

A Divorce 621

Chapter 621 Investigating the Truth

Although Mary refused to apply for a retrial of the case, Ainsley still allowed them to live in the place.

Ainsley knocked on the door. Mary panicked when she opened the door and saw that it was Ainsley.

"Ms. Easton, w-what are you doing here?" Mary asked guiltily.

"Mrs. Conway, I'm just here to see you. Don't be so nervous." Ainsley originally hoped to convince Mary to apply for the retrial of the case, but after seeing the latter's reaction, Ainsley knew that it was hopeless.

Upon hearing that, Mary immediately breathed a sigh of relief. She opened the door and invited Ainsley in. As soon as Mary brought a cup of coffee, she burst into tears.

"Ms. Easton, all mothers love their children. When Nancy died, I-I want to kill the murderer very much. But you know that not only do I have Nancy, I also have a son, and I have to think for him," Mary said sadly.

Of course, Ainsley could understand, but Nancy's face always appeared in front of her. Thus, she said tentatively, 'If I can guarantee your and your son's safety, will you be willing to apply for a retrial of the case?'

"Ms. Easton, we've always lived under your protection, but we were still kidnapped the last time."

"I meant, sending your son abroad." Ainsley's gaze was intense.

If Mary really cared about her son, she would consider it. After all, it was a good thing to go abroad.

Sure enough, Mary hesitated and looked at Ainsley awkwardly. "Ms. Easton, I need to think about it for a few days first. Can I?"

"Sure you can." Ainsley nodded and left Beacon Hill.

Instead of going home, she returned to the cafe just now. The person she met this time was a detective, James Brown.

"Ms. Easton, what do you need?" James asked.

Ainsley handed him all the information she collected, but naturally, some important information was not included. "I want to investigate the murderer of this person."

James looked at the information in his hand solemnly. About ten minutes later, he finished reading all the information. Then, he frowned and repeated the name of the deceased. "Jake Easton?"

He vaguely felt that he had heard the name somewhere.

Ainsley nodded. "Yes, he's my father."

"I'm sorry." James nodded apologetically.

Ainsley signaled that it did not bother her before saying, "I'll give all this information to you. When my father died, the police wrote that he died in a car accident as the cause of death. However, I received information and realized that my father died of a heart attack caused by lidocaine. Everyone admitted it. The information you're holding is the list of people who had conflicts and business dealings with my father during that time. I need you to check if they have anything to do with it."

"This is after three or four years, so it's probably not easy to investigate."

Ainsley took out a check from her bag. "I know the rules in this industry. Money is not a problem. This is a deposit. It will be doubled once you have managed to investigate it."

Upon seeing the check, a hint of a smile appeared in James' eyes. He took the check away and said solemnly, "Ms. Easton, I will do my best, but it may take a longtime."

"It's okay. It took me so long to know the truth. I don't mind if it takes longer to find out." Hatred filled Ainsley's eyes.

She hated the murderer, but she had no clue at all.

After she and James left, dark clouds began to gather. There was no rain for a long time in Seattle and it seemed that a heavy storm was brewing in the place.

A bolt of lightning suddenly flashed, illuminating the dim sky.

Meanwhile, Manuel looked at a message sent by his subordinate in silence. Waston had been rescued, and Kaliyah had also received retribution.

Everything seemed to be moving in the right direction, but he felt that it was not that simple.

Roman knocked on the door and entered with a solemn expression.

"What happened?" Manuel asked.

For now, he would not be too shocked by what would happen. In a place where humans were around, it was not surprising that people, when controlled by human nature, would do anything outrageous.

"Ms. Easton met a detective this afternoon," said Roman hurriedly.

"Why did she meet the detective?" Manuel frowned slightly.

Roman continued to reply, "Ms. Easton wants to find out the truth."

"What truth?"

"I haven't found out yet. The detective is very close-mouthed."

Manuel nodded understandingly. "The ones who are working in the industry definitely won't leak the information of those who hire them."

He was just curious about what Ainsley wanted to investigate.

"Tell me if you have any news." He pinched his eyebrows and sat back in his chair again.

Roman did not say anything anymore and left the office.

The next morning, Kaliyah received a call from Bryan and Becky. Then, she rushed home. At that time, she still did not know what had happened.

Kaliyah was filled with exhaustion when she returned home. Bryan and Becky hurriedly called her to their side.

“Dad, Mom, why did you two call me over in such a hurry?” she asked.

Bryan’s expression was cold. “Why don’t you think about what you’ve done?”

Meanwhile, Becky looked at Kaliyah with reddened eyes. The former wanted to say something, but she held it back.

“Tell me exactly what happened!”

Bryan said angrily, “I really didn’t expect that my beloved daughter, who was raised by me, would cause such big trouble for me! Can you tell me what was really going on in your mind? I raised you so that you could become successful, not to kidnap someone else! Last time a farce happened in the Baldry’s home, but this time you actually kidnapped the daughter of the Glover family!”

It took Kaliyah a long time to react. She looked at them in confusion. “H- How did you two know?”

She was very secretive when she did it, so Matteo probably would not tell her parents about it.

“How did we know? The Glover family is furious. All the collaborations that the Packer Group has accepted are now ruined! How dare you ask us how we knew!” Bryan was furious.

Earlier that morning, several business partners called simultaneously to inform him that they wanted to terminate the contracts. He did not even have time to explain. Then, he finally met someone he had known for a long time who told him the truth.

Her face was pale, but Bryan’s face was even more grim. “The foundation of the Packer family is unstable. Originally, we relied on the connections from the Baldry family to gain a foothold. Now, because of what happened last time, Cason has completely ignored us. I initially wanted to ask him for help, but as soon as the call was answered, he asked me to return the equipment that I borrowed!”

Bryan was so angry that he almost could not breathe. Becky cried and clutched her chest.

Kaliyah looked at them in despair. “Yes, I’ve told you that he wants to divorce me and sue me. Even if I don’t agree, nothing can be done about it.”

“Look at what you’ve done! It’s going to be New Year soon. This is the first New Year’s Eve after our family returned to Seattle, but it’s going to be celebrated like this!” Bryan was heartbroken.

Kaliyah’s eyes lit up. That’s right! It’s almost New Year! Even if Cason wanted to get a divorce, he has to wait until New Year is over.

“Dad, I’m sorry, but I have a reason to do it.” She was unable to tell everyone about Samuel threatening her.

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"Reason? Tell me what reason you have! How dare you kidnap a member of the Glover family? I think you don't realize that you're pathetic enough!" Bryan snorted coldly before adding, "I think Cason divorces you because of this, right?"

"Dad, do you only care about money and power? Don't you care about me at all?" Kaliyah could not accept her father's mockery.

However, her tears were worthless when compared to a huge company. Bryan did not even look at her and continued to curse, 'Stupid! How stupid you are!'

Becky could not stand it anymore. She hurriedly protected Kaliyah and said sadly, "Stop talking. Kaliyah is also very sad. You are her father, don't you feel sorry for her at all?"

"What's the use for me to feel sorry for her? Look at her. Does she even know what she is doing now?"

Kaliyah looked at her father sadly. "But don't forget that everything the family owns now is also because of me!"

"So you can destroy the family without any concern?" Bryan looked at her coldly.

Kaliyah looked away. "I've never said that."

Becky shielded Kaliyah behind her. "Kaliyah, I believe in you."

Meanwhile, in the Wade's house, Bailey reported cautiously, 'Ms. Wade, we've found out that Serina was involved in a car accident two days ago. The source of the accident is that the cable of the brake in Miles' car was cut off. The person who cut off the cable is from the Wade Group.'

Irene just listened casually and knew what had happened. No wonder Manuel is desperately targeting me all of a sudden. It's because of this.

Her expression was solemn. "I didn't send anyone to harm them, so who did?"

