

## **A Divorce 611**

### **Chapter 611 That Is My Sister**

The Glover family was the biggest wine dealer in Seattle, and Waston was the only daughter of the Glover family. Marrying her was equivalent to getting the Glover Group.

Robyn smiled at her, picked up a few more sets of clothes, and handed them to her.

"Try these on," Robyn said softly.

Waston nodded and carried the clothes to the fitting room. She was like a model going back and forth, trying on clothes for Robyn.

Each piece fit Waston perfectly and made her look extraordinarily elegant and intellectual.

Robyn handed over the bank card and held Waston Glover's hand with satisfaction. "What else do you like? I'll buy it for you."

"It's already a lot, Mrs. Easton. I feel so bad." Waston replied embarrassingly.

"It's just a few sets of clothes. They're not worth much." Robyn held Waston's hand and led the latter into the jewelry store.

Clothes and jewelry did not matter much to Waston. The only reason she stayed on was because of Matteo.

After all, Robyn was Matteo's mother.

When they finished shopping, Robyn sent Waston home before returning to her house.

She could not hold back her anger when she thought of what Waston had said that day.

After Robyn kicked Ainsley out of Matteo's house last time, Matteo hadn't picked up her calls for a long time. Robyn was furious that her son would treat her like this because of a cousin!

Even Robyn's husband was on Ainsley's side and refused to let her contact Ainsley.

After some moments of thought, Robyn finally dialed her son's number.

"How ironic that I need to prepare myself mentally before calling my son." Robyn thought sarcastically.

No one picked up the phone for a long time. Finally, only the beeping sound was left. After several attempts that rendered a similar outcome, Robyn was sure Matteo was insistent on not answering her call.

"Get the car ready!" Robyn suppressed the anger in her heart.

The Easton Group building was in a prime location in the commercial district. When the luxury car stopped in front of the building, the security guard saw the license plate number and immediately stepped forward respectfully to open the car door for Robyn to get off.

After Robyn entered the building, she immediately heard the others whispering something in the elevator.

"I heard Mr. Easton and Ms. Easton moved to a villa."

"Wasn't Ms. Easton gone missing not long ago? How did they find her so quickly?"

"Geez, how can we know everything about all the secrets of these wealthy families?"

"That's true, but Mr. Easton treats his sister well. I heard he bought jewelry for her at the auction before."

Robyn walked out of the elevator gloomily and was stopped in front of the CEO's office again.

The assistant led Robyn to the tea room. "Mrs. Easton, Mr. Easton is in the conference room now. I'll let him know you're here when he's done."

"Got it." Robyn muttered.

Once the assistant left, Robyn wandered to Matteo's office and looked at the things on the shelf.

She sat in Matteo's chair and turned on his computer. There was a stack of documents in front of the computer. She flipped through it casually and was stunned by what she saw.

The documents were about what happened a month before Jake's accident. She frowned and angrily put down the papers.

Robyn thought indignantly, "Matteo actually started investigating Jake!"

While Robyn was lost in her thoughts, Matteo finally ended his meeting and walked in. "Why are you here?"

Robyn looked at him grudgingly. "What's wrong? Can't a mother come to see her son? Or do you no longer want to recognize me as your mother?"

Matteo shook his head. "That's not what I meant. But I don't think you're here for nothing, right?"

Robyn snorted coldly and sat back on the couch. "I told you to take good care of Weston. Why didn't you listen? She's a girl. You can't always make her take the initiative. You have to learn to ask her out."

"What did she say to you?" Matteo asked impatiently.

Robyn pushed the box she brought toward Matteo. "She didn't say anything. Do you think I'm a fool who can't sense anything? I went shopping with Weston today. When she saw this cake shop on the street, she insisted on buying it for you. What a wonderful girl."

"I see. Anything else?" Matteo replied distractedly.

"Can't I come to see you even if there's nothing important? I'm your mother, not your employee. Can't I come with no agenda?" Robyn glared at him, disgruntled.

Robyn now blamed Ainsley even more in her heart. She thought that it was all because of Ainsley that her son treated her like this.

Robyn then recalled murmurs she heard in the elevator, and she couldn't help but ask, "You're living with that woman again?"

"Mom, that's my sister. She's not some other woman," Matteo said seriously.

Robyn sneered, "She's such a clingy person. You can't drive her away, no matter how hard you try. Does she have to cling to you?"

"I won't let the same thing happen again." Matteo looked at Robyn sternly.

"Why? Are you going to sever ties with me for her?" Robyn's eyes were full of hatred.

Robyn was furious and thought, "It's all because of Ainsley that you hadn't contacted me for so many days and didn't even return home!"

Matteo said frustratedly, "Mom, I've never wanted to cut ties with you. You should have known what I was thinking since the beginning. I just want to protect Ainsley. I've sworn before Harold's grave that I would protect Aisy."

"You! You're stubborn as a mule! Of course, you can care for her, but there's no need to go to such lengths for her." Robyn's hands trembled with anger.

"Mom, don't you think your actions are very puzzling?" Matteo slowly approached Robyn. "Mom, why do you want something to happen to Aisy so badly? Is it just to let me possess Easton Group fully?"

Robyn dared not admit that Matteo had hit the nail on the head, so she retorted, "I've never said that before. Don't slander me. I'm just concerned about your marriage. Waston is very suitable, and she's a good person. Why aren't you willing to get close to her?"

"It's not that I don't want to get close to her. The only person I don't want to get close to is you. So I don't want to get close to the person you introduced either," Matteo snapped coldly.

Robyn didn't expect Matteo would say that. "I-I didn't expect my son, whom I've raised for so many years, to talk to me like this for a woman repeatedly. I've put up with it the last few times, but how long do you want me to put up with this?"

Matteo took a deep breath and calmed himself down. "Go back. You'll never know the location of the villa. It's almost New Year. Go home and have a good rest."

Robyn knew her son was not up for more conversation, so she just asked, "The New Year is coming in a few days. When are you going home?"

"I won't go back this year." Matteo replied curtly.

"Are you kidding me? You're part of the Easton family. If you don't come back during the New Year, do you want everyone in the family to treat us as laughingstocks? Even if you refuse to do it for me, at least do it for the sake of your father, can you?" Robyn's hands trembled with anger.

Matteo tried his best to remain calm. "Let's talk about it later. I'll let you and Dad know."

Robyn stopped talking. She glanced at the documents with a complicated expression and left with a solemn expression.

Chapter 612 Interest

A car pulled up in front of the entrance of the Easton Group's building, and Waston, with a thermos in her hand, walked toward the building. The security guard recognized her and allowed her to enter without questions asked. After all, she was well-known in the Easton Group. As she entered the building, the assistant led her directly to the CEO's office and left.

She knocked on the door gently. After getting permission from the person inside the room, she walked in.

"Matteo, I brought you some food today," she said as she entered Matteo's office. She had come at the urging of Robyn, who seemed eager for her to be a couple with Matteo.

Waston was well aware of the saying that you could lead a horse to water, but you couldn't make it drink. She was eager to be with Matteo but knew she couldn't force him to accept her.

"Have a seat." Matteo sat next to her after finishing his work.

Waston had already opened the thermos when he approached her, revealing the desserts she had made and the soup she had brought.

Shyly, Waston looked at Matteo and said, "Please try them, Matteo. Mrs. Easton mentioned that you enjoy them, so I prepared some for you."

Matteo caught on to the subtle meaning behind Waston's words and apologized to her, "My mother sent you, didn't she? You don't have to listen to her. I know she's not going to let it go after storming out of my place in a huff yesterday."

"There's something I wanted to say, but I'm not sure if I should, Matteo," Waston said hesitantly.

Matteo poured her a glass of water and reassured her, "I'm all ears."

