

## A Divorce 641

### Chapter 641

#### She Was Unreconciled

Becky became anxious when she heard that. Her face, full of hyaluronic acid, was instantly covered with worry. 'How can she not eat? Bring the food out after warming up. I'll bring it to her.'

The housekeeper couldn't wait for her to say that. These days, Kaliyah had been in an uncertain mood, smashing and hitting things from time to time. She was indeed afraid that she would be accidentally injured.

After carefully handing the tray to Becky, the housekeeper went to work on other things.

Becky walked upstairs to Kaliyah's bedroom and knocked on the door, but no one answered.

She took out the spare key to open the door, and the room was still dark inside.

"Kaliyah, it's Mom. I heard the housekeeper say you haven't eaten for dinner. I'm worried about you."

Kaliyah raised her head from the soft quilt, and it took her a long time to speak in a hoarse voice. "Put the meal down. I'll eat it later."

Becky wanted to cry again, and her voice was already choked. "Kaliyah, don't scare me. It's not worth hurting yourself for someone else, you know?"

Kaliyah withdrew her gaze and smiled mockingly.

How could she hurt herself for someone else? She wouldn't have ended up like this if she could make that decision.

She was just unreconciled. She was born beautiful, her family was good, and her education was high. But why do I end up being ridiculed by everyone?

Becky suddenly thought of something and raised her voice, which was a bit sharp. "By the way, Kaliyah, your dad told me yesterday that he wanted you to go to the company to learn and gain some management experience.

Your dad is not young anymore, so he had to think about the company's future." She sat on the edge of the bed, took Kaliyah's hand, and continued earnestly, "Your dad is just a little harsh on words, but he loves you as a daughter in his heart. Don't let your dad down. Get up and eat quickly. Then, go to the company for an internship."

Kaliyah finally reacted. She gritted her teeth and thought of those people who added fuel to the fire, and she decided to make them regret it one day.

She sat up, took the plate from the bedside table, and fed herself.

Becky looked at her with relief and gently stroked her hair. "I knew you would figure it out."

After the meal, she dressed herself up exquisitely. Becky hadn't left yet, and when she saw the scene, she asked suspiciously, "Kaliyah, are you going out?"

Kalayah picked a bright-colored bag and carried it over her body. She replied indifferently, 'Didn't you ask me to go to the company?'

Becky did not expect Kalayah to be willing to leave so soon. She could not be happier.

Immediately, she replied, "Yes, you're right. It's good to go to the company. I'll call your dad and tell him."

"No, Mom, didn't you just come back from your facial treatments? Go and have a rest. You don't have to worry about me."

After saying that, Kalayah opened the door and walked out.

The Packer Group was obviously different from before.

Not only did the number of employees increase several times, and the employees' work spirit also improved a lot.

Kalayah felt strange, but she was not in the mood to ask more. She only spoke to the front desk staff and took the CEO's exclusive elevator up.

A new employee at the front desk only dared to whisper to her colleagues after the elevator door closed, 'Who was the woman just now? She was covered in branded clothes and accessories, looking quite delicate.'

A senior employee glared at her. "Be careful what you say. That's Mr. Packer's daughter, Ms. Packer."

The Packer Group was not a big company, but it was also not a small company. There were bound to be disputes where there were people.

Soon, the sales department and manager department got the news.

As expected, the gossip started at coffee time.

Several employees were tired of work and sat together, drinking coffee and gossiping.

They vividly shared with each other what they found on the Internet, regardless of whether the information was true or false.

Kalayah did not come to the company for a long time, and she happened to hear one of the female employees say, "In my opinion, our Ms. Packer still doesn't know what it means to be content and happy. She has a child and still doesn't behave herself. She obviously wants to be abandoned."

Kalayah couldn't help but rush behind them and said with a fake smile, "You guys are having a good time chatting. I know more ridiculous things. Do you want to hear it?"

"M-Ms. Packer, we didn't do it on purpose. Please don't be angry. We'll get back to work right away." The crowd quickly dispersed as if they were a group of startled birds.

The topics they were discussing were all trendy topics on the Internet, and their popularity had not gone down yet.

Kalayah had almost forgotten, or maybe she was trying to live a new life.

Unfortunately, from that moment on, she was hit back to reality.

No matter how hard she tried or what she did, there would always be people who regarded her as a clown.

Kaliyah returned to the office in a daze, picked up her bag, and quietly left the company.

Becky was a little surprised to see her at home. "Kaliyah, didn't you just go to the company? Why are you back so early?"

Kaliyah didn't say anything. She just went up the stairs and back to her room in silence. She closed the door again to block out all the hustle and bustle outside.

Bryan had finally managed to get home early. He was so exhausted that he could not even speak at that time.

Although the Baldry Group had helped the company get through the difficulties, the problems within the company were not fundamentally resolved.

If he didn't pay attention to it, the Packer Group would be a spent force and would face a collapse at any moment.

Therefore, Bryan treated himself as a robot during this time. He worked from morning until night. Finally, he pulled back all the tough cases of the company and got the funding back on track.

Becky had told him about Kaliyah several times, but he didn't have time to ask.

Now, he sat on the couch for a while and decided to get up and go upstairs after thinking about it.

He saw Kaliyah lying on her side on the bed when he opened the door, staring blankly at the scenery outside the floor-to-ceiling window.

Bryan stopped in his tracks. A hint of imperceptible distress flashed in his eyes.

After all, she was his biological daughter, and he couldn't ignore her.

But he couldn't say anything sensational as a man, and he hesitated for a while.

He took out a gilded business card from his pocket and placed it on the bedside table.

Kaliyah would definitely notice the sudden presence of someone in the room, but she didn't move at all. She had no intention of communicating at all.

Bryan stared at her depressed back for a while and sighed. "Kaliyah, I know you resent me, but this is already done. You have to move on."

"Mr. Garner of the Garner Group is holding a charity dinner tomorrow night. The people who go there are young and talented, and there must be someone better than Cason. You should take a longer view indeed."

Bryan purposely stayed for a few minutes. Seeing that Kaliyah still had no response, he could only turn around and leave.

## Chapter 642

Grace Yannin

The moment she saw that gold-embossed business card from the Garner Group's Orion, she instantly understood what her father meant.

It's no wonder that Dad had this idea. After the divorce from Cason, the Packer Group lost its support.

After all, it's a halfway enterprise, and it's only with the continuous support of the Baldry family that it has truly managed to gain a foothold in Seattle.

Now that the Baldry family's support was gone, he could only seek a new goal, and the best way to do that was to use her.

She laughed at herself mockingly, but she also understood that this was the only way when there was no other way.

Yet, deep in her heart, a strong sense of doubt arose. What if Orion also cared about those scandals surrounding her, even though they were all true?

Tossing the gold-embossed business card aside, she lay down on the bed, exhausted. To regain leverage against Ainsley, she knew she must find a new ally.

So, in a couple of days, she and her mother went to the mall together to buy haute couture.

Ainsley was busy in the office when she received a call from Roman.

"Found it."

In just four short words, Ainsley lost her grip on her phone, and it fell to the ground. She quickly realized what had happened and hurriedly picked it up.

Her voice trembled as she asked, "Where are you?"

Roman gave the address, and Ainsley and Matteo immediately drove there. The place where Roman was located was his office. As soon as he arrived, he saw Manuel's car, which indicated that Manuel had arrived early.

As soon as Ainsley entered Roman's office, they discovered that it was incredibly messy. Papers scattered all over the floor were covered in phone numbers and crossed-out marks.

She understood that this was the number Roman had been investigating in the call records. On the whiteboard beside her, she saw the last number marked with a large question mark.

Upon entering the partitioned area behind the whiteboard, Ainsley and Matteo saw Manuel and Roman.

After not seeing him for a few days, Roman's face was covered in stubble, his eyes were bloodshot, and he looked utterly exhausted.