"Ms. Wade, I haven't found out yet, but there's something that I don't know if I should tell you," Bailey said hesitantly.

Irene said impatiently, "At this time, what can't be said? Tell me everything you know."

Bailey hurriedly said, "Once when I was at the company, I saw the man who cut the cable of the brake. He was sneaking around to meet Mr. Wade."

"Samuel?" Irene frowned deeply and realization dawned on her immediately.

Initially, the matter was already strange. She did not even know who Miles was. Moreover, she had been busy with the company and Brady these days, so she did not have time to be bothered with so many things.

Thus, Samuel took advantage of the situation to plot against her. Most importantly, it was a ruse that was hard to detect.

"Ms. Wade, Mr. Wade has been in and out of the company more and more times recently, and the shares of the Wade Group he holds seem to have exceeded our expectations," Bailey said warily.

Irene sneered, "Let him be. Grandpa and I have enough shares to take control of the Wade Group. Let's see how long he can last."

It was going to be New Year soon. The atmosphere in the Wade's house was not as happy and harmonious as other ordinary families. Meanwhile, Irene was staying by Brady's bedside.

Now that the Wade family was falling apart, Brady was Irene's last hope.

"Grandpa, please wake up soon." There was no expression on Irene's face. Moreover, she had an indifferent gaze. It was as if she had seen through everything.

She and Brady were like two hedgehogs constantly being driven away. They could only hug each other in the cold weather to warm up.

"I have to go through the deepest hell to go straight to heaven," Irene said silently. This was what Brady said to her most often.

The hospital in Seattle refused to take him in, so Irene had no choice but to install the equipment in Brady's room.

She would never forget that it was all because of Samuel.

However, the moment the fireworks exploded, there was a knock on the door.

She went to open the door cautiously, not knowing what had happened at that time.

When she opened the door, it was police officers in uniform.

"You guys..."

Before she could speak, the leader of the police officers said coldly, "Irene Wade, you are suspected of murder. We will take you away for questioning now according to the law. Please cooperate with us."

Irene pretended to be calm and nodded. Then, she looked at Bailey behind her who was baffled as well and she spoke.

"Find a caregiver for my grandfather, and find me a lawyer..."

When she was inside the police car, Irene was still in a daze.

The police car stopped, she was taken out and sat in the interrogation room in one go.

A policewoman looked at her coldly. "Ms. Wade, where were you two months ago on the nineteenth?"

"I-I was at home."

Realization dawned on Irene immediately. It was the day that Ainsley had a car accident. Irene looked grim. Has the police found the evidence? No! I handled it very carefully, and no one will know the truth.

"Where were you when it was almost 12 o'clock at midnight? According to the surveillance footage from the surveillance cameras at the intersection of your house, we saw that you went out of the house, but

the car disappeared on Myrtle Street. Then, there was a car accident on Myrtle Street,” the policewoman said while observing Irene’s expression.

Irene avoided the question and said, “I said I was at home. I don’t know about any car accident at Myrtle Street.”

The policewoman showed her photos from the surveillance footage one by one. “This is from the surveillance camera in front of your house. Your face was clearly captured on it, so where did you go that night?”

Irene sneered, “It’s none of your business where I went to. I’m requesting to talk to my lawyer. Other than that, I won’t answer any more questions.”

The policewoman slammed the table and stood up. “Watch your attitude. It’s your duty to cooperate with a police investigation.*

“I have the right to remain silent.” After saying that, Irene stopped talking.

“Ms. Wade, since we found you, it means that we already have sufficient evidence.”

No matter what the policewoman said, Irene closed her eyes and said nothing.

Meanwhile, Ainsley and Matteo were smiling as they were outside the police station.

“Is this how you’re going to deal with her?” Matteo felt that the punishment was too light.

After nodding, Ainsley shook her head again. “This is just the beginning. Just Nancy’s case is enough to make her unable to get out, but Mary is unwilling to apply for a retrial on the case. I can only let Irene be locked up first. This crime is enough for her to be locked up for a few years.”

She seemed to remember something suddenly. “Is Ms. Glover okay?”

Matteo looked away uncomfortably. “She’s fine. She’s much stronger than we thought.”

“Matteo, how exactly did you answer that question?” Ainsley still did not forget about it.

Matteo flicked her on the forehead. “Why are you so curious? I really didn’t say anything.”

“Humph! If you don’t want to say it, it’s fine. I’ll ask Waston when I see her.” Ainsley turned her head away.

“You’re not allowed to ask her!”

Ainsley’s eyes were full of smiles, and she thought she probably knew what Matteo had said.

The car started. Ainsley was very satisfied as she looked at Irene being taken to the police station. Then, the former finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Perhaps Mary would change her mind after Irene was actually sent to prison.

When the time came, if Ainsley submitted all the evidence that she had in her possession, Irene would probably spend the rest of her life in prison.

When they passed by Myrtle Street, Ainsley shivered at the intersection where the accident happened. It was as if she had instantly returned to the moment when she was hit in the early hours of the morning that day. The feeling of despair made her not want to recall it at all.

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Koen Gage

Sensing her emotions, Matteo spoke gently, "Those things won't happen again, and the culprit is in the hands of the police now. Aisy, don't dwell on the past."

"Matteo, I'm not afraid. What's done by night appears by day. Once you commit a mistake, you'll be thrown into jail," Ainsley said.

As they drove out of Myrtle Street, Ainsley felt much better.

"Aisy, did you hire a detective?" Matteo thought for a long time before deciding to ask.

"How did you know?" Ainsley was somewhat puzzled. She had not told Matteo about it yet.

Matteo sold Manuel out without hesitation. "Manuel told me. He approached me and asked why you hired a detective, but I didn't tell him anything."

Ainsley furrowed her brows, and her face turned dark. "Matteo, if he approaches you again, tell him it's none of his business!"

As New Year was around the corner, many people were getting ready to return home after a year of working in a foreign land.

For the wealthy, it was a different scene altogether. Families with some money would use this holiday as an excuse to go on a shopping spree to welcome the new year, which was also deemed auspicious.

As usual, Manuel delegated the shopping tasks to his assistant.

However, a crucial person was missing from the plan.

Usually, after the assistant had finalized the list, he would show it to Koen for approval before proceeding.

Now, the assistant sighed as he looked at the printed list. He silently prayed for Koen, hoping that a miracle would happen this year.

After finishing his work, Manuel went to pick up Serina, and together they headed to the hospital.

His thinking was simple. He couldn't let his grandfather spend the festive season alone in the hospital.

The closer they got to the hospital, the heavier their hearts became.

Especially Serina, who was young and had always been doted on by Koen.

Since Koen had fallen into a coma, she began folding paper cranes. Now, she had already filled dozens of wishing bottles.

"Manuel, Grandpa will wake up, right?" Serina choked as she spoke.

Concentrated on driving, Manuel kept silent for a few seconds before saying, "He will."

Serina obediently stopped talking and turned her head aside to look out the window at the scenery that quickly passed by. Her tears gradually blurred her eyes.

The designated caretaker in the hospital led the two to the ward. She looked at Koen on the hospital bed and said, "He ate more than usual today, but nothing much has changed."

Manuel nodded and looked at the heart monitor, which showed a stable line going up and down.

Serina had already sat by the bedside, holding Koen's hand and affectionately rubbing it against her face. She began to tell him the trivial things that had happened recently.

Manuel stood quietly nearby, watching them. After a while, he took a monetary gift from somewhere and handed it to the caretaker. "Here's a monetary gift for New Year. You've worked hard all this while."

The caretaker hurriedly took a step back and waved her hand repeatedly. "Mr. Gage, your assistant already gave me a rewarding monetary gift a few days ago. I can't accept this anymore."

Manuel didn't bother talking nonsense and directly tossed the gift to her before saying, "That's a present from him. It doesn't conflict with mine. Take it."

