

A Divorce 651

Chapter 651 Burning Bridges

Just as she walked over with the ashes in her arms, the sunlight dimmed, dark clouds obscured the rays, and thunder rumbled beneath the heavy cloud cover.

Ainsley walked dispiritedly towards a tombstone, the cold stone standing tall, while the man in the photo on it appeared exceptionally strong and resolute.

She trembled as she reached out to touch the photograph. Her father, a once-famous business tycoon, was now confined to this small picture after his death.

The culprit hasn't been found yet; he probably can't rest in peace even in the afterlife.

The tomb was reopened by Manuel's bodyguard, and inside the empty coffin, Ainsley placed a picture frame. It contained a photo of her father and mother together.

Still gazing indifferently at the photo, all emotions remain concealed deep within.

A droplet of rain fell on her head, and soon her hair was dampened by the rain.

Ainsley casually flicked her hair and then placed the ashes into the coffin.

Several bodyguards hurried over and closed the coffin lid.

Afterwards, she watched as Matteo nodded, and he raised the shovel, scooping dirt to cover the coffin.

Behind her, someone held a black umbrella over their head.

Manuel looked at the disheartened Ainsley, his heart filled with pity. As he lowered his gaze, he could see the trembling eyelashes of Ainsley, adorned with droplets of water. He couldn't tell if it was rain or tears.

The rain grew heavier, and the dark clouds churned, as if the sky was proclaiming its presence.

She slowly crouched down and touched that weathered face with her hand, "Dad, do you think I'm useless?"

After a long silence, Manuel squatted down like her and said softly, "Aisy, seeing you safe and sound in front of him is his most comforting moment."

Ainsley glanced back at Manuel, perhaps he had a point.

No matter what she does, her father always supports her.

"Aisy, it doesn't matter what rank you get in the exam. The most important thing is to be happy. Exams can be so tiring, let's go to the amusement park to relax."

"Don't cry, don't cry. Daddy will always support you."

"It would be great if you could get into the University of Washington. I'd rather you not study abroad; I would be worried."

She patted her pant leg, preparing to stand up. However, before she could fully rise, she suddenly felt a wave of dizziness and then lost consciousness.

When Ainsley woke up again, she found herself in a room filled with the smell of formaldehyde. She realized that she must be in a hospital, with an IV drip attached to her left hand.

After fainting in the cemetery, she must have been brought straight here.

Not long after, Matteo walked in.

“Awake?”

Ainsley nodded, but didn’t notice Manuel’s figure.

It seemed as if he could read Ainsley’s thoughts, so he explained, “Manuel is dealing with matters concerning the Packer Group.”

“The Packer Group?” Ainsley asked, somewhat puzzled.

Matteo nodded sternly, “Don’t think that handing over the ashes means everything is settled. I’ve already sent someone to guard the cemetery. Until Kaliyah is completely dealt with, there will be someone watching.”

Ainsley sighed, “What a... hassle.”

Kaliyah was like a malignant tumor. Before, she would constantly pester Cason, complaining that he didn’t pay enough attention to her. But after their divorce, she became even more clingy, bothering her day and night.

“Don’t worry, Manuel already has a plan. The deal you made with her didn’t say that Manuel and I cant deal with her, right?”

For the first time, Ainsley saw extreme disgust in Matteo’s eyes, which showed just how much Kaliyah was truly annoyed.

’ Matteo, did Manuel say when he’s going to Seattle?’ She couldn’t wait any longer.

“Tomorrow, so you need to get better quickly. Thankfully, the doctor said it’s just a cold, and you’ll be fine with some medicine and an IV drip. Otherwise, I wouldn’t even want you to go,” Matteo grumbled.

Upon being released from prison, Bryan immediately came to the Packer Group, bringing Kaliyah along with him.

But what they didn’t expect was that in just a short three hours, Manuel had accomplished so much.

An assistant rushed over in a panic, “This is bad, Mr. Packer. Three companies have just terminated their contracts with us.

There’s already a fourth one...”

The news spread rapidly throughout the entire company, and it was clear that this incident had a much greater impact than the one involving the Glover family last time.

The assistant's face turned pale, "Mr. Packer, please take a look at the stock market quickly."

Bryan immediately opened his computer and saw the stock market trends. He instantly lost all his strength, thinking. It's all over, everything is finished!

"What's wrong? What's going on?"

"The stock of the Packer Group plummeted dramatically..."

Kalayah glanced and immediately turned pale. She couldn't stand steady and collapsed to the ground. "How could this be?"

At this moment, Bryan unleashed all his anger on Kalayah. "It's Ainsley! No, it's Manuel, you can't mess with that woman! Why did you have to provoke her?"

It was only now that he had regained his composure. The reason he had been taken to the police station was because Kalayah had stolen Jake's ashes. And the current state of the Packer Group was also due to Kalayah's theft of the ashes.

Kalayah never imagined that the harshest accusation would actually come from her own father.

'Dad, my life has been ruined because of Ainsley. Can't I seek revenge? Don't worry, we'll definitely overcome this challenge.'

Bryan didn't seem to care. "You make it sound easy, but now the whole of

Seattle is under Manuel's control. Who would dare to help us? As soon as he shows even a hint of annoyance with us, their fans in Seattle will immediately treat us as enemies. They'd rather not provoke us than risk angering Manuel."

Kalayah slowly stood up, her eyes filled with hope as she looked at her father. "There's one more person who can help us!"

"Who? You're not talking about Cason, are you? Although he's your ex-husband, his attitude towards the Packer family is not much better than Manuel's," Bryan said coldly.

Kalayah shook her head, "No, it's not him! It's Daniel. I've been allied with him for a long time. He's the one who asked me to steal Jake's ashes.

Otherwise, how could I have suggested Ainsley to be Daniel's therapist at the prison gate just now? That's right! We still have a chance!"

She immediately rummaged through her bag and found the document Ainsley had just signed. Seeing Ainsley's name, she finally calmed down.

Afterwards, in front of Bryan, a phone call was made.

It seemed that Daniel had anticipated her call. Taking the initiative, he asked, "Has she signed it?"

The first sentence was about Ainsley. Kalayah forced a smile and said, "Signed."

"Then come over to the mansion now and give me the documents."

After a moment of silence, Kaliyah spoke again, “Mr. Hume, I’ve paid a great price to get this document for you. Now that the Gage Group is going after the Packer Group, you can’t just stand by and do nothing!”

Daniel’s tone suddenly changed, “So, you want me to help the Packer Group?”

With hopeful eyes, Bryan looked at Kaliyah, urging her to speak quickly.

“Right! I’m begging you. Besides, I’m doing all this for your sake,” Kaliyah pleaded.

“Out of the blue, why would the Gage Group want to deal with you? What does it have to do with me?” Daniel burst into wild laughter.

Kaliyah couldn’t believe it, “You... you want to burn the bridge after crossing it? I’d rather tear up the documents than give them to you!”

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A Good Omen

“Tear up the document? Do you really dare to?” Daniel’s threatening voice came through, never worried about such a thing happening.

However, Kaliyah was no pushover either. She spoke with an icy tone. “I know the Hume Group is not easy to deal with, and I’m aware of your extensive influence. But don’t forget, I still hold this agreement in my hands! Daniel, we’re in a partnership, and helping me solve problems is part of our collaboration, right? Besides, considering Ainsley’s current impression of you, do you have any other options besides this agreement I’m holding?”

“How dare you threaten me? The Packer Group means nothing to me, it’s just... trash.” Daniel sneered.

Kaliyah’s face was filled with anger. Although she knew very well that the Packer Group meant nothing to Daniel, she still didn’t want to hear such words.

She thought for a moment and said solemnly, “I wouldn’t call this a threat, but the entire city of Seattle is under Manuel’s control. It’s impossible for you to get close to Ainsley while in his grasp. Moreover, do you really think they won’t suspect you after signing this agreement? Once they deal with the Packer Group, you’ll be next.”

Daniel remained silent, of course he understood.

Bryan stood nervously beside Kaliyah, clenching his fists. Although he felt that his daughter was saying something wrong, he still didn’t dare to interrupt her. After all, this was their last chance.

