

A Divorce 631

[Chapter 631](#)

Of course, she did not mention the more important part. In addition to dealing with the invitation, she wanted to find out the truth.

The Gage family seemed much quieter compared to the Easton family's liveliness.

Although Koen had opened his eyes, he still could not leave the hospital.

Manuel and Serina looked at the huge house. Although the housekeeper had created a good atmosphere in the house, it still felt lonely and quiet.

Serina immediately rushed over when she saw Manuel coming out of the study. "Manuel, let's go and celebrate the New Year with Ainsley. I haven't seen her for days."

After thinking about this possibility again, Manuel shook his head. "They might have gone to the old house. It's not appropriate for us to go there."

Serina pouted. "Then we'll spend it at home together."

Suddenly, as if remembering something, she looked at him expectantly. "Manuel, shall we bring some delicious food to Grandpa's ward for New Year's Eve?"

"Sure." Manuel rubbed Serina's head.

Meanwhile, it was almost five in the afternoon at the Easton's place. Jett wanted to leave with Waston as soon as he saw the time.

"We don't want to disturb you for too long. Mr. Glover is still waiting at home," Jett said.

Robyn did not expect them to leave. Initially, she planned to let Waston have dinner here and interact more with Matteo.

"Why don't you stay for now, Waston?" Robyn grabbed Waston's hand, not willing to let her go.

Jett said meaningfully, "It seems that you really like Waston a lot, Mrs. Easton. But it's alright, Mr. Easton and Waston will meet in the future if they're destined to."

Robyn understood what he meant and did not stop them anymore.

"Of course. Don't forget to send my regards to Mr. Glover," Harold said.

After Jett left with Waston, Ainsley stood up and prepared to return to her room.

Matteo knew that she was not happy with her lunch. He said, "Dad, Mom, Aisy and I will go back first."

Ainsley's eyes widened. She did not expect him to notice it.

On the contrary, Robyn looked incredulous. "Why aren't you spending New Year's Eve at home, Matteo? This is a family day!"

She pinched her hand hard, thinking that it was because of Ainsley this bitch that Matteo was on the verge of not acknowledging her as his mother.

Harold came over to persuade as well. "That's right. We asked you to come back because we wanted you to stay for dinner. Otherwise, I wouldn't have had to go through so much trouble to ask you back!"

He immediately pulled Ainsley to his side. "It's okay if you want to leave but Aisy ain't going back with you. She has to stay for the New Year."

Ainsley was a little helpless, but she knew that Harold was sincere with her. She said to Matteo, "Let's stay, Matteo."

Harold was quite happy when he was at the dining table. He took out two monetary gifts and handed them to Matteo and Ainsley. "This is for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Easton."

"Thanks, Dad."

That was a good dinner. Before Ainsley could go back to her room, Matteo stopped her and gave her a monetary gift. "This is from me."

"Thank you, Matteo."

At midnight, fireworks exploded in Seattle to welcome the New Year. Ainsley drew the curtains open to see the night sky full of fireworks.

She suddenly thought of the fireworks set off by Manuel at the top of the mountain to make her happy.

Lowering her gaze, she was surprised to see the familiar car parked downstairs. The familiar figure was looking at her and waving at her.

Ainsley was stunned for a few seconds. She quickly took out her phone and made a call. Soon, the crazy? Why are you not going home on such a cold night? What are you doing here?"

Manuel's voice was nasal. "Happy New Year, Aisy."

"Did you hear what I said? Hurry up and go back.* Ainsley calmed herself down.

The sky was already starting to snow, and the snow was falling. Manuel was wearing a black coat, and the snow was falling all over his head.

The sound of Manuel's heavy breathing made Ainsley a little worried. "What are you thinking about?"

Manuel replied, "I know you may not like coming here, so you may not be too happy. I've prepared a New Year gift for you, Aisy. I wonder if I can give it to you myself?"

There was a loud sneeze after a short silence. Ainsley looked over to see Manuel sneezing and shivering, and she almost laughed out loud.

The snow was getting heavier. Ainsley urged, "Give it to me when we meet. It's snowing now. You'll get buried in the snow if you don't leave now. I don't want you to be on the news tomorrow."

However, Manuel insisted, "Then come down and get it."

Ainsley pondered for a moment. "Wait for me."

She immediately wrapped the clothes tightly, picked up an ultra-thick coat, and put it on before going down.

Listening to the sound of stomping down the stairs on the phone, Manuel walked over with the stuff.

Ainsley saw Manuel's face as soon as she opened the door. "You-you, why did you suddenly come to the door?"

"There's snow outside. Don't come out." Manuel used his body to block the cold snow and wind.

However, the wind pierced into Ainsley's face. She spread her hands, and Manuel put the box on them. "Okay, faster go up now."

"What about you?" Ainsley frowned slightly.

"Me? I'm going home. Don't you want me to stay here?" Manuel's tone was low and full of disappointment.

Seeing him like this, Ainsley felt awkward for no reason. Holding the box, she watched as Manuel turned around and left.

With so, he left under the falling snow. He walked towards the Cayenne step by step, but he exhibited a resolute sense of loneliness.

Ainsley almost wanted to call out to him, but she controlled herself.

She should not be such a sentimental person and she had to be more rational.

He walked to the car, turned around, and waved at her, signaling her to go upstairs.

Ainsley nodded slowly and entered the house.

She heard a faint sound coming from Harold's room when she went upstairs. It was the sound of an argument.

She did not want to hear it, but she heard her father's name when she was going up.

"Didn't Jake die in a car accident?"

"Aisy must be very sad. Don't talk nonsense before you find out the truth..."

The warmth in her heart froze, and the coldness swept over her whole body.

After returning to her room, she calmed herself down and divert her gaze to the box.

She opened the box and the first thing she saw was a monetary gift from Manuel.

Besides that, there was an emerald bracelet inside. It was fully emerald green and had green ripples on it. Just by the look of it, it must be a high-end product.

Underneath the bracelet was a simple card. [Happy New Year, Aisy.]

Complicated emotions surged into her heart. She kept the bracelet well and lay on the bed, awaiting tomorrow.

Matteo brought Ainsley back home the next morning. He had been feeling uneasy on the way home.

Perhaps it was because of his mother's strange behavior at the dinner table that made him suspect that Jake's death had something to do with her.

He glanced at Ainsley to see her solemn expression and he knew that she was feeling not much better than him.

[Chapter 632](#)

Persuading Mary

When they got home, Matteo wanted to ask Ainsley if she wanted to go on a vacation, but Ainsley rejected it.

This matter couldn't wait any longer for that.

There was no joy in this depressing Seaside Villa, and it couldn't compare to the atmosphere of the New Year.

Georgia was living in a large mansion. There were surveillance cameras and bodyguards everywhere.

While Daniel and Aaden had already returned to Portugal, at the strong request of Daniel's father, Daniel had no choice but to put down everything in Seattle and return to Portugal.

However, before Daniel left, he warned Georgia that if she dared to escape, she would be caught and starved to death in the basement.

However, Georgia scoffed regarding this. Even if she did escape, she wouldn't be able to go anywhere.

The television was still on, and Georgia could watch the recent events in Seattle. What made her very happy was the news that Irene was being detained at the police station. Irene was suspected of many charges, and the most serious one was murder.

Irene's era was coming to an end.

Over the next few days, Ainsley had been investigating that matter at home.

In Beacon Hill, as Ainsley stepped into the door, Mary looked at Ainsley warily. Mary asked her son to hurry back to his room.

"Ms. Easton, you're here." Ainsley's arrival had put Mary on high alert.

Ainsley scanned the living room and saw two suitcases spread out. It seemed like Mary was packing her stuff.

Seeing Ainsley looking over, Mary hurriedly blocked her view. "I'm tidying up the room. It's too messy."

