

A Divorce 671

[Chapter 671 The Whereabouts of Lainey](#)

Miles knew which was more important, so he nodded repeatedly. "Don't worry. I'll take good care of Serina."

Just as Ainsley was about to leave, Miles suddenly stopped her. After pondering for a while, he said, "Ms. Easton, I saw the news too. I know that Ms. Salter is a friend of yours and of Serina's. I can help remove the trending research. Just don't think I'm nosy."

Ainsley looked at him gratefully. "Thank you. I'm very grateful that you can help us."

"I don't want to see Serina sad either." Miles glanced at her solemnly.

Ainsley stopped talking and rushed to the hospital that Roman mentioned.

The man in the Emergency Room 7 was still in surgery, fighting to stay alive. She began praying with her hands together outside, to every deity she knew.

Soon, the light was gone.

She walked over worriedly, and it was the emergency doctor who came.

"Don't worry. The patient is out of danger. The coma was caused by a sudden hurry. He needs to rest," the doctor said.

Ainsley heaved a sigh of relief. "I understand. Thank you."

In the VIP ward, Ainsley had been staring nervously at the phone screen. Too many things had happened recently, and she was already exhausted.

Soon, Jaydan woke up.

The first person he saw was Ainsley. He was a little surprised, but he also expected it. He panted and looked at Ainsley in pain as he struggled to

say, "Aisy, Lainey..."

Ainsley immediately held his hand. "Mr. Salter, don't worry. I'll find Lainey."

"That video..."

"That video was taken by Irene and Daniel. We've done everything we can to help Lainey. I don't think anyone will bring out the video again after Irene is imprisoned. So it could only be Daniel or... someone else." Then Ainsley paused.

She was stunned when she mentioned "someone else." Could it be "them"?

In order to warn her, those people hurt Serina and aroused in her the most painful memories, not to mention Lainey.

Jaydan's eyes were red. He had lived for so many years and cherished his only daughter, but he didn't expect such a thing to happen.

He trembled and said, "Aisy, Lainey is your good friend. You must protect her and help her."

How could Ainsley refuse?

"Mr. Salter, don't worry. Lainey is my best friend. I can't leave her alone no matter what," Ainsley said solemnly.

"It's just that I haven't even found her..." Jaydan was a little heartbroken. "If I had known she refused like this, I wouldn't have stopped her."

Lainey's disappearance made Jaydan's heart leap to the edge.

Faced with this situation, Ainsley could only comfort Jaydan, "Mr. Salter, don't worry. Roman is still looking for her. Only when you stay in good health can we go and look for her more easily."

After talking for a while, Jaydan fell asleep in peace. He had been tortured by things for the past two days.

Ainsley walked out of the hospital coldly. Although she didn't know how to find Lainey, she would never sit still and do nothing.

The Wade Group.

"What did you say? Samuel asked us to arrive at the company before six o'clock?" The middle-aged man holding a black chess piece looked impatient when he heard the news.

The man holding the white chess piece was slightly older, and he slowly put down a piece, "It should not be just us."

The man threw the black chess piece back onto the chessboard and said angrily, "What right does he have to hold a board meeting? Does he really think of himself as a big shot?"

"Brice, have you forgotten that he now holds the most shares and has veto power for company affairs?" The slightly older man was not affected in the slightest and continued to play chess according to his own thoughts.

It would have been better if he didn't say that. Instead, Brice Quinn became even angrier. He raised his thick eyebrows and said, "Lucian, it's not like you don't know. His shares are simply a joke!"

Lucian Meredith ignored him and stared intently at a particular point on the chessboard. After pondering for a while, he put down his chess piece and shouted excitedly, "Checkmate, haha! Brice, I win!"

"Hey! Did you hear me, Lucian?" Brice asked anxiously.

With a smile on his face, Lucian held the coffee cup beside him to take a sip before slowly continuing, "You and T both know what kind of person Samuel is. He does everything he can to achieve his goal."

"The biggest taboo when dealing with such a person is to fight with him openly."

Another director sighed with a sad face, "Are we going to be at his beck and call? I can't take it even when I think about it, Lucian!"

Lucian smiled and shook his head. "What's the hurry? Things are not that bad yet. Let's wait and see. Isn't he going to hold a board meeting? Let's go and listen first. See what he has important to say."

There was nothing Brice could do but be anxious, so now he could only nod.

It was almost six o'clock, and everyone who had been asked to be there had arrived in the conference room.

Brice took a sip of water with a gloomy face and put down his cup heavily. "What exactly does Samuel mean? Is he fooling us? We're all here. Where is he?"

Apart from Lucian, who had his eyes closed, the rest of the directors also looked unhappy.

At that moment, the door of the conference room was pushed open from the outside. Before anyone arrived, the voice came first, "Sorry, everyone, I'm used to arriving just in time, so you must be waiting anxiously."

Hearing this, everyone's expressions changed.

Seeing that Brice was about to go furious, Lucian suddenly patted him on the shoulder to calm him down.

There were two seats left in the conference room. One was for the chairman, and the other was for Samuel.

Without waiting for the others to attack, Samuel took the initiative and said, "I have something important to tell you today."

He deliberately glanced provocatively at Brice, who had been holding back for a long time, and then at Lucian, who was the oldest. He deliberately pretended to be disappointed and said, "Everyone, you know that the value of our group's stock only drops these days. It hasn't fallen yet, but what about if it does one day? There will be no turning back at that point."

Lucian looked up at him and said calmly, "Samuel, there's no need for you to keep us in suspense. Why don't do some straight talking?"

Samuel clapped his hands, and the smile on his face even wrinkled it. "As expected for you, Lucian. You hit the mark with a simple sentence, don't you?"

Samuel had built up enough suspense. He leaned forward slightly, put his hands together on the table. With his chin on his hands, he said word by word, "A few days ago, I counted the shares in my hand."

After everyone's gaze fell on him, the smile on his face broadened. "I hold 30% of the shares of the group, so I should have enough say in this company."

[Chapter 672 Brady Wakes Up](#)

Brice frowned when he heard that. His intuition told him that what he was going to say wasn't something good.

Sure enough, Samuel told them his decision without hesitation. He said it was a discussion, but more like a notice. "Everyone, you know what's going on in our company now. Why don't you stop the loss in time while it's still worth some money?"

As soon as he said that, everyone in the room understood what he meant.

The one who looked the sullenest was none other than Brice. After all, he had a one track mind, and he couldn't understand it while the other party was beating around the bush.

"Samuel, it's your business if you want to stop the loss. It has nothing to do with us."

Brice was still furious, so he scolded angrily, "Mr. Wade treated us well back then, and now you plan to do whatever you want while he's away. Have you lost your conscience?"

Samuel was a man of high status, so he naturally couldn't stand such humiliation.

The smile on his face disappeared as soon as it was visible to the naked eye, and there was still a bit of ruthlessness in his voice. "Brice, you can't talk nonsense. Over the years, I have done a lot for the group. It can be said that I have worked hard. At least I am doing all those sincerely for everyone. I have a clear conscience in this regard."

Brice turned his head and spat. Just when he was about to say something, he was stopped by a look from Lucian.

He could only sigh heavily, restrain his urge to tear him apart, and pursed his lips without saying a word.

Samuel withdrew his hostile gaze and pretended to be calm. He said with a faint smile, "Mr. Wade is still in a coma, but I can't ignore the decline in our company's profits, so I plan to sell the Wade Group to other capitalists, and I have already contacted the acquirers."