After a moment of contemplation, Waston spoke in a hesitant tone. "It seems like Mrs. Easton doesn't like Ms. Easton. Yesterday, when we were shopping together, Mrs. Easton said something..."

"She said negative things about Aisy, didn't she?" Matteo's expression turned serious.

Trying to ease the tense atmosphere, Waston clarified, "I don't intend to create any conflict between you and Mrs. Easton. I know she is a kind-hearted person, and any issues between her and Ms. Easton might just stem from a misunderstanding. Besides, Ms. Easton is her niece. I bet Mrs. Easton has affection for Ms. Easton deep in her heart. I am sure everything will be resolved once the misunderstandings are cleared."

Matteo was well aware of the meaning behind her words, but he was well aware of the true relationship between Ainsley and his mother as well.

He asked in confusion, "So, did my mother ask you to come here today?" Given his understanding of Robyn's personality, he was confident that she would orchestrate something like this.

Waston smiled uneasily and clarified, "Although Mrs. Easton did mention it, I came here because I wanted to see you. I made these desserts myself, and ever since I learned how to make them, I've been looking forward to sharing them with you. Finally, my wish came true."

Since a young age, Waston was always easily smitten by him, whether it was when they first met as youths or at the coming-of-age ceremony.

Hence, it was no surprise that when Waston found out Matteo had frequently visited the bakery to buy desserts, she wasted no time, signing up for a baking class to learn how to make desserts.

“Thank you,” Matteo expressed his gratitude and picked up a piece of dessert, savoring the sweet yet not overpowering taste. The fruity aroma lingering in his mouth brought back memories of Green Wine he had tasted previously.

“This is really delicious, thank you,” Matteo complimented as he ate another piece of the dessert. “By the way, how was the response to the Green Wine from the last banquet?”

Waston was pleasantly surprised that Matteo remembered and she smiled joyfully. “Grandpa said the feedback was really positive, and we’re planning to mass produce it for the market. However, this type of Green Wine has a long production process and requires precious and limited materials, so we can only produce a limited supply.”

“I wonder if you are willing to provide some of the stock to the holiday resort on PineMist Island if the wine can be put on the market.” Apart from feeling that Waston had helped them a lot and wanted to repay her in some way, he believed that the wine was worthy of being tasted by many people.

Most of the visitors to the resort island were there to unwind and enjoy their vacation, and the Green Wine would be a perfect drink for them while sitting on the beach and basking in the sea breeze.

“Absolutely, I’m willing to do it,” she replied, noticing how busy Matteo was as his assistant kept walking in to deliver documents.

She quickly rose from her seat. “Matteo, you should focus on your work for now. We can discuss this when we both have more time. I should get going as well.”

“Alright. Take care,” said Matteo, not preparing to make her stay.

To Waston’s surprise, within two hours of leaving the Easton Group, the news of her visit to the company had spread all over the internet, causing quite a stir.

The lights in the operating room went off, and she immediately headed to the sterilization room to remove all the equipment on her body before returning to her office.

As she made her way back to her office, she noticed many curious, envious, and annoyed looks directed toward her, but she had no idea what could have caused such reactions.

She finally became aware that something was wrong when she overheard some people talking, “She’s the daughter of the Glover family. They are a perfect match. They are meant for each other.”

“No wonder they were standing so close to each other at the charity auction. Perhaps they already knew each other back then.”

“I doubt there’s any real love between the children of wealthy families. They are probably just together for their own interests,” someone commented.

“Alright. Stop talking about it. She’s here.”

Waston retrieved her phone and found it flooded with notifications – missed calls, unread texts, and unopened emails.

After returning a call to a friend, she understood what was happening.

She looked at her phone with a pale face and saw the ugly comments and false rumors being spread about her by those people.

Having grown up as the daughter of the Glover family, Waston was no stranger to people spreading rumors about her, so she was not afraid of them.

However, she was worried that Matteo might be affected by the rumors and become upset.

Feeling uneasy, Waston dialed Matteo’s number, and he picked up after the phone rang for a few seconds.

“Matteo!”

“What’s wrong?” Matteo’s voice sounded the same as it did in the morning. Waston felt a little relieved after hearing Matteo’s tone. “Have you seen the news? It’s my fault,” she said.

Matteo responded in a calm manner, “Are you referring to the commotion caused by your visit to the company this morning to drop off some items?”

“Yes, the news about my visit to the company this morning was posted on the Internet and has caused a stir online. People are spreading rumors that we are secretly engaged and I refuse to make it public.’ She then added anxiously, “Matteo, I think I should release a statement to clarify the situation. Please don’t worry about it.’

Matteo’s response was reassuring. ‘You don’t need to do that and don’t worry about it. It’s not right for a gentleman to let a woman deal with such a matter alone. If it’s bothering you, Ms. Glover, I’ll issue a statement using the company’s name to clarify the situation.’

“Matteo, I’m not bothered by these rumors. It doesn’t matter to me. You don’t have to issue a formal statement about it.’ In fact, she didn’t mind the rumors at all. If possible, she hoped that Matteo would eventually publicly confirm their relationship.

“Is there anything else?” Matteo asked politely.

It was at that moment that Waston realized they were still on the phone. “There’s nothing else. I’m sorry for taking up your time. I’ll let you go now.”

Waston had to leave for another surgery after the call.

Initially, they thought the rumors would die down if they ignored them, but they had underestimated the extent of their spread this time.

After work, Waston immediately got in the car and went to the mall.

Waston headed to the designated venue after arriving at Seattle’s largest mall and parked her car.

## Chapter 613 Real Family

Upon arriving at the location, Waston caught sight of Robyn already waiting for her on the side.

"Mrs. Easton, I'm sorry for keeping you waiting. I just finished work," Waston said apologetically as she walked toward Robyn and affectionately took her arm.

Robyn gave her a reassuring pat on the back of her hand. "Don't be silly, my dear. I know you have work to do. I just hope that I'm not irritating you by keeping asking you to be my shopping companion."

"Why would I ever find you annoying? You know that I enjoy shopping with you the most, Mrs. Easton. My parents are usually out of the country and don't have time to come back and spend time with me. Shopping with you is like shopping with my own mother."

Robyn couldn't help but smile, amused by Waston's words. "You're quite the charmer."

The two walked into a shop, and Robyn loved the shop's clothing.

"Waston, you should try this dress on. The color is so vibrant, and your well-tanned skin will make it look amazing on you," Robyn suggested, holding out a red gauze dress to her with a loving expression.

Actually, Waston wasn't fond of the color red, but she didn't want to decline the elder's kindness, so she complied and walked toward Robyn, taking the dress from her. "Sure, I'll try it on right away, Mrs. Easton."

Robyn stopped Waston, saying, "Don't rush to try it on. Choose a few more clothes you like first. Shopping can be exhausting, so make sure you get enough clothes to take back with you."

Waston smiled and said, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

Upon hearing that, Robyn's smile widened as she grabbed Waston's hand and exclaimed happily, "I really have a great eye! Why a darling girl like you are not my daughter?"

Waston blushed and said softly, "Mrs. Easton, you're flattering me. Mr. Easton is also very excellent."

As soon as Matteo was mentioned, Robyn quickly pulled Waston aside and gossiped, "I almost forgot to ask you about this. Are you and Matteo in a relationship now?"

Robyn's words caught Waston off guard, causing her face to turn red and stutter as she tried to respond. "M-Mrs. Easton, I don't think it's appropriate to discuss such matters as we are still getting to know each other, and Mr. Easton prefers taking things slow."

"But I saw the news. It said that you two love each other. I hope you can go to the company often."

Waston hurriedly explained, "Mrs. Easton, the news is fake. They only took a photo of me going to the Easton Group and made up so much nonsense."