The assistant kept coming in with the latest news. Unlike the previous crisis involving the Glover Group, this time it was the Gage Group.

That’s not even on the same level; the stock market is in complete collapse.

He was anxious and worried, but all he could do was watch his daughter with hopeful eyes, praying that the person on the phone could truly help them.

He knew who Daniel was, and he also knew that Daniel had the strength to compete with Manuel.

After a while, the person on the other end of the phone finally spoke. "Even if I'm willing to help you, I can't completely stop Manuel from destroying the Packer Group. The Packer Group's stock market is collapsing, and I can help you with that. However, if it's an issue with your contracts, I'm afraid I won't be of much assistance, after all, this is Seattle."

"I understand, just like this is fine, but we must let the entire Seattle know that you helped the Packer Group," Kaliyah said sternly.

Simply using Daniel's name is enough to deter some people. Rather than focusing on contract issues, the more crucial matter is the stock market situation.

After hanging up the phone, Kaliyah slumped onto the couch, her hands beginning to tremble.

Bryan looked at his daughter with anticipation, "How did it go? What did they say?"

"Dad, Daniel agreed to help with the Packer Group's stock issue, but he can't do anything about the contract," Kaliyah said, slightly frowning her brow.

Bryan nodded and asked, "Hmm, how did you get to know him?"

"It's just an alliance, after all. He's the one who told me about the ashes," Kaliyah said gently.

However, Bryan began to have other thoughts. He looked at his daughter with an unnatural expression and said meaningfully, "Even though Daniel is from Portugal, and is probably married, but..."

"Dad, do you really have to do this?" Kaliyah looked at Bryan with disappointment.

Her voice was tinged with an indescribable disappointment. "Do you really have to rely on my marriage for your career? First it was Cason, then Mr. Garner, and now you're thinking about Daniel?"

Do you know what kind of person Mr. Garner is? He's nothing but scum, and just because he has some influence, you pushed me towards him. When you were in trouble, I called him only to find out he had already blocked me. Is this the good person you were talking about? As for Daniel, don't even think about it. He's even more terrifying than Manuel. Besides, what do you think I have to offer him for cooperation? It's just Ainsley."

Bryan stared at his daughter's aggressive words, almost raising his hand to strike her. But in mid-air, he remembered Daniel and the fact that the Packer Group still needed to rely on Kaliyah and Daniel.

He lowered his palm, and before long, the Packer Group's declining daily chart suddenly came to a halt, and then gradually began to rise.

Bryan's eyes widened, and no matter what, this was a good sign.

At the top floor of the Gage Group building, Roman watched the Packer Group's stock market stability with some astonishment.

He looked at Manuel, asking if they should continue, but Manuel just waved his hand.

“There’s no need, he’s already taken action. The incident last time was his scheme.” Manuel’s expression was cold and devoid of any emotion.

Inside the Seaside Villa, Aaden stopped working and said, ‘ Mr. Hume, it’s done.”

‘Go get the agreement from the Packer Group,” he said, eager to see the document.

Georgia stood behind him, casually massaging his shoulders. In order to live a few more days and make her life a bit more comfortable, she had no choice but to follow Daniel’s orders.

Even though she was massaging Daniel’s shoulders and neck, she could hardly resist the urge to pinch him.

It seemed as if he sensed danger, but Daniel just chuckled lightly. “You want to kill me?”

Georgia gasped and quickly waved her hands, “No, how could I dare?”

Daniel suddenly grabbed her arm and yanked it hard. Georgia was pulled in front of him, falling onto his lap. Instinctively, she wrapped her arms around Daniel’s neck.

This position is quite suggestive, as Daniel would accidentally bump into Georgia’s nose whenever he gets close.

Daniel clearly had no intention of letting Georgia off the hook so easily. “Why are you so shy now? In the past, you couldn’t wait to snuggle up in my arms.”

Clearly, the time he was talking about was when she hadn’t yet had this face.

Recalling the feeling from back then, Georgia once again tried to mimic that moment, wanting to kiss Daniel’s cheek.

Immediately after, she was pushed away forcefully. Daniel threw her onto the couch and looked down at her condescendingly. ‘Disgusting,” he said. “With that face of yours, every move you make just seems so out of place. Don’t ever do that again. Do you know why I keep you around? It’s all because of that face of yours.”

Georgia touched her face, giving Daniel a sidelong glance.

Immediately after, Daniel suddenly grabbed her chin and forcefully lifted it up. “Don’t think I don’t know what little tricks you’re trying to pull. If there’s a next time, I’ll break one of your fingers. But I can’t let it slide today either, so how about I start with your index finger?”

‘ No!” Georgia shook her head frantically.

But he had already grasped her left hand, pinching that fragile index finger.

With just a little bit of force, she was already in so much pain that tears streamed down her face.

“Please, don’t do this,’ she begged.

“I really, I really won’t do it again!” she cried out in pain and tears.

Daniel finally let go of her, took out a handkerchief from his pocket, and gently wiped away her tears with a hint of heartache. “Don’t cry, I don’t want to see tears on your face.”

Georgia immediately stopped crying, wiped her tears with her sleeve, and then forced a smile.

At first, she wasn't that scared, because she had never seen how Daniel dealt with people.

Chapter 653 Arriving in Seattle

But the day before yesterday, a girl who came to clean accidentally broke Daniel's beloved vase, and right after that, Aaden took her to the basement.

She faintly heard a few screams, and when she saw the girl again, her hands were broken and she had been thrown at the entrance of the gate.

That night, she kept having nightmares, and in her dreams, she was constantly experiencing the scene of her hand being broken.

This man's emotions were unpredictable, often flying into a rage over her slightest expression or movement, as if he wished to tear her apart on the spot.

She was terrified, perhaps she would be the next one.

'Don't laugh, she never smiles at me,' Daniel said coldly.

Georgia immediately stopped smiling and began to recall what Manuel had taught her earlier. She had learned Ainsley's expressions, gestures, and the way she spoke.

An hour passed, and when Aaden finally returned, Daniel broke into a smile. "Did you get it?"

Aaden nodded emphatically, "Mr. Hume, it's been brought over.'

He handed over the agreement, and Daniel casually flipped it open. There, he saw the spot where Ainsley had signed.

Not bad, quite impressive.

He was just about to ask Aaden to leave when he saw Georgia.

He cruelly revealed a smile, pointing at Georgia and said, "One finger."

Georgia's face suddenly turned pale, and she looked at Daniel in disbelief.

"You, you just said!"

'Can't I change my mind?' Daniel asked with a playful smile, holding the agreement as he entered the study.

Aaden looked at Georgia coldly, pointing to the door, "Please, Ms. Dawson."

'Aaden, I don't want to! I just admitted my mistake and begged for mercy. Please don't break my fingers.'

Watching the woman cry with tears streaming down her face like raindrops on pear blossoms, Aaden's expression remained unchanged, and his tone was icy cold. "I must obey Mr. Hume's orders. You'd better find a piece of cloth to bite on, as I'm afraid you might bite your tongue off in pain later."

'Don't do this! Please, don't!' Georgia wanted to escape, but her arm was tightly gripped by a hand, as unyielding as a wall of iron and copper. She knew she couldn't get away.

Aaden gently held her index finger and whispered softly, "Hold back."

The moment the words fell, a miserable scream rang out. Georgia's entire body trembled violently, and the pain almost made her faint.

With her legs paralyzed on the ground, Georgia looked desperately in the direction of the gate.

Aaden pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his hands clean, saying, "If you don't like this method, the next one will be even more unbearable for you, like having something as heavy as a hammer smashing down on your fingers.

For instance, being chopped with a knife." Georgia covered her wound, not daring to move. The piercing pain was unbearable for her.

Aaden left the place, leaving only Georgia behind.

After much thought, she decided to follow the path Aaden had taken earlier to return.

In the study.

Daniel excitedly read the contents of the agreement. From the moment he signed his name, Ainsley became his therapist. She was obligated to help him resolve his psychological issues before they could consider their work complete.