The directors, who were as responsible as Brice, could no longer remain silent when they heard this, and they questioned angrily, "Samuel, don't you think you are too disrespectful to us? Can you make your own decisions on such a big matter? You have to get a vote at the shareholders' meeting."

Samuel did not get angry this time. Instead, he raised his head confidently and said, "Elvis is right. That's why I gathered everyone here today to vote."

Everyone was rendered speechless, and their impressions of Samuel's shamelessness had deepened.

The results of the voting were released in less than a minute, and the votes were even.

Brice glanced at Lucian and let out a sigh of relief. His expression relaxed a little.

He cleared his throat and deliberately raised his voice. "Samuel, since this matter is still in a stalemate, let's talk about it another day."

Samuel smiled calmly. "Brice, I haven't finished speaking yet. Look, if you keep being in such a hurry, you won't do anything big."

After saying that, his assistant handed him a document. He held it in his hand and showed it to everyone, "Guess what this is?"

Everyone had already guessed it, and Samuel didn't intend for them to guess the result.

He passed the document to the nearest person and said, "It is Irene's signature. She also agreed to sell the group. As the heir of the group, she can count as one."

"More importantly, she has given me all her shares. Mr. Wade is still unconscious, so I should be responsible for the company."

He looked at the crowd before him confidently. These people no longer had any thoughts of objection, and some even began to sign the consent form.

At that moment, a weak cough aroused everyone's interest. Samuel frowned and looked over.

The door of the conference room was opened. The first person to enter was Danny, who opened the door first.

Immediately afterwards, a woman pushed a wheelchair all the way in.

The cough came from the one sitting in the wheelchair. Danny respectfully took the wheelchair from the woman's hand and pushed him to the front.

Samuel stared at the man in disbelief.

Many of the directors present refused to believe it, but the truth was right in front of them. Brady was sitting in a wheelchair, and he had woken up.

Although he still looked weak, the intimidating aura still made Samuel stand up in fear. "Impossible!"

Brady showed no signs of waking up when he had asked someone to check on him the day before.

"I object. I still have 70% of the company's shares. Samuel, please leave." Brady's voice was hoarse.

Of course, Samuel would not agree. He looked at Brady incredulously and said, "How could you wake up? You can't kick me out. I'm a

shareholder of the Wade Group. I have shares in it."

"So what if you have the Wade Group's shares? You deserve to die for what you've done to hurt it." Brady's face was pale, and it was obvious that he was furious.

It was with almost all his strength that he had been able to come here, and after these words he was very weak.

Samuel still refused to leave, but soon, two security guards arrived outside the door and caught him.

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" Samuel struggled like a lamb waiting to be slaughtered, but to no avail.

When he saw Danny, his scalp tingled instantly, "You did it on purpose! You set it up!"

Brady didn't say anything and didn't bother to talk to him. Then the security guards took him out.

Looking at the shareholders who were gossiping, Brady just forced himself to say the last sentence, "Let's go. We'll talk about other things later."

After that, Danny pushed Brady back into the office. As soon as he closed the door, Brady tainted.

Clara nervously grabbed Brady's wrist and checked his pulse. "He's fine. It's probably because of the special medicine."

Brady woke up! The news spread throughout Seattle.

When Manuel was looking for the special medicine, he saw this message.

He immediately found Dr. Cerf and asked, "Why did Brady wake up only three days after the special medicine was lost?"

Cerf thought for a long time, "In order to relieve the stimulation of the special medicine, I have been diluting it for Koen, but the efficacy of the diluted medicine will definitely dilute. And the person who stole it doesn't know about this, so he injected all the medicine in the safe into him."

He pondered for a long time before saying, "Although he wakes up quickly this way, there is a side effect. At present, there is no accurate data to prove what the side effect is, but it will show up within a month."

"Also, don't worry. I've already applied for the specific medicine from my superiors, and it'll probably come over in a few days," said Cerf.

"Thank you," Manuel said gratefully.

Inside the prison.

Irene sat aside with a bitter smile, and no one bullied her anymore.

But she wasn't happy at all until a phone call came.

She had never thought that her grandfather would wake up so soon.

[Chapter 673 Loyal to the Wade Group](#)

Danny's voice was extraordinarily clear, "Ms. Wade, Mr. Wade wants to talk to you."

Irene's hand trembled as she held the phone. It was only after hearing Brady's weak voice that she was completely sure.

After the surprise came endless hope. She said with a crying voice, "Grandpa, help me. I don't want to wait to die in prison!"

Brady was silent for a long time before he said, "Those things used to be easy to deal with, but this time you're sentenced to life imprisonment. I can't think of a solution for the time being."

"No way! Are you really going to watch me stay in prison? I'm your granddaughter. You've abandoned me so many times for the company. Are you going to give up on me this time too?" Irene said.

Brady sighed heavily and then said, in a tone that could tell he also could do nothing, "Irene, I want to help you too, but this time it's not a trivial matter. Samuel is desperate and wants to control us, so I can't do anything else before dealing with him. Besides, now the Wade Group..."

Without Brady saying more, Irene knew that Brady had no time to take care of her with the current situation of the Wade Group.

The thought of the Wade Group falling apart scared Irene. "Grandpa, it's my fault for not protecting it well and allowing others to take advantage of it. It's all my fault that the Wade Group has come to this point"

Brady didn't blame her too much, but he also didn't bother to comfort her either. "It's good that you're aware. I've been in a coma for too long."

Irene asked in confusion, "Grandpa, what exactly did you say to Mr. Gage that afternoon?"

Why did he faint after they met once? He hadn't woken up until now.

Brady was tired from talking too much again, so it was Danny who spoke.

He said patiently, "Ms. Wade, Mr. Wade has fainted again. The doctor said he needs to rest now."

"Then you tell me what exactly happened and why did Grandpa wake up?" Irene was still puzzled.

Danny didn't hide it, "Ms. Wade, we stole Dr. Cerf's special medicine and injected it into Mr. Wade."

"You? Who are you?" Irene keenly caught the loophole in his words.

Since Brady had woken up, there was no point in hiding it anymore. He simply said, "It's Clara. She found me after you went to prison. Together, we planned how to steal the medicine and save Mr. Wade."

After a pause, he continued, "Although I'm just an assistant, I'll never forget that when my father needed a sum of money for his operation, it was Mr. Wade who gave me the money. So, you can rest assured that it's not the Wade Group that I'm loyal to, but you and Mr. Wade."

"Why didn't Mr. Gage wake up after using so many special medicines?" Irene's eyes were full of vigilance, and she always felt that things were not that simple.

Danny and Clara had speculated on many causes. "Perhaps the symptoms differ from people. No one can determine that Mr. Wade and Mr. Gage's coma suffer from the same situation."

This reason was probably the most reasonable one among many guesses, and Irene nodded in agreement.

After hanging up the phone, Irene returned to the ward, guessing the possibility that her grandfather would save her. After all, now, where else could she put her hope besides her grandfather?

At Virginia Mason Hospital, Ainsley first brought Jaydan a meal, and then she went to check on Serina.

She called Roman. The voice on the other end of the line was hoarse. Without asking further, she knew that he hadn't found her yet.

"I don't believe we can't find Lainey in the whole of Seattle," Ainsley said in a deep voice.

Roman sighed and said, "Mr. Gage has sent all his subordinates out to look for Lainey."

"I've already told Matteo and sent someone to look for her. We'll definitely find her."

“I’ll go find you first, and I’ll keep you updated.”

“Okay.” Ainsley hung up the phone.

“Ding!” Ainsley’s phone suddenly received an anonymous email.

In the past, she wouldn’t open this kind of harassment message.