Robyn's face fell instantly, and her tone turned slightly harsh. "Waston, I can tell that you're interested in Matteo. Did he say or do something that made you say this?"

Waston was taken aback by Robyn's sudden change in tone and quickly raised her hand and shook her hands. "No, Mrs. Easton. Mr. Easton hasn't said anything. He just wants to focus on his career right now."

The company is growing now, and he's busy with work. He just doesn't want to neglect me. It shows how responsible he is. I'm actually quite happy with the way things are."

Internally, Robyn felt relieved, although she didn't display it on her face.

She let out a cold snort before saying, "Waston, there's no need to speak up for him. After all, he's my son. I know what he's thinking. Being busy with work is just an excuse. There must be something going on with Ainsley again."

As she spoke, Robyn's agitation became apparent. 'They're not even siblings. Matteo is so foolish for always helping Ainsley, even when it causes him trouble."

Waston was once again rendered speechless. Robyn had previously mentioned Ainsley's situation, whether intentionally or unintentionally, but Waston had avoided the topic.

Observing Waston's silence on the topic of Ainsley, Robyn gave her a strange look.

But she quickly adjusted her demeanor, smiled dryly, and changed the topic. 'Waston, after you and Matteo get married, he may finally understand the true meaning of family."

"I understand, Mrs. Easton."

The rumors were becoming increasingly absurd, and while the parties involved seemed unfazed, bystanders found it difficult to remain calm.

Kaliyah was still pondering on how to acquire the Wade Group shares from Matteo when she came across the news.

Waston was the daughter of the Glover family. She was kind and gentle.

Kaliyah's attempts to use Ainsley as leverage against Matteo had been unsuccessful due to the covert protection Ainsley was receiving from several individuals.

As Kaliyah pondered, she began to consider the possibility of using Waston, an unusual way, as a means of pressuring Matteo.

Matteo was not someone who let others get close to him easily. Throughout the years, Waston was the only exception.

Meanwhile, Ainsley also noticed the news. She brought up the news during their meal, but Matteo didn't pay much attention to it.

"Matteo, Ms. Glover is quite nice. Her personality is similar to that of Serina – kind and innocent. Plus, Mrs. Easton has always urged you to pursue her. Why not get in touch with her first? It could also help you appease Mrs. Easton." Ainsley gave such a comment because she had met Waston before.

Matteo let out a tired sigh. "I wish my mother would stop interfering in my life and just enjoy her own. I'd be much happier if she would just stop fretting about me all the time."

His mother had hurt Ainsley repeatedly because of him. Hence, he felt responsible for it.



Upon finishing the last spoonful of her soup, Ainsley received an email. She checked it and came across something astonishing.

Her expression turned solemn. Her tone was serious when she asked, "Matteo, did you send someone to protect Ms. Glover?"

"Waston? What's wrong with her?" Matteo frowned slightly.

"There hasn't been any incident as of now, but I have a feeling that something might happen soon. It seems that someone has targeted her."

Matteo pondered for a moment. "Is it because she helped us last time?"

Ainsley wore a bitter smile as she shook her head. "It is not as straightforward as it seems. There is something I have not revealed to you, but I believe I should."

"What is it?"

Ainsley disclosed to Matteo all the information she had received from Kaitlin during their last conversation, as well as her own speculations.

With a serious tone, Ainsley shared, "I have received information indicating Kaliyah's growing interest in Waston. Kaliyah has hired someone to investigate Waston. I suspect Kaliyah has given up on using me as bait since her hands are tied and have shifted her focus to Waston."

Matteo immediately put down his cutlery, and despite the delicious food on the dining table, he lost his appetite. "So basically, Kaliyah sees this scandal as an opportunity. She might not have a concrete plan yet, but she's considering the possibility that Waston might be my fiancée as everyone assumes. She figures that if she uses Waston to threaten me, it could be more effective than using you."

"Based on the information in the email I just received, it appears that Kaliyah is not the only one who shares this belief. It seems that ever since the incident involving the lost child, the Baldry family has grown to dislike her, and she is now seeking additional support for herself," said Ainsley with a scoff.

After telling Ainsley the necessary information, Kaitlin didn't leave out any details about the happenings with the Baldry family recently, including the fact that Cason wanted to divorce Kaliyah.

Kaliyah believed that if she played her cards right, Samuel might still work with her despite his initial intention of using the confession letter as a means of threat.

For this purpose, Kaliyah was so eager to execute her plan that she couldn't wait any longer.

Chapter 614 Troublemakers

"Matteo, send someone to protect Waston at all times now. You can also contact the Glover family first, but be careful not to alert the enemy."

"All right."

Just as Matteo was about to get up and leave, Ainsley called out to him again.

"By the way, have you found anything about Leonard?"

She still cared about the matter very much. She had no idea what those people wanted to do and whether it was because of Nancy or her father.

"No, nothing yet. They are very discreet. I've been thoroughly investigating the company's internal affairs for the past two days, but I didn't find any mole," Matteo said placidly.

Contemplatively, Ainsley replied, 'The smartest spy will never show anything unusual in normal times. They will lurk around you while being someone honest and ordinary. Once there is a mission, they will expose themselves.'

"So what you're saying is to wait. We'll wait for them to show themselves."

"It seems that you don't know all your employees well, Matteo." Ainsley raised her eyebrows.

Matteo joked, "I don't need to know because I have you for that."

"Seems like Manuel has been quite close lately. Since when did you have such a good relationship with him?" She had tried to forget the time Matteo harshly stopped her from seeing Manuel.

At that time, she acted like a fool and continued to date Manuel behind Matteo's back.

Perhaps, all Irene could do was mock when she saw Ainsley that way.

Matteo calmed himself down and sighed. "If you need to know when it started, it was during the period when we were dealing with Daniel together. In most cases, the enemy of the enemy is a friend. Furthermore, the person Daniel wanted was the same person Manuel cared for."

The enemy of the enemy is a friend? That's true. It's the reason why Kaitlin would cooperate with me.

Waston had just finished an operation. Before she could enter the office, she heard sounds of quarreling. When she walked in, she saw a group of people surrounding the office door.

Several nurses and security guards were there, and a middle-aged woman slumped on the ground and cried wildly, "Is there any justice? Come and see! The hospital is bullying people!"

As soon as Waston walked over, several other people that were with the middle-aged woman gathered around as soon as they saw Waston. "That's her! That's Dr. Glover!"

"I'm sorry, but what's the matter?" Waston looked at those people gently.

A woman scolded while pointing at Waston's nose, "It's you! Why didn't you operate on my brother? He's been lying in the hospital for days!"

Another woman also pointed at Waston and cursed, "It's this woman! She's the one who doesn't want to operate on my brother. It's not easy for us from rural to come to a big hospital, which costs us a lot daily. Now, she refuses to do the operation and blames us for all the problems."

Waston looked at her blankly. She had no idea what had happened.

A nurse walked over to stop those people and hurriedly explained to Waston, "Dr. Glover, the patient should have fasted before the operation, but he ate some poached eggs. So we informed him that he couldn't perform the operation as per the procedure. Then they..."

Thus the scene of the patient's family making a fuss.

Waston nodded. It was a common procedure, and the doctor would repeatedly emphasize that one should not eat before the operation.

The patient's family didn't care about that and continued to say frantically, "It's just some poached eggs. We are also trying to give him nutrition. You also said that the operation would take a long time. What if he can't make it?"

"The patient can't eat anything before the operation because he might vomit during the anesthetic process and cause difficulty breathing. If the food is blocked in the respiratory tract, then it's a much bigger problem than being hungry. The doctor has said all these reasons before, and it's for the patient's own good," Waston said in a deep voice.