The caretaker fumbled to catch the envelope and bowed earnestly. "Thank you, Mr. Manuel. I will take even better care of Mr. Gage."

Manuel nodded and shifted his gaze back to Serina and Koen. "You can leave first. I'll take care of Grandpa here today."

The caretaker left sensibly.

"Grandpa, you know what? Lily told me yesterday that her grandfather is about to turn seventy, and she invited me to his birthday banquet. Grandpa, when will you wake up? I'm all grown up now, and I can help you organize a birthday party..."

As Serina spoke, tears streamed down her face.

Although it hurt Manuel too, he walked up behind her and gently patted her shoulder.

Suddenly, Koen's fingers moved, and Manuel noticed it with his sharp eyes.

He instantly held his breath, not daring to make a sound. He was afraid that it was just his imagination.

Fortunately, not long after, Koen's fingers moved again.

Manuel even forgot that there was a call button. He rushed out of the ward and shouted, "Doctor, doctor, come quickly!"

It took a second for Serina to realize what was happening. She looked at Koen on the hospital bed.

As her heart raced and threatened to burst out of her chest, Koen slowly opened his eyes.

Was Koen awake?

Serina stared at the Koen in disbelief, not daring to blink.

Trembling, she raised her hand and covered her mouth. She used all her strength to hold back the choking sensation in her throat.

Despite her efforts, tears had already covered her pretty face and continued to flow.

Lost in the miraculous moment, she didn't notice anything wrong with Koen.

From the moment Koen opened his eyes until now, he hadn't moved a muscle, and his pupils hadn't even shifted.

Manuel rushed over with the doctor. Although it was only a few steps, he was covered in sweat.

Seeing others arrive, Serina hurriedly wiped away her tears and gave up her seat. She kept her eyes fixed on Koen.

The doctor carefully and thoroughly examined Koen once again.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became quiet and solemn.

After about ten minutes, the doctor stood up and removed the stethoscope from his ear.

Looking at the nervous faces of Manuel and Serina, who were standing on either side of the bed, the doctor carefully chose his words and said, "Mr.

Gage's body has recovered quite well, but he has not completely recovered yet."

Hearing his words, Manuel said politely, "Doctor, just speak your mind. We can handle it."

The doctor nodded and explained the examination results in more detail, "In simple terms, Mr. Gage's body has partially regained function. Although he can open his eyes, his brain nerves are not fully cleared, so he cannot communicate with you normally for now."

Serina leaned forward eagerly and asked, "Can Grandpa hear us talking?"

"No one can say for sure now. The sensory connections in the nerves are complex and dense, so it is difficult to determine whether his hearing has fully recovered," the doctor replied.

"Thank you."

After the doctor left, Manuel sent Serina back to her ward. "Rest well, and don't wander around."

Serina strongly protested. "Manuel, it's just a minor injury. You don't have to be so cautious." Moreover, she just wanted to visit Miles more often.

Of course, Manuel knew what she was thinking. "Miles is fine. You need to take good care of your body first. Once you've completely recovered, I'll let you go see him."

Serina walked up to Manuel and began to act cute. "Manuel, why don't you arrange for me and Miles to stay in the same ward so I don't have to sneak out?"

Seeing Manuel ignoring her, she added, "How about the ward next door?"

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Asking Him for Help

Seeing Serina's behavior, Manuel couldn't help but say, "He's already in the ward next to yours."

"What? Then why haven't I seen him?" Serina looked at Manuel in shock.

"He's recuperating." Manuel pursed his lips and made an excuse to leave.

When Manuel went to find Ainsley, he wondered if she would be happy to hear Koen had awakened.

Although he wasn't allowed to do so, he still wanted to see her at this moment.

Suddenly, a loud ringtone jolted the man who was resting with his eyes closed.

Due to a rush project at work, Matteo had been suffering from sleep deprivation for several nights. His face was pale as he answered the phone in a particularly gloomy tone. "Spit it out if you have something to say."

Manuel was stunned. He even looked at his phone to confirm the person dialed the correct number before saying, "Who upset you? You're in such a bad mood."

Matteo sat up and rubbed his throbbing forehead. "If you were abruptly awakened while on the verge of dying from exhaustion, you would probably be more irritated than I am."

Calmly, Manuel apologized, "I'm sorry."

With that, he changed the topic. "But I do need to talk to you. I couldn't reach Aisy on her phone, so I need your help to leave her a message. Tell her I'll wait for her outside your house."

Curious, Matteo raised an eyebrow and teased him. "Is there something you want to say that I can't hear? Are you going to confess?"

Manuel was speechless. "Tell me, what are your conditions?"

Matteo chuckled and said bluntly, "Let me borrow your assistant for two days."

He had no choice. He was too busy, and it would take a long time for him to recruit new employees and wait for them to adjust to the job. He didn't have the energy for that.

Hearing the simple request, Manuel agreed without hesitation, "Okay."

"Deal." Matteo felt a wave of exhaustion dissipate after hearing the answer.

Manuel reminded him, "Don't forget about the main business."

Matteo replied while putting on his shoes, "Don't worry. I'll make sure you see her soon."

Hence, Matteo pushed the confused Ainsley from her room to the front door.

Then, she helplessly watched as Matteo closed the door behind her, and immediately after, a black luxury car pulled up to the mansion's entrance. Soon, a man hurriedly got out.

Her face instantly darkened. She didn't expect Matteo would "betray" her in just a few minutes.

Just as she was about to turn around and leave, Manuel had already walked up to her. "Aisy, don't go just yet."

Ainsley glanced at him awkwardly. "What is it?"

"Why can't I get through to you?' Manuel asked in confusion.

Ainsley seemed to have just remembered something. "Oh, I blocked your number."

Stunned, Manuel asked, "Why?"

"What do you mean why? I just don't think we should contact each other anymore." Ainsley didn't tell him it was a decision she made after careful consideration.

Breaking up was always painful, and facing Manuel's relentless pursuit, she couldn't help but feel reluctant when she looked at his face.

However, her father's face would always appear when she silently recited his name in her sleep. She knew her father had died of lidocaine, and Manuel had nothing to do with it, but she still couldn't forgive herself. At least, the car accident was a real event.

More importantly, Manuel's intention of getting close to her was never pure since the beginning.

It was better to end things quickly rather than dragging them out.

Manuel looked hurt, but he hadn't forgotten the purpose of his visit today. "Aisy, let's not talk about anything else. My grandfather woke up."

Although Ainsley had hurt him quite badly, joy was written all over his face.

"Mr. Gage is awake? When can he be discharged from the hospital?"

"He just woke up but isn't fully conscious yet. The nerves in his brain haven't completely cleared yet."

"That's still something worth celebrating. Since Mr. Gage has just woken up, I'd better not waste your time. You should hurry back to take care of him."

With that, Ainsley turned and left without any mercy.

However, right after reaching the door, she suddenly turned around and said, "By the way, I forgot to tell you something. Irene was taken to the police station. She must pay the price for the car accident."

Manuel was stunned, then he saw Ainsley open the door and walk into the mansion before slamming the door shut.

Suddenly, he felt a sense of detachment. It was as if someone, who was always obedient to him, notified him one day of her decisions without even negotiating with him.

He thought she would depend on him, only to find out she had already taken care of everything.

The strange and uncontrollable feeling made him uncomfortable.

Especially since there were now many things about Ainsley that he didn't know.

Back in the room, Ainsley sat on the sofa tiredly while Matteo placed a cup of tea next to her hand.

“You’re not going to blame me, are you?”

Ainsley laughed self-deprecatingly. “Matteo, I won’t blame you, but I don’t want this to happen again. As you know, it’s impossible between him and me. Every time I see him, I can feel the scene of my father bleeding in the driver’s seat. It is so torturing that I can’t even forgive myself. How can I forgive him?”