Before she could ask how have they been, Ainsley greeted the two of them.

Roman excitedly said, "This is a great project! You guys have no idea how complicated this is! I've investigated all the numbers, and although some of them were empty, I didn't give up. I used encryption technology to look at these phone numbers, and finally found one that was very strange."

He pulled out a phone number. 'This is it! This number has double encryption, so even if it's decrypted, it's still a dead end. But I chose to investigate from a different angle. I specifically looked into the numbers that have been in contact with this one, and I have Mr. Gage to thank for that."

Thanks to Manuel? What did he do?

It seemed that Roman noticed Ainsley's confusion, so he explained, "Mr. Gage owns an entertainment company. He casually picked an artist and found this phone number's record in their phone. There are very few people who keep call records from years ago, but we still managed to find it.

I found this woman's name in someone's caller remark; her name is Grace Yannin."

Ainsley squinted slightly, she had heard this name before, and everyone in the entertainment industry had heard it. In his twenties, she quickly gained a foothold in the domestic scene with just a few works, winning numerous awards and becoming a grand slam star.

The reason she had heard of her was because she loved watching TV during her adolescent years, and the actress who made her marvel at her beauty was none other than this Grace.

Roman pulled out Grace's photo, "Have you seen her before? With your father?"

Ainsley thought for a long time, then shook his head in disappointment. "No, I have no recollection."

After much thought, she finally realized that her memories from four years ago were mostly entangled with Manuel. It seemed that during that time, dating Manuel had occupied all of her time.

In addition to feeling disheartened, she was filled with even more regret.

She looked at Matteo, hoping he could remember even a word or phrase.

Unfortunately, after looking at the face, Matteo shook his head and said, "I've never seen this face in front of Mr. Easton before."

Ainsley lowered her head and pursed her lips, then asked, 'I'd like to meet this Grace."

At the age of 37, she maintained her appearance as if she were in her 20s, showing no signs of aging. Upon seeing her exquisite face, Ainsley admitted that she was more beautiful than anyone she had ever met by a considerable margin.

Matteo suddenly spoke up. 'Aisy, have you noticed that this woman looks a lot like your mother?"

Mother?

Ainsley's pupils constricted as she looked at the photo again. She didn't have many memories of her mother, but she always remembered the gentle touch of her warm hands on her cheeks, the beautiful face, and the eyes filled with deep concern.

She had seen her mother's photo by her father's bedside several times, and those eyes were the most beautiful she had ever seen.

And now, this Grace does resemble her a bit, especially those eyes.

In this situation, it's indeed possible that her father might... be tempted.

She didn't want to admit it, but she had no choice but to accept the truth.

There are many legends about Grace, and those various awards are just a small part of them.

This person possesses an admirable determination, willing to take a break from the limelight at the peak of their career to teach in the mountains for a full three years before eventually returning to the entertainment industry.

But what was the deal with those strange messages? In what capacity did she say those words?

In any case, the strange encrypted code made her realize that Grace was not as simple as she seemed, and perhaps had some connection to the "them" Irene had mentioned.

"It really does resemble her. I think she's the key. Does she have any plans recently? Can we arrange a meeting with her?" Ainsley looked at Roman.

"After spending three years teaching in rural areas, Grace returned to the entertainment industry, but not in her home country. Instead, she went to Yeatsville, where she gradually got involved in

international films. Over the past year, her fame has skyrocketed internationally, making it very difficult to even get a glimpse of her," Roman said with a heavy heart.

However, his eyes lit up immediately, 'But! There's news that she's planning to return in the next few days. Her former entertainment company went crazy when they heard about it, and they excitedly organized a grand charity dinner for her in Seattle. All the donations received will be used for the mountainous area where she has been teaching for the past three years, and she will attend the event. However, the conditions to receive an invitation are extremely strict. Apart from a large number of A-list celebrities in the entertainment industry, only Mr. Gage from Seattle has received one! It is said that this is related to the powerful connections behind Grace."

"Who's backing her up?"

Roman glanced deeply at Manuel before saying, "It's still unclear, as it's hidden too well."

Manuel immediately said, "I can take you with me to join, but first I have to wait for Dominic to turn it out."

He receives countless invitations every day, and basically, Manuel decides which ones he won't attend and collects them directly.

Ainsley looked at Manuel, knowing she couldn't refuse, after all, that person was involved in her father's affairs.

"Thank you very much," Ainsley said earnestly.

## Chapter 643

### Choosing Outfits Together

Manuel's eyes were filled with a sense of loss. He could do so much for Ainsley, but the one thing he didn't want to hear was this 'thank you,' which felt distant and overly polite.

"Don't ever say those two words again," Manuel said, hurt.

Ainsley gave him a puzzled look, wondering what craziness he was up to now.

"Aisy, between us..."

"By the way, Roman, did you find anything on that USB drive?" She nervously interrupted Manuel's words, not wanting to hear any more of that.

Upon seeing Manuel's injured expression, she unexpectedly felt somewhat... moved, which was quite uncontrolled.

Roman hurriedly said, 'Not yet, I've been busy trying to find the owner of the number. I've tried the USB drive, but there's a self-destruct program set up inside, so I don't dare to mess with it for now.'

"I understand."

Upon descending the stairs, Manuel came out with them.

Matteo, being quite knowledgeable, got into the car first. Just as Ainsley was about to get in, Manuel stopped her.

"What are you going to do?"

Manuel's eyes were deep and intense, only showing a faint glimmer when he looked at Ainsley. "Aisy, you can hate me or curse me, but I don't want to see you being so distant with me. This feeling of being torn apart is even more unbearable than death."

Ainsley didn't expect him to say that. She looked down at her own toes, but instead saw Manuel's shoe, its shiny surface tainted with dust.

He has always been a meticulous man. After all, he was Mr. Gage from Seattle. Known as the "killer" in the Seattle business world, it's surprising that he would speak to her like this.

She thought she felt nothing, but the bitterness at the tip of her heart could not be ignored.

After talking with Matteo last time, she had also reflected on the situation. Indeed, her father's death was due to lidocaine, and it wasn't directly related to Manuel. However, it was because of him that she didn't get to see her father for the last time, and she couldn't help but blame him for that.

After a moment of thought, she said coldly, "Manuel, I still need your help with the situation in Seattle. I don't hate you, but the only thing I can't forgive is probably your purpose for getting close to me."

"Sorry." Manuel lowered his eyes.

Ainsley shook her head, “No need to apologize. We can go pick out a dress tomorrow when we have time.”

“Alright, I’ll come pick you up at your place tomorrow,” Manuel agreed cheerfully.

Ainsley turned around and walked away, and Manuel watched her receding figure with a sigh of relief. At least Ainsley was willing to go with him to pick out a gift.

On the way back, Ainsley leaned wearily on the passenger seat.

Matteo spoke wearily. “It took so long just to find this one clue.”

“Things are already looking up; at least we have a direction. Grace’s eyes are very similar to my mother’s, so I think she might know something,” Ainsley said seriously.

“Hopefully so. Did the detective find anything?”

Ainsley shook her head in disappointment. “If he finds anything, he’ll definitely contact me right away.”

Matteo sighed. “You must be careful on your trip to Seattle this time. How about I go with you?”

He paused for a moment before continuing, “I can’t help but feel that this time it’s not safe, especially that woman, she gives me a dangerous vibe.”

“Matteo, don’t worry, and besides, someone has to take care of Seattle,” Ainsley said earnestly.

Matteo finally stopped insisting as Ainsley was right, someone had to stay in Seattle.

Daniel has been in Portugal for quite a few days now, and it’s likely that there will be some big moves when he returns to Seattle.

Over the past couple of days, Ainsley has been watching numerous interviews of Grace and the roles she has played on the computer. Through this, Ainsley has managed to get a general understanding of Grace’s personality.

Elegant and intelligent, she is known for her empathy and understanding.