But those people obviously didn't appreciate it, and the patient's sister had an outburst. "It's all excuses! Everyone knows that the hospital is a blood sucking demon. You just want to delay the operation to earn more money for another day of hospitalization. I've already seen through your tactics."

"What do you want us to do? It's a non-negotiable to not eat before the operation, and our hospital has repeatedly emphasized this," Waston still responded calmly to the patient's family.

But no matter how many times she explained, it was useless. She sighed wearily and didn't want to waste any more breath.

A male doctor walked out of the office opposite them. He then led Waston into his office. "Dr. Glover, you can rest here. I'll take care of it."

"Okay, thank you." Waston had just finished surgery which took a few hours. She no longer had the strength to stand.

He closed the door of the office, isolating all the noise outside.

After work, she walked to the parking lot only to find that her car parked in the corner had been smashed, and the windows were cracked.

She called her family directly and asked her grandfather to send someone to deal with it.

It didn't take much thought to know that the patient's family did it.

It was almost eight o'clock at night when she looked at her watch. The hospital was close to home, and it wouldn't take long for her to walk back. She could take a stroll while thinking about what happened with Matteo.

So, she walked out of the parking lot in the dark.

The next evening, Serina and Miles went to the skating rink arm in arm.

Recently, she and Miles discovered a common hobby, which was skating.

However, what upset her the most was that he always had to be fully disguised and hide his face whenever she brought him to skate.

A few days ago, after Miles was recognized, he was surrounded by a crowd. His fans asked for his autograph and photo, and he was trapped for about three hours. Finally, Serina couldn't stand it anymore and went back.

For this reason, the two of them had an unpleasant fight, and it took them a few days to make up.

Therefore, she did not dare to ask Miles not to bring these things, but she still felt annoyed when she saw them.

"Serina, are you not happy?" Miles took her hand and led her away from the center of the skating rink.

Serina said sullenly, "A little. When can you date me openly?"

"I can do it anytime if you want, but I'm scared." Miles frowned.

Serina looked at him in confusion. "What are you afraid of?"

"I'm worried that if your identity is exposed, your life will be disrupted afterward."

Indeed, as the youngest movie star, Miles had many passionate fans. Who knew how they might react if they knew that he was in a relationship?

Serina was still in school and might get surrounded in class.

"Forget it. I'm just ranting." Serina pouted.

Glancing at his watch. Miles realized it was already eight o'clock at night.

"It's getting dark. Shall we go for dinner?" Miles asked gently.

"Okay." Serina's stomach growled right then.

#### Chapter 615 Brake Failure

They got into the car together and drove on the main road. The lights on both sides of the road were warm and bright, which made Serina feel much better.

However, Miles soon realized that something was amiss.

He steadied the steering wheel and said in a panic, "Serina, we're in trouble."

Hearing this, Serina looked around. The road was flat, and there was only one car. She asked in confusion, "What's the trouble?"

"Brakes! The brakes have malfunctioned." Miles pursed his lips.

Serina finally realized the seriousness of the matter. She looked in the direction of the brakes and asked, "How could it be?"

She had never encountered such a situation, but she had seen many similar scenes in movies.

"Then, what should we do? I'll call Manuel!" In a panic, Serina took out her phone from her pocket and dialed her brother's number without thinking.

“Manuel, what do we do if our brakes malfunction? Who is it? It’s Miles. What should we do? I’m so scared!”

Manuel, who was in the middle of a meeting, immediately stopped the meeting. He stood up immediately and walked out of the conference room. He said anxiously to the man, “Roman, the brakes of Serina’s car stopped working. You take the police over there now.”

“Okay. I’ll go right away!”

Manuel immediately comforted Serina and told her not to be too nervous.

Trembling, Serina looked at Miles and asked, “What should we do?”

Just as she was about to say something to Manuel, her phone suddenly ran out of battery and automatically turned off.

Serina wanted to smash her phone angrily, but instead, she quickly plugged in the charger, at a loss.

If it was a car with a manual transmission, the clutch could be turned into a gear and slowly stopped, but this was an automatic transmission.

“Serina, don’t be afraid.” Miles thought of Serina’s trauma and immediately made a decision. He had to take a risk.

He turned the steering wheel and pressed the car against the bumper bar ruthlessly. Then, he tried to slow down the car with friction, but he thought wrong.

The car was moving so fast that the friction couldn’t slow it down at all.

If necessary, they could only use the impact to come to a complete stop.

And Miles had to do it well, or things might take a turn for the worse.

When he saw the trees in front of him, he knew that the time was right. He turned the steering wheel again, and the car hit the first tree forcefully. However, he moved the steering wheel slightly to let the car graze by the tree.

The same thing happened the second time. After passing a dozen trees, the car finally slowed down.

However, an accident happened. There was a slippery slope in front, causing the car to head downward all of a sudden. The car turned over, and Miles hugged Serina tightly in his arms.

Then, he watched the car fall and crash into the barrier ruthlessly.

Beep! Beep!

Stimulated by the smell of disinfectant, Serina woke up. When she smelled the formalin, she immediately remembered what had happened.

Coincidentally, the nurse came to change the wound dressing, and Serina excitedly grabbed the nurse’s wrist. “How is that man? The man who came with me.”

“Miss, calm down. Are you talking about Mr. Wilson?” The nurse’s face was unusually flushed.

Miles was famous as the youngest movie star, so it was not surprising that the nurses knew him.

Serina endured the discomfort. "I mean, Mr. Wilson, how is he?"

"Mr. Wilson is still in a coma. His arm is fractured, and many of the wounds on his body have been bandaged. You don't have to worry," the nurse said.

Hearing that he was fine, Serina breathed a sigh of relief.

Although, she was wondering why he was still unconscious.

The nurse went out after changing the dressing, and a man came in.

"Manuel, you're finally here," Serina said aggrievedly. "I'm scared."

"I thought he would be able to protect you, but he still hurt you," said Manuel angrily.

"Manuel, you can't blame him for this. He didn't know the brakes were broken."

Serina pouted. "If he hadn't wrapped his arms around my head to protect me, you wouldn't have seen me."

Manuel snorted coldly. "You're still defending him until now."

"What I said is true. I saw with my own eyes that he protected me when the accident happened." She looked at his face and knew that it was not the right time to mention it.

Serina pondered for a moment before saying, "Manuel, did you find out why the brakes didn't work? I remember we drove that car."

Manuel didn't want to hide it from her. "The brake cable was cut off."

"What? Why was it cut off?" Serina's eyes widened.

Manuel stood up and looked at her calmly, telling her his conjecture, "I don't know... In the end, is it you who is being targeted, or is it Miles?"

Roman knocked on the door gently. "Mr. Easton, I found it."

"Say it."

Serina's eyes widened, and she was also startled by her brother's aura.

Roman didn't dare to talk nonsense anymore. "That car was made by Irene's subordinates. The brakes weren't malfunctioning, but they were cut off."

"Irene? It's her again!" Annoyed, Serina cried, "She's so cruel to have the brakes cut off."

Manuel's face was full of indifference. "I'll make Aisy pay."

Irene was keeping watch over Brady in the ward when several people in security uniforms suddenly came in.

As soon as they entered the ward, Irene didn't react for a while.

It wasn't until those people started unpacking the parcels and removing the equipment attached to Brady's body.

"W-What are you doing? Who are you?" Irene ran over to stop them.

The leader said, "Ms. Wade, pack your things and leave quickly. Another patient has already booked this ward."

Irene's eyes widened. "Are you kidding me? I haven't even told you when we'll be discharged, yet you've already made the reservation?"

"Ms. Wade, this matter is none of our business. If you have any important matters, you can choose to tell the management about them. We are just following the rules." The head of the security team spoke unkindly with contempt in his eyes.

