

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 501 -550

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 501-Playing Dead I stared at the security guards. “Now you show up? This person doesn’t belong to our community. How did she get in? Call the police!” The security guard in charge was terrified as he looked at Abby, who was lying motionless on the ground. He glanced at me, looking somewhat helpless.

“She trespassed into a private residence and even attempted assault.

Everyone witnessed it! Call the cops!” I directed the head of security again.

I was confident. A few neighbors who had been enjoying the drama had already recorded it all on their phones.

Besides, security cameras were all around my house, and Abby was still holding that shovel.

I suspected that the security guard was afraid to report it because they were the ones who let her in.

“Well... Miss, we...” I made the call myself. I wanted peace, and that meant uprooting the likes of Melanie, ensuring she wouldn’t set foot here again.

Melanie came rushing in just as I hung up the phone.

Melanie threw herself on Abby, wailing, “Mom... She killed her! Chloe, you committed murder in public!” “Yes, she intruded and attempted to harm me. I had to defend myself.” I still held the ladle in my hand.

Abby had sneakily opened her eyes to look at Melanie earlier, and Melanie quickly covered her eyes, signaling Abby to play dead.

“Chloe, I’ve put up with you for too long. You seduce my ex-husband, sow discord in our family, and allow this old lecher to come running to your side. Why are you so heartless?” She wailed while rolling on the ground.

“Mom! Wake up!” Just then, the police siren grew nearer.

Several officers entered the yard.

Melanie seemed to have improved her acting as she rushed toward the police officers, crawling and scrambling. 9 “police officers, she’s a murderer...

Chloe killed her!” She clung to the leg of one officer, glaring at me. “It’s her, you see? She killed my mom!” The officer gave me a cold, scrutinizing look, asking, “What’s going on?” I said calmly, “She intruded into a private residence, abused a patient, and

resorted to violence.” “Nonsense! She attacked my mother, beating her mercilessly. Look at her.

She’s of such an age. My poor mother was just here to visit my mother-in-law, and she beat her to death!” Melanie argued.

Other officers were questioning the onlookers or approaching Abby. They called her name a few times, but she lay there motionless. Her head was indeed bleeding.

Someone shouted, urging for an ambulance. The police officer examining Abby jostled her body, but she didn’t respond.

I walked over to Abby. “You’re playing dead, aren’t you? Okay, Abby, I’ll make sure you’re dead today. I’ll even make sure you’re charged with attempted murder. Let us see if you dare attack Grace again!” With that, I raised the ladle and swung it toward her. She opened her eyes, staring at me wide-eyed. She didn’t expect me to dare to do this in front of so many police officers.

Abby screamed in terror, “Oh my God!” Then she crawled backward, still clutching the small shovel. “Help!” The spectators laughed, and even the officer who checked on her chuckled.

Melanie, with a look of hatred, I shouted, “Mom! You’re so gravely injured, don’t try to run...” She understood Melanie’s intention and pretended to collapse with a loud thud. The crowd burst into laughter once again.

The leading police officer seemed to have figured out what was going on. He said to the attendants, “Take them all back!” Several officers pulled Abby, who was playing dead, and Melanie. Then they came over to take me.

“All of you are coming to the police station to give statements!” Grace, seeing that the cops also wanted to take me away, panicked.

She grabbed an officer and said, “Officer, you can’t take her away. She i AL dtd didn’t want this. It was that shrew who came to my door and attacked me. I fought back. You should take me!” She didn’t look well at all, and was staggering. I hurried to support her.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 502-Finally Seeing the Light Her face was pale, and she trembled all over.

I comforted her, “Take it easy. I’m fine. It’s just a routine police inquiry.

Don’t worry. She trespassed and attacked you. The police will understand.” “I’m going too... I have to be there with you!” Grace grabbed onto me as if she were afraid I wouldn’t return.

Her eyes were full of despair and helplessness. I understood.

After living this long and facing the twilight years, I was the first person to stand up for her like this, especially after the Murphy family abandoned her. Maybe I was the only support she had left in her remaining years.

It pained me to realize the truth about people at this stage in my life.

I gave her a reassuring pat. "Alright, don't be afraid. Just relax. We're both okay." After explaining the situation to my parents, I helped Grace into the car. I assumed she didn't want me to get in trouble. Plus, she could explain the situation if she went along with me.

Sitting in the car, I noticed I was still in my pajamas, which made me feel quite uncomfortable.

Melanie was still screaming and accusing me at the police station. After all, Abby's blood-splattered head was a terrifying sight. Some officers who didn't know the whole story scolded me for it, as they wanted to protect the vulnerable. = Grace was terrified and kept repeating, "It was me. I did it. Arrest me!" We were all questioned, and I stated everything. Before I could finish, Matthew rushed in.

He shouted, "Chloe, are you serious?!" Then he saw Grace sitting next to me.

"Mom, why are you here?" I glanced at him. "What did your wife say to get you to come?" Grace cursed at him as she trembled.

"you asshole. They came to Chloe's house to attack me. Look at what a dutiful son you are. If it weren't for Chlo, I wouldn't have made it through today! You all wished for my death, didn't you?!" Matthew looked at me and then at his mother. He turned and stormed out. I heard him asking Melanie, "What the fuck is going on?" While I was still dealing with the interrogation, Atlas entered, his face dark. His presence commanded the entire room, silencing all the other voices.

The cop who had reprimanded me earlier now looked at me wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

The station chief hurried over. "Mr.

Atlas, why have you come in person?" Atlas paid no attention to them. His piercing gaze swept across the room before settling on me.

He took off his coat and draped it over me. I was wearing silk pajamas, so it was awkward. I had been trying to protect my assets while holding Grace.

I felt a sense of security wash over me.

Then he gathered me into his arms and looked at the cop who had berated me earlier. “Are you done here?” The station chief nodded and said, “Yes, yes, we’re done. It’s just a routine inquiry.” “This is a case of invasion into a private residence and causing a disturbance. I hope you’ll handle this fairly.” Atlas’s tone was icy, leaving no room for negotiation.

He then escorted me out, leaving Grace | feeling lost and helpless. After all, she had come with me, and she seemed unsure of what to do. Sa Like a lonely and helpless child, she called after me, “Chlo...” I turned to look at her, feeling a pang of sympathy. “Your son is here. Do you want to go with him?” Matthew was standing in the doorway, watching us. He took a hesitant step forward. “Mom!”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 503-A Slap to His Face As I was about to turn and leave, Grace called out to me, “Chlo, c-can I come with you?” I glanced at Atlas, and a glimmer of tenderness flickered in his eyes. I | looked at Grace and asked, “Are you sure?” She nodded, determined. “Yes! I want to go with you!” “Mom!” Matthew’s own mother choosing to go with someone else felt like a slap in the face.

All the cops were left dumbfounded.

Some of them understood our dynamics, which was nothing short of astonishing.

I turned back, supporting her as she gripped my hand. Her trembling was so intense that it was almost unnatural. I wanted to ask her again if she wanted to come with me, but the words got stuck in my throat.

In the lobby, Melanie stood there, watching Grace follow me. She stormed toward us in frustration, demanding, “Have you lost your mind? You’re going with her? Grace, if you go with her today, never come back to the Murphy family!” I scoffed at Matthew.

Matthew, of course, understood my look. He yelled at Melanie, “Shut your mouth!” “Why should I shut up? Chloe’s a two- faced, manipulative snake. She thinks she’s someone special. Does Grace still consider me her daughter-in-law?” Melanie shouted at Matthew, her neck strained.

“Given your behavior, do you think she’d dare to go with you?” I retorted with contempt. “Are you planning to continue your abuse once she’s back?” Melanie took a sudden step forward and Atlas’s eyes shot toward her. She froze in her tracks, avoiding his gaze.

We walked away without a second thought.

As Atlas and Matthew passed each other, Atlas gave Matthew a sharp look and said, “Take care of your own woman!” Melanie’s anger was redirected toward Grace. “Grace, remember this. If you go with her today and dare to come back, I’ll—” With a sharp

crack, Melanie was on the ground and clutching her face. She stared at Matthew in shock.

Grace had enough. She pointed at Melanie and said, "You're worse than a pig! I've been raising such a heartless beast! Even if I die, I'll come back to collect my debt from you." Then Grace grabbed my arm, and we headed out. However, the moment we passed through the police station's gate, she collapsed.

Atlas lifted her. "Let's go to the hospital." "No, I want to go home with Chlo. I want to see Ava. I'm fine!" She exerted a great effort to steady herself, her eyes pleading.

"Alright, let's go home!" : Lunderstood her concern. She was worried about scaring the child after what had just happened.

When she saw Ava run toward her at home, she smiled, as if a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

Grace moved into the villa at my suggestion, and she didn't resist too much. I knew her time was limited.

My parents didn't object to her moving in. With Grace here, life was much more peaceful. At the very least, she didn't have to face the harassment from Melanie and Abby daily. She could chat with my mom and felt more at ease.

However, on Sundays, I would still take Ava to the Beringer residence.

Ava had become the apple of Rose's | eye. Her cherubic face and endearing voice had won Rose's heart.

The Beringer family hadn't had such a young child for many years.

Archie and Ardie returned to the capital after seeing my family. Only Arnold stayed for another week. Ava adored Arnold. He took her all over the city, causing a ruckus wherever they went.

When he left, [accompanied Ava to bid farewell. I had considered inviting Atlas, but he said, "I'm busy!" He didn't care whether Arnold should stay or leave.

Today, I dropped Ava off at the Beringer residence. Ivanna had |

something to discuss with me, so I let Ava stay with Rose. I told her I would be back after dealing with some matters.

Rose waved me off with a smile. "Go on, go on! Attend to your duties. We have a lot to do today, just grandmother and granddaughter!" I smiled, seeing nothing but indulgence in her eyes. I was at ease. It was a good thing that Ava was always by Rose's side.

Rose was once Foswood's most prominent socialite. She taught Ava to play the piano and paint during these brief encounters. She even brought her to high-profile private events. Ava's horizons broadened, and she returned eager to share what she had learned.

My parents were incredulous about my family's newfound ties with the Beringers. My dad said it was | something he hadn't dared to dream about, and yet here we were.

Even now, it still felt surreal. I left to find Ivanna, but, trouble arose again.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 504-A Walking Fashion Disaster Ivanna had already been discharged from the hospital, but Jared was keeping a close eye on her movements for her safety.

I picked her up, intending to head to Arkadia Plaza. Just as we arrived at the plaza, I spotted Harmony emerging with bags galore.

Ivanna glanced at me with a teasing smile. "Retail therapy?" I noticed Harmony struggling with a bunch of paper bags. It seemed like she had done more shopping, but something felt off. Her outfit had a peculiar touch that wasn't in line with her usual style.

"Ha! Looks like she's found a new person. Despite the ban, she's still living it up. Back when she was riding high, she wasn't this extravagant! Now, it's all about luxury brands!" Ivanna watched Harmony struggle to the parking lot.

"Shall we go?" I said after parking the car.

