

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 491 -500

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 491-Striking a Deal The next day, I had just walked into the office when Atticus followed suit.

I wondered why he was here or if it had anything to do with yesterday's events.

After sitting on the couch, he said, "Congratulations, Ms. Chloe!" I smiled. Indeed, these past few days have been filled with so much good news that it was almost overwhelming.

Follow on Taking a seat on the couch, I looked at him. "Mr. Atticus, you're not just here to congratulate me, right?" Carol brought in some tea, and I said.

"The tea here is sourced from the Vanderberg Palace. Have some." "You certainly have your ways. You got tea from the Vanderberg Palace. You only recently met Bella, but your relationship with her has already progressed." Atticus's words held a deeper meaning.

"Are you referring to yesterday's incident?" I scrutinized his face. "For me, that was an accident." Atticus affirmed, "I'm here because I need your help with something." "How can I assist you, Mr. Atticus? If I can, I'll give it my all." He looked as if he were grappling with his thoughts, trying to find the right words.

Then he said two words that shocked me. "Divorce!" I was stunned for a good while. "Mr.

Atticus, are you joking? I'm afraid I can't help you with this. It's not easy to dissolve one marriage. I can't involve myself in just anything. Besides, you're well aware of how your sister-in-law feels about me. I..." Atticus leaned in on the couch. It seemed like saying those words brought him relief. He looked at me with solemnity. "It's because of your conflict with Liora that only you can help me with this." "Oh?" I looked at Atticus's face. This man was the most difficult to read.

"This marriage should have ended long ago. The things Liora has done over the years are unspeakable and too many to list. If it weren't for the B= INOW greater interests of the Cole family, I would have parted ways with her long ago. You understand this, too." BURR "Ms. Chloe, I won't let you get entangled in a dilemma. You just need to help me curb her ambitions and dampen her spirit. I have other ways to handle the rest! Besides, I can assist you in achieving what you want!" My heart skipped a beat. I had to admit — Atticus was cunning. He wanted to make a deal with me. Though, how could he know about my plans? He made it sound easy, asking me to curb her ambitions. In reality, he wanted me to be the one to unveil Liora's secrets.

He would take advantage of the situation and reap the benefits, "Chloe, from the day I met you, I never saw you as an enemy or a competitor," he said, then paused. "I admit, I once tested your relationship with ATL Empire. You know, in our business world, it's

not unreasonable to do so.” I gave a faint smile. He wasn’t wrong, I had similarly used him.

“But I realized that ATL Empire didn’t care to compete with me. Over time, I have admired your integrity, Ms. Chloe.

So, I’ve considered you a friend.” “If we put it this way, you’ve helped me even more. I remember it well!” “Perhaps you didn’t think much of it when you helped me resolve the Thompson family issues. But you solved a major problem for me. I’m well aware of the hostility Liora holds | against you. She’s someone who never forgets a slight!” “I’ve experienced it firsthand.” I took this opportunity to share with Atticus some of my encounters with Liora, including yesterday’s incident at the Beringer residence.

He replied, “So I owe you an apology. I bear some responsibility. But I also know her well. She’s relentless, so I’ve decided to end this marriage.” It seemed Atticus was resolute in his decision.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 492-Every Man for Himself Atticus opened up to me, revealing all of Liora’s actions over the past few years. Some were truly shocking.

“So all I need is a starting point to remove her from the Cole family completely,” Atticus said. “And you, Chloe, are the one who can make it happen. That’s why I put on a brave face and came to seek your help today.” Atticus chuckled awkwardly. “I must admit, she’s tarnished my reputation beyond repair!” “She’s the one in the wrong, not you,” [assured him.

After some contemplation, I agreed with him. This wasn’t just helping him.

- VY WviihWwe It was also helping me. Based on what Atticus had confided in me, if I didn’t deal with her, she would become an obstacle. She was a potential threat to me. Atticus handed me the evidence of her collusion with Stella and Celine. Especially with the recent addition of Trinity, if these three joined forces against me, I wouldn’t stand a chance. As Atticus put it, it was best to nip this problem in the bud. It was every man for himself. Follow on After bidding farewell to Atticus, I pondered for a long while. It seemed like Atticus gave me a nudge, pushing my plan forward without an exit. [let out a sigh. Let the games begin! When I noticed the time, I quickly took Carol to the Hansen residence. After all, Oliver’s wife had passed away, and I needed to pay my respects. The memorial hall was packed with people paying their respects. Oliver looked exhausted as he stood vigil in the hall, attending to various matters. His only son was thanking the guests. [didn’t see Lauren the whole time. It was unusual, considering that in the past, Oliver never minded her being by his side. Perhaps, on such occasions, she didn’t want to show her face. I felt uneasy because it had been two days since she last contacted me. I thought she might be busy here. Maybe I’d underestimated the situation. As I was leaving, I ran into Matthew at the entrance. When he saw me, his