"What rules? The patient's family didn't agree, and you moved things without permission."

The leader seemed to want to say something, but in the end, he held his tongue. He just continued to move things coldly.

Irene had no way to vent her anger, so she walked over to block the security guards.

She pounced over and said angrily, "Don't touch my grandpa. He's not in good health and can't stand moving around."

"Ms. Wade, please get out of the way!" The security guard's voice became colder, and his eyes were so cold.

One of them pulled Irene away, while the other two went straight to help Brady. They were determined to send them out.

Irene shook her head. "I won't! I paid for it. Why should my grandpa get kicked out?"

The head of the security team sighed and placed Brady in the corridor.

"Ms. Wade, it's better for you to ask the Director, Henri Mann, about this. We're just following orders."

## [Chapter 616](#)

### Offending the Wrong Person

After holding it in for so long, all of Irene's worries seemed to come together, which made her lose it at this moment.

She looked at the people coldly. "I'll see which one of you dares to move!"

Several security guards instantly froze on the spot, looking at each other and then at the leader at the same time. After working in the hospital for a long time, everyone had developed their character.

Although the Wade family was in tatters, they were still a prestigious family. No one could guarantee that Irene would not rise again. Even if they dared to make a move, someone had to bear the responsibility.

The head of the security team certainly knew what others thought, but how could he dare to make such a decision?

Irene continued, "The Wade family hasn't gone bankrupt yet, and you dare to do this! If you want to carry my grandfather out today, you have to let me meet Henri first!"

After pondering for a while, the head of the security team waved his hand and said, "Put him down first."

The security guards immediately put the old man down and went out of the ward.

"I'll go find Henri right away and let him talk to you."

Within half an hour, the head of the security team led Henri into the ward.

"I'll talk to Ms. Wade. You can go out first."

The head of the security team nodded and went out, closing the door of the ward sensibly.

Henri looked at Brady, who was still in a coma, and sighed. "Ms. Wade, to be honest, Brady's current situation is no different from being at home and in the hospital. There is no hope at all, unless Cerf takes action and spends the rest of his life working on it."

Irene said coldly, "Can you guarantee that Grandpa won't have any problems at home? As I said, no one knows when he will wake up, but it's also true that no one knows whether he'll be in this condition forever or if his life will be in danger."

Henri acknowledged what Irene said, but he had no choice. "Ms. Wade, no matter what, if you're willing to move to another hospital, I can give you some compensation. After all, everyone in the Wade Group knows that you may not even be able to afford the medical bills now."

With such insulting words, Irene's expression gradually turned darker. She sneered, "Henri, although the Wade Group has fallen, it's not something you can insult like this. I won't change hospitals. I will definitely hold your hospital accountable until you give me a reasonable explanation."

Henri let out another heavy sigh. "Ms. Wade, please don't make things difficult for me."

"Make things difficult for you?" Irene leaned closer to him, and her eyes became sharper. "So, who wants me to transfer Grandpa to another hospital? Who wants to harm me?"

Henri looked at her awkwardly. "Ms. Wade, you've offended the wrong person. Hurry up and transfer Brady to another hospital. I'm doing this for your own good."

"Henri, I think you should tell me everything before things get worse. Tell me who I should not have offended," Irene said calmly.

"Actually, you know it yourself, don't you?" Henri smiled. "Do I need to say it explicitly? You can't afford to offend that person, and neither can I. He has given his orders, so I can't keep you."

Irene pondered for a moment and let out a bitter laugh. She immediately knew who Henri was referring to.



In Seattle, there was no one else who could be offended, except for one.

But what she didn't understand was why Manuel suddenly made such a big move.

Henri continued, "Ms. Wade, it's been made clear. What about transferring to another hospital?"

Irene took a deep breath and said, "I'll contact him first. I'll transfer to another hospital myself. Don't let those dogs enter this ward again."

"Since Ms. Wade said so, it will only take one day." After saying that, Henri immediately turned around and left the ward.

Irene sat on the edge of the bed wearily. The equipment had been moved in, and Brady's oxygen tank was connected again.

In the towering Gage Group building, in front of the floor-to-ceiling window on the top floor, Manuel was reading documents. Matteo had already told him what happened to Kaliyah. Since the person behind had already taken a fancy to the shares in Matteo's hand, he must also be jealous of them.

Suddenly, his assistant knocked on the door and came in, looking at him hesitantly.

"What is it?" Manuel said coldly.

Only then did the assistant say, "Mr. Gage, Ms. Wade is here. The receptionist stopped her, but she barged in with a knife in her hand. We didn't dare to provoke her, so we had to ask you first."

Holding a knife? Threatening me by taking her own life?

Manuel sneered, 'Let her in.'

He didn't even need to think much about it to know why Irene came and why she wanted to see him.

Heaving a sigh of relief, the assistant brought Irene over and closed the door behind him.

Irene looked at Manuel with determination, holding the knife in her hand.

"You're finally willing to see me." Irene frowned.

As if he hadn't seen anyone, Manuel looked down at the document in his hand and asked nonchalantly, 'What's the matter?'

Irene asked incredulously, "Why are you doing this to me? Grandpa used to treat you well. He's unconscious now. You won't even allow him to stay in the hospital. You even asked someone to carry him out. Why?"

"Do I have to tell you what I did?" Manuel sneered.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Irene was puzzled.

She said in a panic, "Is it because of what you did before? Then, you can just kill me. Why did you target my grandpa?"

"What did you do to Serina? It's only been a day, and you've forgotten?" Manuel's eyes were dark.

Irene was confused. She really didn't understand what Manuel meant. What could she do to Serina?

She had been busy dealing with the company's affairs yesterday and didn't have a chance to see Serina at all.

"I didn't do anything. It has nothing to do with me!" Irene snapped.

Manuel took a deep breath. "You're telling me you don't know what your subordinates did? Do you think I'll believe it? The Wade family has fallen to such an extent, and there are still people who want to deal with Serina recklessly. Without your permission, I can't imagine how stupid they would be."

Irene was calm. 'Til find out what's going on."

"Then, I won't see you out." Manuel was impatient.

Repressing her hard feelings, Irene couldn't help but ask, "Is this the only way I can see you now?"

She had always thought that threatening to see him by taking her own life was a very low thing to do, but she didn't expect that she could only see Manuel these days this way.

"Irene, don't show up next time," Manuel said in a deep voice.

His eyes glinted, and his sharp gaze was enough to hurt Irene.

Irene said sadly, "I've never hurt you before. Why do you have to do this to me? Just because of that woman?" "You've asked this question many times. I've warned you not to hurt her. But you keep provoking her again and again. You should wake up to reality now." Manuel lowered his eyes and looked at her with sympathy again.

## [Chapter 617](#)

### Waston Goes Missing

Irene was about to cry but hadn't forgotten her words. "Understood. I'm leaving now, and I'll investigate thoroughly."

She turned to leave and bumped into Roman.

She entered the elevator without looking back, and Roman walked into the office, looking puzzled.

"Mr. Gage, why is she here?" he asked.

Manuel sneered, 'It's about the hospital."

Nodding, Roman placed a document on Manuel's desk. "Mr. Gage, we spent the whole night trying to pry open that person's mouth. He admitted that he was acting on someone's orders, but it wasn't Irene who instructed him."

"It wasn't her?" Manuel asked in confusion.

"Yes, someone else did. Samuel Wade," said Roman solemnly.

Manuel immediately understood that what happened to Serina was not Irene's doing but Samuel's.

All the information they had previously gathered was instigated by Samuel.

"Is Samuel doing all this just for the Wade Group?" Manuel asked.