But this time, she felt that something was wrong.

So she casually opened it.

The content of the email was very simple, with only a short line, [Lainey Salter is at the gas station in the suburbs of Sammamish. Come and pick her up yourself, or you’ll have to bear the consequences. 1

Ainsley’s face instantly darkened. She knew very well that this might be a trap.

What worried her most, however, was that they did have Lainey on their hands.

It was not easy for Lainey to get out of the bad news. If anything happened to her again, she would definitely break down and be unable to recover.

Thinking of this, Ainsley put on her jacket, picked up her car keys, and headed out.

Walking to the door, she stopped and thought for a while, then took out her phone from her bag and quickly edited two text messages to send out.

The GPS in the car showed the destination was more than ten miles away.

Ainsley checked the road conditions at a glance and chose the one with the fewest traffic lights.

There might be a rocky or muddy road in the middle, but time was running out and she could not take any other considerations into account.

Nothing happened on the road. About an hour later, Ainsley found that the road was getting more and more distant. It was still a few hundred feet away from the destination, and it would take about five or six minutes to get there.

This should be a small gas station built by the villagers, surrounded by lush trees and sparsely populated.

Judging from its appearance, this gas station had been built for years.

Ainsley parked the car on the side of the road, unbuckled her seatbelt, took out a small bottle of pepper spray from the hidden compartment, hid it in her sleeve, and then got out of the car on guard.

Initially, she thought that if those people were targeting her, Lainey would not be in any danger for a while.

But Ainsley searched every corner of the gas station and didn’t even see a person.

Standing on the side of the road, she looked at the anonymous email and fell into deep thought.

Just as she was about to go back to discuss with Manuel and the others, a figure flashed through the forest.

Ainsley followed her without a second thought.

The figure soon revealed her true colors. Ainsley blocked her way from behind and frowned when she saw the familiar face. "Grace, why are you here?"

Grace asked her back nonchalantly, "Why? Can't I come if you can come here?"

Ainsley impatiently beat around the bush and asked bluntly, "Where's Lainey?"

Grace looked surprised. "Why are you asking me? I don't know."

Ainsley sneered and stared at her without blinking. "Someone sent me an email anonymously, telling me that I could find Lainey here, but I only saw you here. Don't you think it's strange, or do you think there will be such a coincidence in the world?"

Grace took two steps back and shook her head slowly. "I don't know what you're talking about. I don't understand what you're saying. Don't ask me that."

[Chapter 674 Multiple-Choice Question](#)

"Don't you know?" Ainsley wanted to grab her. "Then come back with me. Whether Lainey's disappearance has anything to do with you or not, the police will definitely find out the truth."

Grace began to struggle frantically when her arm was grabbed. "Are you crazy?"

She broke free the moment when Ainsley didn't pay attention. Before Ainsley could chase after her, she tripped on a rock, and her knee was injured. When she looked up, she was already gone.

It wasn't a big place, but it wasn't easy for her to find someone by herself.

Besides, she wasn't sure if Grace had any helpers. What if she came out just to bait?

Just as Ainsley was about to go back, a scream suddenly came from behind the woods.

The voice was soft and short, but inexplicably familiar.

Ainsley turned around and walked towards the forest without hesitation. Of course, the reason why she dared to be so impulsive was that Manuel had already rushed over with his men.

If her opponent was not easy to deal with, all she had to do was to find ways to buy them time.

Just a few steps away, Ainsley couldn't help but sneer.

The so-called "kidnapper" seemed to be afraid that she would not be able to find the place, and made a mark on the tree.

To prevent anyone from erasing the mark, Ainsley left another mark in her own way.

After walking about ten minutes on the winding road, she at last came in sight of a little wooden hut.

It was a lie to say that she was not afraid. After all, she was a girl.

Ainsley took a deep breath, squeezed the pepper spray in her sleeve, and carefully opened the door.

The room was dark, and the moment the door was pushed open, light shone in.

The first thing she saw was Lainey tied to a worn-out chair, facing the door.

“Close the door.” A hoarse voice suddenly sounded from the air.

Ainsley’s heart skipped a beat. She did not close the door obediently. Instead, she stood at the door and tried to find out more about the enemy.

“Who are you? Why are you arresting Lainey? Does it have anything to do with me?”

She asked a series of questions, but the mysterious man was not fooled.

His voice rumbled like thunder, full of rage. “I said, close the door.”

Ainsley glanced at the despair in Lainey’s eyes and did not want to anger the mysterious man any further. Thus, she could only take two steps forward and kick the wooden door shut.

The room returned to darkness, and the surrounding was eerily quiet. Apart from the sound of their breathing, no other sound could be heard.

The mysterious man calmed down and let out two unpleasant laughs. “Next, please enjoy a wonderful action movie.”

Instinctively, Ainsley ran to Lainey’s side and blocked before her.

Unexpectedly, the mysterious man, not knowing if he was out of his mind, installed projection screens in all four directions of the house.

Woman’s screams, the sound of torn clothes, the hideous and terrifying laughter of men, and some other voices inevitably reached their ears.

No one could bear to relive the same nightmare again.

Ainsley turned around as fast as she could and hugged the trembling Lainey tightly. “It’s okay, Lainey. I’m here for you. Don’t be afraid. It’s just a dream, and it will pass soon...”

“It’s really sisterly love. I’m touched to death by it.”

The mysterious man came out from nowhere and stood about 3 feet away from them. He was wrapped in black cloth from head to toe, revealing only a pair of evil eyes.

Gritting her teeth, Ainsley turned around and glared at the mysterious man. She wanted nothing more than to tear him into pieces, and she yelled, “What the hell do you want?”

The mysterious man spread out his hands, and his hoarse voice was even more unpleasant to hear at such a short distance. “Don’t worry. I’ll tell you right away. Actually, I’m rather soft hearted and I hate to force others to do things.”

Speaking of this, he clapped his hands and said with slight excitement, “How about this, I’ll give you a multiple-choice question with two options in total. One is you, and the other is her.”

The mysterious person pointed at Lainey and then at the big screen that kept replaying. “The question is very simple. Just one of you will perform another group sex for me. And I’ll give you this choice, Ainsley.”

Glancing at the big screen, Ainsley then looked at the mysterious man and asked, "Who are you? What's your relationship with Grace?"

The mysterious person probably didn't expect her to ask so straightforwardly. After a few seconds of daze, he looked at Ainsley meaningfully and said, "Ms. Easton, have you ever thought that maybe you've offended something you can't offend? Don't investigate things you shouldn't investigate. It's best not to ask things you shouldn't ask."

Ainsley calmed herself down and asked incredulously, "So all this is just a warning?"

The mysterious man nodded. "You're not stupid. It's just that it's a little too late for you to understand. You should have been smarter and stopped in time when Leonard was in trouble last time. Otherwise, so many things wouldn't have happened."

Ainsley's eyes were bloodshot. She hated the feeling of being at a loss and not knowing who the other party was.

Before she could speak, the mysterious man continued, "I can't believe you even looked for a detective. Ainsley, when you know who you want to deal with one day, you'll know how stupid you are now."

Time passed, and the mysterious man slapped the table violently. "Choose quickly! Don't waste time!"

There was a great sadness hidden in Lainey's eyes as she looked at Ainsley. She seemed to have made up her mind. "Aisy, choose me. I'm already like this, and I'm not afraid to experience it again."

After saying that, she even pretended to smile in relief.

An indescribable pain spread from the soles of her feet to her heart. Ainsley's body shook for a moment. She was good at analyzing people's psychology, so how could she not see the suicidal intent in Lainey's eyes?