"Tidying up the room? Then why did you put all your clothes in the suitcase? Are you planning to go back to your hometown?" Ainsley saw through Mary's intentions.

Therefore, Mary told Ainsley the truth. The former looked at Ainsley with tears in her eyes. “Ms. Easton, I want to take my son home. After all, he’s grown up now and needs to go to school. I’m worried it’s not safe in Seattle. There won’t be so many problems in the poor and remote place of my hometown.”

Ainsley glanced at Mary solemnly. “Mrs. Conway, do you still want to leave if I tell you that Irene is already in the police station?”

Mary glanced at Ainsley in shock. “Police station? She’s arrested?”

“To be precise, we’re at the interrogation stage. She’s not convicted yet,” Ainsley explained.

Mary’s eyes were full of disappointment. After pondering for a while, she said, “Forget it, Ms. Easton. I’m just an ordinary woman. I don’t have much education. Killing me is as simple as killing an ant. Although Irene’s in the police station, she still has the support of the entire Wade family. I can’t afford to gamble.”

Knowing what Mary was worried about, Ainsley took two visas from her bag. “Once Irene is sentenced, I’ll send you and your son abroad. How about California? I have a friend there who would arrange everything as long as you go there. Even if you don’t do it for yourself, what if you do it for your son?”

Mary took the visas, her fingers trembling slightly. She looked at Ainsley in disbelief. “Is this for real?”

Ainsley nodded slightly. “Of course. Just take it as my last gift to Nancy.”

Although Ainsley had only met Nancy a few times when the latter went to Ainsley’s office for a consultation, Nancy was still considered Ainsley’s student.

At least Ainsley gave Nancy the hope of being mentioned. Maybe Nancy could rest in peace.

Mary had already made a promise, but she was still a little hesitant.

“Ms. Easton, of course, I know you’re determined to get justice for Nancy. As a mother, I’m really grateful to you, but I have to think about my son,” Mary said dully.

The door to the side room was opened, and the little boy sneaked out and walked over to Mary, handing her something.

Mary was surprised. She opened her palm and saw that it was a hair clip.

Before Ainsley could react, Mary had already burst into tears. “Nancy...”

Mary had always numbed herself. She didn’t want to think about her daughter, who Mary always called a worthless loser.

However, Nancy used the first sum of money she earned from her part-time job to buy this hair clip for Mary. It was Mother’s Day.

“Mrs. Conway, Irene killed not only your daughter. There would still be others who would directly file a lawsuit after you’ve requested for proposal. She would be convicted and may spend the rest of her life in prison,” Ainsley said coldly.

“Can I think about it?” Mary asked.

Ainsley nodded. She understood.

In the Seattle neurological treatment center, the caregiver gently opened the door of a ward and sent the medicine into it. The nurse followed behind and gave the instructions.

They walked by one ward after another. The caregiver couldn't straighten her back, but the nurse still despised the caregiver for walking so slowly. "Hurry up, why are you so slow? If our hospital hadn't kindly taken you in, I'd like to see how you can support yourself."

When they walked over, they accidentally bumped into the family members who were visiting the patient. The family members were dressed extravagantly, and it was evident that they were not ordinary people.

The woman looked at the caregiver and nurse impatiently, "Do you know how to walk? Don't you know to apologize when you bump into someone?"

The nurse apologized repeatedly and did not forget to pull the caregiver behind her. "I'm sorry, Madam. She can't speak. I apologize on her behalf."

The gorgeous woman looked at the caregiver in surprise. "You can't speak? You're not lying to me on purpose, are you?"

The nurse twisted the caregiver's arm. "Open your mouth."

The caregiver reflexively opened her mouth, and her tongue had broken off from the root. There was a smooth cut, but it had now grown back.

The gorgeous woman gasped and immediately covered her mouth. "You scared me to death. All right, let's go! What bad luck!"

The nurse hurriedly left with the caregiver. The caregiver was used to the dirty and messy work environment. She was packing her things when the supervisor suddenly found her. "Dana, someone is looking for you. Come out first."

Dana stopped what she was doing and immediately walked out of the door. She followed the supervisor to a conference room and saw the person inside.

The supervisor nodded politely at the person inside and closed the door.

"Ms. Bach, it seems you're well-adjusted to your work here, so I don't have to worry about you." Ainsley smiled gently.

Dana looked at Ainsley gratefully and took out her phone to type quickly. "Ms. Easton, thank you so much for finding this job for me."

No matter how stupid Dana was, she knew that since Ainsley had managed to find her, maybe Ainsley had made some progress.

Dana lowered her head and continued typing. After a long while, she showed it to Ainsley. "Ms. Easton, is there any progress on that matter?"

Ainsley nodded. "The last time we met, I promised to end this in a month, but there were a lot of hiccups in between, and I suffered a car accident. Otherwise, it should have started some time ago."

Dana looked at Ainsley with reddened eyes and said solemnly, "Ms. Easton, it's okay. You gave me hope, and I can't thank you enough."

"Then pack your things. I've asked for a few days off for you. You know what to do," Ainsley said.

In the underground casino in the suburbs of Seattle, a man smashed the dice on the table. "Give me big!"

[Chapter 633](#)

Help Me Do Something

The result was one, two, one. It could not go any smaller.

He immediately froze and gulped. He looked down at the chips in his hand. There was nothing left, and he had lost all his chips.

The banker naturally saw this scene and then pointed at the person beside him. The bodyguard immediately understood and dragged the man out of the casino.

The two men threw him to the ground fiercely. "Henry, don't gamble if you don't have money! I thought you came over with a check and had a lot of money.'

The mysterious man on the ground took out a business card from his pocket in pain. On it was Ainsley's name.

However, before the call could go through, a man appeared and took his phone away.

"What are you doing? Give me back my phone!"

"You're Henry?' The man's voice was frivolous, and his eyes were full of contempt.

Henry wanted to hit him, but the man dodged quickly.

Henry asked in fear, "Who the hell are you?"

The man snorted coldly. "The person who's going to kill you."

The phone was tossed aside and shattered into pieces. Under Henry's horrified gaze, the man took out a sharp dagger and stabbed it hard at Henry.

"Help! Someone wants to kill me!"

Henry got up from the ground and knocked on the casino's door frantically, but no matter how much he screamed, the people inside the casino ignored him.

The dagger flashed coldly, and the man rushed towards Henry again. The dagger was about to pierce into Henry's body.

At that critical moment, another man appeared and kicked the man down fiercely, saving Henry.

Henry slumped to the ground in fear. His legs were weak, and his crotch was wet, exuding a foul smell.

Roman curled his lips. Roman waved his hand, and several bodyguards appeared. They immediately caught the man. The man wanted to escape, but there were bodyguards everywhere, so he couldn't escape.

Roman walked up to Henry and pinched his nose. "Holy shit, why are you so scared that you pissed yourself?"

Henry's voice was still trembling, "Sir, thank you for saving me."

Roman hummed in reply and said huffily, "So you're the one who filmed the video of Irene hitting someone with a car?"

Henry's face turned pale. He should have known that he shouldn't have shown the video, so he wouldn't have caused so much trouble.

However, at the same time, Henry paid off his gambling debts because of the video.

Henry looked at Roman warily, thinking that Roman was also here to kill him. "Sir, I've already sent the video out. Don't kill me. I don't know anything!"

Roman reached out and patted Henry's face. "I'm not here to kill you. That man wanted to kill you just now. You saw it. I saved you. How are you going to repay me?"

Henry finally breathed a sigh of relief. He thought for a while and said, "I'll do whatever you want!"

Roman pointed at the casino, and a bodyguard behind him immediately walked over and knocked on the door. The casino finally came back to life.

The owner walked out of the door and bowed at Roman.

Henry became more and more nervous. Who the hell is this person?

"How much money does he owe?" asked Roman.