"Just look at her. She is a walking fashion disaster!" "You've noticed, too?" I looked at Ivanna. "This dress looks quite like..." Before I could say "mine," Ivanna uttered, "yours." We exchanged a puzzled look and said, "It is similar!" "But she's only scratched the surface.

Her aura is all wrong. It just looks awkward!" she remarked before __ turning to me. "Let's go. This woman is a fashion disaster." I chuckled. We both got out of the car and headed inside, strolling and discussing Lauren along the way.

"No news from Lauren?" Ivanna inquired.

I sighed and shook my head. "None. A few days ago, Oliver came to see me." "People always realize someone's worth after losing them," Ivanna lamented. "Let him feel the pain.

Either let go or get her back!" However, I had my doubts. "This time, I'm afraid Lauren is truly hurt." Together, we arrived at Sautoir Fine Jewelry. Ivanna pulled me in, saying, "Let's see what new items they have!" I knew this was a flagship store under Atlas's

name. This jewelry brand was among the best worldwide, with prices that could make one's jaw drop.

Usually, I paid little attention to these things. I didn't wear jewelry often, so I teased Ivanna, "What's this? Refining your taste? Going extravagant?" She shot me a look. "What's wrong with that? Can't I have my eye on something nice? Shouldn't we give Mr.

Atlas a call? Maybe we can get a discount!" I couldn't help but chuckle. "Hah! Bold of you to ask for a discount from Atlas.

Can Jared not afford jewelry?" As we browsed, I heard a salesperson's complaint, "She's got some nerve, hasn't she? She just hauled away a bunch of stuff, and now she's back in a new outfit. Does she think this place is her personal jewelry box?" &» "Oh my! Megan, do us all a favor and keep it down! Don't stir up trouble! Let's just focus on our jobs!" Another voice chided.

"But she's pushing it!" The other salesperson's tone raised slightly.

Just then, Ivanna nudged me, redirecting my attention. I hadn't caught the rest of their conversation.

Ivanna was admiring an Azure Heart bracelet made of white gold and set with a sapphire that resembled the sea.

The entire piece was stunning, and I called out to the salesperson. "Could you take this bracelet out for us to look at?" "Ms. Chloe, not satisfied with the last round?" she sneered. Her sharp features were now painted with disdain.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 505-n Unyielding Salesperson Ivanna glared at the young girl.

"What's with your attitude? Woke up on the wrong side of the bed?" "Why can't I speak like this? Don't come here if you don't want to hear it.

Remember to keep your dignity intact.

Do you think this place is your personal jewelry box?" The saleslady spat.

Baffled, I asked, "Calm down. Explain what you mean. I just wanted to look at this bracelet. Is there a problem?" The store manager hurried over. She pulled the salesperson behind her and said. "Ms. Chloe, I'm sorry. She didn't mean it!" "Who says I didn't mean it? I meant it!

I might as well quit if it bothers you so much! You treat this place like your own without shame. I've never seen someone as greedy as you. You treat this place like a pawn

shop. Don't you know any better?" The girl was relentless. Even my composure wavered in the face of such blistering criticism.

I frowned. "Have I offended you? Are you talking about me?" "yes, I'm talking about you!" The girl was fearless.

The store manager lost her temper.

"That's enough! Shut your mouth!" The girl ripped open her work uniform, slamming it onto the counter with a loud bang.

"I quit! So what? Do you think I'm afraid? Do you think this shop will last much longer with your ridiculous management? It's going out of business soon. There won't be enough jewelry for her to take!" What on earth was going on? "Miss, could you please clarify? When did I take anything from this store?" "Oh, are you still going to deny it? How dare you say you took nothing?!" As she approached me from behind the counter, the girl exuded unwavering determination.

The store manager got angry. 'Megan, if you're not going to work, then leave! Stop causing a scene. This isn't the place for your temper tantrums. If you want to quit, submit your resignation.

Tiffany, get Mr. Chuck over here, Conduct a check and let her go!" The girl retorted, "Ms. Matilda, your methods aren't always right. The reason I took this job is because I have a passion for jewelry. I love its designs.

I admire the creative concepts.

"It's not because I'm fascinated with their prices. I despise greed. She doesn't love jewelry. She just loves money!" Megan pointed at me, launching her accusation.

"Ask her about the jewelry she took.

Ask her if she understands the design.

She's just a materialistic commoner who goes for whatever's expensive." [listened, even though she was harsh.

[yanna was on the verge of losing her cool several times, but I stopped her.

"I'll speak my mind today, even if Mr.

Atlas himself shows up. I respect our boss, and I don't deny that he's my idol. But his judgment of people isn't great. To think he'd be interested in a woman like her, it's such a disappointment!" The girl spoke.

Her last comment didn't seem fair.

What did she mean by "interested in a woman like me?" Was it because I have a history and a child? Atlas himself hasn't minded, so what gave her the right to judge? Still, I maintained my composure.

"Let her go! Don't stop her. And please explain. What kind of woman am I? What did I do?" I asked.

By now, quite a crowd had gathered in the store, all observing.

Those who could afford to shop there were wealthy or influential. I was sure some of them recognized me. I had to admit that I seemed to attract controversy.

"What's wrong? Do you think that changing your outfit means I won't recognize you? You just took so many items from the store, and now you're back? You've got some nerve. What else do you want to take? Do you think Mr. Atlas is a pushover?" Her face had turned a fiery shade of red from her anger. I frowned and exchanged glances with Ivanna, who was equally baffled.

Ivanna said, "Have you lost your mind? When did we come here? Your name's Megan, right? Explain yourself. When did we take anything for free? Huh?" "Say it again?" Megan was now fuming.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 506-Look Carefully Ivanna was not backing down either, "I'm telling you again. We didn't take it!" Megan was truly furious. She broke free from the control of the other people in the store and walked swiftly to the counter, quickly pulling open a drawer and snatching out an account book.

The store manager, Matilda, immediately lunged forward and tried to snatch it back. "Megan, you're out of line!" "You're afraid of her, and you want to please her, but I'm not! What? Are you still trying to climb up the ladder? Then don't give away the boss's things as favors. This shop isn't yours."

With a crisp sound, Megan stumbled for a moment, clutching her face and looking at Matilda.

Matilda, after delivering the slap, seemed to realize she had gone too far and stood frozen for a moment. & Megan took the opportunity to snatch back the account book and looked at the store manager. "Remember this slap. I'll pay it back sooner or later." Then she strode over and slammed the book on the counter, "Look, is this your signature?" she asked, flipping to the last page and pushing the account book toward me. I quickly checked it, and sure enough, my full name was signed on it, and the signature was quite similar to mine as well, Ivanna and I exchanged glances, feeling that the situation was getting serious.

Megan's disdainful eyes scrutinized my face. "Huh? What now? You still wanna say it wasn't you?" Ivanna took the book and checked (1c time. Then she exclaimed, "Chlo. I know what's going on." A flash of insight hit my mind, and I exclaimed, "Harmony." We both were speechless and shocked.

Megan, feeling triumphant, said, "Do you have anything else to say? You still want to claim it wasn't you?" I looked at Megan seriously. I didn't know why, but even though she was publicly pointing at me and berating me, I kind of liked her at this moment.

Even seeing the five fingerprints on her face was somewhat painful for me: "Megan, please take a close look at me.

Can you see more clearly if the person who signed that just now was me?" I said to Megan with utmost seriousness.

Megan was about to retort, "What? You're still trying to..." Before she could finish the sentence, she froze in place, her eyes fixed firmly on me.

Ivanna pointed at the store manager and said, "Matilda, please call your head office manager over." I understood Ivanna's intention. Not only was there a signature similar to mine, but there was also the authorized signatures of the store manager and the head office manager.

Meanwhile, Megan seemed to be realizing something. She continued to focus on me and then shook her head.

The onlookers who had no idea what was going on were whispering to each other, "What's happening? Something seems off, doesn't it?" "I don't know. Is it about her?" "Why did they stop arguing? Who took something?" Just then, the manager of Sautoir Fine Jewelry hurriedly walked in and glanced at Megan before sternly saying, "Apologies for that. Don't you understand that customers come first?" Megan remained in a state of confusion and continued to stare at me.

[I looked at the manager, but I was only familiar with the people from AT? Empire, as I had no acquaintance in the retail business.

He approached with an obsequious smile and said, "Ms. Chloe, why are you..." "Have you seen me here before?" I asked the manager very seriously.

He suddenly froze, looking at me, "Ms.

Chloe, this employee is new to the store, and she doesn't understand the rules. I apologize on her behalf, and I hope you can forgive her. What else do you need? I'll personally assist you." "Mr. Nolan, she... she doesn't seem to be... the person who was here earlier." Megan finally expressed her doubts.

I gave a faint smile and said, “It ~~ that Ms. Megan is indeed clever. Mr.

Nolan, take a closer look. Can you confirm if I am the Ms. Chloe who signed here just now?” With that, I took out my ID from my bag and handed it over.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 507-Giving Myself a Chance Nolan took the ID I handed him and glanced at it before carefully looking at me. Before he could speak, there was suddenly some commotion in the | store. I instinctively turned my head and looked toward the entrance, where I saw Atlas approaching.

Under the splendid and bright lights, he was as noble as the shining gems in the store, causing everyone to pale in comparison. His deep, dark eyes exuded a cold and proud air, as he swept a meaningful gaze over the entire store.

Perhaps because it was Sunday, he wasn’t in formal attire, and was wearing a crisp white shirt that accentuated his slender figure. The cold air exuded from him, his sudden appearance akin to that of a returning king. His dominating aura made everyone nervous, rendering them breathless. Especially Nolan, who stood so rigid, his face turning white instantly.

“Mr. Atlas, what brings you here?” he hurriedly went up to Atlas with great deference, waiting for his instructions.

When his gaze fell on me, it seemed as if the ice in them had melted, revealing a warm and gentle glow.

Then, he looked at Nolan and asked in a soft voice, “What’s going on?” Nolan immediately turned to Megan and coldly reported, “It’s all due to our salesperson’s lack of understanding, and she had a conflict with Ms. Chloe.

“I’ll handle it immediately.” “Conflict?” Atlas’s face darkened again, exuding a chilly air that made it hard to get close to him. “What caused it?” His dark eyes scrutinized me once more, somewhat uncertain, and then he looked at Nolan.

I remained silent, quietly observing their interaction. I was watching Nolan’s expression and discreetly observing the attitude of Matilda.

I wanted to see how they would explain how a signature here could lead to the acquisition of expensive jewelry.

I truly had no idea that my name could bring such benefits.

As expected, they shifted the blame onto Megan.

Megan seemed to have lost her earlier assertiveness, perhaps realizing that I wasn’t the one who had signed. Or maybe she felt a bit overwhelmed in the presence of her idol.

She gazed at Atlas, who had now calmed down, clenching her fists nervously from time to time.

Once Atlas had listened to the store manager and the supervisor's accounts, he turned his icy gaze toward Megan, who visibly tensed up. She gulped and bit her lower lip.

Seeing her hesitate, I felt that this young girl might end up in trouble if I didn't speak up. I addressed Atlas calmly, "Mr. Atlas, may I have the opportunity to say something?" Atlas's eyes softened, and he arched an eyebrow, looking as captivating as ever.