expression was complicated. As we passed each other, he uttered a sarcastic, "Congratulations!" Then he walked toward the hall. The congratulation wasn't heartfelt, I scoffed, unfazed. Hollow congratulations from people like Matthew went in one ear and out the other. I knew how much he despised seeing me rise. In the car, Carol told me, "Chlo, have you seen the trending topics? Someone uploaded a full video of you and Mr. Ryan." "A full video of what?" I Sn puzzled. | "The one accusing you of being intimate with Mr. Ryan!" She said while driving, "It's so misleading. Look!" I pulled out my phone and checked the trending topics. I saw the news about Harmony being let go. The Austier Agency had acted swiftly. Harmony moving out of the Amethyst Apartments was captured on camera as well. I let out a light huff. She brought this upon herself. I scrolled further and found the video of me and Ryan. The video showed me hugging Ryan after dropping him off at home. We exchanged a few words, and then he gave me a big pat on the back. We both smiled. Even though you couldn't hear our conversation, anyone who watched the entire video could see that it was an embrace of gratitude. What was so scandalous about it? The comments from netizens below were filled with exclamations of disbelief. "Unbelievable! Taking things out of context, it's just despicable!" "Is a friendly hug not allowed? I get these every day!" "Who was the one trying to taint everyone's perception?" I chuckled at the supportive comments. "It seems like there are still some righteous souls out there!" "You're right! Chlo, I've noticed that | you always see the good in everything. Ww *15 BONUS Where did this video come from, anyway? It's just someone cherry-picking to fit their narrative. They just got a taste of their own medicine!" Carol always knew how to put things into perspective. "Yeah! You're right! People can lift or bring you down with just a few words. It's a double-edged sword!" When I arrived at Lauren's place, I sent Carol back to the office. I headed straight upstairs. I figured that it wouldn't be something that could be resolved quickly. I pressed the doorbell, which chimed. However, there was no sign of Lauren opening the door. I was puzzled. Was she not home? I called her phone. After a short while, I could hear the faint ringing from inside.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 493-Drunk with a Clear Mind i Alarmed, I pounded on the door forcefully. "Lauren, open up! I know you're in there! It's me, Chloe!" I pounded for an eternity and finally heard some shuffling from inside. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Lauren, it's me, Chlo. Please open the door, okay?" Finally, the door clicked open. I was flooded with relief and quickly pushed the door open. What I saw inside made me gasp.

As the door swung open, I found Lauren lying on the floor, looking disheveled and far from herself.

"Lauren!" I rushed in and lifted her, W gently brushing away the tangled mess of hair on her face, "Lauren, what have you done? Lauren..." he My hand stroked her cheek, but

the room was heavy with the odor of alcohol, making it difficult to breathe. I set her down and rushed to open all the windows. Then I hurried back to hold her.

Not letting Carol stay was a mistake. I quickly pulled out my phone, intending to call Carol and ask her to return. I was worried about Lauren in this state.

Follow on However, she clumsily swatted my phone away. “No... don’t!” “Lauren, what are you doing? If something’s bothering you, you should’ve called me. Why keep everything to yourself? Aren’t I your friend?” I yelled in frustration, Despite Lauren’s slender frame, I couldn’t budge her. – She was completely wasted. This explained why it took her so long to open the door.

It appeared that her mind was still present despite the alcohol. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have heard me calling.

I slowly dragged her to bed and collapsed on the floor out of exhaustion. There were bottles of alcohol everywhere I looked. I didn’t know how much she had drunk.

After catching my breath, I wiped Lauren’s face with a cold towel while she struggled to stop me. She must have thought I was Oliver.

Her face was pale, and her breath reeked of alcohol.

The guilt was gnawing at me. I should have checked on her after the banquet ended, but I assumed she would be busy at the Hansen residence.

I went to the kitchen to make a bowl of hangover soup. It was something to fill her stomach. I was sure she hadn’t eaten anything the past day.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t be in this state from intoxication.

Looking at her frail form, I felt a sharp pang in my heart. What was the point of all this? Love was supposed to be a source of joy, not torment.

It reminded me of how things were with Atlas before. Back then, I truly felt exhausted, especially when my arm was in a cast.

vividly remember one day when I saw Atlas having a meal with Harmony.

Perhaps to humiliate me, Harmony insisted on having Atlas feed her. It was like I didn’t exist.

It felt like something inside me had died. I thought about all the love and care I poured into him, only for him to move on without looking back.

