worried he was when she bled last time.

He nodded, opened the door, and pushed her out.

As the locked door was pulled open, Lainey saw Ainsley. It has been a while since she saw Ainsley last time.

Ainsley meant so much to her that she couldn't calm down the moment she saw Ainsley. She couldn't believe Ainsley looked so worn and weak. And she wondered why Ainsley needed a wheelchair now. She thought Ainsley must suffer a lot in the villa.

She couldn't stay calm.

She tried to rush over but was stopped by Aaden.

"Let me go!" She struggled with all her might.

Ainsley looked at Daniel nervously. "Let go of her!"

Stunned by her firm and unquestionable tone, Daniel waved his hand at Aaden to let him release Lainey.

Lainey ran over to Ainsley and squatted down in front of her, checking out her injured hands and feet, which were wrapped in gauze.

"Aisy, how are you? Did he mistreat you?" Lainey gave Daniel a hostile glare. Daniel ignored her hateful look and didn't say anything.

Ainsley reached out her hands. She couldn't grab Lainey, so she motioned for Lainey to put her hand on hers.

"Lainey, I'm fine."

"Leave us alone," Lainey said.

Daniel didn't agree. "What are you worried about? We're in your villa. What can we do?" Lainey said with a hostile face.

Ainsley hoped to talk with Lainey alone as well.

There were monitor cameras everywhere in the villa. And even the cooks and the cleaners could enter her room at any time and report what she did to Daniel, like monitors.

She really wanted a private place to talk with Lainey.

Daniel finally agreed.

It was the first time Ainsley wished someone to enter her bedroom and stay with her.

Lainey seized the opportunity to tell her what had happened recently. 'Aisy, she's not my threat anymore. I've got rid of her, and I'm sure you can as well. All of us will be there for you.'

"I'm so glad to hear it. But I'm sorry I wasn't there for you," said Ainsley flatly.

Lainey tapped her forehead. "What are you talking about? But for Manuel, it wouldn't be successful. But I know he helped me for your sake. Ainsley, I hope you can pull yourself together."

"I've pulled myself together. Before I saw you, I received a recording pen from Matteo. It was my father's last words." Ainsley became depressed at the mention of her father.

"Aisy, many people are waiting for you out there, like Nancy Conway's mom, Dana Bach, and me..."

Ainsley's eyes lit up. Lainey was right. She forgot that many people were waiting for her to discover the truth when she was in the abyss.

Lainey understood her. But she did not forget the true purpose of her visit. She leaned over to whisper something in Ainsley's ear.

Ainsley agreed despite being uncomprehending.

"Aisy, just be happy. We'll take care of the rest," Lainey said seriously.

Chapter 567 Effective Medicine

"The rest?" Ainsley said. But she didn't ask more about it for fear that walls have ears.

Since Lainey had taken the risk to tell her about their plan, she must be careful and do her best.

"We must seize the chance. You were worried about me before, but I'm good now. You helped me, so please let me help this time." Lainey gave her a hug.

"Don't forget what I told you. Just do as I say. Leave the rest to us," Lainey said before leaving.



Ainsley nodded firmly. "Okay."

Lainey gave Daniel a meaningful look when she left. He came up with some ideas for fear that Lainey would take Ainsley away with her.

He couldn't believe Lainey had done nothing but leave. He was at a loss suddenly.

Her glance seemed to try to tell him that she had a secret that had something to do with him, but she wouldn't tell him.

Her glance was filled with ridicule and coldness.

After she left, Daniel immediately walked into the room, pretending to be casual. "What did you talk about?"

Lying lazily on the sofa, Ainsley deliberately picked up a goblet and said with a smile, "I didn't know you're interested in girls' chats."

Daniel frowned slightly. He felt that something was different and hoped it was just his illusion.

He couldn't say for sure what was wrong.

"Aisy, I'm trying to show my concern for you. I can't believe Ms. Salter didn't try to take you away." Daniel's brows furrowed even tighter.

"It's difficult enough for her to see me once, let alone take me away. Besides, will you let me go?" Ainsley sneered.