There was just a slight deviation from what he had imagined. In his mind, after signing the agreement, Ainsley would have to immediately start treating him.

However, Ainsley and Manuel are going to Seattle for a dinner party and will be leaving tomorrow, so they'll have to wait until they return.

The majestic helicopter descended slowly, basking in the rising glow of the dawn, exuding the triumphant aura of a victorious general returning from battle.

The eye-catching R logo on the fuselage is enough to attract the pursuit of many wealthy individuals.

The reason this airplane is so special is not simply because it can be bought by the wealthy and powerful, but because it is a unique masterpiece crafted by the world-renowned Rhoster Group.

Even without considering those advanced systems, the overall structure and equipment are incredibly expensive.

It is said that this airplane once fetched a sky-high price at an auction.

However, just as the price was skyrocketing, the auction was suddenly interrupted, and after that, the airplane disappeared from the market, never to be heard from again.

In response to this, Rhoster Group stated that the designer had created it as a gift for a long-lost friend they hadn't seen in years.

When Ainsley saw the airplane, they couldn't help but reveal a shocked expression. They stood there, dumbfounded, unable to snap out of it for a long time.

At that moment, an extraordinarily handsome man stepped off the private plane. The wind generated by the propellers rustled his clothes, yet his overwhelming presence remained undiminished.

Just as the book described, he walked toward her against the light, dazzling my entire youth.

Ainsley blinked her slightly dry eyes, watching Manuel as he walked towards her. The excitement in her chest made her heart race like it had been given a boost.

In order not to embarrass herself, she could only secretly pinch her thigh to restrain her restless heart.

'Beautiful lady, please.' Manuel stood less than a step away from her, his left hand behind his back, his right hand extended to his chest, and a faintly indulgent smile always lingering at the corner of his mouth.

Just a simple gentleman's opening remark was enough to shatter her rationality.

Ainsley's face flushed slightly as she leisurely extended her left hand.

Before it could even touch the other person's, it was already grasped. As their palms met, her heart seemed to tremble through a cycle of emotions.

Seattle's most famous hotel is located right next to the venue hosting the charity dinner.

Before confirming his attendance at the banquet, Manuel's assistant had already communicated with the organizers about the participants who would be joining.

Manuel brought his female companion along, so they arranged to stay in a luxurious suite at the hotel.

The suite had two rooms. After putting away their luggage, Manuel stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window. From this vantage point, he could see the hotel entrance and the direction of the event venue.

On the coffee table, there was a decanter of well-aerated red wine with wine glasses hanging nearby. Ainsley emerged from their room, picked up two glasses, and handed one to Manuel.

She gazed at the direction of the hotel's main entrance, where people were everywhere.

Just like the entrance to events attended by various celebrities, there will always be passionate fans.

She stared intently at the direction of the entrance while casually browsing the news online. In the most crowded area, Grace's fans gathered, holding up their sparkling light signs.

Those fervent fans hadn't seen the superstar for a long time, so during Grace's first interaction upon returning to her country, they vowed to create the most extraordinary support for her.

To deal with these enthusiastic fans, the hotel had arranged for many security guards from the very beginning. Now, their services were put to good use as they held up barriers to create a path leading to the hotel entrance.

One by one, luxury cars pulled up to the entrance, having navigated the tightly-packed road. Dressed in casual attire, the celebrities were escorted by their bodyguards into the hotel.

Ainsley was waiting, gently tapping the window with her hand as she set the cup down on the windowsill.

People are already posting updates about Grace's latest whereabouts online, such as when she'll be getting off the plane and when she'll be arriving at the hotel.

The reason those celebrities are wearing casual clothes is because they still need to put on makeup. The purpose of coming to the hotel is to get their makeup done.

[Chapter 654 The Charitable Queen](#)

Makeup artists were already waiting in each celebrity's room, having prepared all the necessary items in advance.

It was almost noon, and there still wasn't any news of getting off the plane.

As noon arrived, the waiter knocked on the door to remind them that it was time for lunch.

Coincidentally, Ainsley's stomach growled, and Manuel smiled knowingly. Without hesitation, they both went downstairs to have lunch together.

The hotel offers a delightful lunch featuring French cuisine, including tomato thyme cod, white wine escargot, and fried scallops with foie gras.

When Ainsley saw the food, her hunger became even more apparent. She picked up her utensils and started eating, ignoring the crazy fans desperately trying to peek through the window.

'This scallop is quite good, almost on par with the ones at Pearl Hotel, but the cod isn't quite as fresh,' Ainsley commented while eating.

Manuel joked, "Thank goodness you didn't say it's on par with what Roman makes, otherwise he would immediately drop everything in Seattle and come here just to challenge this hotel's chef."

He sliced a piece of foie gras and placed it in his mouth, followed by a sip of red wine.

Just then, a commotion erupted at the door.

Before Ainsley could even look back, they heard the group of people calling out Grace's name.

Right after that, as she was looking out the window, she saw a Porsche pull up. First, a bodyguard in a suit and leather shoes stepped out. Then, he bent down to help someone out of the car. A pair of slender high heels touched the ground, and a stunning woman emerged from the vehicle.

She was so confident that she didn't even wear a mask. She flashed her pearly whites and smiled at her fans, even giving them a friendly wave.

Even when a crazy fan reached out and grabbed her hand, she didn't get angry; she just skillfully dodged away.

She's stunning. Ainsley admitted that she was the most radiant person she had ever seen.

Even though she was in her 30s, Grace maintained her appearance as if she were in her 20s. Some celebrities may have had successful cosmetic procedures, but their eyes would still reveal their true age. However, this was not the case for Grace. Her eyes and eyebrows still exuded the youthful and vibrant aura of a young girl. Her radiant and charming demeanor was so captivating that even Ainsley couldn't help but be drawn to her.

In an instant, Ainsley's gaze met those enchanting eyes. The brilliance was merely a facade, as the icy coldness hidden beneath sent a shiver down her spine.

From afar, separated by a sea of people and a window, she felt as if she could see those eyes speaking to her, "What are you looking at?"

With an air of condescension, Ainsley merely glanced at the situation, devoid of any complex emotions.

Ainsley put down the utensils, wiped their mouth, and was ready to rush into the crowd.

Just as she was about to step out the door, Manuel grabbed her wrist. 'Where are you going?'

Ainsley struggled to break free from his grasp. 'I need to ask her about that number. It wasn't easy to find her.'

Manuel, however, still held her tightly, "How can you ask now with so many people around? If you go there now, the bodyguards will think you're one of those fans in the next second."

His deep voice finally calmed Ainsley down. Ainsley watched with wide eyes as Grace entered the hotel, passed by the restaurant, and got on the elevator.

'Don't worry, I'll arrange a meeting for you. Going there recklessly will only raise their guard.'

Ainsley put down her hand, finally agreeing.

Having enjoyed more than half of the French cuisine, she returned to her room where the makeup artist and stylist had already finished their preparations. She obediently sat in front of the vanity, allowing the makeup artist to apply her makeup while the stylist had already selected the perfect jewelry for her.

After completing the base makeup, the two of them worked together to help her put on the evening gown.

After putting on the formal attire, both the stylist and makeup artist were astonished. Ainsley had undergone a complete transformation, and then they touched up her makeup.

The atmosphere at the hotel entrance bubbled with excitement once again. As each female celebrity got into their cars, fans eagerly snapped photos, with some even seizing the opportunity to sneak a touch.

'Aisy, let's go.'

Ainsley, arm in arm with Manuel, walked out of the hotel, where the assistant had been waiting for a while.

On the way, the assistant discussed the format of the charity gala with the two of them, as well as the order in which the celebrities would appear.

This charity dinner was different from previous auction events. Instead, it was a direct donation method, with the funds going to the mountainous region where Grace worked.

By the way, Mr. Gage, you are needed to present an award tonight," the assistant said respectfully.

Manuel nodded slightly, "What kind of prize?"

'Today's banquet not only features charity fundraising activities, but also an award ceremony. The most important part is the Charity Queen Award, which is specifically presented to Grace by the organizers. Among those present, no one is more suitable than you," the assistant explained. He was in charge of the awards and was afraid that Manuel might refuse.