Whether it was family pressure or outside influences, how could I not be self-conscious? At that time, I thought Atlas and I would never be together. That was when I gave up and stayed with Ryan.

However, I knew that this love wasn't something I could dive into.

Back when I was with Matthew, it was a constant struggle. It was filled with calculations and schemes to Sere a meager piece of what should have rightfully been mine. = After falling for Atlas, it was a rollercoaster of ups and downs. I thought it was just me grappling with challenges, but everyone faced the same battles.

It seemed like only women bound by love would go to such lengths. But how much of our precious time did we waste? Just like Lauren now. She had gambled with her youth, standing by Oliver's side, enduring insults.

Wasn't she perceptive? She was. But what had she gained by holding on? Disgrace, mockery, and being taken for granted.

CT Sew Watching her move effortlessly through social scenes with Oliver, it seemed like she had it all. In the end, she was just an ornament. I couldn't say for sure that Oliver truly loved her.

It was no surprise that Lauren sobbed when I spoke up for her. She must have endured so much, and only she truly knew the pain she carried.

The madame of the Hansen family had finally passed away, but it didn't guarantee that Lauren would take her place. I was sure she carried her burdens.

Beyond The Divorce Chapter 494-Reclaiming My Dignity If it weren't for her, I might not have moved on. So, I resolved to stand by her from now on. Lauren was a wonderful friend.

As I tidied up the messy room, I fed her the hangover soup. She seemed to recover.

"Lauren! Are you feeling better?" I tried to talk to her.

She made a couple of sounds, then fell silent again. I wanted to take her to the hospital, but I just couldn't move her.

After observing her for a while, I still wasn't sure. So, I had to call Atlas and tell him about Lauren's condition. He drove over.

Seeing Lauren's condition, he picked her up and took her straight to the hospital. It wasn't until she received an IV that I could relax.

Follow on Ivanna found out and came to Lauren's room. We both kept her company as she slept.

Lauren didn't wake up until the following day. She still didn't look too good.

She looked around, confused. "Why am I in the hospital?" I replied a bit impatiently, "Where else would you be? Did you think we'd leave you at home to die? Don't you know you have us?" "How did I get here?" She said, still looking dazed.

"It was Atlas who helped me bring you here. There's no way I could've managed you alone," I retorted.

She covered her face and whispered, "This is so embarrassing!" "What's wrong with you? What happened?" I asked, not mincing my words.

She stared at the ceiling, tears streaming down her cheeks, as if her memory was returning. After a long while, she sighed deeply.

"What did Oliver say?" I inquired.

She shook her head. "Nothing." "Then why go through all this?" [vanna, ever the impatient one, interjected. "It's just a funeral. What does it matter if you go or not?" Lauren managed a bitter smile.

"You're right. Why bother?" I understood. It was still about the funeral.

At noon, Atlas brought some food for us. Seeing that Lauren was awake, he felt reassured. He also reminded me to return to the Beringer residence in the evening.

After finishing the IV, she looked a bit more spirited. She said, "Take me home." I knew that the Hansen family had already finished the funeral this morning. She wanted to talk to Oliver.

Back at her place, she took a shower and lay down on the sofa. I looked at her and said, "Well, I'll be going!" [I feared that if Oliver showed up, I would just be a third wheel. Besides, I needed to rest for the evening at the Beringer residence. ~ "Chlo, wait!" She called out to me.

I looked at her, waiting for her to continue. She remained silent for a long while before speaking. "Help me check for any available apartments at Amethyst Apartments. I want to buy one for myself, close to you." I looked at her, a bit surprised. "Have you thought it through?" She hesitated, then nodded. "Yes. Are your previous words still valid?" "What words?" "About staying with you and doing | A everything together?" Her voice was hoarse. "I'll handle your public relations!" Her words were filled with humility, making my eyes tear up. I smiled and said, "Of course, it's a deal. You can lead the team." "Then it's settled!" She smiled through her teary eyes. "I must regain my dignity." "Okay. I

support you!" I grabbed her hand. "Let's do this together. You may not know, but while you were lost in a drunken haze, a lot has happened these past two days." [wiped my eyes and told her about what had transpired.

She looked at me with a contented smile. "You're a lucky charm!" "Moving to Amethyst Apartments would be fantastic. Then the three of us can be together." I looked at her, feeling excited.

She glanced around the house. It was pretty spacious—over 170 square meters.

"This house belongs to Oliver.

Although it's registered in my name, I don't plan to keep it. What belongs to the Hansen family stays with the Hansen family. As for money, I still have some. It's enough for my expenses. I want to break free from his influence," Lauren said.

"What exactly did he say to you?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 495-Stand Up for Yourself Lauren's gaze was fixed on a spot for a long time.