"Samuel has a huge debt. I heard he got part of the property when the Wade family split up but lost it all within a few months. Shortly after, he owed a lot of money," said Roman.

Manuel pondered for a long time and asked, "Although the Wade Group can still be sold for some money, it is definitely not enough to pay off his debts. So, what exactly does he want?"

Roman shook his head. "We haven't had much contact with this person, but it's easy to find out more about him. We have no idea about his plans for now, but our people have found out that he had contact with a mysterious person a while ago, and so far, we haven't been able to identify who it is."

"I see. How's Serina?" He paused before adding, "And what about that movie star?"

"Ms. Gage is fine. Although the bandaged wound looked scary, the doctor said it didn't hurt her bones. That movie star, however, has a more serious condition. When the impact occurred, he blocked the impact of the airbag with his arm. Serina was fine, but he broke his bone. He has a comminuted fracture now/ Roman spoke in awe.

No one would do such a thing as using their arm to block the impact of an airbag.

Manuel nodded in relief. 'Invite the best experts and make sure he gets the best treatment. His movie will undoubtedly be delayed, and the investors might have some complaints, so you should invest in it.'

"Got it."

Roman understood that, at that moment, Manuel had already accepted Miles as 'one of his own.'

Manuel's lips opened and closed several times, but he didn't say anything.

Knowing what the other party wanted to say, Roman took the initiative and said, "Ms. Easton just went to Ms. Gage's ward this afternoon."

"Send the batch of items delivered from abroad to the Easton family," Manuel ordered.

Ainsley would probably refuse him straightaway, but Matteo might not.

"It is reported that the daughter of the Glover family, Waston Glover, has been missing for nearly 48 hours. The Glover family called the police immediately, and now the police are frantically looking for her...'

Ainsley watched the news with a gloomy face. Matteo happened to come down and noticed her uneasiness.

"What's wrong, Aisy?"

Ainsley immediately replayed the news for Matteo. "Something happened, Matteo.'

Matteo's expression darkened as he looked at the news. Hesitantly, he said, "I've already sent someone to watch over Waston. Why haven't I received any news about her disappearance?"

He immediately picked up his phone and dialed the number, but no one answered.

"No one's answering the phone." Matteo's eyes became solemn. He feared something terrible had happened.

Ainsley looked at the news again and said solemnly, "On the afternoon, the day before yesterday, Waston did not drive home after getting off work.

According to the Glover family, she had to walk home because her car was smashed. The hospital security also stated that they saw Waston leaving the hospital in the surveillance footage. However, the surveillance cameras at the road intersection on her way home did not capture her figure, which means she might have been taken away on that stretch of road."

Matteo nodded. 'You think Kaliyah has something to do with it?'

"No one else but her. The only person Waston has offended is Daniel, but I think he hates me more than anyone else. It's only a guess, after all,' Ainsley said coldly.

The police did their best to investigate, but they knew they might not be able to find Waston unless the kidnapper was willing to let her go.

"Let's wait until the kidnapper makes the first move," Ainsley said.

If it was really Kaliyah, her initial target was the shares of the Wade Group in Matteo's hands. In that case, she would not wait for too long.

As expected, Matteo received a mysterious phone call in his office that afternoon.

"Who is this?'

A mechanical voice sounded. "Waston is in my hands. Do you want to save her?"

Matteo smiled. "Of course. I do."

"Why? Do you like her? Are the rumors true?"

"That has nothing to do with you." Matteo's tone was cold.

The mechanical voice became slightly angrier. "If you truly like her enough, you can afford any deal."

Matteo asked knowingly, "So, what exactly do you want?"

"Shares. I want the shares of the Wade Group.'

Matteo sneered, "Ms. Packer, isn't it boring to cause such a big scene just for a few shares?"

The person on the other end of the phone didn't expect Matteo to recognize her identity, so she restored her normal voice. 'You know everything?'

"There's no need to continue hiding, Kaliyah. Did you do all of this just for those shares? However, have you ever considered that maybe I don't have much in my hands? If you want to get the most useful shares, you should go and threaten Manuel," Matteo said coldly.

Kaliyah chuckled softly on the phone. "Whatever you say. I still want the shares now. To be honest with you, if you transfer the shares to me, I will release her immediately. Of course, you have two hours to prepare the agreement."

Before Matteo could inquire further, Kaliyah ended the call.

She shoved her phone into her pocket coldly, and Waston, tied to a chair, glared at her angrily.

Waston's mouth was gagged with a cloth, and her hands were tied behind her back.

Kaliyah removed her gag, and Waston fumed immediately, "What do you want?"

"Why are you acting so clueless? Didn't you hear the phone call just now?" Kaliyah laughed.

Waston sneered. "You should be afraid of doing this to me. I'm from the Glover family. If you kidnap me, the Glover family won't let you go. You should think about the consequences you'll face for doing this."

Kaliyah looked at her indifferently. She had made her decision and would have to bear the consequences.

"Before saying such nasty things, you should look at your situation first. Are you qualified to say such things to me now?" Kaliyah stuffed the cloth back into her mouth and patted her cheek.

She added, "Don't think you have escaped. You're still tied up here, and I don't mind leaving a few scratches on your face before you leave."

## [Chapter 618](#)

### I Pity You

Faced with Kaliyah's threats, Waston showed no fear. Instead, smirking, she said, "Okay, if you dare, will you hurt my face regardless of the consequences?"

At that moment, Kaliyah, who had been vicious, showed a rare expression of fear. Looking into Waston's eyes again, she found the type of coldness she couldn't comprehend. Waston was not afraid or even nervous at all.

She had only seen such emotion from Irene and Ainsley.

The dagger in Kaliyah's hand trembled twice, and cold light reflected on Waston's face. She put the dagger in front of the latter's face and gestured wildly. "Do you think I won't dare?"

She gulped and didn't believe that Waston was really not afraid at all. The latter was the daughter of the Glover family and was used to attending various banquets and parties, the very definition of a well-off young lady. Not to mention, Kaliyah knew that Waston liked Matteo.

She sneered, "I know about your relationship with Matteo. Even if the engagement was only a rumor, the relationship was never that simple. In fact, you want Matteo to give up the shares of the Wade Group for you, right? But without your looks, even if you give up your shares and try your best to save yourself, it's still unclear whether he'll accept you."

She looked at Waston inquisitively. She should feel fear after hearing these words, right?

However, surprisingly, Waston was still staring at Kaliyah expressionlessly. There was not even a trace of fear on her face, and she looked at Kaliyah with contempt.

"I feel extremely sorry for you for saying such words. I pity you," said Waston.

Kaliyah sneered in confusion. "Pity me? We're in such different situations now. Why would you pity me?"

Waston continued, "I really don't know what you've gone through for you to say such ignorant words. I know you. I heard you resolutely went abroad to study after being accepted into a foreign school. At that time, I thought you were very courageous. But I didn't expect that after you married, you would abandon your former self and speak so abashedly about being accepted without looks."

Kaliyah was stunned. "I..."

"Kaliyah, what made you become like this? Beauty is never a measure of a woman's worth. If Matteo likes me but refuses to accept me because I'm disfigured, then I'll only be glad because I won't accept him either." Waston's eyes shone brightly.

Looking at Waston, Kaliyah suddenly felt heartbroken. Yes, she used to be full of light all over. At that time, she was charming from head to toe.

When did it start to change?

Perhaps it was when she saw Cason again after returning to the country. She had seen how Ainsley silently devoted everything behind Cason, but she still couldn't resist his smile.

The inexplicable vanity and pleasure from the bottom of her heart gradually engulfed her, and she progressively changed her revenge into marrying Cason.

It was said that, after marriage, women would be worn down and lose all their personality and sparkle, slowly becoming "old hags." She had always despised this idea, but looking back now, she suddenly realized that she had become the very thing she hated.