Upon realizing that the award was actually for Grace, Manuel naturally had no objections and agreed right away.

Inside the venue.

Ainsley and Manuel arrived at a time that was neither early nor late. They sat in the front row, watching the celebrities perform their fake friendships like a play.

In their eyes, there was absolutely no emotion.

Ainsley had learned a lot online about how celebrities would do anything to prove their popularity and importance. They would try to grab the spotlight in group photos, pretending to be humble and giving up the center position. Yet, at the moment the shutter clicked, they would do their best to show off their charm, as if they wanted to outshine everyone else.

Grace didn't plan on making a grand entrance; she leisurely walked into the venue, holding her skirt up slightly.

The reporters were frantically taking pictures, and one of them immediately approached Grace, "Ms. Yannin, why did you choose this time to return to your country?"

Grace casually said, "I've been abroad for quite a while, and since I have so many fans in Seattle, I realized I haven't seen them in a long time, so I couldn't wait to come back."

'So, do you plan on staying this time and not leaving?"

After pondering for a while, Grace finally responded, 'I'd like to explain to everyone that as an actress, I'm more concerned about my future development, so I'm unable to answer your questions about whether I'll stay or leave for now."

The host hurriedly came out to mediate the situation, probably because Grace's financial backer had spoken up. As a result, the reporters didn't dare to ask any more questions.

Watching her speak gracefully, the host quickly asked her to take a seat and rest, as there was still a long award ceremony and dinner to follow.

The stars from the television appeared on the scene. When Miles entered, the sound of camera shutters increased several times more than before, and Ainsley was stunned as she looked over.

She tugged at Manuel's arm, "Look over there."

Manuel looked over with a puzzled expression, his face instantly falling. Miles was wearing a meticulously tailored suit, and to his surprise, Serina was right by his side!

Serina gracefully took Miles' arm as they walked in, not forgetting to glance at the handsome men and beautiful women around them, exuding confidence and composure.

As she was about to enter the venue, she finally caught sight of Manuel and Ainsley's eyes staring at her in unison. Suddenly feeling guilty, she lowered her gaze to her toes, not daring to look up again,

afraid to meet Manuel and Ainsley's eyes

Chapter 655

She originally planned to slip away while Miles was being interviewed, but before she could take two steps, she saw Manuel's gesture, pointing to the seat beside him.

She waited with a pained expression for Miles to finish answering the question, and then the two of them walked together towards Manuel.

"Manuel.." she said, trying to act coquettishly.

Manuel raised his hand to signal her to be quiet, "How did you come here? Did you come with him?"

Ever since the last time Miles used his own arm to protect Serina from danger, her opinion of him had changed for the better.

'Manuel, don't blame him. It was me who forced him to bring me here. I knew you and Ainsley were coming to Seattle and that you had things to do, but you just wouldn't tell me. I want to tell you both that I can help too. I really want to help you guys, that's why I asked Miles to bring me along," Serina said, glancing at Miles.

Miles immediately wanted to protect her, "Mr. Gage, you can scold me if you want, but Serina is just a child. Besides, I can take care of her at the charity dinner. Not only does she want to help you, but I also want to..."

He always wanted to help, knowing that Manuel liked Ainsley. So, he was especially eager to show off in front of them, thinking that it might lead to a better acceptance of him being with Serina.

Manuel nodded at him, "Alright, have a seat first."

Once everyone had arrived, the award ceremony began. The first award presented was the Best Newcomer Award, which didn't hold much prestige. These awards were mainly aimed at encouraging new artists from the organizing company, and other companies didn't pay much attention to them.

At last, it was time to announce the Best Actor. As everyone looked at Miles, he seemed confident and poised. The next moment, as expected, his name was called out, "The Best Actor, Miles Reynolds."

Miles took the stage and began with a heartfelt acceptance speech. In the end, he suddenly turned his gaze towards Serina's direction.

“Lastly, I want to say that I don’t want to keep this a secret from everyone anymore. I’ve fallen for someone. She’s innocent and adorable, like a child. I won’t mention her name for now, as her family might not yet be ready to accept me. I’m truly grateful to her for bringing me so much happiness.”

A round of applause filled the room as Miles stepped down from the stage. The camera and gazes followed him as he made his way to Serina’s side.

Serina’s cheeks were flushed red, as she hadn’t expected Miles to suddenly make their relationship public, especially in such a setting where almost everyone would know it was her.

Miles sat down calmly, appearing unruffled on the surface, but Serina knew very well that the hand holding hers was already breaking out in a dense sweat.

“How foolish,” Manuel said, slightly furrowing his brow.

Miles explained, “Mr. Gage, I truly do like Serina, and making it official brings me great happiness.”

‘Calling you stupid is also because of this,” Manuel glanced at him.

Seeing that the other person still didn’t understand, Ainsley explained further, ‘But you’re at the peak of your fame right now, and any little thing happening around you could cause your passionate fans to take even more extreme actions. I’m afraid they might hurt Serina out of jealousy.”

Miles fell into deep thought, “Just now... just now I was moved by my own actions, but now I think I was wrong. I’m sorry, I didn’t consider this aspect. If those people hurt Serina, I really wouldn’t be able to forgive myself.”

At this moment, Serina was unhappy. In a low voice, she said, “Do you all really think I’m that weak? Don’t worry, no one can bully me.”

At the awards ceremony, when it was finally Grace’s turn, Ainsley became serious. She walked onto the stage with deep affection, and Manuel joined her. Following the procedure, Grace delivered her acceptance speech and expressed her gratitude to Manuel.

As the two of them stepped off the stage together, Manuel suddenly moved closer to her. “Ms. Yannin, could we have a private chat later?”

Grace was a bit surprised, but she still remembered the other person’s identity and said, “Of course, you can.”

As soon as the award ceremony ended, Grace headed towards Manuel’s direction. Manuel, along with Ainsley, went to the back hall and found an empty dressing room.

‘Mr. Gage, it seems you came prepared. What’s going on?” Grace asked with a smile.

Manuel made some room and said, “It’s her who wants to ask you something.”

“Hello, what can I do for you?” Grace asked warmly, her gaze casually taking in Ainsley.

Ainsley got straight to the point and asked, ‘Do you know Jake Easton?”

She stared intently into Grace’s eyes, not wanting to miss any detail.

As her gaze shifted, Grace lowered her eyes slightly. When she looked up again, her eyes were filled with a standard smile. "Ms. Easton, I don't know this person."

"You're sure you don't know him, Ms. Yannin?" Ainsley inquired, looking intently at Grace.

Grace stopped smiling this time, as if she was seriously thinking about it. "I've thought about it carefully just now, but I still don't have any impression. Can Ms. Easton give me a hint? Is this person one of my fans?"

Ainsley pulled out a photo from the bag and asked with confusion, "This is really puzzling. This photo shows Ms. Yannin and Jake together, but now Ms. Yannin claims she doesn't know him."

Grace took the photo and looked at it carefully for a moment before handing it back. "I'm sorry, Ms. Easton. As you know, due to the nature of my job, there are many people who take pictures with me every day, and I can't remember every single one of them. Besides, I haven't been back to my home country much in recent years, so this photo must be from a few years ago. My memory isn't that good."

She laughed and continued, "If you don't believe me, aren't you a therapist?"

You can check if I'm lying."

No, she didn't lie!

From the very first sentence, Ainsley was certain that not a single word Grace said was a lie, from beginning to end.

Ainsley took back the photo and sighed, "You were right just now. He was your fan and also my father. Unfortunately, he passed away in an accident a few years ago. I found this photo in his study and thought that he might be your fan. That's why I came here impulsively, hoping to take a photo with you as well. Is that okay?"

"Of course, I'm sorry about earlier, I didn't know." Grace walked over to Ainsley's side, and Manuel took a photo of them with his phone.

Mr. Gage really treats Ms. Easton with such care," Grace said with a knowing smile.