"If you left with Manuel from the hospital that day, I might give up on you. But since you choose to go with me, I won't give up then," Daniel said.

What surprised him more was that Ainsley didn't say anything but lowered her eyes with a smile.

Her silence made him swallow what he was trying to say.

When Daniel returned to his bedroom, he couldn't get rid of Lainey's meaningful smile and felt something was wrong somehow.

In Virginia Mason Hospital, Koen Gage was still lying on the bed, surrounded by many doctors, nurses, and Manuel. Dr. Cerf injected the medicine in the syringe into Koen's arm.

All of them stared at Koen with their breath held. Soon, his fingers moved, but it was just a slight movement.

They all saw it. Manuel saw glimmers of hope.

"It's effective medicine from Fanncia, but it has yet to be sold on the market. I've just brought several doses." Dr. Cerf said.

Manuel knew what he meant and said thoughtfully, "No one will know about this. And you don't have to be responsible for side effects, if any."

“Good, but I must remind you that Mr. Gage’s illness is caused by sudden fury. It’s a nervous disorder that may cause a heart attack. He won’t probably wake up even if we don’t use the effective medication,” Dr. Cerf said.

Manuel’s eyes smoldered with anger. His grandfather’s coma was caused entirely by Brady Wade, but no one knew what had happened between them that day.

He guessed that even Irene didn’t know about it.

“I understand. Since I’ve invited you here, I trust you completely.” Manuel smiled.

Irene curled up in the corner of her place and frantically tugged at her clothes. “It’s so dirty. Why am I so dirty?” she muttered in a crying voice.

She was almost crazy. With all the curtains closed, the room was completely dark. She looked even weirder in the dim room.

As she managed to tear off her messy clothes, she spotted marks on her skin, which made her completely collapse.

With tears and snot streaming down her face, she slowly buried her head between her knees. She raised her tiptoes and put them down.

Suddenly,

She raised her head and roared, “Ah!”

After a while, she staggered to her feet with her hands on the wall and walked to the bathroom like a puppet without a soul.

The sound of running water was heard in the empty and quiet room.

Instead of taking a bath immediately, Irene chose to take a shower.

Standing under the shower, she raised her head and kept the water full on. She allowed the water to splash on her body. She enjoyed the slight pain caused by the water, laughing yet crying.

After washing up, she walked slowly to the mirror and looked at the curvy and beautiful woman.

Her fair and smooth skin was covered with bruises and scratches, traces of blood seeping out.

All was telling her that she was no longer the mighty daughter of a rich family, and she was like a piece of trash on the ground that could be trampled on at will.

She suddenly grabbed the skincare products on the sink and threw them into the mirror.

With a loud crash, the skincare bottles rolled to the floor, causing tiny cracks in the mirror.

Her face distorted with the broken mirror. She felt a strong sense of unknown pleasure somehow.

She giggled at her messy makeup. It was a forced grin.

Stopping laughing, she said gently to herself, “You should wash up your dirty body.”

She then filled the bathtub gradually and sat beside it while humming a song. Looking at the water rise, she bent down to put her hand in the water until the water level was high enough for her to submerge her body.

She stepped into the bathtub with a wry smile on his face.

She picked up the towel on the shelf and scrubbed her skin with it carefully.

Harder and harder, she even rubbed a piece of skin several times.

Blood oozed out from her delicate skin and spread out on her body. It looked particularly miserable.

However, she seemed numb with pain, rubbing with a brighter smile.

She rubbed her neck with the towel so hard that the pinched marks were covered by the new swollen marks.

She didn't stop until some of her skin was scraped off and blood gushed into the bathtub. She looked at the blood with delight as if she had accomplished a great cause.

Hung up high in the sky, the delicate moon knew nothing about people's pain.

When sunshine filtered in, Irene opened her eyes slowly. She had stayed in the bathtub for a whole night.

The shower water was lukewarm, but frozen by the cold air, her naked body turned purple. Along with a mass of bruises, she looked particularly miserable.