She looked at Matteo curiously. “I’m just wondering, shouldn’t you be on the same side as me? Why are you suddenly helping him so many times?”

Matteo looked at Ainsley solemnly before saying, “Aisy, maybe you’ve never treated Manuel as a stranger.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’ll never say that if you treat Manuel as a stranger,” Matteo said in a deep voice.

His statement left Ainsley even more confused. “Matteo, I don’t understand.”

“You didn’t hate Mary and Dana when Irene influenced them to harm you. You even wanted to help them seek revenge. You were willing to work with Kaitlin to deal with Irene and Kaliyah, but you can’t forgive Manuel. Yes, you understand that the real culprit is Irene, but you still can’t ignore Manuel,” Matteo explained as he watched Ainsley’s reaction.

A hint of confusion flashed across Ainsley’s eyes when she heard what Matteo said. She understood why he said that.

Indeed, she was once deeply in love with Manuel. She could not treat him how she treated other people.

It wasn’t his fault, and her father’s death had nothing to do with him. She simply couldn’t get over the hurdle in her heart.

“Matteo, do you want me to forget about everything and accept him again?” Puzzled, Ainsley looked at Matteo.

Matteo pondered for a moment. When he opened his eyes again, he asked sharply, “I mean, why not try asking for his help?”

“Ask for his help?” She couldn’t believe Matteo would say that.

“Do you think anyone in Seattle can offer more help than him?” Matteo was very rational. He never thought seeking help was shameful.

His men tried their best, but they still found nothing.

[Chapter 625](#)

His Phone

If they could leverage the power of the Gage family, those people would probably have no place to hide.

Ainsley's face darkened. She didn't want to get in touch with Manuel, but after thinking it over, she realized that if she wanted to uncover the truth, she had to cooperate with him.

Ainsley finally took her cousin's words to heart. "I'll consider it.*

The next day.

"Ms. Wade, based on the evidence we have obtained, it is a fact that you are suspected of intentional homicide." The policewoman showed Irene the screenshots of the video one by one.

Before seeing the photos, Irene thought it might have been Samuel's doing. After all, she was certain that there was no one at the scene at that time.

But now, it seemed that wasn't the case.

She widened her eyes in disbelief. Indeed, the photos were all real.

She was sweating profusely, but still managed to say calmly, "Maybe these photos were photoshopped.'

The policewoman said solemnly, "Ms. Wade, I think you're mistaken. These photos were taken from a video of your complete crime process. Before we arrested you, we had the video authenticated by the technical department.

The content of this video is real and valid.'

Irene pinched herself hard. She brainstormed for a moment before saying, "A video? What video? As a police officer, you should know more about the law than I do. If I'm not mistaken, filming without consent is illegal, which means it can't be used as evidence."

"Are you too confident in yourself?" The policewoman leaned back in her chair. She had been interrogating Irene for nearly 20 hours without stopping.

However, Irene must have been advised by someone and refused to say more, causing the interrogation to fall into silence for a while.

And now, she still closed her eyes and refused to say anything no matter what was asked.

The lawyer of the Easton family, Harry Anderson, was communicating with Ainsley, "Ms. Easton, based on the current situation, there is only a 40% chance of conviction. But if the person who filmed the video can serve as a witness, their testimony combined with this video is enough to nail her on the charge of intentional homicide."

Ainsley had thought of this possibility when she obtained the video. She replied in a deep voice, "What if this person refuses to testify?"

"We'll find a way to make him testify, but before that, Ms. Easton, you have to ensure the safety of the witness. With such a big event, would Irene really do nothing?" A light flashed in Harry's eyes.

Ainsley suddenly understood Harry's intention. She immediately called Matteo.

After a brief discussion, she parted with Harry.

Ainsley met with James at the cafe where they first met.

James showed her all the latest information he had collected. "Ms. Easton, I investigated the whereabouts of the people who might have grudges against Mr. Easton, and they all have alibis.

Lidocaine takes effect within a few hours of ingestion, so I carefully examined Mr. Easton's whereabouts on that day. The only possibilities for him to ingest lidocaine were the coffee he drank that day, the water he drank, and the food he ate in the old house. But it was three or four years ago, and some things are difficult to verify, especially when it comes to physical evidence."

Looking at the thick investigation report, Ainsley understood that James had done his best. "Actually, if someone really poisoned him, the culprit may not have been present. They could have used someone else's help."

"Of course, it's very possible. I have an offensive question, and I hope you can answer me honestly.' James' expression was solemn.

Ainsley nodded. 'Go ahead.'

"Did your father have any women back then? This woman may not necessarily refer to a girlfriend or similar, but also to hookup and so on.'

"Why do you ask?" Ainsley was puzzled.

It was hard for James to speak. After thinking for a while, he said, "Ms. Easton, in addition to anesthetics, there is another important use of lidocaine, that is to delay men's ejaculation."

Ainsley's face instantly turned red. She finally understood what James meant.

Ainsley lowered her head awkwardly. Her mother passed away early, and her father had been single all these years. The anniversary of her mother's death was always the hardest time for her father. She had seen him holding her mother's photo and crying in his room many times.

But that didn't necessarily mean her father didn't have other women back then.

"I-I don't know either."

Her father would not have brought any women to meet her, so she had no idea about such things.

The detective could understand, and he just wanted to give it a shot when he asked.

"By the way, Ms. Easton, is your father's phone with you?" James asked. Ainsley shook her head and fell into deep thought again. At that time, she was unconscious and lost her memory. She didn't even get to see her father for the last time, let alone his phone.

James spoke seriously, "Ms. Easton, I suggest you go back and check Mr. Easton's phone and computer to see if you can find any clues.'

Green Road had become a landmark as a wealthy district.

She stepped into the villa she hadn't visited for a long time. The last time she was here, she found the photos of her and Manuel as well as a bracelet, all key pieces of evidence that confirmed her memory loss.

And this time, she came back because she wanted to recover her father's memories. She opened the door and as the thick layer of dust fell down, it was as if she had entered a mysterious cave.

She paid no attention to it and coughed a few times as she walked up to the second floor. At the corner was her father's study.

Her father spent more time in the study than in his own bedroom. She opened the door and looked at the dusty computer.

This computer hadn't been turned on since her father passed away. She first turned on the villa's electricity and then turned on the computer. She was worried that the computer might be broken, but it lit up without any issues.

What was strange was that the computer did not require a password to be entered; it just opened up.

Why was that?

After turning on the computer, she looked at the computer screen in confusion.

Several folders were empty, and even the web browser history was completely gone.

There was nothing, absolutely nothing! What was going on?

The monitor screen was covered in dust, making everything look blurry.

She turned her head to look at the mainframe, which didn't have much dust and looked quite new.

Suddenly, she realized something and looked at the mainframe sharply.

How could a mainframe that had been here for almost four years have no dust? How could it be new?

She crouched down and discovered something even stranger. There were drag marks near the mainframe, and they were deep and shallow.

The drag marks were deep, but there was a layer of dust on top, so the marks were not obvious. She guessed that someone had replaced the mainframe.

[Chapter 626](#)

A Strange Flash Drive

Without hesitation, she dialed Matteo's number. "Matteo, has anyone entered the mansion on Green Road? Does anyone else have the key to the door other than you?"

Matteo was puzzled but thought for a moment. "Why did you go there? No one should be going in, and only you and I have the keys. Oh, my dad should have one too."

Ainsley recounted everything that James had told her today. She looked at the mainframe in distress and said, "I didn't expect it to be stolen. Matteo, did you get my father's phone after the car accident back then?"

Matteo knew the severity of the situation. "I saw it, but the screen was broken and crushed."

Ainsley asked anxiously, "Where is it?"

"It's in the old house, and I put it away. Do you want to..." Even if the screen was broken, as long as they could retrieve the motherboard, they could have a technician recover the information.