It had been Ainsley before her.

After Ainsley regained her personality and charm, Cason wanted her back desperately.

Perhaps, Cason preferred her former self instead of the "old hag" bound to family expectations.

"What's wrong? Have you figured it out after hearing what I said?" Waston was perceptive, so she didn't miss the change in Kaliyah's expression.

Kaliyah's eyes suddenly changed from ferocious to sinister. "So what? Don't try to sway me with these boring ideals. You're right. I'm not who I used to be. But what about it? I've done many things in the past. I can come to terms with them, but there's no way for me to undo the impacts caused by those actions."

She stopped talking. Whatever happened had happened, and she could no longer do anything about the past.

All she wanted now was a change.

There was no turning back for her.

She had to get the confession letter and take her life into her own hands.

Waston sighed and said to her meaningfully, "From the moment you make a mistake, the consequences that come next are not up to you."

The dagger before her gleamed coldly, and Waston closed her eyes as if accepting her fate. "I'll accept whatever Matteo chooses. I won't resent him for not giving up his share to save me. You're the one who committed the crime and did something wrong."

Looking at Waston's expression, Kaliyah instantly felt that everything was meaningless. She put down the dagger and said, "I won't disfigure your face. You are from the Glover family, and I don't want to bring so much trouble upon myself."

Waston slowly opened her eyes. "You're wrong. You already kidnapped me, and the Glover family will never let you go. They haven't acted because they don't know it's you."

To everyone's surprise, just a few minutes after Matteo hung up the phone, he sent the recording of the call directly to Hudson's email.

An hour later, a member of the Glover family came to the Easton Group in person.

It was Jett Glover, Hudson's confidant. He had been with Hudson since he was young and had a lot of authority in the Glover family.

He exuded an impressive aura as soon as he arrived, and Matteo knew that this was someone who had truly experienced the ups and downs of their generation.

"Mr. Easton, it's been a while," he said with a smile.

Matteo nodded to show his respect.

He played the recording back to Jett without missing a single word.

Jett fixed his gaze on Matteo again. "I've listened to this call many times on my way here. What do you want to do, Mr. Easton?"

Matteo took out the agreement he had prepared. "Kaliyah has given us two hours. Now, nearly an hour and a half have passed. I will transfer my shares to her and tell the Glover family why. I want you to understand who the real enemy is."

Jett looked at him gratefully. "Mr. Easton, thank you for volunteering to take out your shares to save Ms. Glover. Of course, the Glover Group won't let you suffer."

Ainsley shook her head. "Speaking of which, the reason why Ms. Glover is in danger today is because of me. If it weren't for that scandal, she probably wouldn't be able to get close to Ms. Glover. In the end, it's still because of me."

## [Chapter 619](#)

Question

“Mr. Easton, the Glover family is not the kind of person who would guilt-trip others. It doesn't matter what the reason is. Since she has evil intentions, it proves that she's wrong alone. However, to my surprise, Kaliyah has been cautious and hid in the Baldry family to take care of the children. Why did she choose such extreme actions this time?” Jett asked in confusion.

Matteo pondered for a moment. “Now that the Glover family is forced to get involved, so I won't hide the fact from you. This matter also involves the Wade family...”

As the matter was complicated, Matteo took nearly ten minutes to explain it clearly.

Jett said with a gloomy face, “I didn't expect Samuel to be so ambitious.”

Two hours later, Matteo's phone rang again. This time, he said directly, “Ms. Packer, I've already finished drafting the agreement. I can sign it now, but where should I send the document?”

He turned on the speaker, hearing Kaliyah utter, “There's no need to rush. I'll send someone to bring you the agreement.”

“It's not the one I drafted?” Matteo questioned in confusedly.

Afterward, a low chuckle came from the other end of the phone. “Of course not. I just want to make sure you'll really agree with it. But before that, I want to ask you another question.”

Matteo frowned. “Go ahead.”

After a long silence, Kaliyah finally spoke. “If I scratch Waston's face, will you still accept her?”

Matteo queried nervously, “What did you do to Ms. Glover? Kaliyah, I've agreed to transfer the shares. Don't hurt her.”

“Why are you so nervous, Matteo? Don't worry. It's just a question.” Kaliyah chuckled.

Jett, who stood beside was extremely nervous, whereas Matteo asked with a panicked expression, “Is that the question that I must answer?”

Kaliyah chuckled lightly. “No, I just want to know the answer. Of course, you can also choose not to answer.”

“Look is not a measure of liking. She's someone I respect very much. Even if she loses her appearance, it won't change my mind to respect her. Also! I admit that... I like her. Nothing will change my feeling toward her.”

Knowing Kaliyah's evil hobby, Matteo expected that the former might have turned on the speaker, letting Waston hear his words.

The call was abruptly cut off. Jett looked at Matteo with admiration. As the confidant of Hudson, he knew that the latter admired Matteo, and Waston also liked this young man very much. Thus, Jett looked forward to the good deed that the two young people could successfully become a pair.

Wait a minute! This was not the right time for him to think about this. The most important thing now is for Waston to come back safely.



On the other side, at this moment, Waston's face was full of uncontrollable smiles. As she was in the empty house, echoes could be heard even if they were just a few words, not to mention that Matteo had also purposely raised his voice just now.

She never expected that he would say those things, mentioning that he had a feeling for her.

Seeing Waston's bashful look, Kaliyah was jealous. She couldn't stand seeing other people's happiness. "Tell me. If I find someone to insult you, will he still say the same thing?"

Waston looked at her warily, and her eyes were filled with hatred, as if what the latter had just said was true.

"Don't you dare!" Waston's eyes were cold.

Kaliyah sneered, "I thought you're not afraid of anything. What's wrong? Didn't you just use moral high ground talk to me earlier? Why didn't you refute me again?"

"They're different things. Kaliyah, if you really dare to do that, I won't let you go." There was a dangerous look on Waston's face as she warned.

"I'd like to see how you won't let me go!"

In fact, Kaliyah wanted to do what she just said, but unfortunately, she didn't have time to do that.

She called Samuel and asked him to deliver the agreement to the Easton Group. Then, she hung up the phone.

Things seemed to be going smoothly. As soon as Matteo had signed the agreement, he received news from Jett that Waston had returned safely.

After returning home from work, Matteo told Ainsley everything about the matter.

"Since when did you acquire the shares of the Wade Group?" Ainsley didn't expect Matteo to do so many things behind her.

Matteo answered smilingly, "I acquired them a long time ago. Besides me, Manuel did so as well. I signed the contract because of him too."

Ainsley looked at Matteo meaningfully and asked curiously, "How did you answer that question, Matteo?"

"It's... nothing special." Matteo avoided her gaze.

Seeing that Ainsley still wanted to ask, he immediately changed the topic. "By the way, there's news about the person who took the video. We've sent someone to look for him several times, and he finally agrees to meet you tomorrow to hand over the original video to you."

"That's fast!" Ainsley was overjoyed. After all, it was the only good news ever since Nancy and Leonard's incident.

Matteo heaved a sigh of relief after he saw that he had successfully distracted her from the topic earlier.

"But, about Kaliyah, the Glover family won't let her go, right?"

Matteo nodded. "Jett said that we don't have to worry as he'll handle the rest."

Though, he was also curious about what Jett would do.

When Kaliyah returned home, she felt the cold atmosphere. She didn't know if it was the low-temperature air conditioning, but she also even felt a sense of coolness surround her.

Cason sat opposite Kaliyah, putting an agreement in front of her with a poker face.

"I've written my name. Sign it."

Kaliyah bit her lower lip, and her tears rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably as her expression changed.