Manuel didn't deny it. Instead, he looked at the dance floor as the music played, feeling moved, and suggested, "Why don't we go back first?"

The three of them returned to the hall, and as the dance music began to play, Manuel was just about to invite Ainsley for a dance.

To her surprise, Grace took the initiative to invite him, "Mr. Gage, may I have the honor of being asked to dance by you?"

Manuel glanced at Ainsley subconsciously, who was intently staring at Grace, seemingly urging him to choose Grace quickly.

Manuel reluctantly extended his hand to Grace, "Of course, please."

Ainsley closely watched Grace's retreating figure, finding it difficult to understand this woman

[Chapter 656 Behind the Scenes](#)

Grace placed her hand on Manuel's shoulder, and everyone on the dance floor was surprised that she had chosen Manuel as her dance partner.

"Mr. Gage, I know you care deeply about Ms. Easton. Do you know why I asked you to invite me to dance?" Grace said softly.

Manuel's eyes were cold as he asked, "Why?"

Grace looked down and laughed softly, 'Because I can tell that Ms. Easton likes you too.'

'Why do you say that?' Manuel's cold expression softened slightly.

Grace didn't immediately respond, but instead moved closer to Manuel. She sneakily glanced at Ainsley.

Ainsley stood beneath the stage, her brow slightly furrowed. Unconsciously, her hand shook the champagne glass twice before she placed it on a nearby table.

'Look,' she said, her eyes signaling Manuel to look at Ainsley.

Manuel followed the gaze and smiled knowingly, 'I knew it all along.'

'But I think there must be some misunderstanding between you two, right? It seems a bit awkward when you're together,' Grace said thoughtfully.

Manuel glanced approvingly, but he hadn't forgotten the purpose of his visit. 'However, before you say anything else, I must admit I'm quite curious about you.'

'Towards me?' Grace raised her eyebrows.

Manuel nodded, "For example, four years ago, you left the entertainment industry at the peak of your career. Was there any hidden reason behind it?" Grace shook her head, 'Mr. Gage, you're overthinking it. I just happened to see a charity video one day showing how difficult life is for children in the mountains, and I wanted to do my part, however small it may be.'

Manuel, however, didn't believe it. "My people have visited the schools in those mountainous areas. They've been to all the schools you mentioned, but some of them said they've never seen you before.'

Grace gave an awkward smile and said, "Mr. Gage, there are many people who want to volunteer to teach every day. It's quite normal for the school staff not to remember everyone who has come to help. I can't expect everyone to remember me."

"Ms. Yannin, isn't it a bit inappropriate for you to say that with your face?" Anyone who has seen Grace would definitely find her face unforgettable.

Grace laughed and said, "Can I take that as a compliment from Mr. Gage?"

'You could think of it that way, but I'm more curious about what happened during that time. Ms. Yannin, I remember the number you used before, why did you suddenly stop using it?'

'Mr. Gage, are you playing detective? It's not unusual for someone in the entertainment industry like me to change phone numbers frequently. Once my number is exposed, it can greatly affect my life, so I have

no choice but to change it. As for what happened during the time you mentioned, I'm not sure what you mean,' Grace said with a smile.

Manuel held her hand, pulling it closer and then farther away, "Ms. Yannin knows very well what's in her heart. Do you want me to investigate it?"

The waltz came to a halt, and Grace bowed gracefully, covering her mouth to stifle a giggle. "If Mr. Gage finds me suspicious, then by all means, investigate. Although I'm not quite sure what exactly you find suspicious about me. Shouldn't you provide a reason before questioning me?"

'Didn't I give you a heads up? You really don't know Jake Easton?' Manuel asked with a sidelong glance as he stepped off the stage.

As Manuel walked away, Grace clenched her fists, trying her best to hide the turmoil within her. However, Ainsley still managed to notice it.

'What did you say to her?' Ainsley asked eagerly as she approached.

Manuel replied, 'It's about your father.'

'She knows! She's panicking!' Ainsley immediately rushed over, "Ms. Yannin!"

This time, Grace couldn't sit still any longer. As she backed away, she asked, 'What do you want to do, Ms. Easton?'

"Ms. Yannin, I just want to know about my father's affairs, there's no ill intent," Ainsley said anxiously, afraid that Grace might be scared off by this.

In fact, before Grace had a chance to respond, her manager rushed over and quickly stepped in between the two of them.

'Ms. Easton, Grace is tired and needs to rest now,' she said, intending to leave with Grace.

Of course, Ainsley wouldn't agree. She tried to grab hold of Grace, but before she could even catch the hem of her clothes, the manager had already taken Grace away.

Ainsley wanted to chase after them, but was immediately stopped by someone.

Manuel walked over and said, "They probably already know what we want to investigate, so they're too scared to face us and can only hide."

'I just want to know the truth, why is she so resistant? And at the beginning, when I tested her, I could tell she wasn't lying, but why did she panic when you mentioned my father?' Ainsley asked, puzzled. There were too many things she couldn't understand.

'That manager is quite strange, it seems like he knew we were asking about Grace before he came over,' Manuel said, slightly frowning.

No matter how much they wanted to stop Grace, there was no way they could get any closer at this moment.

Moreover, the banquet is about to end, and Grace will be leaving soon. It might be quite difficult to see her again.

After leaving the banquet, Ainsley and Manuel waited at the entrance for the driver to bring the car around.

'Aisy...' Manuel hesitated to speak.

He hated seeing Ainsley standing beside him, yet deliberately keeping her distance, and he also despised her intentional avoidance.

However, he had no other choice. Even though they took the plane together and arrived here side by side, even as they walked together with her arm linked through his.

He could also feel that extreme cold and alienation, the unfamiliar and fragmented sensation making it difficult for him to breathe.

Ainsley noticed his hesitation to speak. She didn't say anything, but simply looked into his eyes.

Somehow, her eyes began to sting as a flood of memories washed over her, the happy and the sad. Manuel under the mountain fireworks, Manuel helping her up when she fell in the rain. Those moments, those scenes, she could no longer ignore.

The feeling of oppression in my chest was like having a bullet lodged near my heart, where moving could kill me, and so could staying still.

This suppressed emotion, ever since the day she regained her memory, had been forcefully hidden deep within her heart.

This time, she finally saw the emotions hidden in Manuel's eyes.

She couldn't ignore it, yet it was hard to accept.

'Stop talking, just stop talking,' she said softly, her cracking voice seemingly carrying a sob.

The driver brought the car over, and the two people got in.

Manuel and Ainsley walked together in silence. Manuel tried to strike up a conversation with Ainsley several times, but her cold gaze kept him at bay.

Back in the room, Ainsley sat on the edge of the bed, lost in thought. They had assumed that the pain had long since disappeared, but unexpectedly, it hadn't.

The bitterness in her heart overflowed, driving her nearly insane as she knowingly did something she shouldn't.

She couldn't continue to be entangled with Manuel like this. After regaining her memory, she made a decision that she must not waver from.

A teardrop fell on the back of her hand. She raised her hand and wiped the tear away with the back of it, only to realize she was crying again.

[Chapter 657 Breakup Letter](#)

Hundred miles away, at the Salter's home, Lainey took a couple of bites of her meal and then left.

'I'm full.'

Jaydan noticed his daughter's low spirits, but didn't ask too many questions.

Of course, he knew the reason. Just a few days ago, he wanted Lainey and Roman to cut off contact completely. So, he left a resolute breakup letter, written as if it were from Roman, at his daughter's doorstep.

The handwriting was deliberately imitated by him to prevent Lainey from contacting Roman. He confiscated Lainey's phone and had someone watch her, not allowing her to leave.

The door to the room was tightly shut, and Lainey silently shed tears. In her hands, she held a diary which she had written herself.

Ever since she met Roman, her diary entries have been filled with more and more about him.

Upon opening the diary, the last page held that breakup letter.

There aren't too many words, just a brief explanation of the reason for the breakup. It's called a letter, but it's more like a notification.

[Let's break up. I'm sorry, I can't give you what you want.]

She tore the paper apart in agony, tears streaming down her face.