"Before his wife passed away, she called me to her side. She told Oliver that after she's gone, he should marry me and give me my rightful status. She said she had occupied my position for so many years, living a half-dead existence. She urged Oliver not to let me down." Lauren's voice was hoarse and hopeless. I started to worry.

"She also said that Oliver can't touch the current house or their savings.

After all, they have a son, so those things will go to him. She asked me not to be angry and that she was being selfish. She said that once she's gone and Oliver marries me, she can't interfere anymore." I thought that his wife was wise.

"She mentioned the bracelet given by the Hansen family when they got married. She gave it to me, saying it was something only a true Hansen family daughter-in-law could have.

Follow on She passed it down so I could be a part of the Hansen family..." She looked at me as she blinked back tears. "Do you know what Oliver said?" Lauren couldn't hold it back and burst into tears.

"He didn't blame her for anything she said! But h-he said he wouldn't marry again. The Hansen family's daughter in-law will forever be her!" Lauren cried uncontrollably.

My heart ached for her. Even I, an ; outsider, didn't expect Oliver to say something so hurtful. I understood why Lauren had drowned her sorrows in alcohol after seeing her cry so hard.

After a long while, she said, "I want nothing from them. The house, the car, the land—I don't want any of it. All I want is my rightful status. After all these years... The entire city knows what kind of person I am. After all this time, that's all he could say." She burst into tears again. "Chlo... I..." "Maybe he just wanted to comfort his wife, you know? After all, when someone is about to pass, they want to leave with peace of mind." I guessed, trying to console Lauren.

She shook her head. "I will never forgive him. What does he take me for? Outsiders can mock and ridicule me, but he can't. He knows what I've done all these years. Am I that worthless?" She cried while speaking. Even if I wanted to comfort her, I didn't know what to say.

"He doesn't see me as a person at all! I'm just his tool, someone to share his troubles with. When he's tired, I'm just a chair or a bed for him. He took that bracelet from my hand and put it on his wife's..." I scoffed, unable to comprehend Oliver's actions. My feelings weren't just about anger.

"So, I won't take this house, What I want is my pride. I want to be someone again!" She spoke through sobs.

"She's gone, but I'm alive! I can't live in this drunken stupor anymore." "His wife was really something." I shook my head. Lauren was showing true determination.

"Alright, I'll see if any apartments are available." "It doesn't need to be too big—just an apartment, a place that belongs to me.

That way, I can stand tall. A person, Chlo, should always stand up for themselves." Lauren choked up.

"Help me pack up my things. I want nothing else. I want to go out for a walk. When I get tired, I'll come back to find you," she said gently.

"Are you saying you want to pack now?" I looked at her with skepticism.

She nodded. "Yes, now. I don't want to see him anymore!" I paused. "Maybe you should talk to him. Some things need to be communicated." "There's no need. I'm tired. I won't regret it. I've done everything I should.

I've fought for what I could. No more talking." Lauren was resolute.

"There's not much of my belongings here. Just have them sent to your place for now." "Lauren, how about letting Atlas talk to him? He's in—" "Chloe, if this makes you uncomfortable, then I don't need you.

You can leave now!" She changed her tone, her attitude turned cold, and she got up and walked into the bedroom.

“Lauren, that’s not what I meant. I’m just worried that you will...

“No, I won’t!” “Alright, let me help you pack!” I hurried over and pushed her back onto the bed. “You lie down. Just tell me what to do with your things.” She sat on the edge of the bed and took a deep breath. Then she went into the dressing room, returning with two large boxes.

After packing up, I took her boxes with me, She said she wanted to rest for a while, I thought little of it. After all, in the evening, I still had to meet with Atlas at the Beringer residence.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 496-The Beringer Family’s Pet — We returned to the Beringer family’s residence, and this time was truly a family dinner.

I wasn’t as nervous this time. Key figures like Archie were genuinely kind and amiable, while Grandma Rose had already instructed her own cooks, bustling about with the preparations.

Upon seeing me and Atlas enter, she happily pulled me over. “Why are you here so late?” “Grandma, sorry for keeping you waiting. A good friend of mine suddenly had an issue, and I helped her, which made me a bit late.” She pulled me to sit in the living room, appraising me as if she hadn’t quite remembered my appearance from that day. “You’re truly a kind girl.” — Then she sent a servant upstairs to call for someone, while Atlas and Archie were chatting on the side.

Before long, footsteps came from the staircase. I looked up and saw two imposing, handsome men coming down from upstairs. However, the two of them had entirely different demeanors.

One was scholarly and reserved, while the other was energetic and fashionable.

Follow on Archie and Atlas heard the sound and also walked over.