In the existing interview videos, Grace comes across as poised and elegant, with no flaws to be found. More importantly, when facing children, she would squat down to talk to them, trying to maintain eye-level communication.

When facing a person in a wheelchair, she would gracefully kneel down halfway and pass the microphone to them.

This type of clip was also edited and compiled by her fans into a single video, which has garnered a high number of views online.

Of course, it’s not just these qualities that make her stand out. When facing haters, she remains cool and composed, never portraying herself as the “pure and innocent” type often seen online. That’s why her popularity is beyond imagination.

Ainsley found it quite tricky. Facing someone like this, she really didn’t know how to respond.



The time for her meeting with Manuel had arrived. She didn't bother putting on makeup; she simply tied her hair up casually and wore a relaxed outfit as she headed downstairs.

Manuel had arrived early, leaning against the car door as he waited. Upon seeing Ainsley coming downstairs, he immediately put out the cigarette between his fingers, leaving behind a lingering scent that couldn't be dispersed.

"Let's go." Manuel opened the car door for her, and after she sat down, he fastened her seatbelt.

Ainsley leaned back, the mingling scents of cedar and smoke filling the air, but she didn't mind it at all.

Upon arriving at the eighth floor of the mall, she checked out a few haute couture dresses, but none of them were quite satisfactory.

Finding a beautiful dress from a luxury brand requires an extremely discerning eye.

At the entrance of the shopping mall, a car came to a stop. The security guard opened the door, and a woman dressed in elegant attire, arm in arm with a wealthy middle-aged man, stepped out of the vehicle.

It was Becky and Kaliyah, the mother and daughter duo. Kaliyah had been in low spirits, so they decided to go out and take a stroll to lift their mood.

Coincidentally, they needed to prepare their outfits for Orion's upcoming charity gala, so they specifically visited a high-end boutique to check out some clothes.

The eighth floor is the office location for all designer brands, so most of the haute couture can be found on this level.

Just as Kaliyah was about to enter a designer boutique, she bumped into Ainsley and Manuel. Kaliyah's pupils shrank in surprise. Ever since her divorce from Cason, she had been wanting to confront Ainsley and get some answers, but she could never find the right opportunity. And now, unexpectedly, the chance had presented itself right before her eyes.

Especially when she saw Ainsley snuggling up to Manuel as if nothing had happened, the jealousy that welled up in her heart was hard to hide. Why was it that I have lost everything, while this despicable woman could still be so happy?

Meanwhile, Ainsley had naturally spotted Kaliyah as well. She had intended to pretend not to see her and walk past, but to her surprise, Kaliyah grabbed her arm directly.

She looked over with disgust. "What do you want to do?"

The other person's reaction was more intense than she had expected, their voice seemingly about to shake the entire mall. 'How dare you ask me what I want to do? I should be asking you what you want to do! Ainsley, you really have no shame! Cason has already divorced me, are you very happy now?"

Manuel instinctively moved forward, but Ainsley stopped him, signaling him not to worry just yet.

Kaliyah glanced at Manuel beside Ainsley, her tone even more disgusted. "You're really repulsive, you know that? Flirting with Manuel while still clinging to my ex-husband. Aren't you tired of living like this?"

I'm exhausted just thinking about it. But you don't have to pretend anymore, he and I are already divorced."

Ainsley cast a cold glance, her expression as if she were looking at a madman rambling nonsense, "I don't understand what you're saying."

"You don't understand? How could you possibly not understand what I'm saying? You must be overjoyed right now, right? Finally, what happened to you back then is happening to me now." Kaliyah's eyes were bloodshot.

Chapter 644

Two Slaps

"Kaliyah, stop talking nonsense. Do you really think I don't know the true reason behind your divorce from Cason? You gambled with your own son's safety to win Cason's heart, and that's what led to your divorce, isn't it?" Ainsley said coldly.

This news has made Kaliyah famous throughout Seattle, becoming a target of disdain for many people.

Of course, she understood Kaliyah's current state of mind, because the shameful incident that led to the divorce was something she simply couldn't accept.

So, she confidently placed all the blame on someone she already disliked, such as Ainsley.

"Despicable woman! Even now, you still don't dare to admit your feelings for Cason? Stop playing the innocent victim, I know you've been scheming behind our backs.'

Ainsley let out a cold laugh, now feeling that the woman standing in front of her was simply beyond foolish.

Becky never expected Kaliyah to be so reckless. If it were just Ainsley, that would be one thing, but she also had Manuel by her side, someone they couldn't afford to mess with.

She quickly grabbed her daughter, "Kaliyah, stop talking nonsense. You two are already divorced, so don't dwell on this matter anymore. Don't forget why we came here today, Cason isn't a good person either."

Deep down in her heart, hidden and trapped in the cage of gossip and rumors, Kaliyah's inner peace had long been impossible to attain, especially when she laid eyes on the source of her restlessness.

In that lifeless marriage, she worried every day about Cason being taken away by Ainsley. As a result, her extreme anger made it difficult for her to analyze the situation rationally.

"Why are you speaking up for them? I am your daughter!"

Without a second thought, she forcefully pushed her own mother away. If it weren't for Becky catching hold of a nearby public bench, she might have fallen straight to the ground. Tomorrow's front-page headline would surely be about Kaliyah shoving her mother.

Kaliyah rushed in front of Ainsley and made threatening gestures. "Look at me now. Do I look like a madman?"

She looked at Manuel again, her words laden with meaning. "Mr. Gage, do you see it now? To this person, you're nothing more than a backup plan. Who knows, maybe Ainsley and Cason will get back together, and where will that leave you?"

Slap!

A resounding slap echoed throughout the mall, as Ainsley rubbed her own palm.

"Shut up, you."

Kaliyah covered her face with her hands, looking at Ainsley in disbelief. "You dare to hit me!"

She immediately rushed in front of Ainsley, ready to strike back.

As a result, just as his hand was raised and had not yet fallen, Manuel grabbed her wrist. "Stay away from her."

Manuel forcefully shook off Kaliyah's hand, nearly causing her to fall to the ground.

Kaliyah burst into laughter. "Haha. This is so amusing! You clearly know you're just a backup, yet you're still so eager. Mr. Gage, you're really nothing special!"

Slap!

Another slap.

Kaliyah was taken aback. Just as she was about to curse out loud, she saw Ainsley raise her hand to slap her again.

"You call others a backup option, but what makes you so special? In the three years I was married to Cason, you were like a mistress, constantly affecting my life. Even after I divorced Cason, you still lingered around me like a bad spirit. Now that you and Cason are divorced, it seems all those years of education have gone to waste!" Ainsley said coldly.

Upon hearing this, Kaliyah was taken aback and asked, "What do you mean?"

"What do you mean you don't understand what I'm saying? Whether it's divorcing me or marrying you and then divorcing you, it's all this man's fault.

I realized this when I was getting divorced, why are you still so obsessed and clueless? The man you love is just a scumbag." Ainsley pushed Kaliyah.

After staggering a few steps, Kaliyah finally regained her balance. This time, when she looked up at Ainsley, she realized that they were no longer at the same height.

Just like Waston after being kidnapped, what she and Ainsley said wasn't much different; it's just that she never wanted to face it.

These two slaps left her dazed and in pain.

Ainsley didn't have time to pay attention to her anymore. She took out a handkerchief and wiped her hands, "Stop barking like a dog everywhere, and think about how confident you were when you first

returned to the country. But don't get me wrong, I won't forgive you for what you've done before. As for the debts you owe, I'll make sure you pay them back one by one."

Becky, suppressing her fear, helped Kaliyah up. "Kaliyah, let's go back!"

Kaliyah was being dragged by Becky, unable to walk properly.

She didn't want to leave, at least not in such a dejected and driven-out manner.