Glancing at Megan, who had lowered her head with a dejected air, I asked her, "Ms. Megan, why aren't you speaking up?" She thought I was going to berate her and responded with a detached tone, "Well, the situation is what it is, so whatever." "You should fight for your chance instead of giving in; giving up is a form of weakness. I think you were right to insist earlier. That's your winning argument." I encouraged her with a calm and reassuring tone.

My words prompted her to lift her head abruptly, and she looked at me with a lack of self-assurance. "Ms. Chloe, are you really not the one who signed just now?"

"What do you think? Weren't you very diligent in verifying it just now? And now you're overturning your own reasons so quickly?" I asked, encouraging her further.

Atlas furrowed his brows slightly, his cold gaze fixed on Megan's face, and he asked me, "So, what's the real story?" "The actual facts may have another explanation, and I'd like Mr. Atlas to grant me the opportunity to present Ms. Megan with a chance to explain her side. I'm leaning toward her account of the incident," I stated with a calm tone and a resolute attitude.

Atlas looked at Megan and shifted his gaze to her bruised face. His voice softened a bit, and he signaled, "Go ahead."

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 508-as It Chloe? Megan glanced at me with uncertainty.

I nodded at her, encouraging her, "I prefer the way you were just now. You should never give up on your principles." "Ms. Chloe." Matilda's mouth twitched, sensing the impending disaster.

Upon hearing my words, Megan immediately straightened her back, looking at Atlas with a hint of excitement. The fingerprints on her fair face were even more visible, and she articulately recounted the entire incident.

Matilda and Nolan's expressions grew increasingly pale and restless as Megan recounted the events.

Atlas's fair and handsome face exuded a sharp and cold aura. His cold gaze, at this moment, seemed even more profound and chilly, emanating an air of sinister severity.

Taking the account book handed over by Megan, he coolly glanced at it and then turned to the manager. His voice was icy as he demanded, "Explain!" Nolan immediately panicked, "I... I, it was Matilda..." At this point, Matilda was beside herself, taking a step forward, trying to approach Atlas. However, she stopped abruptly as Atlas's sharp gaze locked onto her. "Ms. Chloe said it was... it was Mr. Atlas who instructed her to... to choose them." "Which Ms. Chloe?" Atlas asked, his voice even colder.

Matilda, still uncertain where she had gone wrong, hesitantly pointed at me.

"Are you sure it was her?" Atlas's tone turned even more frigid.

Matilda suddenly looked at me, her eyes full of doubt. Just then, Megan spoke confidently, "It's not this Chloe.

The real Chloe has a gentle and intelligent gaze, a kind yet firm attitude. The other one, however, was filled with greed, eagerness, and hypocrisy. I'm sure they're not the same person." A hint of approval appeared in Atlas's gaze.

"Dylan." Atlas instructed, "Find out where she went and tally the amounts." Atlas was indeed something. With just one incident, he could foresee a series of consequences.

Facing Nolan, Atlas said, "I entrusted you with the management authority, not to give away things here without principles. No matter who she is, she has no right to sign such documents here. This is a dereliction of duty.

"You are no longer qualified to remain in this industry. People like you, who fawn and flatter certain customers are not fit to be in a position of management. Every item you give away represents the hard work of the entire team, not just me.

"An excellent manager is not just responsible to me, but to the entire team." Atlas's words were resolute and clear. "Mr. Atlas, I..." Nolan looked at Atlas despondently, "Can I..." "You have lost this opportunity." Atlas declared decisively. He then turned to Matilda and continued, "You made unauthorized decisions, misled your superiors, and caused loss of goods, betraying the company's trust in you.

You are not fit to be a store manager.

You are relieved of your duties as manager and will never be employed here again." "Dylan, investigate the accounts here, as well as the destination and total amount of the signed items. If there are any discrepancies or irregularities, hold them legally accountable." "What's your name?" He looked at Megan.

“Megan Reed.” “From today onward, you are promoted to the position of store manager here, and you will be sent to headquarters for professional training.” Atlas’s announcement instantly inspired all the store employees, who flocked toward Megan.

“Matilda, you owe Ms. Megan an apology.” I interjected, “Your slap on her was an act of justice, and you are not worthy of it.” Matilda burst into tears, “Mr. Atlas, you shouldn’t do this. I was just looking out for you, your woman came here, and we...” “Well, let me tell you, my woman would not do such a thing.” Atlas reprimanded sharply.

Just then, the investigator conducting the inquiry rushed in, “Mr. Atlas, Harmony stole a total of three hundred and ten thousand dollars in goods here, as well as a limited edition sports car worth millions.” There was a gasp from everyone present, even Ivanna and I were dumbfounded.

I immediately asked, “All with my signature?” The investigator glanced at the stern Atlas and nodded, “Yes.” “Recover the stolen goods and take her to the cops.” Atlas ordered without hesitation.

After everything was settled, the onlookers dispersed. Atlas looked at me with a beaming smile and asked, “Have you found what you want? My treat.”) Ivanna, looking at Atlas at an inopportune time, asked, “Um, can we have a little discount?” Suddenly, a voice chimed in, “Do we need a discount for our shopping?” We all turned around to see who it was.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 509-A Ruined Face I saw Jared striding in and looking at Ivanna, “Found something you like?” Ivanna hastily waved. “No, nothing at all.” Jared glanced at Atlas and said coolly, “It seems like your design team needs some improvement, Mr. Atlas.” Atlas gave Megan a cold look and said, “Ms. Megan...” Megan immediately presented the Ocean Star to Jared, “Sir, this young lady is interested in this designed piece, the Ocean Star.” Ivanna quickly stepped forward, “Hey.

Little girl, your boss just fired a manager. Do you want to follow in their footsteps?” “Sorry. I am recommending our best jewelry to promote sales, not giving them away like the previous manager.

Sautoir Fine Jewelry belongs to all the employees here. I have a responsibility and obligation to share them with every customer worthy of having them.” “Oh my. You’re really good with your words” Ivanna looked at Megan and then said to Atlas, “Mr. Atlas, your woman is truly discerning. She just pulled out such a gem for you, but I’m getting attacked now.” € Ivanna’s words were truly diplomatic, praising both me and Megan.

Atlas pulled me over, “Of course, how could my woman be any less of that?” Ivanna rolled her eyes, glanced at Jared, sarcastically remarking, “Stop being lovey-dovey here. I just recovered from an illness, and I don’t want to puke again from seeing certain things.” Suddenly, everyone in the store had a stifled smile, sneakily looking at us, still eager for some gossip.

Jared glanced at the bracelet on the tray held by Megan and said to her, "T'11 take it." Ivanna hurriedly stepped forward, "Hey, I didn't say I wanted it. I just wanted to appreciate its beauty. Why are you paying for it?" "We'll appreciate it at home." Jared said calmly.

"Then... from now on, I'll just pick whatever I like, and you'll pay? What, you wanna flaunt your wealth, or is there nowhere else you can spend it?" Ivanna retorted at Jared.

"Both." Jared replied nonchalantly.

Just then, Atlas's phone rang. He glanced at it and answered. His face immediately turned cold. "Investigate TCH I looked at him, and he whispered in my ear, "Harmony is in trouble." "What?" I was taken aback. "I saw her when Ivanna and I came in." "Tt seems like someone is trying to shift the blame," Atlas said, casting a glance at Jared. "Someone associated with you." Jared finished paying, and we hurriedly left.

Soon, we arrived at Vanderberg Palace, | where Jared asked us to dine in a private room while he and Atlas went to his regular room upstairs to meet someone.

I understood that Atlas indeed had some connection with Jared, and their relationship seemed to be quite extraordinary.

While eating, Ivanna scrolled through the trending topics on her phone.

Suddenly, she looked up at me.

"Harmony's face has been disfigured.

And it seems like all signs point to you." "Me? Trouble really just loves coming to me." I felt exasperated. "Why does everything seem to be connected to me? Do they really think I'm a warrior or something?" Ivanna handed me the phone. I took it and saw a post saying that Harmony had undergone plastic surgery, making her appearance closer to that of a certain female businesswoman. Upon returning to her apartment after shopping, she was ruthlessly disfigured, presumably as an act of retaliation.

"Ah, turns out this is the story. It's no wonder everyone thinks it's me. But what was her initial intention? What does she want to achieve?" I looked at Ivanna and handed her back the phone.

"It seems this idiot was manipulated by someone." Ivanna said to me with a serious expression.

"These people just don't seem to want to settle down." I shook my head disdainfully. "They keep stirring up trouble. They're quite dedicated, but this time, it seems they've miscalculated again." "Why do you say that?" Ivanna asked me.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 510-Ivanna nodded in agreement. "It's a pity. How did Harmony get the plastic surgery done? We didn't see her, but she must have been quite similar to you. Otherwise, she wouldn't have fooled so many people." "Nothing fake can beat the authentic.

It all depends on whether some people have a conscience. Megan is truly talented. She was able to articulate substantial differences. And she was right. The eyes are the windows to the soul, and that's something Harmony can't learn." I looked at Ivanna.

"Harmony's greed ruined her." "It's all because these people have spoiled her too much. Tens of thousands of dollars are one thing, but didn't you hear it? She even drove away with a car!" Ivanna looked at me, somewhat incredulously. "I don't understand it. How deep was their relationship? She really had the nerve, Anyway, your name seems quite effective, and it can be used as money." "Hehe... that was for Atlas." I sneered.

"You really thought it was for me?" "Did Atlas mean that it was someone associated with Jared earlier?" Ivanna asked me.

"It's not surprising if Trinity is colluding with Stella. He must have his people, and that wouldn't be strange at all." I recalled the day I saw Jared and Trinity at the Beringer family's residence. However, I hadn't told Ivanna about that.

Stella couldn't possibly be owas of my relationship with the Beringer family, yet she was becoming more | relentless.

It seemed that Stella was truly asking for trouble.

[returned to the Beringer family's residence quite early. After all, Ava was there, and I didn't want to burden Grandma Rose too much.

As soon as I arrived, Grandma Rose and Ava had just woken up from their nap.

Seeing me back, Grandma Rose asked, "Why are you back so early?" I smiled and sat next to her. "Grandma, are you complaining that I'm back early? Well, I finished my work and came back. I was worried that Ava might trouble you."

"Well, she's very well-behaved. This little girl, let me tell you, is very clever.

She understands everything immediately" Grandma Rose's affection for Ava was evident.

Ava ran over and leaned against me.

"Mommy, I had a video call with Uncle Arnold. He said he'd come back during the New Years. Mommy, when is that?" I knew that Arnold must have remembered that today was Sunday and that Ava would be here.

"It's coming soon. Time flies, right?" "Oh." She nodded. "Can it be faster than an arrow? That would be great." Both Grandma and I laughed at her comment.

Grandma Rose suddenly asked me, "By the way, are you going to the networking event on Friday?" "Yes, Atlas said we should go together, but it doesn't really mean much to me.

I'm not very fond of socializing," I said sincerely.

Grandma Rose didn't say anything. I would have forgotten if she hadn't reminded me. It was Arthur's business networking event, scheduled for this Friday.