After the two came down, the younger one ran straight to my side, his handsome face almost pressed against mine. “Is she really your granddaughter? She’s obviously.

younger than I am, how can you say she’s my older sister?” &» Before he could continue, Atlas pulled him away. “Go to the side and keep your distance.” “Atlas, you’ve gone too far! Grandma called us back to meet my father’s daughter. That means she’s my younger sister, so what say do you have in this? Your attitude toward me is unacceptable, and I’ll be the first to oppose your marriage with her.” Then he leaned close to me again.

“Grandma, no wonder you like her.

She's really pretty." The other, composed, stood to the side, looking at me politely. The group gazed at me as if I were some sort of prized pet.

At this moment, Grandma Rose, contrary to her initial seriousness, beamed with delight. "Right. She's beautiful. She's the one I like the most." "Ardie, you're one year older than her, so she's your younger sister. You can call her Chlo." I looked at Ardie, who was smiling kindly at me. I got up with a blush on my face. "Hey Ardie." "Hey Chlo." Ardie was composed, despite only being a year older, he seemed quite mature.

"Arnold, she's three years older than you. Of course, she's your older sister. I don't want to hear any nonsense from you!" Grandma Rose gave Arnold a slap, and he shrunk his neck. "Three years older?" @&» = Then he looked at me. "Why were you in such a hurry? Couldn't you wait for me to come to this world first? Will you take care of me in the future?" His words made the whole family laugh.

"Twill." I said confidently.

Atlas immediately became unhappy.

"Why take care of him? He's tough, so you don't need to do that." "Atlas, just go away. You shouldn't have come today. This is the Beringer family's gathering. What business do you have here?" "She's my wife!" Atlas blurted anxiously.

I instantly turned red. This was too straightforward. Why did he have to say I was his wife? It was like he was insinuating that we were already together.

I quickly took out the gifts I bought, trying to conceal my embarrassment. I had bought clothes for everyone.

Grandma Rose's gift was a fashionably modified dress with hand-embroidered details. I had to thank Atlas for this; he found a skilled folk artisan, but I personally selected the wine-red dress adorned with magnolia embroidery, which looked elegant and dignified. I also paired it with a shawl of the same color, exuding a sense of luxury.

For Archie, I bought a set of business casual clothes for his everyday wear, along with two sets of high-end, ultra-thin, body-warming undergarments.

He often stayed in Solaris, and the temperature was about to drop there. I was worried he might catch a cold, so I got him two sets. @& Choosing gifts for Ardie and Arnold was tricky. Atlas helped me brainstorm for a long time before we each found something suitable for them.

Unexpectedly, they both loved their gifts immensely.

Especially Archie, who held a bunch of clothes and kept sighing, "Having a daughter is truly different. I haven't experienced this treatment in a long time. The clothes my secretary buys can't match the thoughtfulness of my daughter."

Grandma Rose couldn't get enough of her dress either. "If we're talking about my dresses, I've accumulated quite a collection, but none have been as thoughtful as this one. The craftsmanship is just too exquisite." "Grandma, I'm glad you like it. I...

didn't get anything too expensive, just everyday use items. Dad, I also often go to Solaris. If you need anything in the future, just let me know. I'll get it for you. Health is the most important thing, after all." "You often go to Solaris?" "Yes. I also have my own company there. If there's a need, I'll head over.

It's very convenient. I might have to go there again soon," I added casually.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 497-Her Backbone and Support Arnold let out a mournful cry, looking quite shaken. He regarded me with a hint of skepticism. "You have your own company? Doing what? Tell me." "Construction," I blushed, feeling a bit embarrassed.

n ?] pill You? Construction? Sure enough, Arnold was astonished.

"What kind of construction work can a delicate girl like you do?" I chuckled, "It was a twist of fate. Once I got into this field, there was no turning back." Ardie was also intrigued. "I can't believe it. You're such a delicate girl, and you're into construction and development?" Arnold quickly said to me, "Give the | work to him. He's a rugged man who should do construction. You can just run the business. In the future, we'll be a powerful team, with me in the field, and you managing the business from the office." Atlas immediately interjected, "Arnold, are you trying to poach her? What do you mean, 'you can run the business'? She's my wife. If she wants to be in charge, it'll be for the business of the Pierce family. She can do whatever she wants. You haven't even figured out the Beringer family's business yet, and you're making grandma carry the weight at the age of 80. You're still so young, so you better wait until you stand on your own before coming to boast to her."

After saying that, Atlas pulled me over and embraced me as if he was afraid someone would snatch me away. I was quite speechless, feeling utterly awkward.