Ainsley's voice rang out once more from behind, the icy tone sending a shiver down Kaliyah's spine. 'Kaliyah, don't think you had no part in what Irene did. Just because she's in prison, you think everything is fine now? Never forget what you've done in the past. One day, the retribution you deserve will come, and it won't be any less than what's owed. Just you wait.'

Kaliyah's face turned pale as she leaned on Becky for support, knowing that Ainsley wasn't exaggerating. Irene had indeed been sent to prison, and it was a life sentence.

Being in prison is an unbearable experience. Even being confined during pregnancy is already suffocating, let alone being in an actual prison.

They walked step by step, pressing the elevator button.

Manuel stopped the two of them. "Kaliyah, I think you've misunderstood something. Between Ainsley and me, it's always been me who couldn't let go, not her. For her, I can do anything. So, it's really bold of you to say these things in front of me today, using a divorce agreement to fight against the Glover Group. But what can you use to stop me? Remember to stay far away from her and never approach her again. Now, get lost."

Kaliyah's back stiffened, and she left the place as if escaping.

Ainsley and Manuel hadn't forgotten what they came for, having only visited one store when they were interrupted by Kaliyah.

Manuel led Ainsley into the most secluded studio on the eighth floor. "Don't be fooled by the small size of this shop," he said, "the designer inside is a true master."

Upon approaching, Ainsley immediately sensed the uniqueness of this store.

The texture and overall impression of this is quite distinct, setting it apart from what she've seen before, elevating it to a whole new level.

Upon seeing that it was Manuel, the person in charge immediately became more enthusiastic. "Our brand's haute couture is generally not loaned out, unlike many big brands that lend their high-end designs to female celebrities attending banquets. Our brand has its own unique style. If you wear it and it fits you perfectly, then it's meant for you."

Ainsley naturally understood this rule. Established haute couture brands basically never engaged in lending out their outfits, as they didn't need anyone to promote their brand. The mere existence of their brand was a form of promotion.

## Mobilization

The manager immediately brought out the best design for Ainsley to see. "Ms. Easton, you can go ahead and try it on.'

Manuel shook his head, as he had already set his sights on a particular evening gown.

"Bring out the spring-summer collection from 1994 for her to try on."

In 1994, haute couture was something that others could only dream of reaching, and the exhibition date of this dress was a special day, marking the 50th anniversary of the brand's establishment.

However, if Manuel wants this dress, it must definitely be brought out.

When the manager took out the skirt from the box, it was well-preserved and looked as good as new, thanks to the meticulous care it had received.

This skirt features a simple and elegant design, yet it also accentuates the wearer's figure and personality.

Ainsley took the skirt, the soft satin flowing like water.

When she took it into the fitting room and came out wearing it, Manuel's eyes went wide.

The manager took a deep breath, and then a man emerged from the hidden door on the inside. He was a foreigner, and upon seeing Ainsley's clothes, a smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

The manager noticed the man and hurried over, "Mr. Greyful, is there anything you need?"

Greyful didn't pay attention to the manager and instead walked up to Ainsley, "Excuse me, miss, may I ask for your name?"

Before Ainsley could speak, Manuel walked over and blocked Greyful, asking fluently in Spanish, "Can I help you with something?"

The atmosphere suddenly became tense, and the manager hurried over to defuse the situation. 'Mr. Gage, this is our top designer who just arrived in Seattle the day before yesterday for an inspection. This outfit was also brought by him.'

Greyful nodded politely and said, "I meant no offense. It's just that this gown was designed by my grandfather, and seeing someone wear it so perfectly has made me a bit emotional. Please don't take it the wrong way."

Understanding his meaning, Manuel also said, "Your grandfather's design of this ceremonial dress is truly the pinnacle, there won't be another designer with such a unique style."

"More praise, compared to this praise, I think finding the right person to wear it is even more exciting." Greyful's admiring expression made Ainsley feel a bit uneasy.

After picking up their formal attire, Ainsley and Manuel left the shopping mall.

Neither of them took the recent farce to heart, as Kaliyah was nothing more than a minor troublemaker.

At that time, Ainsley had no idea that Kaliyah, the mischievous trickster, would cause her so much trouble.

Once Kaliyah returned home, the more she thought about it, the angrier she became. She couldn't believe she was treated like that in such a huge mall. She could usually maintain her composure, but the moment she saw Ainsley, she lost control. Of course, she knew that her behavior was frightening, like a madwoman.

What she didn't expect was that in just a short two hours, she saw a video of herself acting like a madwoman in the mall on the internet.

She clenched her phone tightly, the harsh curses completely tearing apart her facade as a lady. Already, there were many likes and comments below.

[Is this woman crazy? Anyone who looks at Ms. Easton would choose Mr. Gage over Cason, right?]

[It's only her who treats Cason like a treasure.]

[Didn't it just come out a few days ago that she tried to win him back using her own biological son? She got divorced because of this reason, so how can she blame others?]

[From the way Ms. Easton talks, it seems that Kaliyah knew about many of the things Irene did before. I've always had a feeling that she wasn't a good person.]

Everyone's gone mad, the whole world's gone mad. Why does everyone favor that villain? It's obvious that she's the root of all evil.

Kaliyah angrily threw her phone away, and although she didn't want to admit it, she had to acknowledge that there weren't many people in Seattle who could help her.

Cason immediately blocked her, and Bryan, being busy with the Packer Group, had no time to deal with her.

At that moment, her eyes lit up as she thought of someone.

She wasn't familiar with this person, but she had seen him a few times. The most memorable thing about him was his intense pursuit of Ainsley, only to be cruelly deceived in the end. At this moment, he must be feeling jealous and resentful towards Ainsley and Manuel, right?

Most importantly, he had just returned from Portugal yesterday, and the timing was perfect.

The discussion online grew increasingly intense, and Kaliyah, who was used to the spotlight, could no longer bear the endless abuse from strangers. After a sleepless night, she resolutely drove to find Daniel.

She had already prepared a perfect set of arguments in her mind, and as long as Daniel was willing to help her, the tide would surely turn in her favor.

Traffic surged on the highway, and Kaliyah felt irritated and agitated. She stomped on the accelerator with frustration.

Perhaps it was due to a lack of sleep, but while her eyes were focused on the road ahead, her mind was lost in a whirlwind of thoughts.

A sinister smile gradually appeared on her face as she subconsciously envisioned a scene. It was Ainsley, disgraced and defeated, with everyone jeering at her, could only kneel on the filthy ground, begging for mercy in humiliation.

The piercing sound of the horn brought her back to her senses, her pupils suddenly widening.

The car's front end was less than 3 feet away from the rear of the car in front, and with the high speed, there was simply no time to hit the brakes.

Kaliyah immediately slammed the steering wheel to the left, heading towards the malfunction area. Her other foot trembled as she pressed down on the brake, causing intense friction between the tires and the ground, producing a sharp, piercing sound.

Thankfully, the car she was driving temporarily had good stability, and it came to a thrilling stop just before hitting the guardrail.

She was just overly frightened, her face pale as she stared blankly at a certain spot, unable to calm down for a long time.

Just now, the car that honked to remind her also stopped behind her, and the driver was a young man.

He got out of the car and jogged over. Just by seeing Kaliyah's beautiful eyes, he shyly asked with a blushing face, "Miss, are you alright?"

Kaliyah turned her head to look at him, a thought crossing her mind. Her eyes immediately filled with tears, and even though her face couldn't be seen, there was a unique charm about her at that moment.

The young man became even more cautious, stammering nervously, "D- don't be afraid. Um, would you like a ride in my car?"

Kaliyah lowered her gaze, hiding the disdain in her eyes, and said weakly, "I appreciate your help. I'm going to Denver Mansion."

The young man scratched his head, clearly fooled by her disguise, and simply said, "No problem, it's just a small favor.'

Kaliyah had barely turned the corner when she lifted her shimmering eyes and said sweetly, "Thank you. You can let me down right here."