But she held back her emotion, asking in a trembling voice, "Do you have to be so cruel?"

"I've already said that a long time ago."

"Is it because of the matter I did wrong? But you know very well that even without me, those people will still do the same thing," Kaliyah explained unwillingly.

Cason was silent for a while. "Even so, it shouldn't be you who should do that. Besides, our relationship is about to end."

Kaliyah scoffed, "Is it almost over or long gone?"

Cason avoided her probing gaze and replied lightly, "Is there a difference?"

"Of course, there is. Our feelings have long gone, which can only mean that divorce is something you have wanted to do for a long time." Kaliyah forced herself to calm down as she argued.

Cason didn't answer her directly but refuted, "I don't think there's any difference."

"I won't agree to sign it." She looked at Cason angrily.

"It's useless. I've already made up my mind after the matter you kidnapped Weston. You always want to harm others. Sooner or later, you'll harm yourself," Cason uttered indifferently.

Kaliyah was in disbelief. "How did you know that?"

Cason taunted, "You kidnapped the daughter of the Glover family. Hence, they have been targeting you and have started to deal with the Baldry Group. My mother is also already tired of you. Now, sign this divorce agreement and leave. I'll compensate you with a house and 1.6 million dollars."

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"A compensation of 1.6 million dollars?" Kaliyah smiled sarcastically before adding, "You gave Ainsley a mansion after divorcing her. You gave her 12 million dollars. Why? Do you think I'm not worth that much money?"

"It's just that you've done something wrong. Don't you know why Ainsley did it? That's compensation."

Kaliyah picked up the agreement and flipped it open to look through it. "Hmph! The child belongs to you, and I don't even have visitation rights. I don't agree!"

She smiled miserably and slammed the agreement hard on Cason.

Then, Kaliyah looked up at everything in the room. "I've meticulously decorated all of this. Can you really be so heartless and abandon me?"

'Til replace all of these," Cason said indifferently as he placed the agreement on the table.

With a bitter smile, Kaliyah smashed the vase on the table hard on the ground. "Since you want to replace them all, I might as well smash them all!"

She smashed everything in the room wildly, and the crashing sounds made Cason feel annoyed.

Finally, when Kaliyah raised a cup high and slammed it down, Cason raised his hand fiercely.

A slapping sound was heard and the slap clearly landed on Kaliyah's face, leaving bright red marks.

Kaliyah's eyes turned cold as tears rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably. She rushed to the table and tore up the divorce agreement.

"Cason..." Kaliyah murmured the name. Then, she added, "Who do you think this family relies on now? Who gave everything to the child from he was born until now? If you want a divorce, I'll take the child away."

"You'd better give it up. I've already appointed a lawyer. I hope you can sign it quickly. The child won't be given to you."

Cason's voice was cold like before. It was as if Kaliyah was just a tool.

The air conditioner in the room was getting colder, and the temperature had dropped to the extreme.

Kaliyah turned around and walked into the baby's room and was about to take Jackson away. The softness of his body warmed her heart.

Just then, Lindsay appeared with Luna and forcefully snatched the child from Kaliyah's hands.

Lindsay signaled Luna before the latter left in a hurry with the child in her arms.

"Kaliyah, think about it. You have offended the Glover family, and our family cant afford to mess with them at all. Do you really think we don't know what you did?"

"You know very well that I have never done anything wrong to the Baldry family, but all of you still have to sell me out in order to protect yourself. Even when Jackson was hurt, you weren't this determined to divorce me. But when it's about messing with the Glover family, you can't wait even a second. Am I right, Lindsay and Cason?" Kaliyah's voice was faint, and tears no longer brimming in her eyes.

"I don't want to waste my time talking to you. If you're unwilling to sign it, the lawyer will find you later."

Lindsay did not say more. She merely chase Kaliyah out.

Kaliyah walked on the street. It was still bustling and many people were around, but she was like a fallen leaf that fell into the lake and caused no ripples. It was as if she did not belong in this world.

The phone vibrated. It was a text message from Cason: [Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. The lawyer and I will be waiting for you at home.]

Kaliyah threw away her phone fiercely. Just as she was about to leave, she went back to pick it up again. It's still working.

As she looked at the sky, she suddenly smiled. Forget it. I'll just go back to my house.

Then, Kaliyah wiped her tears and tidied up her hair and clothes. "Dad, Mom, I'm back."

When she entered the door, it was not as harmonious as Kaliyah thought. Bryan sat upright, while Becky stood at the side, signaling Kaliyah to leave quickly.

Kaliyah did not know what happened, so she said with a smile, 'Dad, Mom, I bought some supplements.'

She put the things she had bought on her way there on the table.

"Take them back. I don't want them.' Bryan's voice was cold when he added, "Don't you know what you've done? You have the nerve to come home. You were kicked out by that mother and son from the Baldry family when you did something wrong. Why do you still have the nerve to enter your own house?"

"Dad, even you don't believe your own daughter. Do you?" Kaliyah pretended to be calm and asked the question word by word.

"Kaliyah, don't blame your father. He just trusts the Baldry family too much. I believe you. Kaliyah, I'll cook something delicious for you."

Tears were brimming in Kaliyah's eyes. "Dad, Mom, he wants to divorce me." "Divorce?" Bryan's angry voice was heard as he added, "If word gets out, it will sound so terrible. I can't afford to be humiliated. Get out of here!"

Kaliyah did not say anything and turned around to leave. She felt slightly ridiculous that her own father did not believe her, and now she was not even able to enter the house.

Becky followed her out stealthily and stopped Kaliyah. Then, the former stuffed a wad of money into Kaliyah's pocket.

Kaliyah was unable to hold it back anymore. She cried bitterly as she hugged Becky.

"Kaliyah, don't cry. Go to a hotel and stay there first. When your father calms down, I'll let you come home quickly. Divorce is not a bad thing. I will always take care of you." With much distress, Becky hugged Kaliyah.

However, Becky knew Bryan's stubbornness, so she could only let Kaliyah stay in a hotel first.

"I know, Mom."

Meanwhile, there was unprecedented chaos in Seattle. At that moment, Ainsley was sitting in a cafe and there was a mysterious man sitting in front of her. He wore a mask and sunglasses and did not want to reveal his face.

The man switched on a laptop, inserted a memory card, and turned the screen to Ainsley's side. "Take a look."

She had seen the images from the video a long time ago. Although there were just screenshots of a few pictures, the photos had already captured the key points.

Moreover, the video directly captured everything that had happened, including the smirk on Irene's face.

Immediately afterward, the mysterious person removed the memory card from the laptop and pushed it toward Ainsley. "Ms. Easton, I've given you the original copy."

Ainsley looked at the man gratefully. "Thank you so much. If possible, you can testify as a witness in court so that the murderer can be convicted. If you agree, I can give you a reward."

The mysterious man shook his head. "I'm sorry, Ms. Easton. This is all I can do. I know that matters regarding wealthy families are complicated, and I don't want to get involved in them."

"I'm already so grateful to you. You can take the money." Ainsley handed the check that she prepared beforehand to the mysterious man.

Unexpectedly, the mysterious man pushed the check back and said indifferently, "I don't need it. I've been holding onto this video for a long time. I've always been afraid that someone will find out about it. It's like a hot potato, but everything is fine now. I've given it to the right person. Ms.

Easton, I wish you success."

Ainsley took the check back and took out a business card from her bag. "You don't have to accept the check. However, please take this. If you have any difficulties, you can contact me."

The mysterious man looked at the business card for a long time before finally taking it. "Thank you, I'll take my leave."

Ainsley kept the memory card in her bag and took a sip of the coffee. Exhausted, she exhaled and finally confirmed one thing.

After paying for the coffee, she went to Beacon Hill, where Mary lived.