When that video spread on the internet, she was wondering how Lainey would react – in despair or pain?

Yet they were now tearing the veil of self-deception from before Lainey, and showing the scar, layer by layer, to all.

Seeing that Ainsley had not responded for a long time, the mysterious man pointed at Lainey and said, "Take her away."

Only then did Ainsley come to her senses. "No! I choose me! As you said, I'll choose this time, so I choose myself."

"Aisy..." Lainey's voice became weaker and weaker. She was suffering from both physical and mental torture, and she could barely hold on any longer.

Ainsley stood in front of the mysterious man and said in a deep voice, "Lainey has nothing to do with this. The reason you hurt her was only to warn me. I'm here now, so you should take it up with me."

Lainey struggled to break free, but she was at a loss for words.

The corners of the mysterious man's mouth curled up. "Since both of you want it, why don't you do it together?"

Ainsley's eyes widened. "You... You lied to me!"

The mysterious man didn't bother to listen to their nonsense. He waved his hand, and a few men in black came out behind him, dragging the two of them straight away.

[Chapter 675 The Video](#)

At the critical moment, a group of people rushed in from all directions. Before Ainsley could react, the man beside her was knocked down to the ground, and she fell limp into a warm embrace.

Ignoring her own safety, Ainsley glanced sideways in Lainey's direction. Roman had already swiftly dealt with the men in black and was now holding Lainey in his arms.

Finally!

Before coming, Ainsley had sent two text messages to Manuel, just in case this was a trap.

As Ainsley regained consciousness, she realized she was already in the hospital, with Manuel by her side. When Manuel saw her wake up, his eyes filled with delight.

"What about Lainey? How is she?" Ainsley asked anxiously.

Manuel replied in a deep voice, "The situation is not great. She already knows about the leaked video and her father being hospitalized."

"Why did you tell her? Wasn't it agreed not to tell her about Uncle Salter?" Ainsley asked, puzzled.

Manuel sighed and said, "We initially planned to keep it from her, but Lainey's condition isn't good. I was afraid something would happen to her, so I decided to tell her, hoping it would prevent her from doing something stupid."

Ainsley understood and said, "You're right."

She couldn't forget the look of despair she saw in Lainey's eyes at that time. It was so intense.

Fortunately, Roman stopped her in time, but that was all he could do. At the moment, there was no way to pull Lainey out of the abyss.

While Ainsley was lost in thought, Manuel's expression became increasingly complicated.

"Ainsley, can you wait for me when you encounter situations like this in the future?" Manuel's voice carried a plea.

Ainsley couldn't bear to refuse, but she couldn't agree either.

After a moment of silence, Matteo's assistant entered the room.

"Miss, Mr. Easton sent me to take you back," the assistant said.

Ainsley didn't have any serious injuries, just a few scratches, so she didn't need to stay in the hospital.

Manuel could only watch helplessly as Ainsley left with the assistant, unable to do anything. Matteo had the rights to take Ainsley home, but he didn't.

As they left the ward, passing by Lainey's room, Ainsley saw Roman leaning against the door, looking lost.

When he saw her approaching, Roman nodded wearily.

"She's already asleep, it took a lot of effort for her to fall asleep."

Ainsley didn't say anything. Roman took out a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. "It was found in Lainey's pocket."

Taking the note, Ainsley nearly tore it apart upon reading its contents.

When Serina was found, she also had a letter with similar content, a warning.

Ainsley was thoroughly enraged, her fists clenched. First Serina, now Lainey, who would be next?

"I took the note away. I'll investigate it thoroughly."

Although Ainsley only suffered minor scratches, it still caused some inconvenience to her actions.

As soon as Matteo learned that Ainsley had returned home, he immediately canceled the meeting and rushed back home.

Upon entering the house, Matteo began to scold Ainsley, who was sitting on the couch. "Have you gone crazy? You didn't even consult us before taking such a big action."

Ainsley rubbed her temples in frustration and argued, "It's an emergency. If you were in the situation I faced, you would have made the same decision as me."

Matteo chuckled in anger and pointed at her, "Let me ask you, did the kidnappers give you a time limit?"

Ainsley paused and shook her head obediently, "No."

Rolling his eyes, Matteo said, "You see, they didn't. So why didn't you wait for me or Manuel to come and then rescue Lainey?"

Ainsley grew tired of his nagging and deliberately pretended to clean her ears. "Alright, what's done is done. What's the use of saying all this now? We can't change the outcome by traveling back in time. Besides, I'm safe and sound, aren't I?"

"What if you were really in danger and neither I nor Manuel could arrive in time? Have you considered the consequences?" Matteo's tone suddenly became calm, and his face fumed gloomy.

Ainsley couldn't argue with him and knew she was in the wrong. She simply raised her hands in surrender and spoke softly, trying to sound coquettish.

"I know I was wrong. I won't go solo to save anyone next time."

At this point, she blinked her eyes and changed words, "No, I promise, there won't be a next time. Is that okay?"

While she made her quick promises, there was no sincerity on her face.

Matteo sighed helplessly, feeling the anger in his heart gradually dissipating.

He had known what kind of person Ainsley was, so saying anything to her now was futile.

Taking a deep breath and calming his mood, Matteo sat beside Ainsley and looked at the bandage on her leg. His tone was stiff but carried a hint of concern as he asked, "Does it still hurt?"

Ainsley chuckled mischievously and pretended to be relaxed as she lifted her injured arm. "These are just superficial wounds. They don't hurt after applying the ointment."

"Is that so?" Seeing her carefree demeanor, Matteo thought about teaching her a lesson.

Seizing the opportunity while she was off guard, Matteo suddenly reached out and poked her wound.

Ainsley almost screamed out loud, using all her strength to prevent herself from making a sound.

Matteo looked at her amusedly and said, "Didn't you say it doesn't hurt anymore?"

Ainsley glared at him through gritted teeth. "Don't go too far."

Matteo didn't mind and flopped onto the couch. "You should thank me. You need to experience the pain to remember it next time."

Ainsley moved her uninjured hand, wanting to slap him in the face.

Fortunately, a servant came in carrying a plate of fruits. Seeing the strange atmosphere between the two, she jokingly remarked, "You siblings have such a good relationship."

Ainsley and Matteo almost said in unison.

"I hate him/her."

"You're mistaken."

The servant was amused by their banter and, before returning to the kitchen, handed the remote control to Ainsley. "You two are always busy, finally relaxing a bit. How about watching some movies and passing the time?"

Matteo lazily nodded, "Sure."

Ainsley, however, remained silent, staring blankly at the remote control.

She had a feeling that she had forgotten about something important.

Pressing the button on the remote control, the smart screen on the wall unfolded automatically, and the side panels rose, improving the screen's clarity.

When the movie studio logo appeared, Ainsley suddenly thought of something.

Only Irene and Daniel had the leaked video of Lainey.

Irene was already in prison and couldn't cause any trouble.

So the video ending up in the hands of that mysterious person must have something to do with Daniel.

Ainsley summarized her thoughts and quickly told Matteo about it.

Matteo pondered for a moment and sat upright. "There might be something strange about this. Daniel Hume is a shrewd businessman. He won't be so stupid as to expose himself directly."

"Could it be that he anticipated our thoughts, so he deliberately took this step to dispel our suspicions about him?"

[Chapter 676 Mysterious Man](#)

Sometimes, Matteo really admired Ainsley's acumen.

She could always detect something that no one else could.

Matteo nodded, his eyebrow slightly raised as he observed Ainsley. "You don't already have a plan, do you?"