"Some socializing is necessary. You can't do business without connections." Grandma Rose advised me. "Atlas is a business genius. He excels beyond his father. It's a pity..."

She let out a sigh.

"Grandma, you must be quite familiar) with the Pierce family, right?" [asked calmly. I wanted to hear various versions of the story about the Pierce family.

"Well, the Beringer family came into contact with the Pierce family due to a friendship with Louis. But before that, I already knew David Pierce, who was Atlas's grandpa. This guy was smart, and with his family, they migrated to Nocturnia long ago. He had a brother and a sister." Grandma Rose began to tell me about the Pierce family while Ava was watching the fish in the giant fish tank with a young worker nearby.

"However, only David prospered because he married a good wife, Atlas's grandmother, named Nancy Cross. She came from an illustrious family." It seemed that Grandma Rose indeed knew quite a bit about the Pierce family.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 511

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 511-"But did Mr. David have an affair with Celine's mother?" I was curious.

"Since Celine is only a year younger than Louis, David's reputation took a hit." Rose declared, "Facts speak louder than words!" "So, Mr. David handed the family business to Louis?" I analyzed the situation. "He must've found it hard to stop the gossip. It seems he had no choice." Rose nodded. "Exactly. By then, David was quite old. He kept that power for a long time, but the Cross family pressured him to give it to Louis. Louis had no interest in taking over the so-called family legacy, especially considering how much it had shrunk over the years." "Did this have to do with the Cross family?" I asked.

“Of course it did. How could the Cross family bear this? After all, Nancy was their gem. Her beauty and brains made her a famous high society lady.” Any woman praised by Rose could not be ordinary.

“Have you met her?” I asked.

“We met several times at family gatherings. She was indeed a beauty. I just don’t understand how David could cheat on her.

“So, after Nancy’s passing, rumors ran rampant. Naturally, the Cross family couldn’t accept it. David didn’t help his case. Not long after, he brought Celine’s mother home. It’s clear how formidable this woman’s tactics are.

Adeline Myers soon gave birth to Celine.” I nodded. “Celine truly is her mother’s protege.” “The Cross family pressured David economically, squeezing his financial resources. Although David struggled to hold on for a few years, the Pierce family’s fortune was shaky.

“It was called the Pierce Corporation because David and his younger brother, Douglas, co-founded it. But after Adeline entered the picture, David retracted Douglas’s rights, leaving him hanging. His position existed only in name.” I was utterly astonished. It seemed this woman was indeed a master of manipulation.

“This made things worse for the Pierce family. It’s clear what kind of person Adeline is. Eventually, David realized that the Pierce family might vanish completely. So, he entrusted the entire Pierce family to Louis.” “It was a move made out of necessity,” I sighed. “I didn’t expect the Pierce family’s history to be so dramatic.” “Louis had already laid the groundwork. Even after losing their daughter, the Cross family did not give up on their grandson. Plus, Louis spent his childhood in the Cross family’s care. He didn’t have a strong bond with his father.” “Why did Louis hand over the family business to Celine after?” I was a bit puzzled.

“Think about it, Why did Adeline enter the Pierce family? She schemed for half | her life, only to watch Louis take it all, | How could she stand by? So, she created trouble and pressured | David.” “Her usual tactics!” I lamented. “It seems one woman can influence an entire family.” “You’re right,” Rose said.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 512-Exiled Rose continued, “Adeline also secretly targeted Louis’s business, which infuriated the Cross family. They wanted to take action, but Louise advised against it. He let go of the Pierce family, demonstrating his value for loyalty and gratitude.

“He not only wanted to repay the Cross family for raising him, but he also felt obligated to his father. After the company stabilized, he gave it to Celine. He also gave his father a peaceful retirement. This kept things quiet for a few years, but little did he know...” Rose shook her head in resignation.

“Humans, they always let greed win,”

“Is Mr. David still alive?” I had never heard Atlas mention his grandfather.

Rose nodded. “He’s still around, pushing 98 or 99 years old. But since his son’s passing, he’s filled with regret.

“He left Celine and her mother at their estate and moved alone to the old Pierce house. He secluded himself, cut off from the outside world, and paid no attention to Pierce family matters. It’s like he’s on a spiritual journey.” Rose’s tone carried a touch of disdain.

“Otherwise, how could he have such a long life? No one knows if he’s repented deep down.” “And is Adeline still around?” I looked at Rose, “Yes, she’s still in Nocturnia, Since David moved into the old house, they haven’t seen each other again. Despite Adeline’s attempts to meet, David never forgave her. They’re both in their 80s now, and I hear their health isn’t great!” “Didn’t David ever investigate how his son died?” I asked, feeling indignant.

“How could the Pierce family have such a clueless patriarch?” “Why would he investigate? He knows what happened. He never forgave Adeline because of what she and her daughter did to Atlas. It led to his six years of exile and the painful loss of his true love!” My heart suddenly sank, but I didn’t interrupt Rose.

“David was furious. He returned to the estate with his men and gave Adeline a severe beating as a warning. That’s what left her paralyzed.” “Adeline is paralyzed?” I asked in astonishment, to which the old lady nodded with a satisfied smile.

“David did it deliberately. So Celine resents her father for it. Hmph! David ended up betraying his family, tearing them apart inside and out. Now, all he can do is live in remorse.” “Tt seems Atlas doesn’t have a good relationship with his grandfather either. He’s never mentioned him to me,” I said.

“Atlas resents his grandfather, too.

When he was in exile, his grandfather sent people to find him, but they quickly gave up. After David attacked Adeline, he warned Celine. Since returning to the old house, he hasn’t set foot outside. He’s quite a determined man.” “So, Atlas was in exile for six years?” I was shocked. “He’s never really told me the full details of the Pierce family.” “Those six years were a living hell for him! He was barely alive when the Cross family found him and gave him to me,” Rose said. When he came to me, he did not speak for months. Don’t be fooled by his constant clashes with Arnold. The three brothers get along well!” That explained Atlas’s close relationship with the Beringer family.

It turned out that he sought refuge here during his troubled times.

“And what about Atlas’s mother? What kind of person was she?” I asked, eager to unearth every detail about Atlas’s background.

“Tammy came from a distinguished family. The Lively family’s heritage may not have been as deep as the Pierce family’s, but she was an extremely gentle and virtuous woman.

She was beautiful, and that’s where Atlas got his looks.” A look of affection crossed Rose’s face.

“The name ATL Empire comes from the combination of Louise and Tammy.

They were deeply in love. It was a family of three that many envied. Oh, how unpredictable life can be!” We both fell silent.

I felt choked up. Without thinking, I

muttered, “Grandma, is there no way to hold them accountable? David is truly a fool.”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 513-An Overload of Information Rose scoffed. “He’s just burying his head in the sand, afraid that people will find out. But the entire world is bound to know. So, he scurries into his hole, trying to cover up the truth. He thinks no one will see if he doesn’t make a sound! “Atlas has had a tough life. He was not even ten when he lost his parents. He carries so much torment!” Rose sighed, “I hope he’ll have smooth sailing from now on. You need to look out for him.” “Grandma, I will,” I vowed.

“He has matured. This environment has molded him into someone determined, cautious, and strategic.

He’s destined for greatness,” Rose said.

“Have you ever met Rory?” My question surprised me. Why did I ask about this? Rose pondered as if trying to recall him. “Hmm. I have!” “Really?” I was excited. “What kind of person is he?” “Steady, decisive, loyal, and wise. He managed many business affairs between the Beringer and Pierce families.” “His wife, Lucille Avila, was Tammy’s classmate and close friend. The four of them were known as the dynamic couples.” I quickly shared what I knew. “I heard Lucille had poor health and was overwhelmed with grief when Rory and Atlas’s parents died. After overworking, she passed away herself a month later.” I looked at Rose, hoping to hear her version.

“There are many accounts of her death, but I think this explanation is nonsense! I recall Lucille as being very healthy and cheerful. She was a lovely girl who laughed and had a cheerful disposition. After all, she was a princess of Yare!” “Oh?” I was taken aback. “A princess?” “Yes, she was not like Erma, who ended her life. I believe she would’ve been determined to avenge her husband,” Rose said. “That’s why Lucille’s death is a

mystery. But solving this puzzle is only a matter of time. Whoever did this will face retribution sooner or later.” “Do you mean she could have been murdered?” I pressed.

She sighed. “It’s possible.” “How could there be such malicious people? How could they be so audacious when we’re living in a society governed by the rule of law?” “There will always be those who find a way around it. Innocent people, unknowingly turned into pawns, will inevitably suffer,” Rose lamented.

“The path of righteousness is fraught with trials and tribulations!” Her words reminded me of a young man named Kennedy. He was such a lively soul! Now he was gone, just like that.

Ava suddenly ran over, her voice sweet.

“Great-grandma, I’m hungry!” Rose looked at me, and we exchanged a smile. “We’ve been chatting and nearly forgot about this little one!” She stood up. “Come on, let’s see if there’s anything tasty left in the kitchen.” We stayed at the Beringer residence until late. When Atlas came to pick us up, Ava was overjoyed.

“Uncle, where have you been? I haven’t seen you all day. Are you very busy?” She looked adorable. Truly, she was a darling to everyone.

Rose understood and graciously let us go despite her reluctance.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 514-Wise Words Sure enough, Grace was overjoyed when we got home. | She learned we visited the Beringer | | home. Her first words to my mom were, “Chlo is good! It’s the Murphy family who are unfortunate.” Even if my mom were upset about the past, she would not hate a dying person. She just smiled.

Atlas stayed to chat with my dad for a while before he left.

After putting Ava to bed, Grace knocked on my door. I quickly let her in.

She still seemed awkward in front of me. I reached out and pulled her to sit on the couch. “Is there something on your mind?” “Well...not really. I just wanted to spend some time with you,” she said cautiously, and it tugged at my heart. I couldn’t stand seeing someone so vulnerable. I sat beside her just like old times.

Grace took care of me wholeheartedly during my postpartum period. She cared for me even more than her son.

Matthew was already involved with Melanie then. Grace was the only one who genuinely took care of me.

“Mom...” I awkwardly called her.

After all, I had used this term for over a decade, so it had become a habit. They just hurt me too deeply.

Grace burst into tears. “Chlo, I’m cursed! I lost you, even after having you. I must have done something wrong in my past life to deserve this.

That’s why I’m facing this retribution!” “Mom, please don’t say that! After all, we were a family for ten years. You’re my child’s grandmother! Just think of me as your daughter! Don’t dwell on that heartless person,” I comforted her.

“Be happy with the time you have left.

Both Atlas and I are trying to find a cure for you. Let’s not give up hope.

Every extra day you live means another day Ava has her grandmother. In the Murphy family, you’re the one who truly cares for her!” Grace kept wiping her tears. “I never expected that, as I grew older, I’d end up without a family.” “Mom! Isn’t this your home? It’s Ava’s { home, which means it’s yours too!” “You... and Mr. Atlas are doing well! As long as he doesn’t mind that you’re... ” She glanced at me sneakily. “I mean nothing else. He’s perfect, you know...” She started crying again, and I felt a lump in my throat.