"Ah, alright." The young man opened his mouth, looking as if he wanted to say something but hesitated. Nevertheless, he obediently pulled over and parked the car by the roadside.

Kaliyah gently brushed back her silky hair, and a faint fragrance wafted through the car.

The young man finally mustered the courage to ask her for her contact information, but she gently said, "You're not worthy,' and left without looking back.

In order to achieve a better effect, before meeting Daniel, Kaliyah made up her mind and pinched her thigh hard. The tears instantly welled up in her eyes due to the stimulation.

She sat on the couch, her head hanging pitifully low, positioned at just the right angle.

Footsteps echoed from the staircase. She looked over with a pitiful expression, and was instantly stunned.

Chapter 646 Violation of Rules

Kaliyah nodded solemnly. "I understand."

She picked up her bag and left, without looking back.

Daniel caressed Georgia's waist, and although a flicker of impatience flashed in her eyes, she didn't dare to resist.

"How come you still haven't learned to be obedient after being locked up for so long?"

Georgia didn't say anything, but she gripped tightly, letting out a pained grunt.

"Trash." Daniel said, disgusted as he pushed her away.

Irene was locked in the most crowded cell, having been brought in just the night before.

Last night, when she first walked in, no one knew just how scared she was.

The woman on the upper bunk glared at her. "Hey, newcomer! Go wash my clothes."

"Why should I help you with your laundry? Don't you know who I am? I am..."

Slap!

A resounding slap silenced her voice abruptly.

She covered her left cheek in disbelief; that woman had slapped her!

"How dare you hit me?" She raised her hand, ready to strike back.

Unfortunately, just as she raised her hand, before it could fall, the woman grabbed her wrist firmly.

It goes without saying how thick that woman's arm was; when she gripped Irene's hand, it felt like a pair of iron handcuffs, firm and powerful.

"Let go of me! You let go of me!"

What is this rude woman doing to her? This is a prison! So many people are watching!

"I said, go wash my clothes for me," the woman emphasized once again, forcefully flinging her hand to the side.

Make her do the laundry? No way!

She had never even washed her own clothes, let alone washed any for Brady. Having never lifted a finger to do chores since she was young, n.ove.lx.o why should she wash clothes for her?

Just as she hesitated, the woman raised her hand and slapped her across the face again.

This time, it was clear that the woman had used all her strength. The unbearable pain made her cheeks burn, and she was thrown to the ground with great force.



With tears in her eyes, she looked at the woman, just about to call the prison guard. However, the woman grabbed her hair directly, causing a painful pull on her scalp, and dragged her back forcefully.

“Let go of me! Once I get out of here, I won’t let you off the hook!” Irene yelled angrily, her voice distorted by pain.

“Let me ask you one last time, are you going or not?”

Irene was about to say no, when she saw the woman looking down at her, as if she were staring at a pile of garbage.

“You’re already here, in prison. Do you understand the situation? What kind of good cell do you think you, a life-sentenced prisoner, can get? Everyone here has blood on their hands. Just behave yourself and you might suffer a little less, you fool.”

Irene looked around nervously, noticing that there were many other women in the prison cell. Some had faces as pale as death, some appeared fierce and vicious, while others were so emaciated that they hardly looked human.

Tears filled her eyes as she nodded in pain, her heart pounding uncontrollably.

This is all Ainsley’s doing!

She suddenly remembered what Ainsley had said when he visited her, “Would you be happier if I told you that they’ve arranged a special place for you in prison?”

It seems that this woman was arranged by Ainsley, along with this prison cell being all set up.

No, she couldn’t just sit and wait for death; she had to go out!

But now, she couldn’t resist.

“Oh, come on!”

She suddenly exclaimed.

She spent the whole day washing numerous clothes, mopping the floor, and was even asked to give the elder prisonmate a shoulder and back massage.

It was only when mealtime arrived that she finally let out a sigh of relief.

After enduring the torment of the day, she felt aching in her waist and back, and her arms were sore.

The prison cafeteria reminded her of the scenes where the workers from her own factory would crowd together for meals, and now, her situation was even worse than theirs.

The diced meat in the aluminum plate is scarce, and these dishes focus only on filling one’s stomach without much attention to flavor.

Most of the dishes were almost all ones she didn’t eat.

Irene found a corner, away from the people in the cell, and looked at the food on the aluminum plate.

It was cabbage with extremely thin slices of pork.

With a look of disgust, she picked up her fork, but froze when she tried to grab some food.

What is this?

She stared at the plate, where white worms wriggled on the vegetable leaves. Although they were already dead, their appearance was still quite disgusting.

How disgusting!

She covered her mouth, almost vomiting out her stomach.

Just as she was about to vomit, a foot kicked her chair, novel.xo causing her to instantly fall to the ground before she could even react.

Just as she tried to see who hit her, a black cloth suddenly flew over and covered her face.

What is that? What's covering her!

A muffled sound brought intense pain. When she thought it was painful, countless fists and stealthy fingertips pinching and twisting her soon followed.

A group of people gathered around her, novel.xo punching and kicking with viciousness in their eyes.

At last, a dinner plate came flying from a distance and hit Irene right on the head.

The woman wrapped in black cloth stumbled and fell to the ground, causing the crowd to disperse.

In the medical office, Irene woke up feeling pain all over her body, especially a huge swelling on her forehead.

When she woke up and saw the man, she knew right away that he was a doctor.

Seeing her a bit on guard, the doctor reassured her, "Relax, this is the prison's infirmary."

Irene let her guard down. "I fainted?"

"While you were eating, you accidentally got hit by a plate and passed out, but you didn't have any serious issues."

She nodded in agreement, fully aware that those people would definitely not tell the truth.

She couldn't forget the feeling of having a piece of black cloth covering her eyes, unable to see anything.

She turned left and left and wanted to pull down the black cloth, novelxo but it was tightly bound.

This was no accident, and everyone knew it wasn't an accident.

But clearly, the doctor said it was an accident, and she had no choice but to admit it.

Everyone raised their fists towards her, and the pain made her feel desperate.

At that moment, she even felt as if she was going to die.

"Um, Doctor, may I borrow your phone to make a call?" she asked nervously, slowly getting out of bed.

The doctor found himself in a dilemma. He looked towards the door, but there were no police officers in sight.

However, lending a cell phone to a prisoner is against the rules, novelxo and he hesitated, not wanting to take that risk.

Irene approached him and found a stool to sit on in front of the doctor.

As she lifted her head, tears glistened in her eyes. "Doctor, please help me. If I don't get in touch with my family, I'll be beaten to death. I promise you, it's just one phone call, and it won't cause any trouble."

She gripped the doctor's arm, pleading with him as she swayed from side to side.

The doctor swallowed nervously and handed her the phone. "You can use it, but hurry up, or we'll both be in trouble."

Irene hurriedly took the phone and grabbed his sleeve, pleading pitifully, "Doctor, can you help me watch the door? If I get caught making a call, I'll be punished."

"Well..." The doctor hesitated, knowing that borrowing a cellphone was against the rules.

"Doctor, I will call my family to get me out of here as soon as possible. I promise to repay your kindness!"

The doctor nodded, immediately walked out the door, and closed it behind him.

#### Chapter 647 The Medical Office

Irene quickly seized the moment and called Daniel. The phone was promptly answered.

Daniel's languid voice came out. "Who is it?"

"Daniel, I beg you, please save me quickly, I can't stay here any longer, I'll die!" Her voice trembled, and her tone was incredibly sincere.

These past two days, she felt as if life was worse than death, even thinking that she was no better than a stray dog on the side of the road.

Daniel's voice was tinged with impatience, "Irene, get a grip on the situation. You're serving a life sentence now, having killed so many people. novelxo Who could possibly save you?"

"You can't treat me like this! Don't forget that you were also involved in some of those things!" Irene exclaimed anxiously.