Ainsley shook her head. "No, I'm not that good yet. But maybe we can try to flush out tire snake."

A smile tugged at the corner of Matteo's lips. "You mean, find out what he's up to by testing him, right?"

Ainsley chuckled and playfully looked at him. "Seems like my cousin is the one who understands me the best."

This matter was still not suitable for others to know.

In haste, Ainsley decided to send Luna home before they delved into the details.

Matteo, however, seemed a bit reluctant. "You sent her away, but what will we eat for lunch?"

Ainsley cleared her throat and calmly responded, "The food at Exquisite Building is not bad. I'll have it delivered later."

Having exchanged enough banter, it was time for them to get down to business.

Both Ainsley and Matteo grew serious.

Ainsley dialed Daniel's phone number and put it on speaker, waiting in silence for him to answer.

The first call went unanswered.

Ainsley exchanged a glance with Matteo. Undeterred, she dialed again.

This time, Daniel picked up the call quickly.

Ainsley breathed a sigh of relief, but before she could say anything, she heard Daniel's voice filled with displeasure, questioning her, "Why didn't you come to treat me as agreed? Have you forgotten our contract?"

Ainsley replied, her tone composed, "Of course, I remember."

In truth, she simply didn't want to go to that oppressive mansion. Stepping into it made it hard for her to breathe.

Ainsley continued, "You're not my only patient, and your symptoms are the mildest, so I prioritized others."

Matteo's expression mirrored the unpleasantness in Daniel's voice. If it weren't for Ainsley's insistence, he would have wanted to confront Daniel directly and throw the company shares at him.

However, Ainsley couldn't be bothered with his attitude. Before Daniel could react further, she swiftly shifted the conversation to the topic she wanted to address. "I have something to ask you."

Daniel's attention was successfully diverted. "What is it?"

"When you and Irene framed Lainey and recorded her, who did you give the video to?"

"You're referring to the leaked video?" Daniel replied without hesitation, "What does that have to do with me? You don't think T leaked the video, do you?"

Ainsley sneered at his response. "Isn't it?"

Daniel's voice grew lower and more threatening, "Don't make baseless accusations. That video has nothing to do with me. You better come and treat me as soon as possible, or don't blame me for taking extreme

measures."

Unwilling to listen to his threats any longer, Ainsley promptly hung up the call.

The so-called extreme measures was nothing more than using the contract against her, taking away something she held dear.

As she ended the call, Ainsley's hands trembled involuntarily. She didn't believe Daniel's denial, but even if he was the mastermind behind it all, what could she do?

A few minutes later, a text message appeared on Ainsley's phone.

The sender was unknown, and the number unidentified. The message read, [Daniel met the mysterious person and handed over a hard drive.]

Seeing the change in Ainsley's expression, Matteo took her phone and read the message. His own expression turned serious as well.

[He lied to you earlier.]

Ainsley smiled contemptuously. "I won't believe a word he says."

"But who could have sent you this message?"

"As many people want to stop us from uncovering the truth, there are just as many who hope we do uncover it. Those powerful people treat human lives as garbage, but they will eventually pay the price."

A sudden thought crossed Ainsley's mind, and she asked with a solemn tone, "How many people did you send to Leonard's place?"

"About five or six people."

“Not enough. I suspect they won’t leave any room for error.”

Exhaustion began to wear on Ainsley, evident in her eyes. The consecutive events had drained her completely.

However, until the matter was resolved, she knew she had to hold on.

“I tried to contact Grace, but it was futile. Her agent was adamant and refused to communicate. Did you really see her?” Matteo inquired.

Ainsley nodded with certainty. “It was her, without a doubt. That face, I could never forget it.”

Grace’s face was highly recognizable, and Ainsley wouldn’t mistake it. Especially on the day she discovered her connection to her father’s death, Ainsley had studied Grace’s photo extensively. The memory of that face remained vivid in her mind.

Moreover, she had spoken to Grace, leaving no room for doubt.

“It is certain that Grace knows those people. But what was she doing there?” Matteo mused.

“Regardless, I must meet Grace and find out what happened that day,” Ainsley declared with determination.

Matteo understood the significance of this matter to Ainsley.

“Okay, I will try to contact her.”

The next day, at the entrance of the Wade Group.

“I’m sorry, but you can’t go in without an appointment,” the receptionist girl calmly refused the former senior manager.

Samuel widened his eyes in astonishment, flunking he had misheard. “Are you new here? Didn’t Human-Resource provide you with the list of company personnel?”

The receptionist girl lowered her head, continuing her work, and gave a perfunctory reply, “They did.”

“Then you should know who I am,” Samuel’s face turned grim.

Unperturbed, the receptionist girl raised her head, meeting his gaze. “Sir, you have been removed from the Wade Group. Therefore, you no longer have access to the building.”

After a few seconds of stunned silence, Samuel erupted, shouting, “Nonsense! I am one of the shareholders of the Wade Group. You say I’ve been removed? I’ll tell you today, I don’t accept it!”

The receptionist looked at him as if she was looking at a psychopath.

How could this person behave like a thug when he went mad?

Nevertheless, she maintained her professional demeanor. Even when faced with an unruly customer, she could only smile politely.

“Sir, please don’t make a scene inside the building. If you continue to make trouble, I will call security.”

To be confronted by just a receptionist and threatened at that Samuel, accustomed to a life of luxury', was instantly infuriated.

He abandoned any trace of gentlemanly demeanor and began hurling insults at the young girl.

"Who do you think you are, you fucking bitch? How dare you talk to me like this? Believe me, I can ruin your career with just a word!"

Unfazed by his outburst, the receptionist girl calmly reached for her phone and dialed the security's emergency number.

"There's a person causing a disturbance in the lobby. Please come quickly."

The security arrived promptly, witnessing Samuel's disruptive behavior. They approached him and restrained him, holding his arms behind his back.

Samuel screamed in pain, unable to utter another harsh word.

The receptionist girl discreetly took a photo and sent it to a group chat, captioning it, "Look, this is a defeated rooster."

[Chapter 677 Burning Bridges](#)

As soon as the photo was released, the group chat erupted.

Samuel was escorted by two security guards to the building's entrance and unceremoniously thrown out in front of everyone.

The impact was so powerful that he couldn't maintain his balance. As soon as he touched the ground, he stumbled and fell.

In that moment, he lost all his dignity.

Samuel slowly picked himself up, his face as dark as a bottomless well.

He raised his head and stared intently at the 28th floor of the building.

After a minute or two, a smile more grotesque than tears appeared on his face as he whispered something only he could hear, "Let's wait and see who will have the last laugh!"

Then he turned around and limped away.

Struggling to reach the roadside, he hailed a taxi. The driver asked him where to go, and he sternly replied, "Just drive for now, then ask me where to go!"

The driver was momentarily speechless, unwilling to argue with him. He simply regarded him as a mad dog he had encountered.

Samuel instructed the driver to take him to Daniel's villa. However, the driver, driven by a vengeful nature, dropped him off on the other side of the highway and sped away.

This place required more than ten minutes of walking even after entering the gate.

Not to mention that Samuel had to take a detour to reach the villa area, walking at least two or three kilometers.

Anxiously, he pounded on the villa's door.

As the door swung open, Aaden delivered a powerful kick, causing Samuel to crumple to the ground. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Samuel dusted himself off, visibly displeased, but reluctantly yielded to

Aaden's dominance. "I came today to see Mr. Hume." "Mr. Hume is busy." "But I have urgent matters to discuss with him. It will impact the bigger picture!" Samuel exclaimed with fervor.