“He is. He treats both of us exceptionally well.” “As long as he continues to be good to Ava, you should take it further. After all, you’re still young. I heard he’s well-off. You won’t have to be concerned about money!” She was being very candid.

IE “Mom, I’m not very materialistic. You knew I wanted nothing from the Murphy family when I was with Matthew.” She nodded. “Yes, you’re not after money!” I chuckled. “Back then, I knew what kind of house your family lived in. I wouldn’t have chosen him if I were a materialistic woman.” I realized how naive I was.

“However, he hurt me too deeply. I’m not like what you think, Mom. I don’t have to fight for this house. Even marriage laws explicitly state that a couple’s joint property should be divided fairly.” I needed to dispel the rumor that I had taken their house.

“You know he wanted to leave me long ago. How many of your savings exceed mine? I didn’t even have money on me when I took the child to the hospital.

Isn’t the Murphy family being too much?” @

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 515- Delayed Talk She kept her head down, avoiding my gaze. I understood she would side with her son in any situation. I get it.

“I’ve been living in a small house for eight years. I know spacious and bright houses are nice, but I didn’t have many thoughts about it. All I wanted was to feel at home. I didn’t need a big place.

As long as I had him, it was enough.” My words were filled with melancholy.

“But he went behind my back, disregarding Ava’s future. He bought a house for Melanie in Amethyst Apartments, the place I had my eyes on. I wouldn’t let you all repeatedly humiliate me. That’s why I must take back what’s rightfully mine. What’s wrong with that?” I looked at Grace, who hung her head and remained silent.

“Don’t overthink while you’re living here,” I said.

“I just want to spend more time with Ava. I’ll go back eventually!” Grace looked at me.

“Don’t worry too much. Your home is where you want it to be. How have you been feeling lately? If you’re not feeling well, you must tell me. It’s my responsibility as Ava’s mother. Don’t keep it to yourself!” “Ah, I know!” @ “Don’t worry unnecessarily. Matthew is an adult, well over 30 years old. He doesn’t need you to worry about him.

Now that he has a son, the family is complete. You don’t need to dwell on things. Sickness, old age, and death are all part of the natural order.” “His son... Chlo... Who knows whose child he is? Do you see any resemblance to Matthew? I’m afraid he’s not the Murphy family’s offspring!” She said bitterly.

I was taken aback. hadn’t expected Grace to say something like this. “Why are you saying this?” “It’s all because that beast had a mother like that! She even said that the beast was Henry’s child! Where is he now? Sigh... It’s all my fault.” Grace was full of regret.

“She is Abby’s daughter, after all. How can there be anything good about her?

When the child was born, I didn’t feel a connection. It wasn’t the same closeness I felt when Ava was born. It’s just...different. I’m not proud of that child at all. I have a feeling we’re not even related!” Grace kept shaking her head and sighing.

“Chlo, i-if I’m not here one day, I beg you, d-don’t hurt Matthew. He’s been bewitched! That beast will torment you, just like how her mother did.” Grace grabbed my hand, her eyes pleading. “I’ve noticed you’re different now. You won’t need much effort to get back at him. But...I beg you...” After saying this, she suddenly kneeled in front of me. “Chlo, spare him! Don’t harm him!”

I was shocked and quickly tried to lift her. “Mom... What are you doing? Get up, don’t do this!” Grace tried to shake me off. “Chlo, promise me, spare Matthew! Just think of Ava!” “Mom, get up. Let’s talk this out properly! Don’t do this. This is coercion, just like what Matthew did!” Then, I pulled her up. “I won’t hurt people who haven’t offended me. I won’t strike back for no reason. Do you know what they did to me?” Grace wiped away tears silently, shaking her head.

“Melanie intended to hurt Ava!” I said it without reservation.

“That beast!” Grace slapped her thigh in anguish.

“I can promise not to harm him, but if they constantly target me, I can’t guarantee that I won’t fight back.” Then, I recounted everything Matthew and Melanie had done. She left my room silently.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 516-Matchmaking on the Cruise Ship I was restless the entire night.

Every time I thought about my past with Matthew, I couldn’t find peace. I pitied Grace, who had no one to rely on at such an old age, unlike others who had their families.

Her whole life had been pitiful, and now, at the end, she still pleaded for her son.

After Grace settled in with me, Matthew came once to see her with a lot of supplements, treating her like a neighbor. He didn’t mention taking her back with him, perhaps feeling that she would be better cared for here.

However, he did inform Grace that Abby had been detained for 15 days due to causing trouble here. This brought Grace some joy; she thought it was her son taking revenge for her, but it was actually Atlas’s doing. I didn’t tell her, though.

I wanted to let her leave thinking that her son did care for her.

The house I found for Lauren was in the duplex building next to Ivanna’s, with about 120 square meters of space.

Atlas helped find it, and I made the decision to buy it because I couldn’t reach her and didn’t know where she had gone, whether it was abroad or within the country.

But I knew Oliver hadn’t given up on finding her. He had changed significantly; I saw him once from a distance, without even exchanging a greeting.

[knew he had been under the impression that I had intentionally kept him in the dark.

On Friday, Arthur hosted a grand gathering for the business people in Foswood, which turned out to be quite an extraordinary event. Surprisingly, it took place on a luxurious yacht, spanning two days and two nights, starting Friday evening and concluding Sunday afternoon.

This grand event caused a stir throughout Foswood, as Arthur’s reputation had attracted many attendees from foreign financial groups and large businesses, making it an unprecedented grand event.

At that moment, it wasn't just the business community that was shaken; the scions, elites, socialites and celebrities of Foswood were all eagerly seeking tickets, turning what was initially a simple business networking event into what seemed like a grand show of their status.

On Friday, some socialites arrived at the port early, carrying a whole trunk of clothing, eager to showcase themselves at the gathering. It was truly unbelievable how their minds worked. Was this what it meant to have status? From my perspective, it seemed like they had too much leisure time on their hands.

Atlas arrived on time to pick me up. I had indeed brought two sets of clothing, as we were going to be on the ship for two days. The gown I wore today was the one Atlas had sent over just the day before, labeled as a formal dress but quite conservative in style, covering my shoulders, back, and legs adequately. Yet, he kept praising how beautiful I was.

I had to admit, the dress was genuinely stunning. It was a strong metallic champagne color, with simple and sleek lines. The unique feature of the dress was the fragmented diamond texture embedded in the fabric, creating a flowing pattern reminiscent of ocean waves. The neckline was particularly artful, featuring a design that highlighted the elegant curve of the neck.

The stylist had also styled my hair into wavy strands, tied back elegantly. It gave me a lively and graceful appearance.

Upon reaching the port, I could see a red carpet laid out, and many people were scrambling to board the ship. The scene reminded me of the Titanic.

As soon as we got out of the car, specialized personnel guided us through a separate passage, avoiding the general crowd. Upon boarding the ship, I saw Arthur personally waiting at the entrance of the VIP hall, walking toward us from a distance.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 517-She's Everywhere Atlas exchanged a handshake with Arthur before walking into the VIP hall.

Inside, it became apparent that all the prominent upper management figures of Foswood were present, and they all politely greeted Atlas upon seeing him.

His significant contribution to this networking event couldn't be overlooked, as he had invited numerous personnels from foreign financial institutions with ongoing projects to offer.

The timing of this event coincided with the implementation phase of the plans for the latter half of the year, so they were scheduled to hold a meeting here.

Atlas had someone escort me to the luxurious suite reserved for us, which was no different from a high-end suite on land. The area was quiet, likely occupied by other VIPs, without the commotion of random people moving about.

After hanging up my coat, I stepped out of the room to get some fresh air on the deck. From a distance, I could still see many people boarding, all dressed in their finest attire.

Initially, Ivanna was also supposed to come. However, upon considering that Trinity would likely be in attendance, she chose to avoid the situation and stayed back. It was a pity she couldn't be there.

This ship was truly immense, and I had never been on such a large cruise before. My location near the bow was in the VIP area, so there were very few people on the deck. Presumably, the ship would depart from the port once all the passengers were on board.

As I gazed into the distance, someone suddenly stood beside me, startling me. When I turned my head, I realized it was Stella.

"Long time no see, Chloe!" Her outfit today was outstanding. It was a strapless light blue gradient gown that accentuated her graceful figure. Her graceful princess-like hair draped over her shoulders. Her smile was enchanting, though there was a meaningful glint in her eyes as she looked at me.

I gave her a faint smile. She truly seemed to be everywhere.

"Not that long, I believe." I responded calmly, my expression unwavering, "Ms. Stella, you seem to be quite forgetful." "Oh, but it feels like it's been a while." She didn't seem embarrassed, instead leaning toward me with a shy smile, attempting to take my arm. I subtly dodged her, leaning against the railing and looking at her.

"Indeed, everyone's busy." I emphasized the word 'busy' with clear intention.

"Right. You have been busy getting fruitful results, whereas some of us are just busy in vain. I've heard that things have been going well for you lately." She looked at me with a sly smile, her words dripping with sarcasm. "Just a stroke of good luck, perhaps."

- T "Well, it seems luck is finally on my side," I replied indifferently. "You're always well-informed." — She chuckled, looking quite pleased, and continued, "Oh, it's not about being well-informed. It's my way of showing concern for you." I also smiled, "I truly believe that. Thanks for always keeping an eye on me." "It's destined that we should pay attention to each other. After all, your face has left a deep impression on me, making it impossible for me to forget," she said, her eyes flickering with a hint of something I couldn't quite explain. "Is that so? I left such a lasting impression on you?" I glanced at her, aware that she was hinting at something else with her words, but I remained curious about what she intended to convey. Stella seemed to notice my interest and smiled coyly, "Of course, your face has always haunted me; I can't help but think of it. And in

fact, you're the most formidable one. I'm quite intrigued!" "Is that right? Tell me more." I continued to look at her without revealing any emotions. To the onlookers, our interaction might have seemed like two good friends enjoying a leisurely time together. However, only Stella and I knew that we both carried an inexplicable aura, inevitably repelling each other whenever we met. It was a battle of sorts that neither of us could easily let go. She paused for a moment, her eyes turning icy as she stared directly at me, a hint of danger in her gaze. "Chloe, do you really want to know? I'm afraid you might not be able to handle what I'm about to say. Are you sure you want to know?" "Of course." I met her gaze, replying unabashedly, "Being mysterious isn't fun at all. I prefer being open and honest." "Hahaha! I just love the way you are." Stella's laughter was radiant, as if she had gained a great advantage. "Well, many people do." I boldly asserted, laughing coquettishly. "You keep setting traps for me, but I've become too shrewd for them. Trying to set more traps secretly won't work." "Well then. I might as well tell you the reason. I believe it'll be something that will..."

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 518-Interrupted Stella hadn't had the chance to utter her ill-intended words when a voice from behind interrupted us.

"What are you doing here?" I turned to see it was Atlas.

His clear gaze swept over Stella, and he asked, "What were you talking about?" Stella immediately swallowed the words she was about to say, her expression somewhat flustered.

However, she quickly changed her demeanor and tried to grasp Atlas's arm. "Atlas, Chloe and I were just chatting about random things." I maintained my calm smile, appearing nonchalant, observing Stella's rapid change of expression.