Daniel laughed coldly. "Are you threatening me? But don't forget, I'm Portuguese."

Irene suddenly panicked, "I can give you all my shares in the Wade Group that I have in my hands. Can you please help me?"

"Your shares don't amount to much, and the Wade Group will collapse soon. However, as a former ally, I can offer you some guidance. You always seem to lose control, don't you? I think there might be something wrong with your mental state. What do you think?" After saying this, Daniel hung up the phone.

Listening to the beeping sound from her phone, Irene was stunned for a while. Her brain quickly processed the situation, and she immediately understood.

Right after that, she took advantage of the limited time to call Danny. Danny immediately informed her about everything that had happened at the company.

No sooner had the call ended than the doctor pushed the door open and walked in. With a somewhat uneasy demeanor, he approached and put his cell phone back into his pocket.

“Thank you, Doctor.”

Irene’s face was covered in handprint marks, and her prison uniform was stained with blood. She looked extremely pitiful, but her face was strikingly delicate, making anyone who saw her involuntarily soften their heart.

In the Packer’s home.

Kalayah returned home, exhausted. She was wearing stiletto heels and a formal dress, having just come back from Orion’s banquet.

Bryan quickly asked, “So, what do you think? What’s Mr. Garner’s impression of you?”

“He brought me back.’ Kalayah couldn’t help but feel nauseous whenever she thought of Orion’s pig-headed face.

She rushed into the restroom, washing her hands desperately. It was only during the banquet that she truly saw Orion for the first time.

With a plump face and a big belly, he looked almost forty even though he was only 30 years old. Ever since he laid eyes on her, he couldn’t look away. While dancing, Orion couldn’t help but flirt with her.

Just now, on the way back, that pervert kept touching her hand the whole time. She endured the discomfort and struggled not to throw him out.

However, there is some good news.

Half an hour ago, inside the luxury car, Orion held Kalayah’s hand.

“What’s with the pitiful look, huh?”

Kalayah said with a hint of tears in her voice. “Mr. Garner, I’m just feeling a bit down.”

Upon seeing this scene, Orion’s heart melted, “Who bullied you? Tell me.”

“Isn’t it all because of the online exposure? I really don’t know what to do. Can you help me?” Kalayah shook his hand.

Orion immediately became excited, pulling her into his embrace and lifting her chin playfully. With a teasing tone, he said, “Tell me more.”

Kalayah sniffled, her eyes brimming with tears as she looked up. “You must have seen the video that’s been going viral online recently. That’s not the truth at all.”

Orion couldn't focus on anything other than Kaliyah's delicate face, barely even registering what she was saying. "Huh?"

Kaliyah secretly observed his expression while continuing to act, "At that time, we just happened to meet. I didn't intend to speak like that, but she kept provoking me. I was so angry that I said some unpleasant things. Actually, that video was edited by her, and then..."

Orion took over the conversation, "And then someone posted it online?"

Kaliyah nodded, tears welling up in her eyes again. She buried her face in Orion's chest, her shoulders trembling slightly as she spoke in a broken voice. "Mr. Garner, I'm so scared. I didn't mean to do that. It must have been Ainsley who set me up. Now, the whole internet is cursing me, and no matter how I try to explain, it's useless. I'm really on the verge of breaking down."

"Don't worry." Orion patted her back, "Rumors are easy to deal with. I'll contact someone to delete the video, and in this fast-paced internet age, something new will quickly take its place. Tomorrow, I'll cover it up with some scandals involving popular celebrities for you."

Kaliyah nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Garner."

She gradually emerged from her reminiscence and quickly took a bath to wash away her thoughts.

However, Orion did help her solve the problem the next day, and also deleted all the previous ones along the way.

Several news stories about other celebrities were released, which finally overshadowed Kaliyah's incident.

It wasn't until Kaliyah saw that only a few people were still cursing at her that she finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Following that, she sent several scandalous rumors about Ainsley, which were disgusting and unbearable.

Chapter 648

The Tomb is Empty

After resolving the matter, she immediately went to find Daniel.

'Do you still remember what you said that day?' Kaliyah asked in a deep voice.

Daniel nodded. "Of course, it seems you're not entirely useless after all."

'So, what's your plan?' Kaliyah couldn't wait any longer. In order to resolve the issue online, she had been forced to get in touch with Orion.

If Daniel doesn't take action now, her suffering from nausea these past two days will have been for nothing.

Daniel was clearly caught off guard. He didn't like being manipulated, but he also knew that there wasn't enough time left.

His plan had been put on hold for quite some time due to New Year celebrations.

'There's something I need you to get, and then find Ainsley. Use it to exchange for another item,' Daniel said in a deep voice.

Kalayah's eyes lit up, and she quickly asked, "What?"

Daniel curved his lips slightly and asked casually, 'Tell me, what does Ainsley value the most right now?'

The most important thing...

Kalayah repeated the sentence to herself, her delicate eyebrows furrowing tightly as she struggled to come up with an answer for quite some time.

She pursed her lips, her face turning pale, "I can't figure it out. I thought it might be Matteo and Manuel, but then again, it doesn't seem like them."

Daniel chuckled softly, his thin lips slightly parted. "I've been away from Seattle for just a few days, and I still know what's going on. You can't tell me you don't know anything, can you?"

"For example, what?"

'She's currently investigating her father's affairs. Although she's being discreet, I still managed to get some information.' Daniel didn't continue speaking.

Kalayah was full of doubts, "But her father is already dead, so even if it's important, it won't make a difference now."

Daniel glanced at her gloomily. "The person is gone, but the grave and ashes remain."

Kalayah was taken aback, "What do you mean?"

'As long as you understand, I won't keep you any longer. Just remember what I want, and consider it your entry token,' Daniel said casually.

Kalayah stepped out of the mansion with a heavy heart, Daniel's words still echoing in her ears. Remember, it's best to make the exchange within these two days.

The distant horizon radiated a brilliant mix of red and purple, casting an air of mystery and intrigue over the entire sky.

It's 11 o'clock at night.

At this time, there were hardly any people in the cemetery.

Kalayah and Daniel borrowed a few strong and sturdy bodyguards, just in case.

She led them to a tombstone with precision. The woman in the photo smiled gently, exuding an elegant charm all over her.

'Ms. Packer, is that correct?' the square-faced bodyguard asked emotionlessly.

Kalayah nodded in a good mood, smiling. "Alright, let's get started."

As she finished speaking, she took two steps back.

The bodyguards took out their prepared tools and squatted down to dig the soil. For them, who had been exercising regularly for years, this was just a small task.

Kaliyah wrapped her clothes tightly around herself. She hadn't planned on doing this so soon, but she learned from Daniel that Ainsley and Manuel would be leaving for Seattle in two days. She had to get it done before they left.

Not long after, the shovel hit a hard object, making a crisp 'clang' sound.

They stopped their actions in unison, retrieving the ash box buried deep underground and casually holding it in their hands.

The object was covered in dirt, and Kaliyah frowned in disgust. She only took a quick glance before looking away. ' Alright, leave someone behind to clean up and restore it to its original state. Let's head back to the car first.'

Even though there are few people around during this time, one should not let their guard down.

Their teaming up was quite peculiar, and attracting the attention of others would be unfavorable, as it could affect her plans.

A hint of madness flickered across Kaliyah's face as she thought to herself. Ainsley, just wait and see what's coming for you. With your father's urn in my possession, let's see how you can still act so smug!

She couldn't wait to see the furious expression on that woman's face; it must be quite amusing.

The next day, Ainsley walked into the cemetery, and the closer it got to her departure for Seattle, the more agitated she became.

Inside the cemetery, her mother's grave was placed next to her father's. But now, she was going to Seattle to see Grace.

It's hard to describe the feeling, especially since that woman could possibly be my father's...

She placed a bouquet of flowers down and said, 'Dad, I will find out, no matter how difficult it is, I will find out.'