Aaden shook his head, resolute. "Mr. Hume refuses to see you."

Samuel's heart sank as he grasped Aaden's intention. "I see! You just want to get rid of me!"

Aaden furrowed his brow and issued a cold warning. "Leave now, or you'll be sorry." "So, after using me, you want to abandon me? I must see Daniel! Right now!"

You can't treat me like this!"

Aaden maintained a cold gaze as Samuel lost control. In an instant, he gestured, and two guards appeared, swiftly lifting Samuel and forcibly hurling him out the door.

With disdain, Aaden clapped his hands and sneered, "Be smart and keep your distance. Never come near here again." "I won't give up easily. I will seek revenge!" Samuel cursed, quickly slipping away as Aaden approached.

In a fit of anger, he hailed a car and provided his home address to the driver. Upon arrival, he slumped against his front door, pounding on it repeatedly, but received no response.

'Open the damn door! Is everyone dead?' he bellowed, delivering another forceful blow.

At that moment, the door swung open.

Several menacing figures in black burst forth, seizing Samuel and callously throwing him to the ground inside.

"Where do you think you can hide?-"

Hearing the familiar voice, Samuel trembled. He remembered it all too well; it was Kenneth, the casino thug.

Just as Samuel regained some awareness, he noticed his wife tied up on the side, looking at him with teary eyes.

But Samuel couldn't afford to concern himself with her at the moment because Kenneth was holding a knife to his face.

'When will you repay the debt? I recall you said you could gather millions in just a few days. Where is the money?' Kenneth angrily interrogated.

"I can acquire the money soon. Just give me a little more time!" Samuel pleaded.

Impatiently, Kenneth retorted, "You've had enough time. It went from one month to one week, and now three days. How much longer do you intend to drag this out?"

Kenneth seized Samuel's wife by her hair and dragged her in front of him.

"Should we use your wife to repay a portion of the debt?"

Samuel's wife was gagged and unable to speak, but her eyes pleaded intensely.

'Mr. Kenneth, please give me one last chance!' Samuel begged desperately.

Kenneth sneered and tossed Samuel's wife aside.

Then, he discarded the knife, grabbed Samuel by the hair, and forced him to look up at him. "I have one proposition for you. Are you interested?" "What proposition?" Samuel asked, his eyes wide and bloodshot.

'An opportunity to have all your debts wiped clean.'

Just hearing those words, Samuel nodded frantically. "I'll do it! I'll do it!"

"What do you want me to do?"

Kenneth looked coldly at Mrs. Wade, and then the bodyguards escorted her out of the living room, leaving only Samuel and Kenneth inside.

Samuel felt highly uneasy at the moment. If Kenneth personally came to discuss something, it was undoubtedly significant.

The fact that it could erase such a substantial amount of debt made it even less likely to be a simple matter. It might be a matter of life and death.

Kenneth touched Samuel's neck and said, "Samuel, you've lived for so many years. I'm sure you've had enough, right? I have a small favor to ask of you."

Samuel broke out in a cold sweat.

"Relax, it's not your life that's at stake, but..." Kenneth pulled out a photo and placed it in front of Samuel, continuing, "his life."

As Samuel looked at the person in the photo, he felt somewhat surprised.

He didn't know him.

"If you take his life, your debts will be wiped clean." "Are you asking me to kill him?" Samuel looked at Kenneth in shock.

Kenneth simply smiled. "I didn't say that. I'm just telling you that his life is worth that much."

Then, Kenneth stood up. "Tick-tock, you only have three days."

Kenneth casually set the final deadline, leaving Samuel bewildered. Where could he find this man?

Samuel flipped over the photo, and on the back, there was a name, address, and phone number written. Looking at the name in the photo, Samuel felt unfamiliar.

Leonard Lopez.

Matteo explained his plans to Manuel, hoping that he could allocate some manpower to assist him.

Naturally, Manuel readily agreed.

‘How is the investigation into the special medication going?’ Matteo asked.

Manuel didn’t conceal anything and replied, “Dr. Cerf has acquired another batch of the special medication. Old Mr. Pierce should awaken soon.” “That’s good.”

Both of them fell into silence, but neither hung up the phone. Manuel hesitated and asked, “How is she?”

[Chapter 678 A Better Way](#)

“Aisy is doing well, so you don’t have to worry too much,” Matteo said solemnly.

Manuel let out a sigh of relief. “I’ve assigned someone to keep an eye on

Grace.” “Aisy is deeply concerned about why Grace Yannin is there and how it relates to Lainey,” Matteo added.

“I’ll do my best to investigate and find out,” Manuel replied after a moment of thought.

Matteo briefed Manuel about the mysterious letter they received. “Based on our initial assessment, Daniel definitely knows something, but he refuses to talk. Aisy has decided to visit Daniel’s place once to uncover the truth.” “She wants to go to Daniel’s place?” Manuel’s voice sounded urgent.

Matteo didn’t want to withhold any information from Manuel. “Yes, her determination to uncover the truth is incredibly strong, and I couldn’t dissuade her. Last time, you went with her as her assistant, so this time, of course, you can accompany her as well.” “I won’t let her go alone, and there are obviously better ways to gather all of Daniel’s information.”

The Packer Group.

“Dad, why did you arrange another meeting with Orion Garner for me?” Kaliyah didn’t want to have any more contact with that overweight, middle-aged man.

“He has invited you several times, and you’ve rejected him everytime. This time, I agreed,” Bryan Packer said in a deep voice.

“If you agreed, then you should be the one going on the date. Have you already forgotten? When we had trouble last time, how did he manage to avoid me?” Kaliyah retorted.

“That’s all in the past. There’s no need to dwell on it. Mr. Garner is genuinely sincere this time. He even brought some potential business partners for the company. You have to go!”

Kaliyah couldn't accept her father constantly using her as if she were a commodity. She was shaking with anger and impulsively smashed the vase next to the door, scattering broken porcelain all over the floor.

"Not again! Am I just a tool you can easily exploit? Whenever someone takes an interest in me, you don't care if I like it or not, you just force me to comply." Kaliyah had reached her limit with her current life.

Bryan angrily pointed his finger at Kaliyah and scolded, "If it weren't for what you did, would Cason have divorced you? By the way, who was the man you brought back a few days ago? Did you go out and fool around again?" "You're my father! Does a father speak to his daughter like that? That person was just a stranger I met on the road. But even a stranger is better than those men you forced me to meet!" Kaliyah trembled with anger.

Bryan didn't care. "I'm doing this for the Packer company. If the company does well, your life will be worry-free. Don't you understand this?"

He didn't want to explain any further to Kaliyah and left with just one sentence, "You must fulfill what I promised. Mr. Garner's car will be here this afternoon, get ready."

After saying that, Bryan left abruptly.

In the afternoon, Mr. Garner arrived on time to pick up Kaliyah. His luxurious car stood out conspicuously in front of the door.

Bryan pulled Kaliyah towards the entrance. "Mr. Garner, girls can be a bit shy. You two will get along well."

Kaliyah looked at Mr. Garner uncomfortably.

"Mr. Garner, actually, my dad arranged this meeting..." "I know, Kaliyah. I've been unwell recently, so I couldn't come to support you. I feel guilty, so this time I brought a necklace as an apology."

He opened the box, revealing a large pink diamond inside.

"Mr. Garner, I..."

Just then, a Lamborghini appeared in front of them, and Eli Carr slowly got out of the car. "Ms. Packer, what's going on here?"

Kaliyah felt embarrassed as she glanced at Mr. Garner. Garner, on the other hand, asked, "Who the hell are you?" "Eli Carr," he said bluntly.