Chapter 568 Samuel Wade

As Irene moved her body, she knitted her brows due to the sharp pain. She stiffened with pain.

The pain brought her back to her senses in an instant. She had to submerge her whole body in the water to make herself feel better.

But the knock on the door stung her eardrums. With a cold face, she wiped her body and put on her clothes. She got annoyed at the person outside who she saw through the peephole.

The man was still knocking heavily; she had to open it with a frown.

The middle-aged man outside the door looked annoyed. "What takes you so long to open the door? What are you doing?"

"Uncle, watch your mouth." It was Irene's uncle, Samuel Wade, followed by his wife. Irene looked at them.

"Oh, you were taking a shower? How come you take a shower at this time?" Amber Wade held her hand and noticed the swollen marks on her neck.

"What's wrong? Is it because of the shower? How can you do this to your tender skin?"

Irene pushed her hand away and walked into the room.

As she dried her hair with a towel, she asked, "Uncle, Auntie, why are you here?"

She was not close to Samuel and Amber. Samuel Wade was the son of Brady Wade. In fact, he was the son of Brady's brother.

"Just stop by to see how you are," Samuel said in a sulk.

"Your grandfather is still in a coma. And the company business is in a mess. We're worried about you, so here we are," Amber hurriedly interrupted him in case he lost his temper.

"It's all because of you!" Samuel paused and continued, 'I know you're not close to me, but you should know I hope our business gets better. So, you'd better entrust the company to me. We're a family, and I won't do anything harmful to you.'

Irene said with a chuckle, "Uncle Samuel, I'm sorry. The Hume Group has offered to buy our company, and they promise to maintain its original system. Besides, I'm not in charge of the company but Elvis Wilber and Sam Sloan. They have the final say on the acquisition plan.'

Irene had spared much effort on the acquisition. She had tried her best to save the company.

She hoped her words could convince Samuel and Amber that she was not the one who could make the decision.

"It's all your fault that we come to this point. If you didn't sell the shares, how could Elvis Wilber and Sam Sloan control our company?" Samuel sneered, his eyes full of complaints.

Irene was confused. "What do you mean?"

"How silly you were to sell your shares to raise money? How could you not confirm who bought the shares? The person who bought your shares is surnamed Heyman. Don't you know that there is a Roman Heyman working for Manuel?" Samuel's face was full of disgust.

Irene realized that she was trapped. No wonder the man showed no hesitation to the price she offered! It turned out it was Roman Heyman!

She even complained her grandfather was outdated and over-cautious when he told her something was wrong with it. It turned out that she was the most stupid one.

"I see..."

"You're lying, aren't you? In addition to Elvis and Sam, there's another director, right? Do you know who's behind them? It's Manuel Gage, Matteo Easton, and Cason Baldry." Samuel's face darkened.

Irene's face turned deathly pale, but he didn't stop talking. "I can't believe Brady has such a stupid granddaughter!"

"He used to praise you as decisive. I even thought you were gonna be the hope of our family. But now it turns out that you are not! You can't push our family business to a higher level. And you almost destroyed it! Wake up! Hand over the company to me before it belongs to others completely.

Maybe I can save it.'

Amber smirked inwardly.

It was why they came here today.

But Irene was too astonished to answer him. She couldn't believe the truth.

That was to say, Matteo, Manuel, and Cason deliberately bought her shares and the company. They would lose a large amount of money if the Wade Group went bankrupt, but they didn't care. They would rather lose money than let her lead a good life.

Her lips trembled slightly. She wouldn't have been so heartbroken if only Matteo and Cason had done it.

Despite knowing that Manuel hated her guts, she found it hard to accept the truth.

She couldn't believe Manuel wanted to ruin her life for Ainsle/s sake. He knew Ainsley just for treating Irene's illness at the very first. She couldn't accept the fact even though she had experienced it thousands of times in her dreams.

And Manuel was the mastermind behind the plan that led to her being trapped and raped.

Only then did she finally understand how heartless and resolute Manuel was. He wanted to ruin her.