"I'm coming to find you right now." Ainsley immediately hung up the phone.

She stared at her phone solemnly. The mainframe had been changed. Who could have done it?

Did father's computer really contain the information I was seeking?

As she walked towards the door, she felt a sudden kick under her foot. She looked down and saw a small steel square, but she couldn't see what it was.

She squatted down to pick up the item and opened one end.

It was a flash drive!

All the useful things have been taken away. Why is there a flash drive left?

Ainsley became more and more anxious. Without thinking too much, she put the flash drive into her bag and hurriedly went to Matteo.

After the two of them met up, Matteo immediately drove Ainsley back to their old house.

"Matteo, did you send someone to protect the witness?" Ainsley asked anxiously. If the witness wasn't well protected, if anything went wrong, it would be all for nothing.

"I have already sent someone, but he wasn't at his residence. I have sent more people to find him. After all, he may be avoiding us. No news is good news for now." At least it could guarantee that the Wade family would not find that person first.

Robyn didn't expect them to come back. "Matteo and Aisy are back?"

Matteo stopped Robyn and took Ainsley upstairs directly. "Mom, we have something important to discuss."

Matteo locked the door once they entered the room.

He lifted up the bedding and retrieved a box from underneath the bed then handed it directly to Ainsley.

Ainsley opened the box, revealing a phone with a cracked screen.

"Matteo, did you think of something hence you hid it?" Ainsley asked in confusion.

Matteo was lost in thought. In a trance, he felt as if he had traveled back four years ago when he retrieved the phone. His father seemed to want to take it away, and there was once that he almost succeeded if not for Matteo bumping into him. However, his father said that he just missed his brother too much, so he thought everything was fine.

He shook his head. "Nothing. I just felt that one day I had to return it to you."

"Matteo, have you tried to find someone to fix it?"

Ainsley did not even dare to take out the phone, fearing that it might shatter into pieces.

"I never thought about it..." He had always thought that his uncle died in a car accident, but he didn't expect someone to tell them that it was a drug reaction.

"Matteo, I need someone who can thoroughly fix everything in this phone,' she said seriously.

Matteo thought of someone. "I know someone who can fix it for sure.'

"Who is it?" Ainsley's eyes were filled with anticipation.

"Roman Heyman."

Ainsley was in disbelief. "Him?"

Matteo smiled faintly. "It's him. There are many things that you don't know about, but few people know about Roman's ability, and I happen to be one of them."

On the way to the Gage Group, Ainsley hadn't been able to accept that such a famous chef was also a skilled information technology expert.

When they arrived, Manuel immediately paused the meeting he was in.

Poor Roman.

He had just been forced to read dozens of contracts by Manuel and was complaining bitterly about how unfair and cruel Manuel was to his employees.

But when she saw Matteo and Ainsley coming over together, he grabbed Ainsley's sleeve with tears and snot like he just met his savior. "Help! Mr. Gage is mistreating us employees! And he's not giving us any bonuses!"

Manuel Gage said softly, "The bonuses will be doubled at the end of the month!"

Roman immediately let go of Ainsley's sleeve and smiled happily. "Mr. Gage is such a good person! A good leader!"

"Enough with the flattery." Manuel noticed to seriousness in Ainsley's eyes.

He guessed that she came to him because something was wrong. Otherwise, she probably wouldn't like to get close to him now.

Matteo handed the box to Roman. 'Roman, this phone was left behind by Mr. Leandro Easton before he passed away. But the scene of the car accident was a mess, and the phone was crushed like this. Can you see if you can fix it?'

Roman changed his attitude. He took the box and took out the broken phone. "Wait, how did you know I can fix it?"

Matteo glanced at Manuel, who was standing beside him, and Roman immediately understood.

"Mr. Gage! You really sold me out."

Pursing his lips, he took the phone and glanced at it briefly. "It's already broken like this. I'll try my best. If the motherboard isn't damaged, the information can be extracted. But if the motherboard is also broken, then there's nothing that I can do."

"But my equipment and tools are not here, I can only take it back and tell you when it's fixed."

Matteo nodded. "As soon as possible."

"Is it urgent?" asked Manuel curiously. He was even more curious about what was on the phone.

Looking at the computer in front of him, Ainsley suddenly took out the flash drive that she had brought out of the villa.

She looked at Roman and asked, "Can I borrow your computer for a moment?"

Feeling strange, he stood up and gave up his seat to Ainsley.

He watched as Ainsley sat down, she took out something and plugged it into the computer. With a soft beep, a search icon appeared on the screen.

Trembling, she clicked on the file. At this moment, she had forgotten that both Roman and Manuel were watching.

But even if she remembered, she wouldn't be too concerned. Although she couldn't face Manuel, she knew very well that she could trust them enough.

A video began to play, a hand opened a gramophone and put on a record, and a waltz began to play as a woman entered everyone's view, dancing.

She danced and danced until she reached the center of the video, where she solemnly ended the beautiful dance at the end of the waltz.

Then, the screen went off.

Ainsley couldn't believe it. Was the content of the flash drive just a woman dancing?

Roman took a sip of Coke and asked nonchalantly, "Do you like Leaf?"

[Chapter 627](#)

Encrypted Flash Drive "Leaf?"

"Yeah, the woman in this video is a very popular dancer, Leaf."

Ainsley pressed the play button again, and the woman started dancing again. Roman proceeded to play a video of Leaf dancing on his tablet. Her dancing posture was exactly the same as on his computer.

Matteo noticed Ainsley's disappointment and asked, "Aisy, where did you get the flash drive?"

Ainsley pursed her lips. "In my dad's study at Green Road mansion, where the mainframe was dragged away, I found this inconspicuous flash drive lying in the corner."

Listening to them talking, Manuel frowned slightly. "What happened?"

“No...”

“Aisy, have you forgotten what you promised me at home?” Matteo interrupted Ainsley.

Ainsley was silent for a moment. She understood what Matteo meant.

The autopsy report had already confirmed that her father’s death had nothing to do with Manuel. The car accident was not the real reason, but why was she still uncomfortable when she faced him? Why did she just want to escape?

“If we want to find out the truth, we should do whatever it takes.” Matteo’s voice from that day echoed in her ears. After a fierce battle, she finally made up her mind.

She took two steps forward and looked straight at Manuel with a hint of anger in her eyes.

“I got an autopsy report about my father. The report written on the death certificate a few years ago was fake, and the real report showed that my father died of lidocaine. I asked a detective to check the people my father had contacted back then, and the detective said that he could look at my father’s phone and computer to get some clues. But unfortunately, before I went to the mansion, someone had already taken my father’s computer and replaced the mainframe. I only saw this USB drive in the abandoned study.”

But now, she thought there would be some clues on the flash drive, but she didn’t expect there to be nothing. It was just a video of a woman dancing.

She didn’t know this dancing woman, Leaf, and she had never heard of her from her father.

Manuel’s heart skipped a beat when he heard that. He didn’t expect that Ainsley would ask a detective to find out the truth about Jake’s death.

He looked at the woman who lowered her eyes, and the kind of disappointment that couldn’t be ignored almost filled the whole study room.

He opened his mouth several times, but he didn’t know what to say.

Matteo took over the conversation and told him everything that had happened between Mary and Leonard. “Obviously, there is a huge net behind this that shrouds everything, and we can’t even see through the layer of mist. They do things secretly, but it’s certain that even Irene doesn’t know who those people are.”

Manuel’s eyes were solemn. He never thought that such forces would appear in Seattle that he wasn’t aware of. What was even more terrifying was that they had appeared a few years ago.

While everyone was still deep in thought, Roman leaned over and fiddled with the computer for a while. He suddenly exclaimed and caught everyone’s attention.