The terrifying overcast sky was accompanied by a deafening clap of thunder, causing Ainsley to jump in fright.

Originally, Matteo wanted to accompany her, but Ainsley refused. After all, she couldn't always avoid facing everything on her own, right?

A single raindrop fell into Ainsley's palm. She clenched her fist, took a picture frame out of her bag, and placed it in front of her father's grave.

"Dad, I remember this is the photo you used to stare at often. I brought it for you, and I hope you haven't blamed me for these past three years," Ainsley said in a low voice.

She wiped the dust off her parents' tombstone once more before finally deciding to leave.

However, as she was about to leave, she suddenly noticed something amiss. The soil on her father's grave seemed off.

She crouched down and touched it, only to discover a strange footprint on the other side.

Whose is this?

Looking at the depth of the footprints, they seemed quite fresh, as if they were made just yesterday.

The rain grew heavier, washing away the footprint completely. This only made her feel even more puzzled. She crouched down, patted the muddy ground, and then looked at the traces on the tomb.

An umbrella was held above Ainsley's head, casting a shadow over her body. She turned to look, and to her surprise, it was Manuel.

"How did you get here?"

Manuel draped the coat over Ainsley's shoulders. "I asked Matteo, and he said you were here."

'What's wrong?' He noticed something was off with Ainsley.

Before she had a chance to ask Manuel what he wanted from her, she now had a bold guess.

'May I borrow a few people?' Ainsley asked earnestly.

Manuel's eyes appeared especially deep and captivating under this kind of weather. Although he didn't know why Ainsley needed someone, Manuel agreed without hesitation.

Dark clouds spread across the sky, covering the light and casting a gloomy shadow over the world.

The rain was getting heavier, and Ainsley and Manuel stood in front of the grave, their eyes filled with tension.

Eight or nine men, dressed in raincoats and carrying shovels and other tools, slowly opened the grave. As they lifted the coffin lid, everyone was shocked.

Ainsley took a deep breath. Empty! How could it be empty!

"Why?" She widened her eyes, almost unable to stand.

Manuel supported him from the side, just barely helping him maintain his balance.

'Don't worry just yet,' Manuel said, looking at Ainsley with concern.

But the latter was almost on the verge of collapse. "How can I not be worried!"

Manuel said, "On the day Mr. Easton was buried, I was actually watching from here, so I'm quite certain that the urn was placed inside at that time."

'Yesterday,' Ainsley murmured, her fingers trembling uncontrollably.

'What?' Manuel asked, full of confusion.

'Someone must have been here yesterday! I saw footprints, and the soil over here has been deliberately made to look old,' Ainsley said, emphasizing each word.



They quickly found the cemetery manager, and while checking the surveillance footage, they discovered that the only person who had been there was... Kaliyah

Chapter 649 I Want to Talk to Her

Ainsley slammed the table forcefully. "It must be her! What on earth is her purpose?"

She's really had enough of this person, who just won't leave her alone.

After that roar of anger, Ainsley actually calmed down. She sat down and quietly waited.

Half an hour later, Manuel's people finally returned.

' Mr. Gage, she's not at the Packer's home, nor is she at the Packer Group. We've checked the surveillance footage of the area, but we haven't found any clues, other than confirming that she really did leave her residential community."

Ainsley clenched her fists anxiously, and Manuel patted her hand, signaling her to relax.

'I have a plan. Since she wants to act like a turtle hiding in its shell, let's force her out.'" Manuel's face wore a faint, enigmatic smile.

In the suburban yard, Kaliyah immediately turned on her phone and received the first call from her mother.

"What? My dad got arrested? Why did this happen? Who did this?" Kaliyah couldn't believe that something like this could happen.

Becky complained, "How can you even say that to me? Now tell me honestly, what good deeds have you done this time?"

Kaliyah asked with a puzzled expression, "Why did you say that?"

' After your dad was arrested, I received a phone call. The person on the phone said that you took something very important and demanded that you return it immediately! Otherwise, they would produce more serious evidence, causing your dad to stay in prison for even longer," Becky said as she cried.

Kaliyah instantly knew who was behind this, and it was undoubtedly for the sake of the ashes. However, she didn't expect it to be discovered so quickly, as she originally thought she could stall for a few more days.

She asked with concern, "Mom, please don't cry. What happened this time that got Dad arrested?"

'Tax evasion."

"What? Haven't I always told you not to evade taxes? Once you get caught, it's easy to be found out, and it's not worth taking such a big risk for a small amount of money," Kaliyah said seriously.

Becky became anxious, "There are so many companies in Seattle, and how many of them don't evade taxes? Besides, don't think that we have a lot of money at home. Ever since you angered the Glover family, our company has suffered severe setbacks. It took us a while to recover, and now this tax issue

has been exposed. What's more important is that when your father raised funds back then, he didn't do it legally. I'm afraid... I'm afraid that next time, those people will use this matter to go after your dad."

She was already sobbing, "And where were you yesterday? We couldn't reach you at home, and I called you so many times in the morning, but you didn't answer. What on earth have you done? If you've taken something from someone, return it immediately!"

Mom, don't worry about this for now, I'll handle it." After saying this, Kaliyah didn't wait for her response and hung up the phone.

She had hidden away after receiving the ashes last night, not knowing that Ainsley would discover it so quickly.

The original plan fell through, and they had to move ahead of schedule. However, if my father was only arrested for tax evasion, he should have been released by now. So why hasn't he?

Unable to find anyone else to ask, she quickly called Daniel and informed him of everything that was happening, hoping he could offer her some advice or share some important information.

Daniel didn't make things difficult for her. "I can't help with your father's situation," he said. "Manuel has something on him, and unless he lets go, no one can do anything about it.

Moreover, I initially thought you had become smarter, but it turns out you're just as foolish as before. Can't you do things more thoroughly? You went to the cemetery and knew to delete the surveillance footage there, but you didn't think to delete the footage at the entrance. However, there's no need to be overly anxious. Don't forget what you're holding in your hand."

Upon his reminder, the heavy stone in Kaliyah's heart finally uplifted. That's right, how could I have forgotten?

She put on her calm and composed smile again, holding in her hand the most important thing to Ainsley.

Kaliyah looked at the towering Easton Group, knowing that Ainsley had been staying there ever since returning from the cemetery. The purpose was to use every means possible to force her out.

She spoke directly to the receptionist. "I am the Kaliyah she's looking for. Please take me to the meeting room."

The receptionist was momentarily stunned, but quickly recovered. She gave a subtle signal to her colleague beside her and then led Kaliyah to a secluded meeting room.

She first brought Kaliyah a cup of tea, then a few pastries, constantly finding various reasons to stay and not wanting to leave.

Kaliyah laughed and didn't expose her little scheme. Wasn't it just because she was afraid I would run away?

She struggled to bring the bag to the couch beside her, placing her hand on it as if guarding against something.

Soon, a flurry of footsteps approached from this direction.

The receptionist tactfully said, "Ms. Packer, Mr. Easton has arrived."

She walked to the door, opened it, and Ainsley and Matteo came in together.

Kaliyah immediately turned around, anger in her voice as she said, "I've been waiting for you for a long time."

'You finally stopped hiding.'" She walked to the desk, her gaze fixed intently on Kaliyah.

Kaliyah felt a bit uneasy being stared at, but the thought of Ainsley possibly asking for her help soon made her tremble with excitement.

'Ainsley, you're the one who posted those videos online, right? Pretending to be a bystander, just admit it if you want to deal with me. I can't believe how vicious you are! I've been cursed by the entire internet because of you, are you happy now? I really suspect that all the cyberbullying I've experienced is because of you!" Kaliyah said angrily.

Before Ainsley could even speak, Matteo had already retorted, "What gives you the right to say that to Aisy? Weren't those mistakes made by you? If you dare to do it, you should dare to face the consequences. When you committed those wrongdoings, you should have known what would happen if you were discovered. Are you afraid to face the consequences now?"