Every inch of her skin ached with each breath, making it difficult for her to breathe. Despite the pain, she picked up the broken pieces, took out some tape, and painstakingly pieced them back together, one fragment at a time.

After a long time, the letter was finally pieced back together.

Tears flooded down, splashing onto the letter paper. She cried so much that she couldn't control herself.

Why, why give up like this?

Could it be because of that incident?

She covered her head with her hands, trying to stop herself from thinking any further. But she couldn't do it; she just couldn't.

That feeling of being caught and severely insulted, one after another, she had long felt unclean about herself, and it turns out Roman felt the same way.

She got out of bed, put on her slippers, and walked into the bathroom. She scrubbed her body vigorously, not stopping even when her skin turned bright red.

'Why, why are you treating me like this? I've already thought of a way not to go abroad.'

Lainey was crying so hard that she could barely breathe. She wanted to call Roman, but she didn't have her phone.

Inside the restaurant, Jaydan had just finished his meal when he heard the ringing of a phone. It was a call from Roman.

Jaydan cast a cold glance, then forcefully hung up the phone. In the past few days, Roman had called countless times, but Jaydan had hung up on him everytime.

He composed a short message and sent it directly to Roman.

[Please don't contact me anymore. I've decided to go abroad, so let's break up.]

Upon receiving the text message, Roman's eyes turned red and he could no longer sit still. He stared at the computer screen, where the process of cracking the code was still ongoing, but couldn't help himself. He shut down the computer and left the office.

The car's speed soared to its maximum, like an arrow released from its bow, heading towards the Salter's house.

In fact, he had lost contact with Lainey three days ago. However, Lainey had mentioned before that Jaydan didn't want them to be in touch while at home, so he had been hesitant to look for her.

But now, he couldn't hold back any longer.

Roman's face turned frighteningly cold, as he couldn't believe that this text message was sent by Lainey.

Upon ringing the doorbell at the Salter's home, the door was opened by the bodyguard Jaydan had hired.

'Where's Lainey?'

The two bodyguards exchanged glances and replied coldly, "Ms. Salter has already gone abroad. You can give up on that idea."

"Do you recognize me?" Roman's tone became increasingly cold.

Clearly, these two bodyguards were prepared for him; otherwise, how could they possibly know him?

He kicked open the door with one foot, and the two bodyguards couldn't stop him.

The bodyguard stepped aside, and just as Roman was about to enter, Jaydan stood directly in front of him, blocking his way. 'What do you think you're doing?'

'I want to see Lainey.'

'She's already gone abroad, what do you want to do? Want to hit me as well?' Jaydan's face darkened.

Roman shook his head in pain, his face pale, "I don't believe it."

'What don't you believe? Sending her abroad isn't a recent idea; I've been working on it for a long time. Now, I'm just putting Lainey back on her original track.' Jaydan glanced at Roman with disdain. "And you were just a detour off that track, but now you're gone."

Roman took out his phone and dialed that number once again.

The ringtone of the mobile phone emanated from Jaydan's body, causing his face to darken.

Roman breathed a sigh of relief. "It seems that the text message wasn't sent by her."

"It's pointless, Roman. Just leave. You're not welcome in our home. Stay away from my daughter. I don't care what you two have been through, but now I just want her to live a peaceful life, which you can't provide. You still seek revenge and have so many enemies." Jaydan's voice grew colder and colder.

Roman's originally cold expression began to soften. "I know I was wrong last time, and I will do my best to protect her in the future, so she won't get hurt."

Jaydan scoffed, "Easier said than done. Those enemies won't stop hurting Lainey just because of your few words. You better leave now, or don't blame me for being impolite."

The four bodyguards behind Jaydan walked over, blocking Roman's path.

Seeing his determined look, Roman lowered his gaze, "Alright, Mr. Salter, I'll leave first."

He turned around and left the Salter's house, but instead of getting into the car, he waited for the front gate to close tightly. Then, he made his way to the back of the Salter's home.

Lainey's room was on the second floor, right at the back of the mansion. After surveying the surroundings, an idea came to mind.

Inside the bathroom, Lainey leaned tightly against the wall, as only the cold wall could give her a sense of calm.

Her arms, legs, chest, collarbone, and back were all rubbed red and sore, accompanied by a burning pain. She took out a bath towel and wrapped herself tightly.

Sitting by the bathtub, she was lost in thought.

Thwack!

In an instant, she wiped away her tears, stepped out of the bathroom, and realized it wasn't someone knocking on the door, but rather, someone tapping on the window.

She approached with some suspicion, and as the figure outside the window became clearer, she found herself hesitating to move forward.

The person outside the window seemed a bit anxious, as if saying, "Hurry up and open it."

She felt a slight panic and hurriedly went to open the window. As expected, it was Roman.

She took several steps back. "You, how did you get here?"

Roman felt a sense of relief, "Thank goodness I didn't believe what your dad said. He told me you went abroad. Luckily, I climbed up here. But if you had opened the window any later, I would have fallen down."

Lainey took two steps back and wrapped her towel tightly around herself.

'You should go,' she said.

'What's wrong?' Roman looked at Lainey in surprise, "Lainey, what's going on? It's me."

It was only then that he noticed Lainey was wearing a bathrobe, her hair still damp.

'Did you just take a shower?'

Lainey still refused to look up at him. "Don't worry about me, just go."

'Wait a minute!' Roman looked at Lainey's neck. The bathrobe couldn't completely cover her collarbone, and the red, blood-like appearance was particularly noticeable.

[Chapter 658 Fulfilling the Promise](#)

His face was serious as he gripped Lainey's wrist, pulling her bathrobe open. "You! What are all these? Who did this?"

Lainey burst into tears, forcefully shaking off Roman's hand, and wrapped herself up again. "I'm fine, just go! Nothing's wrong with me!"

Roman walked into the bathroom and, upon seeing the water stains, knew it was her own doing.

He asked angrily and with a broken heart, "What are you doing? Why are you doing this?"

Lainey was crying so hard that she could barely catch her breath, "Dirty, so dirty."

Roman's heart ached, and he wanted to pull Lainey into his embrace, but she resisted strongly.

"Don't touch me! It's filthy!" Lainey began to struggle violently.

Roman held her tightly and said, "You're not dirty at all. You're the best person I've ever met."

He spoke tenderly, gently kissing her hair as he talked.

The two of them embraced for a long time before Lainey finally calmed down completely.

"Lainey, what happened in the end? Can you please tell me?" he asked patiently.

Lainey finally pointed to the diary. "The letter you gave me."

"Letter?" Roman walked over and took out the letter sandwiched in the last page, the one that had been torn apart and then carefully pieced back together.

He immediately understood and tore the letter to pieces, throwing it into the trash can. "Lainey, I've never written such a letter, and it's even more impossible for me to write this one. The person who wrote it must be..."

He didn't continue speaking, but Lainey already had the answer.

'It's my dad.'

Roman nodded, "I've been calling you every day for the past few days, but no one answered. Today, I received a message saying you wanted to break up, but I don't believe it. I'm sorry, it's all my fault. If only I had realized it sooner."

Lainey shook her head, "So it wasn't written by you."

Because of this letter, she couldn't stop thinking about it, barely eating a few bites of food over the past few days, and having trouble sleeping.

'Lainey, I would never write such a letter to you, you can be completely at ease,' Roman hugged Lainey once again.

He was just about to say something else when the door was suddenly kicked open with great force.

Jaydan watched the two people embracing each other with a cold expression on his face, feeling extremely annoyed.

'Separate them for me!'

Without hesitation, the bodyguard immediately stepped forward and separated Lainey and Roman.

Roman still protected Lainey, "Don't touch her, I won't get close to her."

Lainey looked at her father with disappointment, "Dad, why did you have to do this?"

Jaydan understood that everything that was bound to happen during their meeting had already been discussed between the two of them.

"I'm doing this for your own good. What's so great about this guy? Following him will only bring endless trouble," Jaydan said coldly.

Lainey shook her head, "I love him, I'm not afraid."

'Love? Don't be foolish, my daughter. The path I've arranged for you is the right one. All you need to do now is wait to go study abroad. Don't even think about this matter anymore. I will never agree to you two being together.'