Yet, I couldn't help feeling regretful. I had missed another opportunity. I suspected that whatever Stella wanted to tell me just now would have been another version of the story.

These things felt like fragments of memories, slowly piecing themselves together in my mind.

Without hesitation, Atlas took my hand in front of Stella. "Let's go inside to rest a bit and have something to eat first. We'll set sail a bit later." I saw Stella's lips twitch, but she remained understanding. "Sure, you two go ahead. I'll go find my friends too. Atlas, I want to go back to Pleca Park tomorrow." Atlas cast her a fleeting glance. "Pleca park is being renovated and not open to the public." I looked at Stella, barely managing to hold back my laughter. How could Atlas say that? Clearly, he was hinting that Stella was an outsider.

As Atlas led me away while holding my hand, I couldn't help but glance back at Stella. Her face was twisted into an ugly expression.

perhaps she harbored deep hatred for me, but I couldn't shake the feeling that she was also powerless at this moment.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 519-The Sly Fox Our spot at the ship's deck was nearly empty, and he held me close as he said, "This is like the Titanic. Come on, feel it." His whispered words in my ear were tender and full of love. In his embrace, I felt incredibly happy, losing myself in the breathtaking view before us. I even forgot where I was for a moment.

I let out a joyful shout into the sea breeze, feeling a sense of lightness. It truly felt like we were flying on the sea at the front of the ship.

However, moments of bliss are often fleeting, and the golden hues of the | setting sun gradually disappeared over the horizon, leaving the sea in deep shades.

Checking the time, Atlas said, "It's time to go. The opening ceremony is about to start." — The main hall was packed with people, all smiling, eager, and excited. I couldn't help but feel a bit dazed. This didn't feel like a business gathering but more like a grand New Year's celebration.

Nevertheless, I recognized many familiar faces. What surprised me most was the presence of Ivanna on board. It caught me off guard, and we exchanged greetings from a distance.

[hadn't carried my phone with me, so even if she had tried to notify me, I wouldn't have seen it.

As Atlas's companion, my attention was focused on handling every VIP he introduced me to.

But what intrigued me the most was the presence of top figures from Bourdamun. It became clear to me that Atlas was paving the way for me.

I was genuinely interested in Bourdamun's projects, but my inability to connect with their core figures had been a significant roadblock. I was quite unfamiliar with Bourdamun, and my network was limited.

This time, we managed to get in touch with the key figures of their core projects. It seemed that he was serious when he said that he would help me.

Atlas playfully added, "Mr. Noah has major projects in his hands. The two of you can have a chat, and it could be a great opportunity for cooperation." I quickly caught onto his intention and set up a path for myself with a smile.

Atlas's introduction was skillful, neither too pushy nor too discreet, creating a solid foundation for my conversations.

By the time the opening ceremony began, we had mingled enough to be considered familiar. Of course, my role as Atlas's companion helped pave the way.

The opening ceremony was a lively affair with a buzzing crowd. The change of location made it feel distinctly different, and it seemed like we had entered a different dimension.

Amidst the clinking of glasses, I felt transported to an entirely new world, entirely different from the events on land.

Arthur stayed close to Atlas 1 throughout, and he took notice of the interaction between Atlas and Mr.

Noah from Bourdamun, sensing a hint of significance in it.

Arthur, despite his status as a top figure, seemed preoccupied, given that tonight was his event. Consequently, everyone showed him the utmost respect. As for me, being Archie's goddaughter, the dynamics were clear to someone as astute as him. He wouldn't have trouble understanding the intricate relationships at play here.

When Noah and Arthur raised their glasses, Atlas took me away, whispering softly, "Mr. Noah's full name is Noah Kent. He's the newly appointed head of Bourdamun and is trying to establish himself. So, don't worry and wait for him to approach you. From there, the conversation will flow naturally." I looked at Atlas, a hint of concern in my eyes, and asked, "We won't mess it up, right?" Atlas glanced at me sideways and asked, "You have that little faith in me?" "What does that have to do with having faith in you?" I was a bit puzzled, muttering disdainfully under my breath.

"playing hard to get will change the dynamics." He had the look of an old fox, slyly smiling at me.

In truth, I admired him from the bottom of my heart. In the business world, this man was a seasoned trickster. _ He whispered in my ear, "If I fail, I'll take care of you every night as punishment, but if I succeed, you'll have to reward me every day." I blushed, feeling embarrassed with so many people around. He was getting too bold, and I was seething with anger.

"Don't push your luck. Atlas, you're really out of line right now. I'm genuinely reconsidering my opinion of you." I scowled at him, giving him a warning.

Just then, someone approached us. He was a foreigner whom Atlas greeted in another language. I understood that this guest was also invited by Atlas.

Seeing them engrossed in conversation, I discreetly moved away to find Ivanna. I spotted her with a middle-aged man, presumably her company's boss.

Just as I was about to approach her, someone blocked my path.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 520-Can't Get Along I looked up and found that the person in front of me was none other than Trinity.

To be honest, it was the first time I was facing her directly. I calmly glanced at her, not quite sure why she was seeking me out. Logically, we had no connections or any reason to communicate.

But she spoke first, "'Ms. Chloe, can we talk somewhere privately?" I couldn't help but pause for a moment, looking at her for a few seconds, then nodded, "Okay." Seeing my agreement, she cast a glance in Atlas's direction and then at me before turning and walking toward a quieter area in the hall.

On either side of the main hall were small private seats, where several people were engrossed in conversations.

I glanced back at Atlas, worried that he might get anxious if he couldn't find me. As I looked back, I saw him looking in my direction. I gestured toward Trinity, indicating that I was going with her.

He gave Trinity a cold glance and nodded subtly, indicating that he understood.

I followed Trinity to a relatively secluded seat. She arrogantly looked at me and asked, "What would you like to drink?" "A glass of white wine, please," |

replied calmly.

Trinity gestured to a waiter, who then approached us with a tray. I casually took a glass of white wine from him.

@ I didn't particularly enjoy alcohol and wasn't knowledgeable about it, but in this setting, the color of the wine put me at ease.

I' knew I had to be cautious.

| Trinity examined me, clearly understanding my intentions.

"Ms. Chloe, do you know why I approached you?" Trinity cut to the chase, but her question didn't sit well with me. It felt like she was asserting her dominance, and I was supposed to submit to her authority.

I'looked at her, exuding an attitude that was neither servile nor overbearing, and said, "I'm all ears." Ls Surprised by my composure, she gazed at me with piercing eyes while taking a large sip of red wine. Her fiery red lips looked even more alluring and full. Up close, she truly was a beauty, but her beauty was wild and exotic.

“I don’t have any particular dislike for you, but I also don’t like you. Some people can be friends, while others aren’t suitable to be friends. At the very least, you’re not suitable to be my friend.” She was decisive and direct in her words.

Implicit in her statement was the notion that our paths didn’t align.

“I agree.” I replied without hesitation.

“We used to keep to our own spheres. I never crossed boundaries, and I never meddled in your affairs. Moreover, you have a reputation for attracting trouble, and I believe you’re aware of the mixed reviews about you.” Her words inexplicably brought a smile to my face, and the tension between us eased slightly.

“However, for me, the distinction between good and bad is different from the ordinary. What others see as bad might be precisely what I see as good.

So far, I haven’t passed judgment on your character or taken sides.” I kept my gaze fixed on her. Her words surprised me a little. Was she trying to make it clear that she wasn’t in alliance with Stella? My mind raced, analyzing the purpose behind her words.

Noting my direct gaze and) contemplation, she continued, “But I have my principles as well, albeit different from those of others. I’m possessive. Once I have my eye on something, I won’t let it go. Even if I can’t have it, I’d rather destroy it than let others have it.” I understood the implications of her words, but I didn’t interject or rush to declare my stance.

“Until now, I’ve never made an exception to this principle. No one has been able to make me compromise.” Listening to her, I began to perceive Trinity in a new light. She wasn’t the impulsive, wild person I initially thought she was. Instead, she was |

clearly intelligent and principled. €» “Then why did your people get involved in Harmony’s case?” I asked calmly.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 521

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 521-Valuable Information I knew very little about the Harmony incident. I’ve been busy with the company’s upgrade these past few days and haven’t inquired about the aftermath.

However, I overheard Atlas say to Jared that day, “Your people were involved.” I believe Jared’s people are those associated with Trinity.

After I asked, she fell silent, playing with the cup in her hand. She looked at me as if debating whether to tell me what happened.

I wasn’t in a rush. I kept my gaze fixed on her, waiting for her to explain.

“They’re not my people,” she said, then hesitated before continuing, “They’re Jared’s people.” I was taken aback for a moment.

Jared’s people? Her expression was inscrutable.

I couldn’t figure out why Jared’s people would go after Harmony. From the look on Trinity’s face, it didn’t seem like she was making excuses for herself.

However, the information was important.

It meant that she and Jared’s people wanted to keep their distance from each other. They were operating independently.

I raised an eyebrow. “So, what’s the point of telling me this? Are you asking me to relay the message to Ivanna to step back or to compromise? Let’s be more direct here. Besides Ivanna, I can’t think of any common ground | between us.” “Ms. Chloe, you’re not naive,” she said, smiling for the first time.

I chuckled in response. “You’ve made me see you in a new light. I used to think you were just a fierce, reckless woman. But now I have to admit I was wrong!” I swirled the wine in my glass, my eyes still fixed on her face.

Then I took a sip and continued, “You’re rational, calm, and not easily swayed by others.” She remained noncommittal, still watching me. Beyond her figure, I saw a piercing gaze directed straight at us from a corner of the central hall, I smiled, and she frowned. I was confident that she understood what my shifting gaze meant.

She was wise like that, yet she hadn’t handled her emotional affairs well.

I looked at Trinity again. “But you’re mistaken about one thing. You picked the wrong target for this conversation.

You should have said all this to Ivanna.

“However, you’ve lost the chance to face her in person. You’ve already lost the first round!” “What do you mean?!” Trinity’s voice was laced with arrogance. It was clear she wasn’t one to admit defeat.

Of course, perhaps for her, the play had only just begun.

Lo AR eh “Trinity, the power of love is formidable. No matter who it is, they shouldn’t use an iron fist to crush it.” I added, “That’s why they say love conquers all!” I said with some regret, “I can’t help you. But I’m still grateful for what you’ve said to me.” “Why?” Trinity’s voice carried a chill.

“Because Ivanna is my friend!” With that, I stood up, ready to leave.

Trinity didn't stop me, but she said, "Aren't you afraid of gaining another | enemy?" I paused, then turned around gracefully. Though she was trying to threaten me, there was no pressure behind her words.

"Evil will not suppress the righteous. I believe they're not your friends either!" I gave a slight smile and turned to leave.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Stella slowly making her way over to Trinity.

I gave a cold snort, convinced that now that Trinity had openly stated she hadn't taken sides, she simply couldn't be bothered to do so.

This information excited me a bit.

Since Trinity had started contact with me, Stella seemed to lose her grip. How could I use this to my advantage and dent her confidence? I needed to find out why Jared's people targeted Harmony.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 522-A Leopard's Prey Lost in my thoughts, I didn't pay much attention to the people around me.