Irene raised her head to wipe the teardrop from the corners of her eye and then looked at Samuel coldly. "Uncle, if you can revive the company, I can entrust it to you. But you must remember it only belongs to Grandpa. If you want to take control of it, ask him."

Putting on a sullen face, Samuel angrily pointed at her and scolded, 'Damn you! He's in a coma in the hospital. It's all your fault! You brought the company into such a mess. If he knew about it, he would probably be pissed to death! I'm trying to help you! Don't push me!'

"What are you going to do? Just do it. I don't wanna see you again!' Irene opened the door as a sign of telling them to leave.

Amber pulled her collar open, revealing the swollen marks on her skin. "How can you make out when your grandfather is still in a coma? I can't believe you're in the mood to do it! I saw these marks when I came in. You must have done it with many men, didn't you?" she said with a meaningful smile.

Before Samuel could react, Irene fiercely patted Amber's hand away and shouted angrily, "Don't talk nonsense! Get out of here!\*

However, Amber walked up to her. "As the most precious daughter of the family, you used to look down on us, but who can believe you're reduced to such an end? What a joke!"

Irritated by her words, Irene threw a cup on the table towards Amber's foot heavily. "Get out! Get out of here!"

Chapter 569 Mental Intervention

Amber was pushed out. "You'll be condemned for disrespecting us like this!"

As a senior, Samuel thought it rude to fight against Irene. With a cold face, he was also pushed out, and the door was slammed shut.

Leaning against the door, Irene couldn't help thinking about what Amber had just said. She used to be the most favored daughter of the family, and her grandfather doted on her the most.

But she had never expected that she would end up like this.

She would never forget the deep-rooted memory, no matter how hard she was. She made many mistakes and hurt many people. Her hands were stained with much blood. Now it was her karma.

The video Manuel had could ruin her life at any time, as long as he wanted. She would never allow those videos to be spread at any cost.

She understood that Samuel's true purpose was not to revive the company but to prove himself. He didn't care about the family business at all.

Samuel had never achieved anything since he was a child. Brady had once let him manage a company, but it went bankrupt in less than two months.

She knew well about Samuel. He was impetuous and conceited. He regarded himself as a business genius, but he could do nothing.

After his company went bankrupt, he set his eyes on the Wade Group. However, Brady had taught him a lesson before, so he didn't dare to act rashly. Now that Brady was unconscious and might not wake up in a short time, he tried to take over the company again.

"The Wade Group only belongs to me. It's mine," Irene thought.

Holding back her disgust, she cleaned up the broken teacup pieces on the floor.

She could pretend nothing had happened in the daytime, but she had many nightmares at night.

In the dreams, she saw Roman walking towards her with a smirk, and she was pulled into a car in the dark forest.

She realized the car had been remodeled, and all the seats had been removed. There were many people in it.

She couldn't accept the fact that she had been raped by several men in such a narrow space. She was haunted by the pain in her body and heart.

She knew that the number of men was the same as the number of men in the bar that night.

No matter how hard she tried to hide her face and close her eyes, she could still hear the sound of taking photos and the blinding light of the flash lamp.

"Let go of me!" She woke up from the nightmare. Looking around the dim room, she realized it was just a dream. It was so real that she seemed to have been raped again.

She couldn't stand it. She was under great mental strain. She couldn't sleep well at all. She could see those men's faces as long as she closed her eyes.

She was too tired to think rationally. Before dawn, she asked her assistant to make an appointment with a psychologist.

Brett Hugo arrived at Irene's place at four o'clock in the morning. He wondered what kind of nightmares made her so scared that she couldn't wait to see him.

He then saw a lean woman with dark circles under her puffy and bloodshot eyes.

She looked pale and delirious, as if she would faint at anytime.

As Brett was in a daze, Irene asked, "Can you promise to keep what I'm gonna tell you a secret?"

Her hoarse voice sounded as if belonging to a woman much older than her.

Brett nodded solemnly and said with a professional smile, "Yes, Ms. Wade. Please rest assured. It's a basic requirement for me to protect the privacy of my patients."