Kaliyah was on the verge of losing her temper, 'I just want to talk to Ainsley alone."

Matteo furrowed his brow slightly, while Ainsley turned her gaze to the package in Kaliyah's hand. "Matteo, you go ahead and leave. I'll talk with her."

Seeing Ainsley's serious expression, Matteo no longer insisted, "Call me if you need anything.'

When Matteo left the room, only Ainsley and Kaliyah remained in the living room.

Ainsley took a step closer to Kaliyah, sneering as she said. "Those people were right to insult you; you're a terrible person. I used to feel a tiny bit of sympathy for the old you, but now, from head to toe, you're just disgusting."

'What did you say?" Kaliyah's eyes blazed with fiery annoyance.

Her gaze swept over Kaliyah coldly. 'Am I wrong? Now! Give me that bag immediately!"

'Ainsley, it seems you won't learn your lesson until you face the consequences!"

Kaliyah looked at her calmly, not in a hurry to make a move.

Chapter 650 The Therapist of Daniel

She leisurely took out a white porcelain jar from her handbag, revealing a cruel smile. "Is this what you're looking for?"

This time, Kaliyah has victory in her grasp.

Sure enough, she saw Ainsley's hand instantly drop as he called for security.

Ainsley's expression suddenly turned icy cold, and she narrowed her eyes. "I knew it was you who took it! Give it back to me!"

The item in Kaliyah's hand was her father's urn, and she had no right to touch it.

"You just wouldn't stop provoking me, forcing me to resort to this. Ainsley, I have your father's ashes in my hands. Release my father first!" She proudly raised the urn with a triumphant look on her face.

Ainsley's pupils unconsciously shrank, a cold glint flashing in her eyes.

'Kaliyah, do you even know what you're doing?' Her tone was bone-chillingly cold.

Kaliyah waved the urn again, angrily saying, "Ainsley, I advise you to watch your words. The urn is in my hands, and if I'm not careful, it could break!"

She mustered up her courage and continued, "I'm not here to negotiate with you! You better release my father immediately, and also agree to one condition of mine. Otherwise, I'll smash this urn right away! It will shatter as soon as it hits the ground!"

She almost forgot what Daniel had asked her to do. If she didn't get it, Daniel would definitely not let her off the hook.

However, since Ainsley cares so much about her father, she will definitely plead with her, agreeing to any conditions she sets.

Sure enough, she didn't even have to wait a few minutes before Ainsley eagerly said, "I agree."

Even though those eyes were filled with darkness and carried the urge to strangle her.

In fact, before she uttered those words, she had imagined Ainsley's response countless times, wildly rushing towards her, without any hesitation.

To Kaliyah's surprise, none of the scenarios she had imagined came to fruition. She looked at Ainsley with confusion, wondering, "That's it? You just agreed like that?"

Ainsley's face was expressionless as she reached out her hand. "Give me the urn first."

'First, let my dad go!' Kaliyah put down the jar, still tightly gripping it in her hand.

Ainsley swiftly took out her phone and dialed a number. "Release that person, right now."

The person on the other end of the phone was clearly taken aback, and before they had a chance to ask any questions, the call was disconnected.

Ainsley looked at Kaliyah and said, "Now you can give me the urn."

'No way! I said you have to release my dad. You must come with me to the police station and make sure he gets out. Only then will I give you the ashes.'

Who knows if Ainsley will change their mind halfway through.

Ainsley glanced at Kaliyah's face, 'Sure.'

In just an hour, Bryan was able to come out.

After waiting patiently, Ainsley looked at the smug face and asked, "Can you give it to me now?\*

'No way! I haven't seen anyone yet!' Kaliyah quickly pulled back her hand.

A chill flashed in Ainsley's eyes as she said coldly, 'You've already had your way, don't push your luck.'

\*You!' Kaliyah was about to refuse when she saw Bryan coming out of the room.

Bryan's footsteps were unsteady, and his face was pale.

He saw Ainsley's eyes widen, "How is it you? You're the one who got me thrown in jail?"

In a fit of rage, he wanted to charge forward, but Ainsley looked at him mockingly. "Do you want to go back in already? Haven't had enough time in the station?"

'Get lost! What on earth did I do to offend you?' Bryan thought about being dragged to the police station today, and it made him so angry that he gritted his teeth.

He endured endless torment, all because of her.

Ainsley didn't bother responding to him. She looked at Kaliyah and said, 'Give me the ashes.'

'Alright, you're begging me, huh?' Her eyes were filled with madness.

'Kaliyah, aren't you celebrating too soon? With all the things your father has done, any one of them could land him back in trouble, and you're not exactly innocent either, are you? Maybe I should take this opportunity to send both of you in together.'

'How dare you!' She hugged the urn tightly, frightened.

Bryan looked at the white porcelain jar in surprise, "Kaliyah, what is this?"

'Dad, these are Jake Easton's ashes,' Kaliyah suddenly remembered Daniel's request and quickly added, "I can give them to you, but you have to agree to one condition."

'What are the conditions?' A dangerous glint appeared in Ainsley's eyes.

'Be Daniel's therapist,' Kaliyah said with a playful smile, pulling out an agreement from her bag. The content of the agreement was to treat Daniel's psychological issues.

Ainsley mocked with a laugh, "I get it now, he's the one who taught you this, right?"

Kaliyah retorted, "It's all the same, I also want to see how uncomfortable you feel staying by Daniel's side."

Ainsley showed no fear and said coldly, "I agree. You can tell him that if he wants me to be his therapist, he should first figure out how not to be influenced by me."

She decisively signed her own name and then tossed it to Kaliyah.

'What? What are you talking about? If you dare to do that, aren't you afraid of being rejected by the psychological community?' Kaliyah asked, somewhat puzzled.

Ainsley approached her, and while Kaliyah was in a daze, she placed her hand on the jar.

'So, what's the big deal?' She confidently pulled out the white porcelain jar.

Kaliyah was momentarily stunned by what she said, and it was only after the jar slipped from her hand that she reacted, immediately reaching out to grab it.

'Get lost!' Ainsley took a step back and shook off the hand that reached out to her.

Kaliyah fell to the ground after being pushed. "Ainsley! How dare you push me!"

Ainsley looked down at Kaliyah, her face expressionless. To her, Kaliyah was nothing more than a mere clown.

'You really don't know what's good for you.'

Kaliyah got up from the ground, raising her hand, ready to strike down.

'Aren't you afraid?'

What? Kaliyah was taken aback. What was she talking about? What was I afraid of?

Kaliyah's face turned pale, but she just couldn't bring herself to strike. Ainsley's gaze was simply too cold and piercing.

She heard the cold voice say, "This is a police station, you know. If you hit me, there's no need to bother calling the police. You can just deal with this and your previous issues all at once. Who knows when you'll be able to get out next time. Of course, don't forget, you don't have any ashes in your hands right now. Once you're in, it's uncertain whether you'll be able to save yourself or not."

'You!' Kaliyah's eyes were red with anger, her hand raised in front of Ainsley, but she just couldn't bring herself to strike.

Ainsley didn't want to pay her any more attention, "This matter isn't over today."

After saying that, she turned around and walked towards the door.

"Ainsley! Don't you dare leave!" Kaliyah angrily shouted, rushing over and grabbing her clothes.

Ainsley completely ignored her and walked away without any hesitation.

Watching Ainsley walk away, Kaliyah stomped her foot in annoyance, while Bryan's face also showed displeasure.

In the car, Ainsley placed the urn on the passenger seat, her expression somewhat relaxed.

She stepped on the accelerator, and the car sped away. The traffic surged on the road, while Ainsley skillfully maneuvered her way through it.

Ainsley walked into the cemetery, cradling the urn in their arms, while Matteo and Manuel had been waiting there for quite some time.