Suddenly, my arm was grabbed. It was Grayson.

He made a hushing gesture, signaling for me to follow him. I hadn't expected Grayson to be on the ship as well. I was just thinking about finding him.

In a quiet corner, I asked, "When did you board the ship? I had no idea you were back, too!" "Mr. Atlas arranged it. Mr. Ryan and Joyce are also here. Mr. Atlas said, if we're going to play a role, we should go all the way. Plus, there's an organization from Jitador on the ship today. Be careful!"

I was a bit surprised, and my heart tightened.

"The ones who kidnapped Ava?" "Don't forget, they targeted you!" Grayson reminded me. "Just be cautious. Remember not to leave our sight. We'll be around you the whole time!" "Sp, you mean they're after me?" I asked Grayson.

"Not exactly, but it's better to be safe than sorry. After all, they've already targeted you and your daughter before." . : I nodded. I hadn't realized these people were everywhere.

"Mr. Ryan has already delivered the cake to Liora. I reckon she'll receive the exact message tonight," Grayson Yo cautioned me again. "So, she's likely to be unstable. Given her personality, she might provoke you." "Got it!" I smirked. "By the way, about Harmony's situation, how is it related to Jared?" I was confident that Grayson would know the details.

“As Jared discovered, Stella intended to use Harmony to frame you. He ordered someone to act on it, and Harmony’s matter has quieted. Jared also shifted the blame onto Stella. However, Stella is still ensnared in the trap for now.” Grayson knew the intricacies of the situation. “Chlo, it seems like Mr. Atlas is looking for you. You should go to him first.” 9 I turned around, and sure enough, I saw Atlas searching the crowd.

“Alright, you go on then!” @ Then, I walked toward Atlas, and he spotted me from a distance.

It was the center of attention wherever Atlas was. Many socialites who had their eyes on him rushed toward him.

When they saw me heading toward: him, some gave me sharp looks. As I walked past, dissenting voices had already reached my ears.

“I don’t understand what Atlas sees in her. A divorced woman? He must be restless.”
“Exactly!” She’s beautiful, isn’t she?” |

“She might be beautiful, but so what? She’s someone’s leftovers!” : “I’m sure she must have something special!” Several people sneered with ill intentions. I knew the deeper meaning behind those words.

I walked past them casually, heading straight for Atlas. With a swift motion, he pulled me into his arms.

I didn’t even know what expressions those few socialites had.

At midnight, a grand ball in the central hall brought the atmosphere to a climax. We only danced for a song before retiring quietly to our room.

Like a hungry animal on his prey, Atlas eagerly pulled me into his embrace. It had been a long time since we were @/7 together, and we missed each other, We stayed awake until sunlight peeked through the porthole, embraced each other, and fell asleep.

Before falling asleep, I told him I wanted to watch the sunrise over the sea.

However, when I woke up, it was almost noon. I didn’t know where all the time had gone. How had it suddenly become midday? Atlas was no longer in the room. I got up, feeling sore all over. Aman’s stamina was not a good thing.

After freshening up and changing into a light blue maxi dress, I was about to leave when I heard a knock on the door.

I rushed to the outer room and opened the door. It was Ivanna.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 523

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 523-Unknown Signs I pulled her in. "Didn't you say you wouldn't come? How'd you end up on the ship?" "I didn't plan to, but the boss was so persistent that I couldn't refuse." She shrugged and said, "Are you ready? Let's grab something to eat! I was starving, but I didn't want to disturb you. How was experiencing the brilliance of the sea?" Her expression was mischievous. I playfully punched her.

"Quit being so lewd. Look at yourself.

You're becoming quite the character!" My face involuntarily flushed.

We headed down to the restaurant on the third floor. While waiting for our food, Ivanna asked what Trinity wanted to discuss with me last night.

She had been worried about it.

I gave her a brief, unbiased rundown. I didn't want her to worry too much.

When the dishes arrived, I spotted Stella and Liora entering the restaurant just as I was about to eat.

I exchanged a glance with Ivanna and pretended not to notice.

However, I couldn't avoid seeing them.

~The two of them also spotted us and walked over.

"Good morning, Ms. Chloe!" Liora greeted, and she seemed to be in a good mood.

I gave a faint smile, "Good morning." Then I ate the food in front of me, making small talk with Ivanna. Ivanna told me about the large swimming pool on the top deck and suggested we stroll there later.

I nodded. "Alright, let's check it out after we finish here." I knew full well, from Liora's expression, that she had successfully got what she had schemed to get.

"Ms. Chloe, you seem in high spirits now," she said unconvincingly.

"How so?" I glanced at her. Stella, seated across from her, had changed into a different outfit, and there was a smile on her delicate face.

"Being as prominent as Ms, Chloe—or rather, Mrs.Chloe—would turn heads.

Wouldn't that be considered being in high spirits?" Liora smiled as she delicately sliced her steak.

"I don't feel that way!" I replied curtly.

“Ms. Chloe, let me offer a word of advice. Don’t get too complacent. Don’t reach for what shouldn’t be yours. Just like what happened with Harmony.” She smiled and spread her hands. “You should always leave yourself a way out.

When you have time, reassess your position and see what suits you better! Also, don’t take steps that are too big.

You may stumble.” Ivanna and I laughed. Ivanna said, “Oh my, I can’t take it anymore. I’ve lost my appetite.”

yr VY OViWwWo “Alright, let’s go for the stroll!” I pushed away the food in front of me and looked at Liora. “Thank you, Mrs.

Liora, for the reminder. Excuse us!” I stood up with Ivanna and took a moment to look back at Liora. “But don’t worry, I have nothing to stumble over!” Then I left the restaurant with Ivanna, both of us laughing. Ivanna cursed, “You’ve ruined my meal.” “Then let’s just order lunch. We’ll go back to the room and eat,” I said. I arranged for room service, then headed upstairs with Ivanna.

When we reached the narrow doorway leading out of the restaurant, a man happened to be entering. When we brushed past each other, I involuntarily shivered.

I glanced over, but the man had already entered the restaurant.

Ivanna noticed my hesitation and asked, “What’s wrong?” I turned back and shook my head.

“Nothing.” Then I grabbed her and said, “Let’s go up through the corridor on the deck.” We went up to the top deck and stood there for a while. Even though the ship was in near-shore waters, I still felt a distinct sensation—vast and deep, the boundless and azure sea.

Suddenly, I felt a strange unease in my heart, much like the wide-open, | bottomless sea before me.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 524

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 524-A Clear Goal I took a deep breath of the salty sea air, trying to steady myself.

Ivanna noticed that something seemed off.

“What’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell?” I shook my head, realizing that even my back felt chilled. “No, I just feel lightheaded!” “Could it be a touch of seasickness? The waves are rougher today compared to last night.” Ivanna observed, her eyes fixed on my face. “You look a little pale!” “Maybe! It’s fine. A little fresh air will do the trick.” I didn’t want

Ivanna to worry, so I waved it off. “Or maybe it’s -r “TY VIZ, just hunger. I’ve been on an empty stomach for too long!” “Well, let’s go back to the room. Rest for a bit, have something to eat, and then we can go for a walk. The swimming pool I mentioned is in the center and quite large. We can check it out after we’ve eaten,” Ivanna suggested.

“Alright!” We returned to our room. There was still no sign of Atlas. It seemed like he was pretty busy.

After lunch, the two of us headed to the pool area.

Quite a few socialites were swimming there. They had done their homework and brought all the necessary equipment. Their bikinis were truly |

a A Teed A eye-catching, showcasing their alluring figures, After a quick tour, I didn’t find it particularly interesting. Upon observation, I noticed no serious business people around, just socialites and second-generation heirs flirting.

As I left with Ivanna, a woman emerged from the water. She forcefully slapped the water, and it splashed all over me.

My chiffon dress instantly clung to my body, becoming semi-transparent and indecent.

Ivanna reached out and pulled me back, shielding me. I quickly adjusted the fabric against my chest to prevent any exposure, “Hey! You did that on purpose!” Ivanna glared at the woman in the water. | The woman wiped her face and smiled disdainfully. “What’s with the fuss? Didn’t you want attention?” “You...” Ivanna stepped forward, but I pulled her back.

“Let it go!” “Hmph!” The woman in the water scoffed, “Pretending to be all high and mighty. Take a good look at yourself.

How dare you show up innocently like this? Shameless bitch!” “Who are you talking about?” Ivanna yelled at the woman.

Suddenly, everyone by the poolside turned to look in our direction. I wiped my face and pulled Ivanna away.

Se IB BONUS “Ignore her!” [scrutinized the woman, She seemed to be associated with Liora. Clearly, she was here to cause trouble, and | couldn’t afford any problems.

[was sure there wouldn’t be a shortage of spectators eager to see a scene. | couldn’t allow them to laugh at my expense.

“So what if I said it? What’s the big deal? You think you’re some noble figure. I can’t stand those who pretend to be saints but are superficial. There’s even a child in the picture, and you’re still trying to act pure and seduce any man! Have some self-

awareness, lady!” She swam to the pool’s edge, lifted herself with her hands, and effortlessly climbed out. The woman had a remarkable figure. Just a few strings covered her, leaving nothing to the imagination. Ny | She was pretty confident, tossing her wet hair arrogantly as she looked at me.

Her words were aimed directly at me.

“Is this the place you should be? Trying to infiltrate high society? Do you think you belong? If you’re here, you better mind your manners. Don’t flaunt yourself in front of me. It’s nauseating!” The woman’s words were sharp and cutting.

I looked over to see Liora, Stella, and a group of ostentatiously dressed women gleefully watching the scene.

I raised an eyebrow. It seemed like this little performance was calculated.

[stood there, drenched from head to toe, my hair sticking to my skin. As I hesitated about whether to respond, I heard a cold scoff, “Hmph! Some people dare to show their faces here. Who told you this is high society? If this is high society, how did someone as classless as you end up here?” I followed the voice and saw a woman in a white dress. Her jet-black hair billowed in the wind, and she exuded an air of aloofness. It was none other than Mia.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 525-Premeditated Provocation Mia’s words drew everyone’s attention.

I couldn’t help but feel a surge of relief.

Seeing that Arthur hosted this, Mia was the true elite here.

This was the second time I had seen Mia, and both times, she had come to my rescue.

I wasn’t afraid of dealing with this woman, but I didn’t want any unpleasantness around me. That would be a disgrace to Atlas. After all, whether in public or private, I was Atlas’s woman.

The feisty woman shot a fierce look at Mia.

Mia’s words, though not heavy, were exact. They left the sharp-tongued woman utterly defeated.

She stood before the crowd, nearly naked, with just three pieces of fabric covering the essentials. If this wasn’t low-class, what was it? “Who the hell are you? How dare you come looking for trouble?” The woman glared at Mia, her tone sharp.

Mia had been studying abroad and had only recently returned to Foswood, so few people truly knew her. I only knew this from the crash course Lauren gave me after meeting Mia at the celebration held by ATL Empire.