Follow on Grandma Rose poked Arnold's forehead. "Did you hear that?" "Chlo, I also spend most of my time in Solaris. When you come over, contact me. We have a house there, and you don't have to stay elsewhere." Ardie really seemed like a good elder brother.

The servants came to announce that dinner was ready.

The family was truly harmonious.

When they heard I already had a daughter, Grandma Rose exclaimed, "Oh my goodness! Why didn't you bring her?" |

This statement left Arnold's jaw dropping in astonishment. It took him awhile to regain his composure and ask, "Whose child is that?" I gave a concise explanation of the real situation. Although it was hard to bring up, I didn't want to hide anything from this family. However they perceived me, I wanted to face it with honesty, even if it meant they might look down on me.

Atlas understood my feelings and held my hand firmly.

"Don't feel pressured. This isn't your fault. Our family is very understanding," Grandma Rose noticed my embarrassment and comforted me. "You should have brought the little girl today, and let us adore her. It's been years since the Beringer family had a little one running around in the house." Archie spoke up, "I have a meeting in Foswood tomorrow that will last all day. Since we're already family, Atlas, you bring the Hartz family over tomorrow before I return to Solaris. I want to see them before I leave, especially the little girl." Atlas nodded, "Sure. I'll make arrangements for that." "Also, now that I've accepted Chlo as my daughter, I need a reassuring answer from you. Are you genuinely sincere about this child?" Archie looked at Atlas solemnly.

I truly didn't expect Archie to ask Atlas for such an explicit assurance. I sat up straight, suddenly feeling nervous.

Grandma Rose grabbed my hand and also looked at Atlas.

The atmosphere instantly became solemn, and I could hear my own heart pounding.

"Grandma Rose, Uncle Archie, since I've brought Chlo to meet you, I'm serious about her. She is the woman for me and I will never let her go in this lifetime." Atlas's response was resolute. My emotions suddenly became somewhat uncontrollable, and I couldn't help but choke back a sob as tears streamed down my face.

"Okay, you must remember the words you said in front of me today. Chlo, don't be sad. Since you have the fate to be my daughter, I will take charge of this matter for you. Our family can match any noble or influential families out there!" Archie's tone was extremely affectionate and somewhat arrogant.

I really didn't expect this family to be so protective of me. Just a few days ago, I could only watch various news about Archie on TV. I never imagined that at this moment, he would be so dominant, preventing me from being mistreated.

Fate was truly peculiar.

"That's right. If he dares to abandon you, you just tell me... uh, tell the family, I'll take charge of this matter." Arnold chimed in, and I couldn't help but laugh, though my voice carried a tinge of tears.

After dinner, I talked with Grandma Rose and Arnold, while Atlas, Archie, and Ardie went to the study. They didn't come down for a long time, and it was already late when we bid farewell.

On the way back, Atlas held me in his arms the entire time. I was also deeply moved, not wanting to leave his embrace. I couldn't shake the feeling that Atlas was keeping something from me.

The secret between us was becoming clearer and more profound.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 498-Been Searching For Her All Week The next day, I received a message from her, asking me not to look for her and that she would come back when she was done having fun.

When Oliver found me, it had already been half a month later. He looked utterly desolate, completely worn out.

He appeared even more aged than his age.

When he saw me, he asked eagerly, "Where did Lauren go?" [looked at him for a long while before asking, "When did you realize she wasn't around?" He looked at me. "I've been looking for her for a week." Follow on "So, you mean you didn't even notice she was gone for the previous weeks?" I stared at Oliver intently, & Initially, I had respected him. After all, he held the power of life and death over many businesses, including mine.

In Foswood, no businessman didn't consider him the God of Wealth. Yet, he was so miserly toward a vulnerable woman, especially one who had accompanied him for so many years.

It was the first time I had seen him up close like this. His sharp eyes met mine, and his pale face twitched, but he didn't answer my question.

"I've always respected you, thinking you were magnanimous, kind, and composed. I thought you were a man of your word, and someone Lauren could rely on. It seems you never truly valued Lauren, so why bother looking for her?" I looked at Oliver frankly.

Oliver suddenly leaned toward me, his eyes bloodshot. "Tell me! Where is she?" Instinctively, I leaned back a bit and said calmly, "She has been with you for so many years. How could you not know her decision? If you can't find her, how could I?" "What did she tell you?" he asked anxiously.

"She said she had figured things out and would come back when she's tired of having fun. That's all I know." I told the truth, regardless of whether he believed me.

"Mr. Oliver, no one will wait for you indefinitely. You're exhausting all the trust and patience she had for you. She has thoughts, flesh, and a soul. She's not a piece of wood, and she has no reason to let everyone despise her.

Strangers can do that to her, but you cannot. I'm sorry, Mr. Oliver, I can't help you." I finished, picked up my bag, and left.