Irene began to talk, including how she had been raped and her nightmares after that, but she skipped a large part of it.

Brett suppressed the curiosity. He knew that there were all kinds of strange things in such powerful families. All he needed to do was to keep calm and listen carefully and solve the problem for his patients.

"Ms. Wade, I'm very sorry to hear that.

But before the treatment, I need to know if you have talked with other psychologists about it?"

As a qualified psychologist, Brett knew mental intervention from other psychologists would exert an influence on his treatment effect.

Irene shook her head. It was the first time that she had seen a psychologist.

"Good. Now I'll conduct a psychological treatment for you. Please keep relaxed and lie on the bed. Now stare at the pocket watch in my hand." His voice was relaxing and gentle, with a hint of comfort.

As Irene slowly closed her eyes, she entered the scary dark forest again in her consciousness.

Mental intervention was a common treatment. After a while, Irene opened her eyes. It was in the morning. She felt unprecedentedly rested and refreshed.

It had been a long time since she had slept so comfortably. Stretching lazily, she glanced at the phone next to her, lit up the screen, and checked the time.

She had slept for ten hours and caught up on sleep.

She walked into the bathroom and washed her face with cold water. But an indescribable disgust rose again when she looked at herself in the mirror.

She suddenly realized that she had just slept well instead of completely ridding herself of the shadow.

But that was enough for her.

She smashed the phone in the mirror, broking the mirror into pieces. In these pieces were countless tiny pieces of her.

Taking a deep breath, she adjusted her mood and planned to go to the company. After all, she hadn't been there for two days.

She didn't know what Samuel would do.

When Daniel finished his work in the afternoon, he went to see Ainsley, but she locked her door. She looked more like a guest than being kidnapped.

Daniel turned on the TV in boredom, but two people on the screen attracted his attention. It was Manuel and a woman. The woman was holding his arms. Daniel couldn't see their faces. He knew Manuel had never attended any parties.

But the woman's back figure looked familiar to him.

He stared at them intensively. As the camera moved forward, he finally saw their faces.

In an exquisite suit, Manuel was chatting with someone with a glass of champagne. The woman beside him wore delicate makeup and a fishtail dress. Daniel's heart skipped a beat when he saw her face.

It was her!

Chapter 570 Determined to Get It

It was the woman who looked exactly like Ainsley.

"But why is this woman there with Manuel? And why is she dressed like Ainsley?" Daniel thought.

There were some subtitles. "Mr. Gage and Ms. Easton showed up together at the party after the accident. They look intimate, which aroused our speculation. We wonder if Ms. Easton and Mr. Hume's engagement is still valid. It's a question."

Daniel turned off the TV with a cold face but couldn't calm down.

Ainsley looked intimate with Manuel on TV. Besides, Daniel noticed Matteo's concerned gaze at her.

He immediately burst open Ainsley's door. When he saw her lying lazily on the bed, he breathed a sigh of relief.

It was not Ainsley who stood beside Manuel. But at the thought of the scene of Manuel holding her waist on TV, Daniel got upset and restless.

He was eager to know what was going on. Who on earth was the real Ainsley?

It was useless to guess here. He must go and see the woman with his own eyes and then make a judgment.

"Is Manuel going to participate in any parties lately?" he asked Aaden.

Aaden thought for a moment and said, "There will be a charity party in Seattle. The Gage family will donate a famous drawing, and the Easton family will donate an antique hairpin. I think Manuel will attend it."

"I've brought a vase from abroad. Just donate it," said Daniel.



Aaden was surprised to hear it, but he soon calmed down. "I see, Mr. Hume."

In fact, the vase was of great value, so it would be a waste to donate it on such an occasion.

But Aaden must do anything Daniel ordered.

"Are you going to participate in the party?" He could tell what Daniel was thinking. Daniel had never bothered to participate in such activities because he thought they were just playacting. And God knew what the money raised had been used for.

Aaden was surprised that Daniel would attend the party.

Daniel nodded. "Get ready for it."