Like a clever man, the owner hurriedly said, "So you know him. He owed us tens of thousands of dollars before, but then he got a check from somewhere and paid all the money. But today, he came here to gamble again, and now, he owes 32 thousand dollars."

The owner cleverly said, "If he were your man, he does not owe us anything."

Henry's eyes widened. 32 thousand dollars, that's 32 thousand dollars!

However, Roman snorted coldly. "I don't know him. What else could be used as repayment if one cannot pay back the money they owe?"

The owner said ruthlessly, "An arm or an organ."

When Henry heard this, he trembled in fear.

Roman nodded. "All right. I want him to do something for me now. If he succeeds, I'll pay the money on his behalf. If he fails, I'll take his arm to you as repayment."

The owner nodded immediately. His forehead was covered in sweat.

At the signal of Roman, the owner immediately went back into the casino. Roman walked back to Henry's side and asked, "So, I need you to help me with something. Can you help me?"

Henry nodded vigorously. "Of course, I can!"

Roman smiled wickedly. "Come with me."

The black luxury car stopped in front of Roman, and Henry immediately climbed inside like a dog.

At the Baldry Group, the receptionist was a little amused and contemptuous when looking at Bryan, who was slightly decadent. She said gently and politely, "Even if you are Mr. Baldry's father-in-law, you still need to make an appointment. Don't make it difficult for me, or I will definitely suffer if Mr. Baldry gets angry."

Bryan trembled in anger and scolded angrily, "You, do you know who I am? How dare you treat me like this? Do all the Baldry Group's employees have no manners?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Packer. I think you've misunderstood me. The surveillance cameras in our lobby are all over the place. If you think I've offended you, you can check the surveillance cameras and report me. As for the manners of the employees, it doesn't seem to be for you to judge." The receptionist's mouth was like a machine gun, and she didn't even think about it when she argued.

Bryan pointed at her face with trembling fingers and said, "Okay." If it weren't for his rationality, he would have slapped her.

"Mr. Packer, I'll be busy now. If you want to wait, you can sit on the chair on the right." The receptionist didn't bother to talk to Bryan anymore, lowered her head, and began to do her work.

Bryan's anger spiked when he saw that what the receptionist meant by busy was playing with her phone.

With a loud noise, everyone's eyes were drawn over.

On the top-quality tiles, the screen of a certain brand of phone had been shattered.

The receptionist was startled, and her fingers were still frozen in mid-air.

The sudden situation made her unable to recover for a while.

Bryan's anger dissipated a lot when he saw that. Now, it was his turn to mock her, "Young lady, you're not busy now, right?"

Upon hearing that, the receptionist finally came back to her senses. Her eyes immediately turned red.

This was her new phone. She was just an office worker, and it cost her half her salary to change her phone.

There were many onlookers, and they quickly formed a small circle.

It just so happened that Kaitlin walked in from outside the lobby. Seeing this scene, she frowned and shouted coldly, "Why are you all gathered here and not doing your work?"

As soon as Kaitlin finished speaking, the crowd who had been gossiping dispersed as quickly as possible.

“Ms. Baldry, you’re here. I have something to talk to your brother about. Please bring me upstairs.”
Bryan spoke with more confidence when he saw that Kaitlin as Bryan seemed to have found his support.

Bryan even pointed at the crying receptionist and cursed vindictively, “By the way, this employee of your company should be fired quickly. She’s blind.

I want to find Cason, and she still dared to ask me to make an appointment.’

Kaitlin was stunned for a moment. After hearing these words, she couldn’t help but sneer and looked at Bryan with her arms around her chest. “I was wondering who had made the company’s environment unpleasant. So it was you!”

[Chapter 634](#)

An Exchange

Bryan was stunned and looked over in disbelief. “What did you say?”

Kaitlin was not going to show him any respect. She just said coldly, “Your whole family is like a pest that is hard to get rid of. You have even come to the company. You are getting more shameless as you age.”

Bryan’s face turned red with anger, and he couldn’t say a word. He just stepped forward quickly with a grim face and raised his hand, ready to slap her.

Kaitlin was used to being spoiled, and she didn’t expect anyone to hit her on her company’s premises. For a moment, she just screamed and closed her eyes.

For a moment, the pain did not come. Instead, a majestic voice sounded in her ears, “Mr. Packer, it’s disgraceful to hit a girl, don’t you think so?”

Bryan’s expression changed drastically when he saw the visitor, and he hurriedly put down his hand.

Kaitlin quickly hid behind Cason and said aggrievedly, “Cason, I’m almost scared to death. Why are the members of the Packer family so rude? They wanted to hit me just now! If you hadn’t arrived early enough, I would have been beaten up.”

Tears welled up in her eyes as she hid behind Cason.

Bryan smiled apologetically. ‘Cason, I have something to discuss with you. Kaitlin is too insolent to talk to me like that. I just wanted to teach her a lesson.”

Cason said coldly, “Even if Kaitlin is insolent, it should be me, her brother, and our mother to educate her. We don’t need others to interfere. I remember that I have informed your daughter about the divorce. Why are you here?”

Bryan was stunned for two seconds. In the past, Cason was respectful to him. He would never say any harsh words to him.

But now, the earth-shattering changes made it hard for him to accept.

“Cason, I really have something to tell you.”

Cason frowned slightly, but he still took Bryan to the office. Kaitlin sat on the couch with her legs crossed.

Bryan held back and couldn't help but look at Kaitlin. “Your brother and I have something to talk about. You can leave first.”

Kaitlin, however, didn't get up and said arrogantly, “Why should I leave?”

What are you going to say to my brother that I can't listen to? I'm not going to leave.”

Cason also echoed, “Just say what you want to say. Kaitlin is my sister, and she has the right to know what's going on at home.’

Bryan sighed, but he had to compromise. The Packer Group was in danger, and he needed Cason's help.

“Cason, you know what happened to the Packer Group. I want you to help the company. We're family,” said Bryan.

“Who's your family?” Kaitlin immediately interrupted Bryan and said disgustedly, “Didn't your daughter tell you when she came home? My brother is going to sue for divorce. Hurry up and go back. Don't ever step into the Baldry Group again.”

Bryan's face turned red, but he had no choice but to continue, “No matter what, our families are united through a marriage of convenience. Helping us should be easy for you.”

Cason spoke calmly, “If you want me to help you, you'll need to offer something in return that's of equal value. So, what can you offer?”

“What do you want?” Bryan's heart skipped a beat.

Kaitlin said, “Finalize the divorce. Kaliyah has been dragging and refusing to get divorced. Why don't you persuade her to sign the papers and use that as an exchange?”

Bryan frowned and looked at Cason. “Is she kidding?”

“Of course not.” Cason coldly took out a document from the table and placed it in front of Bryan. “This is the divorce paper. Let your daughter sign it. I can help you after that.’

Bryan was stunned and immediately pushed the documents away. “No! Absolutely not! You can't divorce my daughter!”

Cason looked at his reaction in silence. Kaitlin picked up the document and asked, “So, which one would you choose – your daughter's marriage or the Packer Group?”

Bryan picked up the cup in front of him with trembling hands and took a small sip.

Kaitlin threw the document onto the ground and said, “Okay, I understand your decision, but I want to remind you that even if you don't choose the divorce agreement, my brother and Kaliyah will still have to get a divorce.

We've already found a lawyer."

After a fierce struggle in his heart, Bryan finally picked up the divorce agreement on the ground, "I choose this! Help the Packer Group!"

Kaitlin and Cason looked at each other. We've finally solved the problem.

Half an hour later, Bryan returned home.

Becky and Kaliyah sat at the dining table with several dishes laid out before them.

"Dad, you're back?"

Bryan put the divorce agreement behind him and sneaked into the study.

At least, he didn't want to take out the agreement now.