“I see! This flash drive is not that simple. It’s an encrypted flash drive, and the form of the password is something I’ve never seen before. Moreover, even the triggering channel has to go through a specific method. Gosh, who the hell are they!”

Roman's exclamation made Matteo and Ainsley look even more solemn. They had long known that the way to find out the truth was not simple.

Ainsley asked in confusion, "How long will it take to unlock it?"

After pondering for a moment, Roman said uncertainly, "I can't say the exact time. I can only say that I will try my best. After all, we haven't even taken the first step."

Manuel said decisively, "From this moment on, stop everything you're doing and try your best to solve it."

Roman nodded and couldn't help but laugh. "Do I get a raise?"

It was rare for Roman to be able to liven up the atmosphere in such a serious setting.

"Didn't you fall in love with a car? If you can crack it, I'll give you the key directly," Manuel said.

Roman almost jumped up in excitement. "No problem! Mr. Gage, I wrote down what you said just now. Don't break your promise. Ms. Easton and Mr.

Easton have both heard it."

Matteo said, "If you can figure it out, I'll give it to you if Manuel doesn't give it to you."

When Matteo came out of the Gage Group's building, he turned around and looked at Manuel. "By the way, you should know about Irene. We can't find that witness. If your man can find him, please let me know. He is the key person who can bring Irene down."

Manuel knew that Ainsley hated Irene's determination, and he understood the seriousness of the matter. "I will."

There was no need to say more. When Manuel wanted to say a few words to Ainsley, Ainsley had already gotten into the car. He tried to suppress his disappointment and forced himself to laugh out loud. After all, Ainsley was willing to let him help now.

Sitting back in the car, Ainsley looked at Matteo awkwardly. "Matteo, I'm not feeling well."

"Why? Because Manuel found out about everything?" Matteo started the car.

Ainsley smiled bitterly. "I've always avoided contact with him because I was unable to face him, but today I personally told him that my father's death had nothing to do with him. My previous reactions were like a joke."

Matteo shook his head. "Aisy, perhaps because you've been in the Baldry family for too long, you've forgotten how fearless you were before. Instead, you're letting your imagination run wild like now. Sometimes, it's not good to think too much."

Of course, Ainsley understood what he meant. Maybe Manuel wouldn't even think about these questions.

Forty-eight hours later, at the Seattle Police Department, a policewoman looked at a woman in the interrogation room wearily.

Irene's eyes were full of bruises. She knew that the detention period had passed, and there was no solid evidence, so they needed to release her.

However, what she didn't expect was that just as she was released, she would be taken in again.

With sharp eyes, the policewoman scowled at her face as if in mockery. "Irene, you are suspected of attempted sexual assault in Rulina Village

Area, as well as intentional physical assault. You are now under arrest according to the law."

Her arms, which had just been uncuffed, were once again handcuffed. Irene's eyes widened in disbelief as she looked at the policewoman.

"Isn't that matter over? Kaliyah's imprisonment is over."

"Yes, that's right, but now that the case has been overturned, Glenn has resubmitted his statement. He has confessed that it was you," the policewoman said indifferently.

Irene's face turned completely pale. "Impossible! That's impossible! I want to see him!"

However, the policewoman waved her hand and asked someone to take her away. "Please cooperate with our investigation."

The Chernoff awards ceremony was as gorgeous and noble as ever, and all the guests were prominent figures in society.

Some of them were scientists and inventors who had made outstanding contributions to human development, while others were people with the same expertise as Ainsley.

The host stood on the podium, reciting praises for Ainsley in an excited voice.

[Chapter 628](#)

Psychology Award

After singing her praises, the host waved her hand and shouted toward the audience, "Now, let's give a warm round of applause to welcome Ms.

Ainsley Easton to the stage to receive the award."

Ainsley received the Chernoff Psychology Award.

She had published a very outstanding probability theory on psychological profiling through criminal records, so this year she became a candidate for the Chernoff Award.

This was already a great honor, and even she herself didn't think she would really win the award.

However, all of this did happen, and the dawn of hope hit her, isolating everything around her.

Under everyone's gazes, Ainsley stood up and took a deep breath. Under the host's gaze, she lifted her dress and walked forward elegantly.

"Ms. Easton, please stand next to me." The host took a step to the right.

Ainsley raised her head and smiled at her. Then, she walked over to her calmly.

The host handed her the trophy. "Ms. Easton, please give your acceptance speech."

Ainsley took the trophy and stared at it for a while. When she looked up again, her eyes were full of confidence, which made her look even more beautiful and charming.

"I don't think this award is just for me. But rather, it's for everyone who works in this field and takes it seriously. Thanks to you, the world has been blessed with a lot of beauty. Thank you."

Ainsley's eyes sparkled as she spoke sincerely on the podium.

After she finished speaking, the whole venue fell into an enigmatic silence. About five or six seconds later, there was thunderous applause, and it didn't end for a long time.

At the same time, a few people watching the live broadcast were staring intently at Ainsley.

When Serina saw the woman in all her glory confidently giving her acceptance speech, she immediately felt a sense of pride swelling in her chest. "I knew it, Ms. Easton can be the best in any occasion."

Amused, Manuel poked her head with his finger. "If you know, why don't you learn from Ms. Easton? You play all day long, and your grades are not outstanding. It's really humiliating for me."

After saying that, Serina's face instantly turned red. She didn't know if she was angry or ashamed. She moved her butt to the side and said indignantly, "Manuel, you're so annoying."

Manuel shook his head, shifted his gaze back to the screen again, and looked at the woman on screen with love in his eyes.

Serina rolled her eyes and deliberately spoke sarcastic words to the man next to her. "Fortunately, Ms. Easton doesn't dislike me and even likes my clinginess. Some people can't get Ms. Easton's tenderness."

He looked back at her with a faint smile and got up unhurriedly. He was not angry, and his tone sounded very calm as he said, "In that case, you can go to Ms. Easton next month to ask for pocket money."

Serina was speechless.

A wise man was someone who could adapt to changing circumstances.

The moment she looked up, she smiled brightly and said, "Manuel, I was wrong. Please forgive me."

It wasn't that she was worried that Ainsley wouldn't give her money, but Serina couldn't bring herself to ask for it no matter what.

Manuel snorted lightly and walked away.

Serina asked, "Manuel, where are you going?"

Without looking back, Manuel said, "I'm going to pick up your dear Ms. Easton."

"I'll go too!" Serina jumped up excitedly but was stopped before she could take a step.

"You stay at home and don't go anywhere."

“The Chernoff Psychology Award is a very valuable award in the psychology field. After Ms. Ainsley Easton from the University of Washington received the award, she gave another honor to the University of Washington...”

In the detention room, the sound of the TV was extraordinarily loud, and Irene listened to the news with a pale face.

The TV screen was so close to her that she could even see the glamorous woman on TV effortlessly. She could never forget that face in her life.

She laughed self-deprecatingly. The contrast was really tragic. She was waiting for an interrogation in the detention room, while Ainsley was talking eloquently at an awards ceremony.

People from all walks of life wished they could have a word with Ainsley. It was obvious that Irene was jealous.

The black Cayenne was speeding down the road. When he arrived at the last minute, he was told that Ainsley and Matteo had gone back a long time ago, so he also went home disappointed.

The reason why he went home instead of chasing after them was because tomorrow was New Year's Eve.

On New Year's Eve, as soon as Ainsley woke up and went downstairs, she saw Matteo making breakfast.

She looked in the direction of the kitchen in confusion. “Where's Nancy?”

Matteo placed the toast on the table and said, “I've given Nancy a break. Go wash your hands and get ready for dinner.”

After washing her hands, Ainsley looked at the food on the dining table. The aroma of the food wafted out toward her nose, and she couldn't help but sniff it. Today, she wanted to let go of all her unhappiness for the time being.

She joked, “I didn't expect my cousin to cook so well. Whoever marries you is really blessed.”