Suddenly, an earth-shattering sound of something breaking came from behind. I stopped in my tracks, my lips twitching, but I didn't turn back.

That evening, Atlas held me close and asked about the situation earlier. I looked at him and asked in return, "Do you think I did something wrong?" He smiled indulgently and ruffled my hair. "My girl, whatever you do is right."

"you don't believe me? Do you think I know where Lauren is?" I looked at him. I knew Oliver wouldn't give up easily. If he couldn't get an answer from me, he would definitely go to Atlas.

"No, quite the opposite. I trust your words completely and never doubt their truthfulness. Given Lauren's personality, once she makes up her mind, there's probably no turning back." Atlas scoffed. "I absolutely agree with your take on Oliver's actions." "Can we blame Lauren for this? What does Oliver think she is? His tool? His amusement? Or just a trophy wife to boost his ego?" I pouted. "For so many years, Lauren has been like a garbage bin, enduring so much injustice, abuse, and bullying. Anyone can ridicule and humiliate her, but not Oliver. Shouldn't every contribution of hers be duly recognized? "He's too self-absorbed, thinking he's the master, treating a woman as a piece of clothing. Also, his wife, that woman is truly formidable, malicious, and conniving. Even in death, she set traps. Impressive, I must say. I have to admit her skills even though I dislike her." "Alright, calm down. Don't be mad." Atlas pinched my nose.

"What do you mean by don't be mad? You men are all the same. You just walked away holding her in front of me. Do you know how I survived that month? I was exhausted with so many sleepless nights. But what about you? You're a bad guy. Mmm..." I couldn't finish scolding him as he clung to me, making it impossible for me to breathe.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 499-Coming to Her Doorstep I was breathing heavily, glancing at him sideways. "Don't think it's all over just like that. Those images are etched in my mind, and they've hurt me deeply. I can't ever forget them." He held me, his tone indulgent. "Then punish me. Make me hold you forever and not let go." I chuckled at his persistence. This man was truly something else; he'd switch between being firm and soft, making it difficult to argue with him.

"If you dare do that again, I won't forgive you. I wouldn't care about punishing you too." I deliberately teased him. "You have someone to hold, and I do too." We playfully bantered back and forth.

His handsome face tensed up, "Someone's acting up, huh?" I was taken aback and looked at him suddenly, trying to discern the truth in his words from his expression.

He immediately sensed my reaction, bit my lips, and said, "My girl, you're even harder to coax than Ava." I chuckled to myself; I knew he was just playing around. I stopped the teasing because saying too much could harm our relationship, so I leaned against his chest. "Wonder where Lauren is right now. Oliver has hurt her heart deeply this time. I don't think there's much room for a turnaround."

What people fear most is heartache. It leaves deep scars that are hard to follow on heal." Atlas tightened his grip on my arm and nuzzled my forehead with his chin.

Honestly, I hoped the people around me could all be happy and healthy.

Lately, things had been going well for me, but others were stumbling along the way.

These days, Grace had grown accustomed to coming to Amethyst Apartments as if she were going to work every day. She would come at 2 p.m. every day, and would be busy cooking for Ava. Her condition seemed stable, and my mother had already accepted that she was seriously ill, so they got along quite well.

However, the moment something seemed to improve for Grace, problems started on Melanie's side. She would constantly create trouble at Grace's place. And it was not just her, but also Abby.

Today was my day off, and I had planned to sleep in after a late night.

However, I was awakened early in the morning by a commotion.

I opened my eyes, and listening to the noisy commotion outside, I sensed that something was amiss. I quickly pulled the covers and headed downstairs.

I saw Ava and Jenny hiding next to the floor-to-ceiling window, peering outside fearfully. Jenny, two years older, held her protectively in her arms.

As soon as Ava saw me coming downstairs, she immediately let go of Jenny and ran over to me. Mommy, there's a wicked witch... that bad witch wants to hit Grandma. Mommy, call Uncle Atlas quickly!" "Don't be afraid. Mommy's here. You and Jenny stay here and watch. Don't come out." I reassured her, and Jenny quickly took on a protective stance, "Ava, don't be afraid. I will protect you." I turned and headed outside. As I opened the door, I was greeted by loud, aggressive cursing. "Grace, you old hag! How dare you hide here, protecting this little slut? Do you want to die?" I only heard the

voice, not seeing the person. Many people were gathered at the door, some of our elderly family members, along with some neighbors who had come out to watch the commotion.

Abby's antics seemed to escalate with an audience.

"Grace, you're hanging out with this divorced slut, right? Did she give you the idea to snatch my house away? Even if Henry is around, he needs to make way for me too!" She even dared to brazenly mention Henry.