He sat in the study for a long time until Kaliyah came up to him.

"Dad? It's time to eat. Don't worry about work. Come down for dinner first."

Bryan seemed to come to life. "Okay, I'll go down now."

Kaliyah cooked a big table of dishes to ease the tension with her family. She served Bryan a bowl of soup, "Dad, try it. I made it myself."

"Indeed, Kaliyah has been busy all day. You should have more," Becky added, echoing Kaliyah's sentiment.

The more they tried to ease the tension, the more miserable Bryan felt. He couldn't stop thinking about the divorce agreement he had just brought back, and his heart felt like it was being torn apart.

His hand trembled slightly as he held the bowl, but he forced himself to drink the bowl of soup.

"It's good."

After pondering for a while, he asked, "Kaliyah, what are you going to do about Cason?"

Kaliyah's face instantly fell, and she looked at her father with a bitter smile. "I don't want to get a divorce, but I think Cason won't give me a chance. I know he's already looking for a lawyer."

And after the incident at the hospital last time, she was almost certain that even if she hired a lawyer, she would only lose the case.

If this matter was reported by the media, it would be a devastating blow to her.

She looked at her father, "Dad, how's the company? The Glover family is still unwilling to let it go?"

Bryan nodded. "You don't have to worry about the company's affairs. It's time for you to think about the matter with Cason. In my opinion, why don't you just get a divorce?"

Kaliyah looked at her father in surprise. "You've always said that you don't agree to the divorce before. Why do you agree now?"

“After all, you’ve all come this far, and it will be even more humiliating to go to court.” Bryan chewed the food.

“Come upstairs with me. I have something to tell you.” Bryan finally made up his mind. They could let the divorce drag on, but he couldn’t delay the matter of the Packer Group any longer.

If he delayed any longer, the Packer Group would collapse directly.

He could only sacrifice his daughter’s marriage.

When they reached the study, Kaliyah locked the door behind them. Bryan’s hands were shaking as he grabbed the divorce agreement on the table.

“Sign it,” he said.

“Dad, what is this?” Kaliyah stared at the document on the table with incredulity. The eye-catching words on the cover made her mind go blank instantly.

[Chapter 635](#)

Choices

Bryan pretended to be calm and poured himself a cup of tea. He took a sip before saying, “You should get a divorce.”

Creak! The chair made a harsh creaking sound on the ground, causing numbness in people’s ears.

Kaliyah’s eyes were red as she shouted angrily, “Dad, are you crazy? What’s in it for you if I divorce Cason?”

Becky hurried downstairs when she heard the noise and saw the scene of the father and daughter confronting each other. She looked at them and said anxiously, “What’s wrong with you guys?”

Kaliyah let tears flow down her eyes. She pointed at Bryan and said in disappointment, “You should ask him yourself. He wants me to divorce Cason.”

Hearing that, Becky widened her eyes in shock and looked back at Bryan. “Bryan, Kaliyah and Cason already have a child. How can you let them divorce at this time?”

Kaliyah suddenly recalled what her father had said at the dining table and let out a self-deprecating smile. “So, what you mentioned at the dining table earlier wasn’t about suggesting a reconciliation, but about this document all along? No wonder you, who always opposed divorce, suddenly agreed to it.

I thought you were genuinely doing it for my own good.”

Seeing that everyone was accusing him, Bryan couldn’t take it anymore and closed his eyes. He shouted in anger, “Enough! I’ll make myself clear.

Kaliyah, you and Cason have to get divorced as soon as possible.”

Kaliyah’s response was immediate and forceful. She retreated a few steps and roared, her voice cracking. “Impossible!” She took a few steps back, her voice becoming frantic. “Dad, I’m your daughter. How can you push me into the fire pit? I’ll die without Cason.”

Becky was taken aback when she heard Kaliyah's words. She immediately ran over to hug her daughter and choked out, "What are you talking about? You're scaring me. I don't want anything bad to happen to you."

After saying that, she looked at Bryan, and her usually meek personality suddenly became a little tougher. "What's wrong with you, Bryan? Isn't it good for the company if Kaliyah marries Cason? Why are you suddenly pushing for her to get a divorce?"

Bryan's heart ached at their ignorance. He had no choice but to sit on the couch and calm himself down.

When he spoke again, his voice carried an undeniable sense of authority. "The Packer Group is facing a major crisis, and we need Cason's help. He's proposed that Kaliyah agrees to the divorce, otherwise, the company will face bankruptcy."

Becky had never expected things to be so serious. After hearing Bryan's words, she froze for a long time.

She felt sorry for her daughter, but she couldn't bear the thought of losing the wealth and prestige that came with the company.

Kaliyah, on the other hand, shook her head repeatedly, unwilling to accept the reality.

Suddenly, Kaliyah broke free from Becky's grip and rushed forward. She looked at Bryan anxiously and pleaded, "Dad, let me talk to Cason. I'll beg him for help. He won't just stand by and watch. I can't just give up on my marriage like that."

Bryan interrupted her coldly, "Don't deceive yourself. Do you think I'm unaware? You've been calling Cason day and night, sending text messages, and even trying to find him through the people around him. Has he responded to you at all?"

Kaliyah covered her ears with tears.

She was so heartbroken that she couldn't breathe, and she couldn't say anything to refute at all.

Kaliyah was at a loss, unable to understand what she had done wrong. Why is everyone trying to prevent me from finding happiness? Is it fair to place all the blame on me when I almost lost the baby?

If it weren't for Cason who kept looking down on her, she wouldn't have ended up like this.

Kaliyah's mind was completely chaotic, and her mind was full of despair.

Unable to summon any more strength, she could only stagger up to Bryan and kneel down, pleading bitterly, "Dad, I'm begging you. Please think of a solution. I can't divorce Cason. I just can't."

Bryan looked at her with resentment and said, "I told you a long time ago to be more reasonable, but you kept pushing the boundaries. I don't even expect you to take the company to the next level. I just hope you won't ruin everything I've worked so hard for."

Kaliyah cried uncontrollably. She clung onto Bryan's pants with both hands and pleaded, "Dad, I know I messed up. I regret it. I promise I won't make any more mistakes. Please talk to Cason and ask him not to divorce me, please?"

Bryan stepped back, jerking his leg away from Kaliyah's grasp. His gaze scanned her figure with disdain, and his voice grew even colder. "It's too late. Everything is already ruined. All that's left for you to do is to sign this divorce agreement and face the consequences."

"No, I don't want to." Kaliyah looked at the document in Bryan's hand as if she had seen something horrible. She was so scared that she slumped on the ground and backed away.

Becky's heart ached as she saw Kaliyah's distress, but she knew the gravity of the situation. She approached Kaliyah while sobbing. "I know this is tough, but try to listen to your dad."

"How could you do this to me? I'm your daughter!" Kaliyah sat on the ground, crying and creating a scene, completely abandoning the demeanor of a public figure.

Bryan's face twisted with anger as he spoke. "Do you really think Cason values you that much? I've had enough of him, why don't you just sign the divorce agreement and spare yourself the humiliation? And don't think I haven't seen it. The agreement is in your favor. You'll receive a compensation of ten million and get to keep this house."

Kaliyah stared at Bryan with anger in her eyes and shouted, "It's all for your company! Don't pretend it's for my own good. You're using my marriage as a bargaining chip to get help from Cason!"

"How dare you! I'm your father. How dare you talk to me like that? Since you bring up the company's affairs, let me ask you. Wasn't it all your fault that the company ended up like this? If you weren't so bold as to kidnap Ms.

Glover, we would not end up like today.' Bryan's face turned red with anger.

Becky kept crying. She pulled her daughter and comforted her, "Kaliyah, don't be angry with your father. Your father is right. Cason is determined to get the divorce. He probably can find ways to force you to divorce him.