Aaden glanced at Ainsley's door in confusion. "Mr. Hume, will you attend the party with Ms. Easton?"

To his surprise, Daniel shook his head and replied coldly, "No."

Overjoyed, Aaden assumed that perhaps Daniel was losing his obsession with Ainsley.

Aaden regarded Ainsley as a burden for Daniel. If Daniel's father knew that Daniel was obsessed with a woman, he might beat Daniel to death.

Aaden was glad that Daniel had come around, so he didn't need to persuade him.

Since it was turbulent in town recently, the charity party could be considered a big event. Before its guests entered the venue, many reporters had been waiting there to take photos.

Daniel's appearance caused quite a stir. As a business genius, he rarely participated in public events, so few people knew he would attend the party.

Looking at the front row from afar, Matteo chatted with the woman beside him. Manuel and his woman had not arrived yet.

Daniel was annoyed at the girl's gossip around him. "It's said that the Easton family donates an antique makeup box from several hundred years ago. The hairpin in it is priceless. Besides, it's an antique..."

"I heard it was donated by Ms. Easton, and it was the family heirloom that Mrs. Easton gave her."

"That's amazing! Most people donate some ordinary stuff. How come she donates such a valuable thing? What would other families think of her?"

"You don't know! There will be a big cheese at the party. No wonder Ms. Easton wants to catch his eye with it."

"Who's it?"

Daniel wanted to hear more, but the two women stopped talking because of some noise behind them. As he turned around, he saw Manuel.

Daniel narrowed his eyes to look at the woman beside Manuel. Even without a closer look, he was captivated by that woman's graceful figure. She looked as beautiful as she had been at Irene's birthday party.

Ever since he met her at that party, he lost interest in other women. She looked dignified.

She seemed to like fishtail skirts very much. The fishtail skirt she wore today was more dazzling than last time.

Daniel was so familiar with her posture and smile as if he had returned to the grand birthday banquet.

He walked up to Manuel and that woman. The public announcement of his engagement with Ms. Easton was still vivid. All the reporters were eager to take photos of a more dramatic scene. It sounded super dramatic that Ms. Easton's rumored boyfriend met her fiancé at the party. And they were Manuel Gage and Daniel Hume.

On Ainsley's bare shoulders was a butterfly mark. Daniel had seen it in the news and a copy on another person's shoulder.

Just as he was about to approach her, Manuel took a step forward to stop him. "Mr. Hume, tell me if you wanna say something."

"Who is she?" Daniel asked directly.

Manuel sneered, "Can't you tell who she is? She's Ainsley Easton."

"No way! You're lying! Who is she?" Daniel gritted his teeth. He had to suppress the urge to take the woman away.

Manuel looked more indifferent. "Are you crazy, Mr. Hume? Don't know where you are now?"

Daniel's face was lit by bright spotlights. Before he could react, Aaden had rushed over to block those who tried to shoot him forcefully.

Daniel took a deep breath. "Let me ask her one thing. I'll believe you if she answers it correctly."

At this moment, Ainsley pushed away Manuel's hand and looked at Daniel calmly and coldly. "Why do I need you to believe me? Mr. Hume, you'd better see a doctor to check your suicide tendency instead of wasting your time here. Otherwise, I'm afraid you'll kill yourself in your dreams."

Daniel was stunned. Ainsley had once made psychological interference for him, which was a secret between the two of them.

Clenching his fists, he felt that something was wrong.

While he was deep in thought, the host asked all the guests to take their seats. Ainsley and Manuel sat in the front row, and there were several people between Daniel and Ainsley. He couldn't talk to Ainsley even though he was in the same row.

He could do nothing but look at her.

"The first item to be auctioned is a diamond necklace donated by the Salter Group, made by a top jewelry master from Yeatsville. The starting price is 160 thousand dollars, and 80 thousand dollars will be added each time."

As soon as he finished speaking, Ainsley raised her number.

“160 thousand dollars!”

“Good. 240 thousand dollars! 320 thousand dollars!”

Ainsley raised her number again. It seemed that she was determined to get this diamond necklace.