Matteo knocked on her head and stuffed the egg into her mouth. “You cant even plug up that mouth of yours with food. You're making it sound like I didn't cook for you before.”

Ainsley took the egg and looked at Matteo's back. Indeed, when they lived together before, it was also Matteo who was cooking.

At noon, the two decided to go out for a French meal, and while they were out, they received a call from Robyn.

“Matteo, when are you coming back? It's almost lunchtime. Your dad has been waiting for a long time,” Robyn said softly.

Matteo was agitated when he heard Robyn's voice. He said in a deep voice, “Mom, tell Dad that I'm not going home today. I'll visit him when I have time.”

The next second, he heard Robyn's angry voice. “What? You're not coming back? How can this be? Today is New Year's Eve, the day for family reunion.

You must come back.”

Immediately afterward, it seemed that Harold took the phone over. “Matteo, is Aisy with you?”

Matteo glanced at Ainsley, who was waiting beside him. “Yes.”

“Hurry up and bring your cousin back. I haven’t seen Aisy for a long time. I know what your mother did before. Don’t worry, I’ve already taught her a lesson,” Harold said in a low voice.

Matteo put the call on speaker, so Ainsley could hear everything clearly. She couldn’t help but hesitate a little. Although she couldn’t face Robyn calmly, Harold was really good to her.

After her father passed away, he and Matteo took charge of the funeral.

She would always remember that when she held a press conference after her divorce from Cason, it was Harold and Matteo who appeared together and took her away, telling everyone that she had people who backed her up.

After pondering for a while, Ainsley tugged on Matteo’s sleeve. “Matteo, I haven’t seen Harold for a long time either.”

It was better to avoid trouble. She had experienced the imposing manner of Robyn and didn’t want to be hated by her again.

Inside a detention room, Irene wrapped her clothes tightly around herself. She was not wearing thick clothes. She was used to going out by car and going home to warm herself up. She didn’t expect this day to come.

[Chapter 629](#)

Odd Behavior

It was New Year’s Eve. This time last year, she was busy abroad, and her grandfather had flown over to celebrate the holidays and spend New Year’s Eve with her.

However, this year, she would be spending her New Year’s Eve at the police station while her grandfather was still unconscious.

Meanwhile, it did not take long for Ainsley and Matteo to arrive at the Easton residence. Harold and Robyn wasted no time in opening the door and greeted them early.

Robyn rolled her eyes at Ainsley the moment the latter got out of the car. Ainsley pretended not to see this and greeted courteously, ‘Happy New Year’s Eve, Mr. and Mrs. Easton.’

Just as Robyn was about to speak, Harold hurriedly stepped forward to block her view, then reached for Ainsley’s hand as he said gently, ‘It’s been a while since you came to visit. Has this punk been taking good care of you?’

Ainsley’s heart warmed at this. She knew Harold cared for her very much. “I’m fine, Mr. Easton. Matteo has been very kind to me.”

Robyn was trailing behind them when she overheard this and said sarcastically, "Yes, we can tell he's been kind to you, so much so that he moved to a new place I don't even know about!"

"The kid's all grown up. He can make his own decisions, and we shouldn't interfere too much," Harold pointed out with a chuckle.

Robyn glared at him angrily. "I only wanted to be able to visit them in my free time and check up on them. I mean, honestly, shouldn't parents at least know where their children are living?"

Matteo sneered, "As if you don't know, Mom."

Ainsley scoffed inwardly. This woman's just playing dumb. If she truly doesn't know where we live, then how does she keep sending gifts over to the house?

Robyn shot Matteo a dark look but made no response.

Even though it was supposedly a simple family lunch, Ainsley was surprised to find that a feast had been laid out on the table. There were more than a dozen fancy dishes; it was too much food for the four of them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Easton, I didn't think you'd prepare enough food for an army!" Ainsley remarked after Harold invited her to take a seat. Matteo sat down next to her.

They dug in after Robyn had taken her seat.

Ainsley had known from the moment they arrived that this lunch would be far from peaceful. She secretly glanced at Robyn, who was frowning impatiently.

Sure enough, after Harold had given Ainsley helpings of several dishes, Robyn broke the silence by asking, "What were the both of you looking for when you came back and ransacked the house two days ago?"

Ainsley was reticent as she gripped her fork tightly.

Matteo, on the other hand, replied perfunctorily, "I was looking for the documents I left behind."

Robyn was silent as she helped herself to the food before her. She looked at Ainsley, then at Matteo. Suddenly, she asked, "Matteo, how are things going with the young lady of the Glover family?"

Matteo nodded awkwardly. "It's fine, I guess. Nothing special. I still feel bad after what happened to Waston the last time. The poor girl was put in danger because of me."

"That's why you have to talk to her and get to know her more, silly. She must be so vulnerable after going through something so terrible. You must learn how to comfort and protect her," Robyn encouraged.

It was only when Ainsley heard Robyn's nagging that she understood how much the woman wanted Matteo to marry Waston.

Harold was quick to put a stop to his wife's antics. "That's enough. Stop pressuring the kid when he only just got home."

Ainsley remained silent and focused on eating. She only prayed that Robyn would not turn her attention to her and start criticizing her.

Just then, Ainsley looked at Harold and said, "Mr. Easton, I have a question for you."

"Oh? Go ahead." Harold put down his cutlery, ready to hear Ainsley out.

Matteo also looked at Ainsley strangely as the latter hurriedly said, 'Harold, my father attended the Easton family's banquet before he passed away. Do you remember if there was anything off about him at the time?'

Harold's expression darkened slightly. In a grave tone, he asked, "Why do you ask, Aisy?"

"I think someone was out to get my father," Ainsley answered bluntly.

The crisp sound of clattering porcelain sounded from one end of the table. Ainsley turned to look at Robyn, who had accidentally dropped the cutlery. The latter looked a little embarrassed, and she was more flustered when she saw Ainsley staring at her.

Ainsley did not miss the anxious look that had flickered on Robyn's face. "Why are you panicking, Mrs. Easton?" she asked coldly.

Robyn gulped and picked up her cutlery again, saying awkwardly, "I'm not panicking. There was a cramp in my wrist just now, that's all."

Matteo could tell that something was wrong with his mother, and a terrifying thought came to his mind. His hands trembled slightly, and his face turned pale.

Harold interjected, "Aisy, what do you mean by that? Are you saying that your father was murdered?"

Ainsley's gaze fell on Harold once more. 'That's only my suspicion, Mr. Easton. I can't be sure of it yet, which is why I want to know if anything strange happened at the family banquet that day.'

Harold fell into deep thought. After a while, he said, "I don't remember much about what happened that day, but I recall your father did not eat much. He just exchanged a few pleasantries and left.'

"Did he drink?" Ainsley frowned slightly.

"Oh, yes! He did have a few drinks before he left," Harold replied.

Ainsley lowered her gaze. Was the lidocaine in his drink, then?

At that moment, Harold sensed the shift in Ainsley's mood and pointed out solemnly, "Aisy, if you find anything suspicious, you must tell me at once. I might not care much about the company's affairs, but I'm still well-respected in the business world."

Ainsley looked at him gratefully. 'I will, Mr. Easton. But, right now, I don't even know if my hunch is right or not.'

Suddenly, Robyn piped up defensively, "I think you're imagining things, or maybe you feel so guilty you've deluded yourself that there was a murderer whom you can pin the blame on."

Ainsley looked at Robyn with an unreadable expression.

Robyn was acting strange today. Ainsley had already noticed that something was off about her since she dropped the cutlery earlier. She wondered idly if Robyn knew something about her father's death.

"What are you talking about?" Harold thundered. 'The girl is just trying to seek justice for herself! Why must you always rain on her parade? If you're done with your food, go back to the room.'

Robyn fell silent at once and did not utter another word.