Kaliyah, that man is not good. Just sign the paper!"

Kaliyah felt irritated. Not only was the Baldry family pressuring her, but even her parents were pressuring her.

Bryan was so angry that he could barely breathe. He held his forehead.

[Chapter 636](#)

Transaction Completed

Becky noticed Bryan's condition and immediately held him up. "Bryan, what happened to you?"

When Kaliyah heard that, she hurriedly wiped her tears and held Bryan as well. "Dad, what's wrong?"

Bryan finally calmed down. "Y-You must do as I said this time!"

Kaliyah looked at Bryan's gray sideburns, and her eyes reddened again. She nodded frantically. "Okay, I'll sign! I'll sign!"

Kaliyah took a felt-tip pen from the table and signed her name on the divorce agreement with trembling hands.

When Kaliyah finished signing, she could not hold the felt-tip pen, and the pen fell to the ground.

"I've signed it." Tears rolled down Kaliyah's cheeks as she returned to her room. She had nothing to do with Cason anymore.

The next day, Bryan went to the Baldry Group again with the divorce agreement.

That time, the receptionist did not stop him but let him in directly.

Bryan went all the way to Cason's office unobstructed. The former could not help but lament that he did not get the respect he deserved when he was the latter's father-in-law. However, after Kaliyah and Cason divorced, he could come and go without hindrance.

Bryan placed the divorce agreement before Cason. "I've brought the divorce agreement. When will you honor your promise to me?"

Cason opened the agreement and took a look at it. Kaliyah's name was indeed signed. He smiled and made a phone call to make some arrangements.

Bryan heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank you."

Walking out of the Baldry Group, Bryan turned around to look at the entire Baldry Group. Perhaps he would never go there again.

Cason held the agreement in his hand and was not very happy.

Coincidentally, Kaitlin walked in. "Cason, I saw the old rogue of the Packer family came just now. Where is he?"

"He left after delivering this." Cason pointed to the document on the table.

"Wow! She really did sign it." Kaitlin was so excited that she glanced at the document several times.

"Cason, Mom will be so happy if you show it to her." Kaitlin took a deep look at Cason. "You got the divorce papers. Why are you unhappy?"

"What's there to be happy about? I've been preparing for it for a long time," Cason said.

Kaitlin nodded. "You're right."

Kaitlin threw the agreement back on the table and locked arms with Cason. "Cason, let's go home. It's time to get off work."

"Okay." Cason stood up, followed Kaitlin, and left.

In the interrogation room, the policewoman spread out the interrogation notes and stared coldly at the woman sitting on the interrogation chair in panic.

Of course, Irene was afraid. She did not know how much they had investigated. Plus, it was about the car accident and Glenn.

Irene immediately understood who wanted to deal with her. There was no one else but Ainsley. But why did Glenn suddenly change his testimony? It must be Ainsley's conspiracies and plots.

Irene found it unbearable to accept the blows that came one after another. She looked at the policewoman with a furious expression. "What's that expression of yours? I've not been convicted yet! I'm going to file a complaint against you!"

Irene's frantic voice was not frightening. The policewoman only felt annoyed.

The documents the policewoman was holding were Mary and Dana's retrial information.

The policewoman said with a trembling voice, "Irene, the witness to the car accident at Myrtle Street had filled in his testimony. Based on the evidence we collected, you're suspected of intentional homicide. You plotted the attempted sexual assault at Rulina Villa Area and intentional physical assault, led the case at PineMist Island, and were involved in multiple kidnapping cases."

Irene's heart sank, and she looked at the policewoman incredulously. "Impossible! You're lying to me. Shouldn't that person be dead? He's not dead yet?"

A look of disgust appeared on the policewoman's face. "Who is that person, Irene?"

"The person who shot the video," Irene replied indifferently.

"Didn't you just say that the man should be dead? Does that mean you already know he'll die? Are you very sure that he'll die?" The policewoman narrowed her eyes slightly.

Irene gulped and stammered, "I-I didn't say that. I don't know what you're talking about."

The policewoman also did not want to talk nonsense with such a ruthless person. "Now the witnesses and evidence are gathered. You can't get out of here anymore, Irene. People always have to pay for what they did. Or, you can choose to take the initiative to confess."

Irene averted her gaze in panic. "Confess what? I didn't do anything. I don't need to confess anything."

Irene turned her head forcefully and refused to look at the policewoman. She would never admit defeat.

Irene looked at the wall in agony in the detention room and fell into a daze. If Grandpa is awake, he maybe will find a way to save me. But Grandpa is unconscious now, so he doesn't even know what happened to me. I feel so hopeless now. Samuel won't help me, let alone Manuel.

Irene felt like her life was over. Thinking of those things, she could not stop shivering, and her fear was magnified infinitely. She had not felt that way a few days ago, but now she knew she could not get out of that door after she entered.

Those pieces of evidence were complete, so she had no chance to emancipate herself at all.

Before Irene was taken away, she told Bailey to settle Henry but did not know why the latter failed to do so.

The sound of high heels clicking on the ground was exceptionally clear and loud. Irene turned around and saw Ainsley and the policewoman standing together and looking at her.

Irene immediately turned her back and covered her face with her two hands.

Ainsley walked over and chuckled. "Why are you hiding?"

"Don't be too happy! Ainsley, I know you're here to laugh at me, but I'm telling you, I haven't lost yet. I won't lose!"

"Oh? Really? Then, who else can you rely on?" The corner of Ainsley's mouth curled into a smile.

Irene did not want to be outdone. "Don't think that you can really control everything. Don't forget there're people you don't know from above controlling the situation. Once they think you're a threat, they'll eliminate you."

Ainsley laughed and replied, "Since you described it in detail, could it be that you know the person?"

"Of course, I don't know. The person behind this will never expose oneself. Don't tell me you don't even understand this theory. Ainsley, you can tackle me, but don't go too far."

Ainsley gently clasped the iron railing that blocked their way, releasing a clear and crisp sound. "I don't need you to care about me. But I think, if the court considers joinder of punishment for plural crimes, you won't be able to walk out of here for the rest of your life."

Irene stared at Ainsley with hatred in her eyes. "I knew it. From the beginning, it was you who did everything. You worked so hard. You were so busy looking for Mrs. Conway, Dana, and Glenn. It must have been hard for you. Oh, right! I forgot that you saved that damned Henry from the assassin."

Ainsley frowned slightly. She knew Manuel's subordinate found Henry but was clueless that an assassin was involved.

Ainsley said nothing. She just looked at Irene silently, not bothering to say a word.

"Why aren't you talking? Answer me!" Irene could not help but throw a tantrum.

Ainsley chuckled and answered, "I was just thinking that you should talk more if you want to. After all, you will be in prison in a few days. I don't know if we'll have the chance to see each other again."

[Chapter 637](#)

Nightmare or Hallucination

Irene couldn't help but cry. The thought of being imprisoned for the rest of her life made her so scared that she couldn't speak.

"Please let me go..." she cried.

"What a surprise. I can't believe you're saying this." Ainsley widened her eyes in shock upon hearing that.

"Aren't you here today to hear these words? I've already said them. Are you still not satisfied?" Irene smiled bitterly.

Suddenly, she got down on her knees. "Please, my grandpa can't be left alone without anyone to care for him. Because of Manuel, the hospitals rejected us. Ainsley, didn't you want to see me in a mess?"

Well, you've seen it now. Can you please let me go? I can stop harassing you and Manuel, and I will stay far away from you in the future. I can also give you the Wade Group directly. Can you just let me go?"

She looked at Ainsley pleadingly while Ainsley stood upright and gazed down at her as if she was looking at a dog.

Ainsley snickered. "Stop putting up an act, Irene. You know it's impossible. Don't forget how many lives you're responsible of. Nancy, Iliana, and all your scapegoats. You should go to hell."