Mr. Garner seemed taken aback and turned to Kaliyah, asking her, "Come with me."

He opened the car door and was about to let Kaliyah get in when Eli grabbed Kaliyah's hand directly.

Then this handsome man leaned closer to Kaliyah and whispered a few words in her ear.

Kaliyah's face changed dramatically.

“I’ll personally apologize to you in the future, but right now, I have important matters to attend to. I’m sorry, Mr. Garner.”

After saying that, Kaliyah got into Eli’s car without hesitation.

Garner angrily slammed the car door and watched the Lamborghini drive away. He then called Bryan with a stern expression on his face.

“Why do you know about my situation? And you said you could help me get my son back. Can you really do it?” Kaliyah asked anxiously.

Eli smiled. “Knowing your situation isn’t surprising. The whole of Seattle knows about you. But I might be the only one who can help you regain custody of your child.”

Although Kaliyah found it strange, she missed her son too much.

“How can you help me get my son back?” “I want to make a deal with you.” “What kind of deal?” Kaliyah asked cautiously.

Instead of answering directly, Eli stared at Kaliyah for a long time before speaking. “A deal like never before, an unprecedented one.”

Kaliyah became even more puzzled, but what she didn’t expect was that Eli handed her a stack of documents.

“Consider these as a deposit from me.”

Kaliyah took the documents and opened them. They turned out to be contracts from several companies.

She was immediately taken aback. Several of these companies, despite being located in other cities, were surprisingly prominent. There were even a few based in Seattle. Ordinarily, Seattle-based companies hesitated to engage directly with them, given their association with the Easton Group and Gage Group. However, the companies mentioned in these documents seemed to be exceptions to this rule.

She became even more curious about his identity and how he could mobilize so many companies.

“What do you need me to do?” “Not now, someone will inform you later,” Eli said in a deep voice. He then made a sharp turn, turned around, and drove Kaliyah back.

When Kaliyah returned home, she wasn’t afraid of her father’s reprimand because the projects she held in her hands far surpassed what the Garner could offer.

Her guess was not far off. As soon as she stepped through the door, her father greeted her with a cold stare, launching into a barrage of scolding.

“Tell me, what have you done? You discarded Mr. Garner and ran off with someone else. Don’t you know he just offered US five contracts?”

Kaliyah couldn’t be bothered with his rambling and simply placed the contracts on the table. “These were given to me by Mr. Carr. Is that enough?” “What Mr. Carr? Just because of that person, you dare to offend Mr. Garner!” Bryan angrily flipped through the stack of contracts, his voice growing softer.

"This, this..." he trembled with excitement.

Kalayah, however, felt an unprecedented confidence. "Are these enough?"

Don't ever try to match me with him again. I don't like him."

[Chapter 679: True Reaction](#)

Kalayah then walked back to her room without looking back. Bryan couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"With these, the Packer Group will definitely be fine." Roman handed a black USB drive to Ainsley, explaining its purpose.

"Ms. Easton, this USB drive contains the program I set up. Just insert it into Daniel's computer, and you will have access to all the information on his computer. However, you need to turn on his computer."

Ainsley took the USB drive and placed it in her briefcase.

"Is that all I need to do?"

"Yes, once you insert the USB drive, a progress bar will appear. Once it reaches 100%, you can remove it. I have implemented anti-tracking and anti-alert programs on the USB drive. I wish you all the best," Roman said in a deep voice.

Nodding, Ainsley got out of Roman's car.

Manuel's black Cayenne was parked beside her, and she took the passenger seat, tightly gripping the briefcase. She was going to treat Daniel Hume's mental illness.

Manuel, being her assistant, naturally accompanied her, not only for protection but also for another important matter.

"Do you really have a way to handle that psychiatrist? He was hired by Daniel at a high price just to guard against me. How could he possibly leave Daniel's side?" Ainsley inquired.

A faint smile appeared on Manuel's face.

"Nothing will go wrong as long as you're here. Don't worry. I understand the significance of this matter."

"Humor me."

"Some things require your genuine reaction. Speaking them out loud would diminish their authenticity," Manuel replied cryptically.

The Cayenne drove into Daniel's villa, and upon seeing Manuel stepping out of the car, Aaden reached out a hand, stopping him.

"Are you telling us to go back?"

"No, Ms. Easton is Mr. Hume's psychiatrist, so she can go upstairs. But Mr. Gage..."

Ainsley cut him off coldly.

"He is my assistant and should accompany me. If you don't let him come along, I'll just go back."

Witnessing her determination, Aaden stepped aside and made a phone call to Daniel.

After receiving confirmation, he cleared the way for them.

Together, Ainsley and Manuel entered the mansion and followed Aaden into the study.

As expected, Daniel occupied the main seat, accompanied by the same psychiatrist as before.

Manuel greeted Daniel casually.

"Don't you welcome me?"

"Aisy, let's get started,"

Daniel dismissed Manuel's presence.

Ainsley began the treatment.

"Have you been experiencing nightmares lately?"

Daniel smiled and fixed his gaze on Ainsley.

"Yes, do you recall the dream I mentioned when I visited you for treatment at the University of Washington? The dreams I've been having recently are related to that."

"Recall the content of the dream and tell me," Ainsley urged.

As Daniel began recalling the dream, Manuel suddenly slammed the cup he was holding heavily on the table, startling Daniel.

Suppressing his temper, Daniel questioned Manuel's action.

"What are you doing?"

"I have a strange feeling right now, and I need your help," Manuel said, directing his gaze at Ainsley.

Concerned by his pale face and unfathomable expression, Ainsley interrupted the therapy session and approached Manuel.

"Are you feeling alright?"

"I suddenly felt a fire in my heart, as if there were countless voices in my ears telling me to run out, and some shouting 'kill him', I couldn't control myself." His voice was heavy and serious.

"Manuel, open your eyes wide! Take a good look at where you are!"

Manuel's body swayed, almost on the verge of fainting.

Ainsley comforted him with concern, which of course irritated Daniel.

In that moment, Daniel saw Manuel's sly smile, concealed from the others, and instantly understood his scheme.

Manuel was trying to divert Ainsley's attention! That asshole! "Ainsley is here to treat me. If you want treatment, you'll have to wait in line,"

Daniel coldly asserted.

Ainsley, however, cast a cold glance at Daniel.

"Mr.Hume, this is an emergency.I have the right to choose whom to prioritize in such situations."

Upon hearing this, Daniel grew even angrier.He glanced at the psychiatrist who had been silently observing.

"You're not the only psychiatrist here."

"This gentleman is also a renowned psychiatrist.He can treat Manuel if he wishes."

The doctor immediately stood up.

"Mr.Gage, I can treat you."

Ainsley was about to speak but noticed Manuel lightly touching her palm with his fingertips.She immediately understood and calmly asked, "Can you really do it?"

"Of course, Ms.Easton.Although my skills are not as exceptional as yours, Iam among the best in Seattle."

Eager to get rid of Manuel, Daniel instructed, Please take Mr.Gage out for treatment."

With Manuel causing trouble, he felt increasingly uncomfortable.

Manuel impatiently glanced at the doctor and reluctantly followed him out of the study.

The study seemed much quieter with them gone.

Ainsley sat with Daniel on the sofa.

"Let's continue the therapy here.The chair is uncomfortable."

Observing Ainsley's absent-minded state, Daniel reminded her displeasedly, "I am your patient."

"Let's continue.You only reached halfway before,"

Ainsley responded coldly.

After a moment of thought, Daniel resumed where he left off.