Meanwhile, Matteo and Ainsley exchanged a glance, and they each saw the confusion in the other's eyes.

After lunch, they went back to their rooms to rest. Ainsley also had a room in the house, and it was larger than Matteo's room. However, when she lay on the bed, she felt neither familiarity nor attachment.

In the garden, Harold was taking care of the flowers he planted. All of them were rare and precious species that cost tens of thousands of dollars.

Robyn made her way over to him cautiously for fear of accidentally stepping on the flowers. She was still frowning as her husband tended to the flowers diligently.

She paced around for a while, but Harold did not pay any attention to her. At last, she said, "Honey, I'm scared."

"What are you scared of?" Harold asked breezily.

"I don't know. I'm anxious and restless. Will you please stop looking after those flowers and talk to me?" She clutched the front of her shirt tightly and felt her heart drumming wildly in her chest.

Harold looked at her and asked softly, "What's wrong with you today?"

You've been acting strangely."

[Chapter 630](#)

Innocent

"I don't know either, Honey," Robyn said as she drew closer to Harold, hoping to share his warmth.

Harold eyed her coldly. 'You were acting strange when Ainsley brought up her father's death. Did you have anything to do with it?'

Robyn shook her head frantically. 'No! What could I have done? He was your brother, and as money-crazed as I am, I'd never stoop so low and kill another man for it!'

Harold assessed her for a long moment, and finally said with a smile, "You're right. You haven't done anything at all."

It was only then that Robyn felt like a weight was lifted off her shoulders. She wrapped her arms around her husband as worry etched upon her face.

It was almost three o'clock in the afternoon when Robyn went upstairs and woke Matteo up. "Hurry up and get to the living room. We have guests!"

In the next room, Ainsley poked her head out the door, only for Robyn to say icily, "Stay in your room, Aisy. It's not as if you know the guests anyway."

Matteo frowned. "Ainsley is going too. We're all from the Easton family. It's only right that we greet the guests together.'

Just as Ainsley was about to refuse, Matteo walked straight over and grabbed her arm, then led her downstairs.

Meanwhile, Harold had been carrying out small talk with one of the guests. Matteo knew who that man was. It was Jett Glover. There was a woman next to him, and she was none other than Waston, who

Matteo had not seen for some time.

In the days they had not seen each other, Waston seemed to have grown more gloomy.

Jett glanced at Matteo worriedly and said, "This is how Ms. Glover has been since her return, Mr. Easton. She hardly talks these days, and she's cooped up in her room all the time. Mr. Glover is worried sick."

Waston tugged on Jett's sleeve and urged, "That's not true, Uncle Jett. I'm perfectly fine in my room."

Then, she flashed Ainsley and Matteo a smile. 'Hello, Matteo and Ms. Easton.'

Ainsley sensed a hint of reluctance in her smile. "Just call me Ainsley."

Waston had helped her out a few times, and Ainsley would love to be friends with her.

Jett's eyes lit up when he registered Ainsley's presence. 'I heard you were a renowned psychologist, Ms. Easton. It would be great if you could examine Ms. Glover."

Without refusing, Ainsley smiled and said, "In that case, the rest of you can carry on while I bring Ms. Glover upstairs."

Waston obediently stood up and reached for Ainsley's hand. "Seeing as we're going on a first-name basis, you might as well call me Waston. 'Ms. Glover' sounds so stuffy and formal."

Ainsley brought Waston upstairs, and after closing the door behind her, she did not go straight into psycho-babble and instead asked Waston gently, "Waston, I don't think you're distressed as much as you are frustrated.

Would you like to share what's on your mind with me?"

Waston was like a fretful child as she fiddled with the hem of her shirt. She hesitated for a moment, then asked tentatively, "If I tell you, will you promise to keep it a secret from Matteo?"

"I promise," Ainsley replied firmly.

Only then did Waston heave a sigh of relief. She began, 'After I was kidnapped the other day, Kaliyah asked me a few questions. She asked me if Matteo would accept me if I was disfigured or violated. She also asked, if you and I both had knives held to her throats and Matteo could only save one of us, who would it be?"

She paused, then continued, "I told her no for the first two questions, but I don't know how to answer the last one."

"So you've been sulking these past few days and locking yourself in your room to ponder on that question?" Ainsley asked incredulously.

Waston nodded once, then shook her head afterward. "Yes and no. I know it's such a stupid question and that I shouldn't be affected by it."

"It is but human nature to self-doubt and face existential crises, but once you free yourself of this vicious circle, you'll find that every doubt you've ever had about yourself is nothing more than a joke," Ainsley comforted.

Then, she added emphatically, "But, if you find yourself still fixated on the question, why don't you flip it and ask yourself what you would do if Matteo were the one in danger?"

Waston considered this, then looked at Ainsley as she said, "I'd probably tell you about it first."

Ainsley smiled. 'See? The problem is solved. There's really no need for you to force a certain answer out of it, right?"

Waston let out a breath of relief. "I've actually found my answer to that question when I saw you just now. I've been cooped up at home turning the question over in my head and wondering why those three questions bug me so much. In actuality, I'd already stood up to Kaliyah by answering her first two questions, but I got all nervous and expectant when it was Matteo's turn to answer her questions. That only goes to show I was doubting myself."

Ainsley handed her a glass of water. "That's normal. I mean, you like him, and it's only natural that you get butterflies around him. That can often feel like anxiety and cause you to think you're losing control over everything."

With a faint smile, Waston took a sip of water and said, "I guess that's it for my therapy session, huh? I didn't plan on coming here today, you know. Mrs. Easton was the one who invited me."

Ainsley nodded, looking sympathetic. "I know. She can't wait for you to be with Matteo."

"If Matteo can wait, then so can I. I wouldn't have dropped by today if Uncle Jett hadn't made me. Grandpa wants Matteo and I get together as well, but I just don't understand what all the rush is about," Waston said, frowning.

"Don't dwell on it, Waston. Have a little more faith in Matteo. He's not the shallow and despicable sort," Ainsley consoled.

Naturally, he would never turn Waston down just because of superficial reasons. With a nod, Waston said, "I understand."

"Come on, let's go downstairs," Ainsley suggested as she stood up. "Maybe you'll be my cousin-in-law soon."

Waston blushed when she heard this.

They made their way down to the living room, and Jett assessed Waston worriedly as he asked, "Has she examined you?"

Waston sat down next to him and answered demurely, 'I'm fine now. Uncle Jett.'

Robyn stepped forward, effectively blocking Ainsley's way, and interjected brightly, "Come over here and sit with Waston, Matteo."

Harold was talking to Jett while Matteo was conversing with Waston.

Ainsley could not seem to get around Robyn at all, and she was starting to feel isolated.

She stared at Robyn's back. If she looked any harder, she would probably see the wicked sneer on the woman's face.

Nonetheless, she remained unfazed and sat on one side of the room, sipping water casually.

After a while, Matteo noticed she was alone and quickly crossed the room to take the seat next to her.

"Go back and talk to Waston," Ainsley urged.

Dismayed, Robyn came over and hissed at Matteo, "What are you doing? You can't just leave Waston there on her own! Go and talk to her!"

Having said this, she secretly glared at Ainsley as though silently accusing her of being needy.

"I can sit wherever I want, Mom," Matteo countered unhappily.

Just then, Waston sauntered up to them and helped herself to the seat across from Ainsley, saying, "I think this is perfect."

Seeing that Waston had moved to this corner of the living room on her own accord, Robyn let the matter drop.

"So, have the both of you been very busy these days?" Waston asked Matteo and Ainsley.

Matteo nodded but made no reply.

Ainsley, on the other hand, answered, "There's been a lot going on at the company lately, so Matteo's been handling those. As for me, I've been fielding invitations." She had been gaining fame in the industry ever since she was awarded the Chenov Prize.