Jaydan looked at Roman and said, "And you! Get out of my house right now, or I'll call the police and report you for breaking and entering."

"Roman! Go! I won't leave the country, I'll always be waiting for you. My phone has been confiscated, but remember, I won't let anything separate us," Lainey said firmly.

Roman looked at Lainey with a heavy heart and nodded firmly. "Wait for me.'

After Roman left, Jaydan gave Lainey a cold glance and said, "Lainey, one day you'll understand that my decision today was the right one.'

He closed the door, locked it, and instructed the two bodyguards to keep a close watch.

The next day in Seattle.

After crying all night, Ainsley woke up with swollen eyes and decided to wear sunglasses to cover them.

Manuel saw it and wanted to ask, but Ainsley had already dodged far away.

'Grace went to Seattle.'

Ainsley asked in astonishment, "What is she doing in Seattle?'

Manuel shrugged. "It's unclear at the moment."

"Then, didn't we come here for nothing?" Ainsley said, annoyed.

"Well, it wasn't a complete waste, at least we know she's acquainted with your father," Manuel said.

Ainsley nodded, "You're right, let's head back too. Oh, by the way, where's Serina?"

"She said she wants to spend a couple more days in Seattle, and she has Miles to keep her company," Manuel mentioned Miles with a hint of impatience.

"Miles is a pretty good guy; he'll definitely take good care of Serina."

Manuel stared at Ainsley's retreating figure, somewhat lost in thought. He could sense that Ainsley seemed to have figured something out.

Although he felt more distant from Ainsley than before, it might not necessarily be a bad thing. As long as Ainsley was happy, he was content.

Two days later in Seattle.

Aaden opened the door and saw Ainsley standing outside the mansion.

"Ms. Easton, it's been such a long time since we last met. Mr. Hume has been missing you dearly."

Ainsley sneered, "When did a dog like you learn to speak human language? Mr. Hume must be very pleased to know. Thank him for always thinking of me, and I'm thinking of his death too."

Aaden never expected her to become so overbearing. He mocked, "Say whatever you want, but after all the trouble we went through to get out of here, aren't we just coming back now?"

Ainsley's expression was cold. "Just wait and see."

Before coming, Matteo had tried to stop her, even almost tying her up at home.

However, Ainsley's intentions went beyond just the contract; she had to make Daniel pay the price.

Aaden nodded and stepped aside, clearing the path.

Once again stepping into this mansion, Ainsley felt as if they were in a completely different world. It was hard to say whether they felt more weary or angry.

She had been trapped here for a very long time, gazing at the sea every day, even contemplating that jumping into the ocean would be her true freedom.

She shook her head slightly, deciding not to think about these matters anymore. Following Aaden's footsteps, she entered Daniel's study, only to find that there was not only him but also another therapist present.

She sneered. "Mr. Hume, who is this?"

The person immediately stood up and greeted Ainsley, "Hello, Ms. Easton. I know you've published many psychology papers and are well-known in the field. I'm also a therapist, and I came here specifically to learn from you."

Ainsley glanced at Daniel, thinking the excuse of “studying” was too fake. “Mr. Hume, if you’ve already found another therapist, then there’s no need to come to me,” she said.

She spoke and headed for the door without a hint of hesitation.

“Stop right there!” Daniel was on the verge of losing his temper. “It seems you’ve forgotten the terms of our agreement. If you dare to break our deal, you’ll have to compensate me with ten percent of the Easton Group’s shares.”

Ainsley froze, immediately walking over to grab the contract. Only then did she realize that the last few pages were missing when she signed it. Clearly, she had been deceived!

‘You’re truly despicable! First, you schemed to have Kaliyah steal my father’s ashes, and now you’ve tampered with the contract.’ She immediately wanted to tear the contract to shreds.

[Chapter 659 Psychological Treatment](#)

Daniel, however, rarely became serious. “Aisy, I did all this for you.”

Ainsley quickly tore the contract into pieces and threw the shreds at Daniel to vent her anger. The other therapist was stunned.

Daniel slapped the shreds off him nonchalantly and smiled. “Just tear it up. I still have a lot of copies like this.”

‘Despicable! Disgusting!’ Ainsley was trembling with anger.

Daniel, however, just sat relaxed in his chair and looked at her with a smile.

His attitude calmed Ainsley down. She sat down again and glanced coldly at the other therapist.

‘What’s wrong? Are you afraid that I’ll hypnotize you again?’ Ainsley thought of the psychological intervention she had done for Daniel last time, and her eyes flashed with mockery. “You want me to give you psychotherapy, but you’re afraid that I’ll kill you. You’re really a schizo.”

Daniel shrugged. ‘After all, I’ve learned about your psychological intervention. I can’t be careless anymore.’

The door to the study swung open, and Georgia, whose face was bruised and swollen, walked in. She was holding a tray with several cups of coffee on it shakily.

When she handed one of the cups to Ainsley, the latter noticed that one of her fingers was wrapped in gauze. Her eyes were swollen, and the corners of her mouth were bruised.

Ainsley looked at her, but she didn’t dare to look at her. She just kept her head down.

The therapist, who was invited over, looked at Ainsley and Georgia with some curiosity. They looked exactly the same. One was glaring at Daniel in a condescending manner, while the other was serving coffee with injuries all over her body. It was strange.

Instead of going out, Georgia stood behind Daniel, waiting for his instructions.

Ainsley still remembered the first time she saw her, also at Seaside Villa. However, the last time, she was full of pride and confidence, and her whole body shone with a different light.

Of course, the most amazing part was the last charity auction. That was the last time she saw Georgia. She looked exactly like her, in both temperament and eyes.

But now they were all gone, and only a faint intention of death remained. The eyes, in particular, had no light in them.

She felt a chill run down her spine as she looked at Georgia. It had only been a short while, and she had become like this.

What would have happened if Daniel had treated her the same way back then?

She clenched her fists inadvertently. No matter what, it was Georgia who had switched with her that she suffered like this. She must help her.

Daniel noticed Ainsley's mood ups and downs, and the corners of his mouth raised slightly. "Do you know Ms. Easton?"

Trembling, Georgia replied, "Y-Yes."

Daniel sneered and said, "Ms. Easton owes you a thank you. It's all thanks to you that she managed to escape this place. Otherwise, she would be the one serving drinks here today."

However, Georgia did not dare to say anything and only stared at her toes.

Daniel's expression changed. He raised his head and gave her a loud slap.

'Won't you reply?'

Georgia tilted her head from the force of the slap and took a few steps back. "I'm sorry."

'Kneel down!' Daniel said coldly.

In the next second, Georgia subconsciously fell to her knees with a resounding thud. The sound tugged at Ainsley's heartstrings.

She said coldly, "That's enough!"

Daniel shifted his gaze from her to Ainsley. "Ms. Easton, what's wrong?"

'Don't you think you're going too far? She's a human. Why are you humiliating her like this?' Ainsley's face turned pale.

However, Daniel laughed out loud and said, "I'm humiliating her? What right do you have to say that to me? Ainsley, how did she end up like this? You and Manuel set up a trap to send her in and replace you. Aren't you also a murderer? Why are you accusing me so righteously?"

Ainsley frowned and pursed her lips. "Daniel, I'm here to give you a psychological treatment. If you don't need it, I'll leave first."

'How dare you!' Daniel slammed the table in anger.

Ainsley stood up and said, "If you want to receive the treatment, ask them to leave."

Although he was annoyed by her current attitude, Daniel still asked everyone to leave.

Ainsley took out a stack of papers from her bag and placed them in front of Daniel. "Finish these."

Daniel flipped through it casually. There were more than 30 test papers in total. Even if they were all multiple-choice questions, he had to do them for a few hours to complete them. "What are these?"

"Test questions. I can't determine what's wrong with your mind, so I have to use this method to find out. If you refuse, I'll treat you as recovered." Ainsley looked him straight in the eye, and made no concession.

Daniel suppressed his anger, but still picked up his pen and started answering the questions.