After finishing talking about his dream, Daniel stared at Ainsley, curious about her approach.

In reality, the dream he described was entirely fabricated.

Ainsley, however, proceeded to communicate with him as if it were real, oblivious to the deception.

"I want you to close your eyes and imagine the person you saw in your dream, envision her hair blowing against your face..."

A gentle voice lingered in Daniel's ears, and as the last word fell, he finally fell into a deep sleep.

Ainsley continued speaking for a few more minutes, and gradually, Daniel's arm slipped off the sofa, indicating his complete slumber.

Looking at Daniel sleeping peacefully, Ainsley tentatively called out, "Daniel? Are you asleep?"

There was no response, not even a flicker of his eyelashes.

Ainsley retrieved the USB drive which given by Roman from her briefcase and approached Daniel's seat. She located the computer's interface and inserted the USB drive. She turned on the computer but a password prompt appeared on the screen.

It was evident that she didn't know the password.

Meanwhile, Manuel kept the psychiatrist occupied outside the study, ensuring that Daniel remained hypnotized.

Who knows when he would wake up?

[Chapter 680: I Know the Password](#)

Ainsley was pressed for time.

Just then, the door to the study swung open, and she anxiously locked eyes with the woman who entered, barely having a moment to react.

The woman was clearly taken aback by the scene before her. She glanced at Daniel, asleep on the couch, and instantly grasped the situation.

"You're..."

"Shh,"

Ainsley whispered, "I understand your predicament, and I'm determined to help you. Please don't make any noise right now. It's the first step."

Georgia nodded, albeit belatedly, and upon seeing the computer screen, she immediately understood Ainsley's intentions. "You want to access his computer?"

Ainsley's eyes were full of worry, "Yes, but I don't know the password."

Georgia pondered for a moment, set down the coffee she was holding, and her expression gradually hardened.

"I know the password."

Taking a step forward, she seemed to transport herself back to that night when she had brought coffee and been instructed to wear revealing attire.

Stepping into the study, she knew what she was about to endure, though this time felt notably different.

Violently thrown to the ground, she shivered as the cold floor sent chills down her spine. Her body bore the marks of bruises.

Daniel acted like a thug, venting his anger and desires upon her.

After the abuse, she was left devoid of any consciousness.

Daniel rose from her battered form and approached the computer.

Georgia turned her head, committing the numbers Daniel pressed on the desk to memory.

Emerging from the depths of her memories, Georgia reached out and pressed the numbers she had witnessed on the keyboard.

Soon enough, the computer powered on.

The USB program initiated, and the progress bar on the screen indicated the ongoing process.

In that moment, Ainsley's gaze fell upon Georgia, noticing the bruises on her arms. Her fingers were swathed in swollen bandages.

Ainsley retrieved a few band-aids from her briefcase.

"This is all I have."

"Thank you," Georgia replied calmly.

"Irene is currently serving a life sentence in prison. Last time, I truly wished to intervene, but in order to save you completely, you had to endure a little longer," Ainsley explained.

Upon hearing the news about Irene, a smile graced Georgia's lips.

"That's excellent. Did you make it happen?"

Ainsley nodded and added, "Those victims helped too."

"I sent that message. I hope it proves useful for you,"

Georgia unexpectedly revealed.

Ainsley was taken aback.

"You did well. That information is crucial to me. If I hadn't seen that message, perhaps I wouldn't have come here today." Georgia sighed.

"The collection is complete. You should leave quickly."

Aware of Daniel's capabilities, Georgia saw Ainsley as her last hope and naturally wished to avoid her being exposed.

After Georgia departed, Ainsley witnessed the progress bar reach 100% and promptly unplugged the USB drive before turning off the computer.

Half an hour later, Daniel roused from his deep slumber. It was the first time he had experienced such tranquility.

Everything seemed normal, save for the coffee cups on the table, evidence of Georgia's presence. He spotted Ainsley sitting upright, engrossed in a book in her hands.

Restlessness overcame him, and he took a few steps closer to Ainsley, uttering, "Do you know what I dreamt about just now?"

Ainsley frowned slightly.

"What?"

"I dreamt of embarking on a journey with you, with you holding my hand."

Daniel reached out and clasped Ainsley's hand.

Startled, Ainsley swiftly withdrew her hand.

Mr.Hume! Please behave yourself!"

"Why is it that Manuel can touch you, but I cannot?"

With an agitated demeanor, he lunged towards Ainsley once more.

The study door swung open, and Manuel entered, his expression stern as he advanced directly towards Daniel, delivering a forceful punch to his face.

"How dare you hit me?"

Daniel grunted in pain, collapsing to the ground.

Manuel sneered, "You conspired with that psychiatrist to harm me, and I found out.I should beat the crap out of you!"

Manuel seized Ainsley and prepared to depart.

Before leaving, he couldn't resist imparting a final remark.

"That psychiatrist is already unconscious, but I advise you not to cause a commotion."

As she left, Ainsley stated, "The therapy is over."

Sitting on the black cayenne, Manuel whisked Ainsley away from the villa with haste.

A sigh of relief escaped Ainsley's lips.

"Finally, it's over.It was a close call."

Prior to entering her home, Ainsley handed the USB drive to Manuel.

"Take this to Roman and let me know if there's any news."

"Alright."

Manuel pressed down on the accelerator and swiftly drove away.

Upon arriving at her house, Ainsley noticed Robyn and Waston, sitting opposite Matteo.

Internally surprised, Ainsley maintained a composed exterior as she took a seat next to Matteo.

Strangely enough, this time Robyn didn't greet Ainsley with cold gazes.

Instead, she inquired with concern, "What were you up to? Why are you back so late? I brought plenty of food from home this time.

Your uncle was extremely worried and even had the nanny prepare a multitude of dishes for you."

"Please express my gratitude to uncle Harold," Ainsley replied impassively.

Robyn didn't mind her attitude.

In fact, she retrieved two jade bracelets from her bag and handed one to Ainsley.

"These are vintage pieces. Nowadays, it's rare to find ones of such excellent quality. I'm giving this one to you, and the other one to Watson."

Robyn placed the other jade bracelet in front of Watson.

"Take a look. You like it?"

Watson eagerly opened the jade bracelet, confirming its superb quality.

Even Ainsley couldn't help but wonder why Robyn would generously bestow such a fine bracelet upon her this time.

"Thank you, Aunt."

It felt out of the ordinary, making Ainsley skeptical that Robyn's gesture was purely benevolent. She must have an ulterior motive.

Matteo gestured for Ainsley to take the bracelet.

After she did, Watson also accepted the bracelet.

"Tonight, there's no need for the nanny to cook. I brought so much food; just have the nanny heat it up!" Robyn declared.

Meanwhile, at the forensic examination office, Leonard finally completed an entire report.

Working the night shift, an unusual assignment for his position, hinted that someone may have deliberately arranged it.

Only 8 o'clock, and most of the staff had already departed, leaving the premises almost empty.

As Leonard maneuvered a body onto a gurney and pushed it into the morgue, he couldn't shake the feeling of being followed.

After shutting the heavy door and stepping inside, Leonard prepared to open the door to the cold storage.

Unexpectedly, the "corpse" on the bed suddenly sprang to life, brandishing a knife and lunging at Leonard. Who are you?!"

Leonard narrowly evaded the attack.

In the next instant, the assailant charged at him once more.

Leonard summoned all his strength to push him away and swiftly reached for his phone to call Ainsley. Aware that the Easton family had assigned protection, he assumed a few bodyguards were nearby. However, before he could connect the call, Samuel knocked the phone out of Leonard's hand.