Irene laughed hysterically as she slumped to the ground. "I know you will never let me go. I won't let you go even if I die, Ainsley!"

"Oh? Remember to come to me earlier then. I'll wait for you. I don't think Samuel will leave your grandpa behind. But there's only money in his eyes, so I don't think he will pay too much attention to your grandpa. Anyway, it's good as long as your grandpa can live. Don't you think so?" Ainsley wrapped his clothes tightly.

Irene grabbed the iron railing and yelled angrily, "I'm going to kill you! I'm going to kill you!"

Ainsley curled her lips into a smile. "Calm down. It's just a few words, yet you're already getting so emotional. Will you be happier if I tell you that I've specifically arranged something for you in the prison?"

"You! What did you arrange?" Irene asked.

"As expected from the daughter of the rich family. You have no idea how far those people in prison can go. Maybe what you've done to others will be retributed on you one after another. Also, you're going to spend the rest of your life alone in prison, looking at yourself grow old day by day, but there's nothing you can do. No one in Seattle will know about you," Ainsley said coldly.

Irene shuddered at her words. "You're so despicable!"

"Are you talking about your past self?" Ainsley squatted down and looked straight at Irene. "Irene, can't you see the people you killed in the middle of the night?"

"Shut up! I don't want to see you!" Irene covered her ears and backed away.

Ainsley didn't intend to let Irene go. She took out several photos from her bag and placed them in front of Irene. "Look at these!"

In one of the photos was a sick face. The pale look revealed the person's death wish.

Irene's eyes widened. Needless to say, she recognized the person in the photo.

It was Iliana who had made a deal with her to die.

"Look at this one. Do you recognize it?" Ainsley took out another photo.

In the photo, a woman was smashed to the ground. Her whole body was drenched in blood, and her head was sunken.

Irene looked over and happened to meet a pair of eyes with an unresolved grievance in the photo.

Her face instantly turned pale. "Take it away! Take it away!"

As she spoke agitatedly, her dry lips cracked and bled. "Ainsley Easton, you're courting death!"

She rushed over and tried to grab Ainsley, howling like a monster.

But Ainsley took a few steps back in response. As a result, Irene's hand hit the railing, and bruises instantly formed.

"I won't let you go! I won't let you go!" Irene yelled.

Ainsley sneered, "Let's wait and see. Goodbye, Irene."

She turned around and left under Irene's resentful gaze.

While Irene was still in a daze with her arms around her legs, the policewoman came over with an incense and lit it. The smoke lingered, and it smelled like a dream.

She placed the incense in an inconspicuous corner and walked out the door.

Then, she nodded at the woman standing outside the door and said, "With a strong chain of evidence, she won't have a chance to turn the tables."

Ainsley gratefully said, "It's for Nancy, Iliana, Dana, and those she harmed."

The policewoman smiled faintly. "Isn't it for you?"

Momentarily stunned, Ainsley seemed to see her past self. She chuckled and said, "It's for myself, too."

She turned around and left. The falling snow on the tree hadn't melted yet. She wrapped her coat tightly around her body and hopped into the warm car.

Matteo handed her a cup of hot water. "Was it done?"

Ainsley nodded. "It would be even better if it's true."

The detention room was dark. The policewoman closed the door and only lit a yellow light in the room. The room was so dimmed that it was hard to see things several feet away clearly.

Irene rubbed her eyes. She wanted to sleep, but she couldn't fall asleep at all. There was no way sleepiness could relieve her fear of prison life.

She sat up and touched the cold wall. Her heart was still in a mess, and she prayed there would be a miracle.

Just as she was deep in her thoughts, a gust of cold wind brushed across her. She turned around abruptly and seemed to see a figure standing outside the iron bars.

Shivering at the sight, she asked, "Who's there?"

No one replied to her. However, the figure did not disappear and even approached her, making her step back in fear. "Who's there? Who are you?"

Under the dim light, she seemed to see Iliana, who should have died in PineMist Island Resort Hotel. Iliana coughed morbidly and violently.

“You! Get out of here!” Irene’s face turned pale.

Ainsley’s words still echoed in her ears at that moment. I saw it now. I saw it!

“I didn’t hurt you. You were the one who wanted to end your own life. I already gave you the money. Your mother is still receiving treatment in the hospital. Don’t hurt me. You did it of your own accord!” she kept mumbling.

As she fell to the ground, someone else fell before her. The woman was lying on the ground, covered in blood. T-That face! It’s Nancy!

“Ahh! Help!” She frantically got up from the ground and shook the iron bars hard.

Strangely, all the staff on duty were gone, and Irene was the only one left in the spacious detention room.

In the darkness, she seemed to see the woman slowly approaching her.

She hid in a corner in fear and shed tears helplessly. Is this a nightmare or an illusion?

Outside the detention room, the policewoman sat on the steps and listened to the shouting inside.

She had professional ethics but did not want to apply them to the person inside.

Under all kinds of evidence and witnesses’ accusations, Irene had already revealed her true colors.

That was why she allowed Ainsley to visit Irene and lit the incense that could make people hallucinate.

As the best psychologist in Seattle, Ainsley had given Irene mental guidance and showed her photos to strengthen her memories before lighting the incense.

Irene was still hoping to catch a glimpse of hope in despair, but she did not expect Ainsley to give her a heavy blow.

The police station was pitch dark. The unmelted snowflakes were hung on the trees while the moon was hung in the night sky

[Chapter 638](#)

A Strange Contact

Once Ainsley returned home, she received a call from Manuel before she got out of the car. Hearing the call’s contents, she immediately put on a serious expression and told Matteo not to go to the parking lot. ‘Matteo, let’s head to the Gage Group.’”

“What’ is it? Did they decrypt the phone’s message?” Matteo’s expression was solemn.

Ainsley nodded nervously, holding the phone in her hand. Manuel had already hung up the phone a long time ago.

Throughout the journey to the Gage Group, she was nervous.

She did not know what kind of information was found in the phone and if there were any clues that could be used.

Feeling uneasy, Ainsley and Matteo pushed the door of Manuel's office open.

At that moment, the person sitting in the main seat was not Manuel but Roman. His eyes were bloodshot. Apparently, he had stayed up all night to fix the phone.

He turned the screen of his computer toward Matteo and Ainsley. "Look. This is Mr. Easton's chat history that day."

Matteo could retrieve the call logs himself, but he found nothing unusual after retrieving them.

Ainsley stared at the computer screen intently. There was nothing else to see.

Some of the messages were from Harold: [Leandro, when are you coming? Everyone is waiting.]

[Leandro, nothing's going to happen to Aisy. Don't be too anxious. Do update me if there's any news.]

[What happened? Why didn't you answer the phone?]

Although there was half an hour between each of the three messages, nothing was unusual.

From the list of contacts, Ainsley also saw her name.

It was back when she was kidnapped, and her father, Leandro, had been texting her incessantly: [Aisy, are you okay?]

[Aisy, don't scare me!]

[Aisy, I'm coming for you!]

From the call logs Matteo had retrieved, she found that almost all of Leandro's calls were made to her that day. However, her phone had been thrown away, and she did not answer any of them.

Even when Leandro was speeding on the road madly, he had kept calling Ainsley, hoping she would pick up his call.

Yet, none of his calls had gotten through.

The rest of the messages were mainly from the company, except for one very suspicious message that caught Ainsle/s attention.

The message wrote: [Do you agree or not?]

Seeing his message had not been replied to after a whole day, the person sent another message: [Don't regret it.]

The message had been sent to Leandro when he went to the family banquet.

Ainsley pointed at the chat history and asked bafflingly, "Who's this?"

Roman casually clicked to send a message and replied, "Look. This account has been deleted a long time ago."