For two hours, Ainsley sat on the couch and read a book while Daniel answered the questions. The dense mass of questions had dazzled him.

He raised his head to look at Ainsley from time to time, and he felt that there was nothing wrong with it. He had long imagined such a scene many times.

Finally, Daniel finished answering the last question. Ainsley skimmed through the test questions. "You're not sick. I'm leaving."

"How is that possible?" Daniel's heart skipped a beat. He had deliberately made a few mistakes just now. It was impossible that he was not sick.

However, Ainsley waved the papers. "These are the most authoritative test questions in the world. Even if you have tried to make some mistakes, it is a shame that the result is still that you are not sick at all. You don't have a mental illness, so you don't know what people who are truly sick would choose."

Just as she was about to leave, Daniel said with a serious face, "I do! I have the biggest mental illness. This matter has been held in my heart for a long time. I often have nightmares. Then can you still conclude that I'm not sick?"

"I hope you understand that having nightmares is not necessarily a problem in your heart."

"Ainsley! Since you are a therapist, the ethics of the profession require that you cannot be certain that a person is perfectly fine based on your own judgment, right? What if your professional skills aren't good enough?" Daniel said coldly.

"Daniel, these test questions are the most authoritative. Even if you sue me, they can't find any flaws," Ainsley said coldly.

Just then, Daniel suddenly remembered what the other therapist had said before, "Ainsley, have you forgotten that even if I do the test, it doesn't mean that I don't have any psychological problems at all? Even if it's just a simple consultation, since you've signed the contract, the content of the agreement has stated that only when I think that I'm recovered does the treatment come to an end."

Ainsley stopped in her tracks. She knew that Daniel was despicable, but she didn't expect him to think of such a way out.

'Okay, I'll treat you.'" Her eyes were gloomy.

Daniel smiled, but he opened the door of the study first, "Let's go eat first."

'You!' Ainsley did not expect him to be so shameless.

'What's wrong? I'm a patient. Can't I eat when I'm hungry?'"

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Ainsley sneered, "Daniel, don't you feel bored doing this? I'm speechless with you."

When she went out to the dining room, she found that he had prepared a large supply of food, most of which was the same that she had when she was stranded here before.

Georgia wasn't there, while that therapist was waiting in the living room.

Ainsley walked to the side and said, "You can eat. I won't."

Daniel clenched his fists. "Ainsley, come to your senses. It's best for you to give in now."

Aaden looked at Daniel apprehensively. He was already injured and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hume. I couldn't stop him."

Ainsley stared blankly at the man standing in front of her. Why was he here?

Before she could ask, Manuel was already standing in front of Daniel, shielding Ainsley behind him.

Daniel stared at him angrily. "What are you doing here? You're not welcome here. Please get out!"

Manuel raised his eyebrows. "What if I say no?'"

Daniel laughed in exasperation. "What right do you have to say no? This is my home. I don't think you want the news today to be that Mr. Gage is held by the police on a charge of breaking and entering, right?'"

He gestured to Aaden, who immediately walked to the landline.

Manuel didn't take it seriously and chuckled, "Since Mr. Hume said we are breaking and entering, then let's go, Aisy."

He immediately turned around and was about to pull Ainsley away, and even Ainsley didn't understand what he was doing.

With one look from Daniel, Aaden and his bodyguards stopped in front of Ainsley.

"Manuel, Ainsley is my therapist now. According to the agreement, she must give me psychological treatment today." Daniel waved the agreement in his hand.

Manuel turned around and looked at Daniel coldly. "By the way, I forgot to tell you that I'm Aisy's assistant. It's normal for me to follow her when she treats others, right?'"

'Assistant? You?'" Daniel sneered.

Ainsley's eyes also widened. She couldn't figure out what Manuel was talking about.

However, she could only go along with him and say, "Yes, he is my assistant."

"Do you think I'll believe you? Manuel, you're putting on such a show. You made up such a reason just to come to my house with Ainsley," Daniel said angrily.

However, Ainsley said seriously, "Daniel, he is really my assistant. If you don't let my assistant come in, then I can only think that you don't want me to treat your illness, then we will leave."

She pulled Manuel and was about to leave, showing no mercy at all.

Daniel took a deep breath. "Stop right there."

Ainsley and Manuel stopped simultaneously in their tracks and turned to look at Daniel.

Watching this scene, Daniel only felt a sharp pain, but there was nothing he could do.

Ainsley pulled Manuel to sit down and said, "Mr. Hume, haven't you eaten yet? Hurry up and eat now."

Daniel gritted his teeth in anger. He sat at the table and sulked.

Meanwhile, Manuel and Ainsley were whispering to each other on the couch, "Why are you here?"

Manuel lowered his voice and said, "I'm worried about you. I've asked Matteo to tell you not to come. Why don't you listen?"

Ainsley shook her head. "I don't think Daniel is that simple. By the way, have you arranged for the family members of the Dawson family?"

Confused, Manuel nodded. "Everything is arranged. Daniel won't be able to find them."

Ainsley sighed and said softly, "I saw Georgia. She's very pitiful now. I think it's because of me that she's like this. I want to save her."

'But don't forget that she also hurt you in the first place.' Manuel frowned.

Ainsley remained silent for a while before saying, "I've thought about it. You'll know why I said that when you see her."

'If you want.' Manuel said seriously.

He never cared if Georgia was pitiful or not, but whenever Ainsley wanted to save her, he would do so.

Looking at the two whispering, Daniel became more and more agitated. He threw down the knife and fork and stood up. 'I'm done eating. Let's start.'

When they went back to Daniel's study, Manuel followed Ainsley to protect her.

Ainsley looked at Daniel and asked coldly, "What troubles you? Like nightmares?"

Daniel said slowly, "Well, don't you know what nightmares I had? I should have told you many times before that in my dream, someone wanted to kill me."

Ainsley immediately understood. "You should have cracked that psychological intervention a long time ago, right?"

Daniel shook his head. "No! Otherwise, why would I let you treat me?"

'Impossible. If you didn't complete the crack on that kind of psychological intervention, why are you sitting here safe and sound?' Ainsley couldn't believe it. Her psychological intervention had reached a level where she would never fail.

Daniel sneered, "Are you sorry to see that I'm not dead?"

"But what I care about more is that if this interference really doesn't work, the kidnapping wouldn't have happened," Ainsley whispered.

But at this moment, Manuel interjected, "Maybe you're lying."

Daniel looked at Manuel impatiently and said, "Since you're her assistant, don't always interrupt."

'As an assistant, I should also keep an eye on and remind the doctor.' Manuel smiled brightly.

With Manuel's frequent interruptions, Daniel had long since lost the idea of continuing, "Forget it, we'll talk about it tomorrow."

'That's for the best.' Manuel smiled and immediately pulled Ainsley away from Seaside Villa.

As soon as they left the hall, they heard a piercing scream. They looked in the direction of the screams.

At the corner of the garden, they saw Aaden staring coldly at a woman on the ground. It was none other than Georgia.

The woman on the ground was lying on the ground wailing with injuries all over her body. Two bodyguards standing beside her were beating her. The whip hit her body, and her body trembled.

Just as Ainsley was about to stop them, Manuel stopped her.

'Don't go.'

'Why are you stopping me?' Ainsley was puzzled.

Manuel sighed and said, "The reason why Daniel does this is to show us. If you stop them this time, he will beat her even harder. He will think that he can threaten us by hitting her. Do you really want to see this ending?"

Ainsley calmed down and stopped in her tracks. "You're right."

Across the garden, she could even see the terrified and pleading look in Georgia's eyes. However, the look in her eyes turned into endless despair the moment she stopped.

It was as if Georgia knew that the whip would never cease, and that the torture would never cease.

Aaden noticed the gazes of Ainsley and Manuel. He waited calmly for them to come up, but, unfortunately, neither did. They just stood there.

The next moment, Ainsley and Manuel talked for a while before turning around to leave.

After getting into the car, Ainsley sighed uneasily. "Daniel is insane. He's a complete lunatic now.' 'You're wrong. He's always been a lunatic.' Manuel started the car.

