

## **A Divorce 694**

### Chapter 694 Three Questions

In the study.

The treatment was finished. It was psychotherapy.

Ainsley got up, ready to leave with her things.

“Why don’t you stay for dinner?” Daniel asked.

Shooting a cold glance at him, Ainsley shook her head. “No need. I’m tired of your food.”

“Aisy, could you stop being mean to me?” Daniel asked with a frown.

“Don’t call me that. It’s disgusting,” Ainsley snapped.

Daniel laughed out loud. “Why can’t I since Manuel can do it?”

“It’s none of your business. Just mind your own business.”

She had just wondered if she should tell Georgia the camera thing, but now she decided not to do it after a second thought.

She might be depressed if she knew that she had been deceived completely.

“Aren’t you afraid that I’ll be so annoyed as to lock you up again?” Daniel raised his eyebrow.

Ainsley sneered, “You can try.”

“Everyone knew you were here last time, but they couldn’t take you away. It may happen again,” Daniel said viciously.

“That was because you covered the evidence even if they called the police. But it’s different now. Manuel and Matteo have got the evidence. They can take me away immediately if you dare to confine me again,”

Ainsley said disapprovingly.

Daniel frowned slightly. “So, you’ve subconsciously taken Manuel as being on your side, haven’t you? He’s the first man you’d think of when something wrong happens to you.”

Ainsley was stunned by his observation. In fact, she didn’t even realize what she herself was thinking about deep down.

“I’m off to go.” Leaving the word, she turned around and left.

In the largest venue in Seattle.

Under the soft light, Grace was singing a moving song on the huge stage. She looked extremely gorgeous in the graceful gown.

The audience was in a frenzy of excitement because it had been four years since Grace’s last show. They felt satisfied and astonished.

All the reporters pointed their cameras at Grace and took many beautiful photos of her.

The show was live streamed, so countless positive bullet comments appeared on the screen.

[Grace honey! I love you so much. You're as beautiful as ever!]

[Stop talking nonsense! Grace is mine!]

[Well, if you all kneel and beg me, I'll let my wife Grace sing another song.]

[Look, is the man sitting over there Mr. Gage?]

(Oh my God! It's Mr. Gage! He is so handsome! He's my husband! I can't believe I see both my husband and my wife together! I can't be happier!]

[But who's the woman sitting next to him? She looks familiar to me.]

[Isn't she his rumored girlfriend? Her surname is Easton.]

[You haven't seen the world, have you? She's a psychological expert who has won many awards. She's charming, I think.]

Ainsley was sitting beside Manuel in the first row. The dark blue gown showed off her fair and delicate skin.

Manuel in a bespoke suit turned his head to look at her from time to time.

Despite watching the performance expressionlessly, they look like a perfect couple.

Grace didn't notice them, for the song was specially produced by the most famous producer.

After the song, there was a loud round of applause from the audience.

When Grace was about to step off the stage, the host stopped her hurriedly. "Could you please stay for a moment? Your fans are curious about you, so we've prepared some questions for you. Is that okay?"

A hint of imperceptible displeasure flashed across Grace's eyes. She had not been told about the interview part before the performance. And generally speaking, it must be rehearsed and questions should be screened ahead of time.

What's wrong with the activity organizer and the host?

But she couldn't show any negative emotions in front of so many cameras. "Of course, I haven't been interviewed for a long time. Please forgive me if I spend much time thinking about the answers," she said with a polite smile.

The host immediately checked the first question card in his hand. "The first question is asked by a fan from Seattle. Ms. Yannin, you have once said you might go abroad. Then may I ask why you come to Seattle privately now?"

Grace kept a civil smile.

After pondering for a moment, she answered softly, "I don't think it's contradictory. I stayed here for my career development for a long time before I went abroad. Don't you remember that?"

Replying with a smile, the host continued to read the questions. “Next question. Ms. Yannin, you said you had been a volunteer teacher in the remote areas for the past two years, but why was your name not on the school list publicized by your team? Was this just a publicity stunt?”

Grace was at a loss. Meanwhile, some different comments appeared on the screen. [What’s wrong with the host? Why did he ask these questions? He’s so unprofessional.]

[I’m curious about her answer. I’m wondering if she has been a volunteer teacher or not.]

[That’s ridiculous! Everyone knows how famous Grace is. Does she need to hype up by that? Don’t be kidding!]

“I know there are various speculations over it, and it’s time to make it clear. I did teach students in some remote areas. As for why my name was not on the list of the schools where I have ever worked as a volunteer, it’s because I used an alias.”

She looked around the audience present. “I’m sure many of you have done it just like me. If you have, you’ll know that the most difficult part is not the harsh living environment, simple facilities, or washing problems. But they are nothing compared to a much more serious problem.

Living in those areas are not just many old people but also plenty of single men who will be sexually excited to meet new volunteer teachers. I didn’t know about it when I first started teaching. One day, when I walked a student home at night and returned to the dorm prepared by the school, I saw more than a dozen men, old and young, leaning against the back wall outside the dorm. They looked at me with disgusting desire in their eyes. It turned out that the village chief had told all the villagers that a female star would go there before I arrived there. And more and more villagers came to see me as if I were an animal in the zoo. So, I had no choice but to use an alias.

In addition to hiding my real identity, I also need to make myself look ugly. Actually, a lot of people have impugned my motives ever since I came back. Now that I’ve made it all clear, I hope I will not hear those negative remarks again. Besides, the reason why I didn’t tell the truth until now was because I was afraid that such a cruel reality may dissuade many people from being volunteer teachers.