With a solemn expression, he continued, "When I saw this message, I tried to check who the sender was, but I couldn't find anything, not even the IP address. After all, this message was sent four years ago, and it was not easy to find it."

Ainsley thought it was not an easy path for them, as they only found one such message after investigating for so long.

But there was no other way. No matter how difficult it was, she still had to investigate it.

"The contact person's phone account has already been terminated. I've printed out the call logs for the day of the incident, the day before, and also the day after. I think it's unrealistic for this person to only send messages. He must have called, too. We should be able to find some clues after checking these numbers one by one." Roman placed a thick stack of papers in front of Ainsley.

Ainsley nodded with a solemn expression. Anyway, they could only do so before they had any other clues.

"Thank you." She was about to take the papers away.

Roman immediately took the papers back. "You're most welcome, Ms. Easton. I'll have someone check these phone numbers, and we may know the outcome soon. Don't worry too much."

"Can you forward me these messages?" Ainsley asked.

Roman immediately pushed a flash drive toward her. "I already prepared it beforehand. Here. This flash drive contains all kinds of records of Mr.

Easton, as well as some photos and videos. I think it's very important to you."

Ainsley's fingers trembled slightly as she took the flash drive. "Thank you." "If you want to thank someone, thank Mr. Gage. He specifically ordered me to prepare this."

Ainsley glanced at Manuel, who was looking at her worriedly.

Meanwhile, there were not many people left in the Wade Group. Samuel walked into the company confidently. Compared to a month ago, he now had many shares of the Wade Group, and no one could look down on him anymore.

He only came to the office now because Irene was gone.

He even called for an emergency shareholders meeting in front of Irene's assistant.

During the meeting, he swept his gaze across the shareholders present.

Elvis and Sam are still in the company. This person who has remained silent should be Manuel's watchdog, Brice.

"Since when can an outsider hold a board meeting? It's unbelievable!" Elvis sneered. Having the Easton family backing him up made him fearless.

Samuel laughed in response. "All the shareholders are here. Why are you the only one spouting nonsense?"

Sam immediately replied, "Not all shareholders are here. While Mr. Wade is still in a coma and Ms. Wade has been hold up in the detention room, the most irrelevant people hold an emergency board meeting and even sit in Mr. Wade's seat. Is the Wade Group yours now? Why haven't I heard about it?"

Irene's assistant, Danny, stood behind Samuel and stared at the despicable middle-aged man before him. The shareholders still have no idea what Samuel has done. Cason and Matteo's shares are all in his hands now. He has the right to speak more than most people here.

Samuel smiled and pointed at Elvis and Sam. "Speaking of irrelevant people, I know two of them. Elvis, Sam, the board meeting of the Wade Group should have nothing to do with the two of you, right?"

"What do you mean, Samuel?" Elvis immediately rose from his seat and glared at Samuel.

Sam was much smarter. He did not question Samuel directly and began to think carefully about what he had overlooked. If Samuel doesn't have any shares, it's impossible for Danny to let him sit here peacefully. But as far as I know, even if Irene is really imprisoned, she will never give Samuel the shares of the Wade Group.

"I mean, you guys are not the shareholders of the Wade Group. Why are you attending the board meeting?" Samuel questioned calmly.

Elvis and Sam looked at each other silently before saying, "Samuel, why don't you make it clear?"

Samuel immediately rebuked, "Don't think that I don't know what you guys have been doing secretly. The shares of the Wade Group in your hands have long been sold out. I'm warning you, leave now! Otherwise, I'll have security guards kick you out!"

As soon as his words fell, most of the shareholders present looked at Elvis and Sam. Most of them did not understand what Samuel meant.

A hint of panic flashed across Sam and Elvis' eyes, but they quickly recomposed themselves. There's no need to be afraid. Our shareholders' rights are given by the original owners!

[Chapter 639](#)

Trial

Soon, Elvis laughed and said, "Since we've come to this, we would tell the truth. Indeed, the shares of Sam and I had been liquidated over three months ago. But the people who own the shares gave us the shareholder's right. In other words, we're the representatives of those two shareholders, and you have no right to drive us out of the shareholders' meeting."

There was an uproar at the board meeting. They did not expect that the two most loyal shareholders had inadvertently made the correct choice.

Sam looked at Samuel contemptuously. "But I don't think you have shares in the Wade Group, do you? You don't have the right to blame us. Instead, it's time for us to ask you to leave."

Just then, Samuel burst out laughing. "Haha! I can't believe you still don't get it at times like this."

He took two documents from his backpack and threw them in front of Elvis. "Look carefully. This is the equity transfer agreement. The two shareholders you represented have already given me all the shares that belong to the Wade Group. So, do you still not understand the situation?"

Elvis quickly grabbed the document and flipped through it. When he saw the familiar name, he knew that everything was over because what Samuel said was true.

Sam did not expect the situation. All the arrogance on his face from earlier disappeared, and they glanced at each other.

The door to the conference room was opened, and the security guards looked at Elvis and Sam. "Please get out."

When Samuel asked them to check the documents earlier, he had phoned the security guards.

Elvis and Sam were asked to leave. Samuel looked at the other directors who had different expressions and said, "I'm really sorry, everyone. I didn't tell you before, and I think you didn't care either. You probably don't care about the Wade Group which is on the verge of bankruptcy. If someone wants to cash out his shares like Elvis and Sam, they can come to make the deal with me."

He looked around, and no one answered him. He did not mind. "If not, you better not let me know that you sell your shares to someone other than the Wade Group. Otherwise, I don't even know what I'll do. About matters like the acquisition, stop all of them. The Wade Group needs to get back on its feet the most right now."

Brice, who had been silent in the corner, suddenly spoke. "Samuel, I don't think you have the right to decide all of these. The person in charge isn't here."

Samuel stared at him and responded, "I'm from the Wade family. Brady is considered my family member. I will never do something to harm the Wade family. On the contrary, I know who's behind your back. Don't mess with me, or you'll be the next one to be thrown out."

Brice changed his expression drastically and stopped speaking.

Samuel looked at the people at the table and knew he had achieved his goal that day.

When the meeting ended, Samuel looked at Danny and smiled. "I know you're Irene's right-hand man, but I think you know very well she's done for. Given the current trend, I don't think she's able to get out from prison."

Danny opened his mouth slightly and closed it again.

Samuel could tell that Danny had wavered. "You're a smart person. You know who to follow to survive."

The solemn national emblem was hung in the courtroom, and the judge sat on the spacious and raised bench.

He looked solemnly at the people below the desk. Irene was standing at the defendant's spot. Lucas Green, the lawyer Danny had hired for Irene, was beside her. At that moment, Lucas appeared slightly annoyed.

He did not expect Irene would do so many terrible things. There were too many cases involved.

If it was only about the incidents of Rulina Villa Area or Nancy, he could still justify or negotiate for reducing the sentence.

However, with so many cases and a strong chain of evidence, he could not defend Irene.

When the court was finally adjourned, Lucas met Irene alone.

“Ms. Wade, the current situation is not beneficial for you,” said Lucas.

Irene was haggard. She had been nervous for the past few days, and hallucinations and nightmares surrounded her like retribution. Even in the court earlier, she could even see a pale woman and a woman with a torn face in the gallery.

Irene almost lost control. She barely managed to handle it because of the calmness accumulated over the years.

Irene murmured, “Is there no way to plead not guilty?”

Lucas widened his eyes. “It’s impossible! Ms. Wade, why didn’t you tell me you did those things in private the last time we speak? Aside from the car accident at Myrtle Street and the crimes at Rulina Villa Area, you’re involved in the death of Nancy, the case at PineMist Island, and all those kidnappings. Ms. Wade, how many more things did you hide from me?”

Irene’s eyes reddened as she looked at him. “What else can I do?”