"you should have died a long time ago, along with this little slut. Damn it. You bitches are always going against my daughter, huh? I won't let any of you live in peace. Don't even think about it!" [reached the front door. Several of our elderly family members were guarding it. Grace had arrived quite early today, probably knowing that Ava had a day off.

I had no idea when she had arrived.

At this moment, her hair was disheveled, and my mother was protecting her, gasping for breath.

Molly was standing in front of my mother with a ladle in her hand. My father's face was pale with anger, shaking his head continuously. "What a shrew!" Abby was still jumping about without fear like a complete clown. Her wrinkled face was heavily powdered, and she had put on lipstick, resembling a paper puppet.

"Mom, all of you go inside!" yelled, startling Abby.. She paused for a moment, staring at me with wide eyes.

= | When she realized it was me, she panicked. &»

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 500-Easier to Deal with Her This Way She saw me coming out and rushed toward me as if she had been injected with some sort of drugs. "Chloe, you slut! Even after divorcing, you dare to get involved with Matthew. How do you have the guts to take in this dying woman? You slut, how dare you give advice to Matthew and make him take my house away?" "Your house? What are you? You're not even worthy of that," I said coldly, pulling my dad inside. "You all go in.

Mom, get inside." with that, I took out my phone from my pocket and called the property security directly, asking them to come.

I didn't know how Abby got in.

The yard wasn't a place where just anyone could enter. I had specially arranged an access card for Grace, so she could come and go freely. But how this woman got in, I had no idea. I also wanted to hold the property security accountable.

Follow on I pushed the older ones inside and retreated to my own door. I did this on purpose. As long as she dared to step into my house, I wouldn't be polite.

Sure enough, this woman, thinking she had the upper hand, took a high jump and pointed her finger at me. "You little slut, what's the point of finding security? Today, I'll tear you apart, you piece of trash! I'd like to see if you can continue to seduce Matthew in the future!" She then followed me inside. I grabbed the ladle from Molly's hand and struck quickly, not hesitating.

The ladle hit Abby's face, causing her head to jerk to the side and her feet to stumble. After shaking her head and stabilizing herself, she looked at me with a sinister glare. She didn't expect me to really dare to act. Like a madwoman, she pounced at me.

My mom had never seen such a | situation before and wanted to come over to stop me. I sighed, "Step aside, all of you move back!" "Here you come." taunted. "You really think Grace is easy to bully, huh? You're just an old beast. When you were young, you did all kinds of illicit things, making trouble for the Murphy family. Grace endured humiliation, and you were fooling around outside, getting pregnant and leaving, If it wasn't for Grace raising her with so much difficulty, would you still have a daughter now?" When I said this, Grace burst into tears.

"Don't bully her in front of me. If I don't see it, it's fine. But now you dare to come to my doorstep and bully her? Do you think I'm blind?" Tlooked at Abby, whose mouth was already bleeding, feeling no relief.

yes, it was my idea. I suggested that Matthew kick you out of that house.

Who the hell are you? You don't deserve to live there. You and your daughter are both ungrateful wolves.

You don't treat your benefactor well, and you beat people up without reason.

You're the ones who should die.

"Come on, let's see if you dare touch her again. Do you have no regard for the law? Abby, I'll tell you, if you dare lay a finger on her again, I'll make you pay back a hundredfold. If you don't believe it, just try it." "To hell with your law! She's just an old hag. If it weren't for the fact that I don't care about the Murphy family, I would have killed her long ago. You little slut. How dare you protect her? Mstthew doesn't even want you anymore, yet you're still acting all high and mighty. Tsk, stupid whore." After saying this, she picked up a small shovel the children had been playing with and rushed toward me. This time, I didn't hold back. I didn't bother distinguishing between her head and her backside. I swung the ladle as hard as I could, and she ran around the yard.

"Grace, you dare to find someone to beat me? Just you wait!" "Chloe..." I heard Grace calling me. I knew she was scared.

“Chloe, you’ll die miserably! Sooner or later, someone will kill you. Don’t get too proud because you’ve hooked up with a wealthy man. Hah... The Pierce family won’t want trash like you. Ah...

I’m going to fight you to the end!” The ladle, once again, hit Abby’s head, and her head started bleeding. She paused for a moment and suddenly lay on the ground, causing everyone to gasp in shock. My mom pulled me over in fear. “Chlo, don’t kill her!” “Chloe...” Grace was trembling and grabbed my hand. “Chloe... She won’t die, will she?” “Don’t worry, this kind of shrew deserves to die.” I shouted in anger.

“Everyone saw it. She trespassed into my house and attacked me. I acted in self-defense.” At that moment, a group of security guards from the neighborhood rushed in.