Lucas pondered for a long time before saying, “All I can do for you now is to reduce your sentence. It’s impossible to plead not guilty. If all the evidence and witnesses testify against you, with the impression of the judge, you’re most probably be sentenced to life imprisonment.”

After attending the trial, Irene had a disappointing performance. The judge already had a bad impression of her. If she acted arrogantly, the consequences would be disastrous.

Thus, Lucas quickly thought of a way. “You have to cry bitterly and apologize desperately to those victims and their families later. Let the judge see how much you regret it. You can ignore your dignity to a certain extent and pester them.”

“Y-You want me to make an undignified apology in front of so many people? No way!” Irene’s face darkened.

Lucas glanced at her in disappointment. “Which is more important now? Your reputation or your sentence?”

Irene stopped talking. Of course, she knew Lucas’ words were definitely not exaggerated.

When the trial started again, Nancy’s mother told her daughter’s experience in tears, including watching her daughter jump from the top floor. The dull but harsh sound on the ground was stimulating and caused her ears to ring.

During the day, she always had hallucinations when cooking and saw her daughter coming home from school, but she was awakened by the voice of her son looking for his sister.

She would have dreams at night and always witnessed the scene of her daughter falling from the building repeatedly. When she woke up, she saw her daughter's grayscale photo.

She cried so hard that many people at the scene cried.

Ainsley looked solemn. She looked at Mary, who was still talking, and knew that the latter would definitely win.

The door to the trial hall was opened, and the people who walked in were Manuel and Serina.

That day's case also involved Serina's kidnapping. The only matter that remained unsettled was the kidnapping case that destroyed everyone four years ago.

Ainsley neglected the kidnapping case because Serina's memory of the kidnapping had not been recovered yet. Ainsley did not want Serina to be hurt again.

[Chapter 640](#)

Life Imprisonment

Lucas inadvertently nudged Irene and asked her to apologize quickly.

Irene understood. She lowered her gaze and stammered, "I'm sorry! It's me... It's all my fault..."

She quickly glanced at Mary, then Ainsley, who was in the gallery. Soon, she saw Manuel.

The apology stopped abruptly, and it was hard for her to continue her apologies because the man was watching.

She didn't want Manuel to see her current situation because she had said that the Wade family had their own family pride.

Lucas looked at her anxiously. "What are you doing? Tell them! Hurry up and tell them!"

"1-1..." She stammered and stopped talking. She still couldn't say those words, especially in front of Manuel.

Under his cold gaze of those eyes, she sat down ruthlessly and said nothing.

Lucas' face turned cold on the spot, and he whispered, "Do you know what you're doing? It was your chance just now. Why didn't you say it?"

"Manuel is here."

Lucas looked up at the people in the gallery and sneered, "Your current situation is that you will never see him again. Is he more important than your prestige? He only cares about that woman."

Naturally, Irene knew it too. She clenched her fists, but she was still unable to speak.

Dana spoke after Mary finished speaking.

Followed by Serina, Ainsley, and even Glenn, who was still in prison, testified in the court.

Irene's eyes were empty, which seemed like it wasn't her case being judged at that moment.

Her mind was in turmoil, and she couldn't concentrate.

Although Lucas had used all his strength to defend, the verdict was finally pronounced.

When she heard the verdict, Irene suddenly had tinnitus and could not hear anything. She looked at Lucas pleadingly, but he left with the document directly.

She looked at Manuel again, but he didn't even give her a look.

Then she was taken out by the police. She only remembered that the corridor was very long, while she had walked along it far away. When she tried to break free, the police's hands were as strong as iron walls.

Let go of me...

Coming out of the court, Ainsley stretched. Finally, Irene was sentenced to the rest of her life in prison.

Although Ainsley had guessed it before, she still felt different when she heard the sentence delivered by the presiding judge.

Her heart felt deep relief as she stood under the sunlight. Many people walked out of the solemn court.

Mary walked out with her son in her arms, her eyes red. She got into a car arranged by Matteo, taking them directly to the airport to board a plane to California.

Dana walked out with tears in her eyes. She walked up to Ainsley and couldn't say anything more since her tongue was cut off. She could only express her gratitude with her eyes.

With her heavy burlap bag on her back, she turned around and walked towards the psychiatric hospital.

Looking at her back, Ainsley hoped that she would forget all the hurt she had suffered and live a peaceful life ahead.

The victims left one after another, and so did the witnesses.

When Manuel brought Serina out, she didn't look well.

"What's wrong with Serina?"

"She has a headache. I'll take her home." Manuel explained in a gentle voice.

Ainsley couldn't help but look at Serina a few more times. "Okay, contact me if anything happens."

"Don't worry."

Just as they passed by, Serina suddenly said, "Ainsley."

When Ainsley walked up to her, Serina's forehead was covered in sweat.

Serina squeezed out a smile. "You won."

Ainsley smiled and wiped her sweat. "We won."

"Yes." Serina closed her eyes in discomfort.

Manuel hurriedly took her away. Before leaving, he kept looking at Ainsley worriedly.

Ainsley also got into the car. She could already imagine the mess the next day.

The news of Irene's imprisonment would definitely spread throughout Seattle, and the Wade Group would become the target of public criticism.

Halfmoon Island was now in ruins. In just a few months, all the workers had run away, and all the previous facilities in the hotel had been taken away. The once glorious Halfmoon Island Resort Hotel had long become the most dilapidated place.

When Irene was taken into custody, she had not realized she would spend the rest of her life in such a place.

Her ambition, her unconscious grandpa, Brady, and the Wade Group, which was half-dead... Even Lucas just ignored her.

Sure enough, the news of Irene's imprisonment had spread throughout Seattle.

The news came as a bolt from the blue and even affected the Wade Group.

The building was already in danger, and now, it was on the verge of collapsing under the news.

However, Samuel did not panic too much. Instead, he tore all the documents in front of him into pieces in the office.

Only then he had the bargaining chips to negotiate with Irene.

Irene could only put her last hope on me if she's in prison. After all, no one will accept this hot potato now except me. Most importantly, I still have the most important bargaining chips in my hand. Brady is still in a coma, and no one is taking care of him.

With that thought in mind, Samuel even broke into a smile.

It took a few days for the news of Irene to slowly subside down in Seattle. Just then, another piece of shocking news broke out.

It was the news of the divorce of Cason and Kaliyah!

Kaliyah was divorced. It was not a big deal, but the announcement made at the same time by the Packer Group and the Baldry Group brought the matter to a new height of popularity.

Naturally, busy workers would not pay attention to those things. Only some people who had nothing to do or had a bad life would heat the matter up as an additive to pleasure themselves.

Divorce was not a big deal in the noble family. After all, only a few couples really liked each other in a marriage of convenience. If their tempers or personalities really clashed, they would naturally not make it to the end.

However, the incident changed after haters brought up the recent events and summarized them. Someone even posted the statement of confession on the Internet, and Kaliyah knew that Samuel had lied to her when she saw it.

Almost all the socialites in Seattle knew that Kaliyah was divorced because she insanely used her son to get back together with a man.

Those who were more rational would say that Kaliyah was not sober, and those who put themselves in a higher position would describe her in the harshest words.

Kaliyah didn't even dare to look at her phone when things were serious. She locked herself in her room and asked the housekeeper to bring in all three meals a day.

In the dimly lit room, she sat in front of the dressing mirror, looking at the haggard woman inside, and grinned with an ugly smile.

Slowly, tears squeezed out of her eyes, rendering her pale face even more pitiful.

As night fell, Becky returned from the beauty salon after doing some facial treatments for herself. She handed her bag to the housekeeper and asked, "How's Kaliyah?"

The housekeeper took off her coat politely and said hesitantly, "Ms. Packer had lunch but hasn't touched her dinner yet. I tried to persuade her once, but it didn't work. The food is getting cold, so I brought it out, and it is being warmed up in the kitchen now."