With an air of arrogance, Mia glanced at the woman. She then looked at Liora and the others enjoying the spectacle.

“It doesn’t matter who I am. What matters is that you pay attention to your image. This is a formal occasion, not a nightclub. Don’t prance around like a showgirl. Otherwise, you better roll back into the water before you scorch someone’s eyes!” Mia seemed to be one tough nut, scolding without using a single curse word. Impressive! I almost burst out laughing. Her description was remarkably accurate.

Laughter and sneers of agreement echoed from the surrounding crowd.

The woman, evidently combative, took a step toward Mia. “What did you say? You’d better listen well. If you’re in cahoots with her, I advise you to have some sense.”

“Then let’s see what you’re going to do.” Mia stood her ground, fearless.

Seeing that Mia wasn’t backing down, the woman flew into a rage. She took a swift step forward and raised her hand.

But Mia was even quicker. I couldn’t quite tell how she lifted her leg, but the woman was kicked back into the swimming pool.

The woman in the water, perhaps surprised by the sudden fall, seemed to have forgotten how to swim. She struggled desperately, nearing exhaustion.

Some onlookers by the shore laughed gleefully, others looked on in astonishment at the woman’s plight, and a few even shared mocking remarks.

I saw Liora say something to the person behind her, and the woman promptly ran off.

Mia glanced at me, her tone aloof. “I’m impressed by your restraint. You truly have remarkable composure to endure an insult like that.” I looked at the other side and mumbled, “I didn’t want to cause any discord over me. It’s clear, the real troublemakers are over there!” Mia gave the other side a disdainful glance, “Hmph! Today, I’ll give them a taste of their own medicine. Some people never learn!” The commotion in the water was quite loud. Mia surveyed the scene, and when the woman finally resurfaced, gasping for air, Mia couldn’t help but roll her eyes.

The woman wiped the water from her face and spat it, coughing. Once she caught her breath, she pointed a finger at Mia and yelled, “You wretch! How dare you lay your hands on me? Someone, come—” I glanced at the direction she was pointing to. A few wealthy heirs were leisurely spectating. She pointed at them in hysteria. “Are you all

blind? Didn't you see I was attacked? Branson, didn't you see someone laid hands on me?" A red-haired youngster with a thick gold chain around his neck took bold strides toward us, swearing as he walked.

"Do you guys have a death wish, huh?"

How dare you hit her? Do you know who she is? Ah?" The youngster bellowed as he approached.

However, just as he was about to get closer, a staff member standing by the poolside suddenly delivered a sidekick.

The swift and seamless move showed that this was no ordinary staff member.

In an instant, the red-haired youngster, much like the earlier obstinate woman, was dramatically propelled backward, flying through the air and landing with a splash back into the pool.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 526-One After Another In an instant, the scattered crowd by the poolside sensed that something unusual was happening. They quickly gathered, and even Liora, who stood at a distance, seemed a bit unsettled.

However, her unease appeared more like a mischievous prelude to incitement.

"What's going on? Aren't you being too arrogant? You just got wet, that's all! Does it really warrant such a commotion? It's unnecessary to make such a big fuss." She walked over, looking at me from a distance.

"Chloe, even in moments of triumph, one should exercise restraint. You're underestimating these kids. None of their backgrounds is something you can easily handle. Don't blame me for not warning you." She was clearly addressing me and provoking the onlookers.

Sure enough, the scions gathered and approached us, ready for action.

I fearlessly glanced at them, and Mia smirked in my direction.

"Ms. Liora, when did you see me acting arrogant?" I looked at her calmly.

"you're not being arrogant? What's this situation, then?" Liora pointed to the people in the swimming pool, questioning. "If anything were to happen to them, you're dead meat." I chuckled. "Oh? You know it's bad being arrogant too? Are you talking about me though? Somehow, I feel like that's how you usually are." "Chloe, this isn't a place for your { domineering behavior! Don't forget your identity. Don't you remember what role you play here? Be careful though, because soon you might be so humiliated that you wished you never came." She finished with a meaningful smile, then looked toward the

two people in the water, eagerly anticipating the upcoming drama. I instantly understood what was going on; she had already sent someone to spread the news about the commotion.

Mia and I snorted simultaneously, while Ivanna glanced at Liora. "Liora, let me advise you too. You should watch where you're going, or else you'll fall." Although Ivanna didn't know Mia, her intelligence lay in her judgment.

Seeing my calm demeanor and even the staff intervening, she deduced that there must be a good chance of success.

At that moment, a furious roar echoed, "Let me see who dares to touch my daughter! They sure don't want their lives anymore!" Everyone turned to look toward the source of the voice. A man with an angry face and a big belly was striding toward us on the deck. His belly was shaking vigorously due to his brisk pace.

The woman in the water screamed, "Dad. Why did you just come? Do you still care about me?" Then she pointed angrily at me and Mia, "It's them, these two bitches.

They're not socialites at all, but just a couple of troublemakers relying on seducing men to get into the upper class." Upon hearing this, the chubby man turned abruptly. He was staring at me and Mia with hostility. "You bitch! How dare you do this to my daughter? I'll tear you two little bitches apart today!" Meanwhile, from another direction, a tall, thin middle-aged man approached us with his stern gaze fixed on the swimming pool. He seemed more composed than the chubby man.

Although he was not making a scene, his cold eyes sent shivers down one's spine.

I guessed he must be the father of the red-haired guy.

Sure enough, the red-haired guy protected the willful woman in the water, swimming toward the shore.

The woman hung on his neck, continuously berating.

Andre pointed at Mia, cursing with spittle flying everywhere.

Once the two troublemakers came ashore, the unruly woman shook off the red-haired guy's hand and lunged toward Mia and me, "Who the hell are you? Huh? How did you get on board? How dare you kick me?" As she spoke, she raised her hand, ready to slap Mia. Just then, a stern voice echoed, "I'd like to see who dares to touch my daughter!" The crowd was startled, turning around one after another, wondering who it was this time around.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 527-Arthur's Arrival Just as everyone turned around in surprise, they noticed the newcomers weren't strangers; it was none other than Arthur

and his entourage, including Atlas. It seemed these people had been together all along, probably discussing business.

Mia and I exchanged glances but didn't make a move.

The tall and thin middle-aged man immediately concealed his anger, striding toward Arthur. From a distance, he greeted Arthur with a fawning tone, extending his hand, "Mr. Arthur, you're here. Sorry for startling you with such a commotion." He then nodded and bowed to Atlas, "Mr. Atlas." Atlas's face remained gloomy, his gaze fixed on me. My dress was still wet, and the disheveled look persisted. I could see the anger churning in his eyes.

Arthur glanced at Mia, then at me beside her without interacting with us.

Instead, he sternly asked, "What's going on?" The tall and thin man gave us a disdainful glance, sneering, "These two ill-mannered women somehow sneaked in and are causing trouble here. They're completely disgraceful, obviously not decent people, and are very arrogant too." Arthur, upon hearing this, furrowed his brows deeply. He glanced at the man speaking, his eyes questioning, "Sneaked in?" He was clearly displeased with this statement.

However, the man didn't catch the real meaning in Arthur's words. He nodded and bowed, "Yes, we are not sure how they came in." "Mr. Arthur, it's truly an honor to meet you. I'm Andre Gardner from Chamber Corporation in Foswood. I'm fortunate to participate in this gathering." The chubby man approached, with his big belly leading the way. He extended his hand toward Arthur from a distance.

Arthur, with a stern face, completely ignored his gesture. Andre felt awkward and forced a couple of dry laughs. He wiped his hand on his | clothes, trying to hide his embarrassment.

He hastily added, "Yes, it's these two bitches. Clearly, they are two shameless women who dared to cause trouble at your event. It's totally outrageous. They even hit my daughter." Arthur's face grew even darker, and his eagle-like eyes focused on Andre.

"Security, check the surveillance footage. I want to see how these two caused trouble." Arthur roared angrily.

An attendant received the instructions and was about to access the surveillance footage. However, among the onlookers, a handsome young man spoke up, "Mr. Arthur, don't bother. I happened to capture the entire process on camera."

All eyes turned to the young man, who shrugged, wearing a nonchalant smile.

"I didn't expect to capture evidence." The atmosphere became notably serious. Even the spectators dared not make a sound. Everyone understood that the people present

were all important individuals at this event, and the unfolding drama might be the most significant taint to this occasion.

After all, there were not only people of high authority on the ship but also those from the world's most renowned financial groups. It was originally a high-end networking event, but this incident severely tarnished its image.

The young man's actions made everyone feel that some people were in for serious trouble.

The chubby man, oblivious to the gravity of the situation, added, "Thank you, Mr. Arthur. You are indeed wise.

Such grand gatherings need strict control, and such individuals should not have been allowed in as they are affecting the image of Foswood." Arthur's face turned ashen. The chubby man thought his words had worked.

The unruly woman, ignorant of the situation, took a step forward, pointing at Mia and me, "These two are a pair of disgraceful women who rely on seducing men to climb up the social ladder. And..." Before she could finish her sentence, Dylan, who was by her side, swiftly slapped her across the face. The resounding slap echoed, and the unruly woman let out a shocked cry, tumbling to the ground.

With calm composure, Dylan uttered, "Think twice before you talk." The chubby man looked at his daughter in shock and then angrily at Dylan, shouting, "You..." Dylan's eyes that were filled with a fierce look immediately fixed on the chubby man, causing him to abruptly hold back his words as he stared back at Dylan.

Beyond The Divorce Chapter 528-The Tables Have Turned Arthur took a glance at the tablet handed to him by the young man, silently watching for a while, then passed the tablet to the tall and thin man. "Is this what you claimed, that the two of them sneaked in and caused trouble?" The tall and thin man hurriedly took the tablet, nervously watched the footage, and, with trembling lips, turned back to slap the red-haired guy.

"I warned you to stay away from this troublesome Carina! Why can't you remember my advice? You bastard!" Andre, furious upon hearing the skinny guy's words, exclaimed, "Robert Strickland, what the hell do you mean?" "I meant exactly what I said! Look at the well-behaved daughter you've raised, causing trouble everywhere.

What kind of person is she?" Robert pointed at the disheveled Carina on the ground. "Look at her, what does she look like now? This is disgraceful, utterly disgraceful!" Atlas seemed to have reached his limit.

He took off his jacket, walked over, and wrapped it around me, holding me in his arms. "Security, investigate how they managed to get in." Andre immediately sensed

something was wrong. He was looking at Atlas and then at me in Atlas's protective embrace.

Seemingly realizing something, he |

hastily said, "Mr. Atlas, it was a misunderstanding. I didn't know the entire story earlier. I'm sorry..." He then trotted toward us, "My daughter is ignorant, so please forgive her, Mr. Atlas. I... I'm a good friend of Mr. Atticus from Echelon Group. I didn't sneak in. No, Mr. Atticus invited..." "Oh? I don't recall ever inviting you.

Please, enlighten me. Did I invite you?" Atticus walked out from the crowd, gazing at Andre. He said with a playful smile, "We're close friends? You and 7" Andre's face turned pale. Sweaty and scared, he stared at Atticus, gasping heavily.

His eyes searched through the crowd, and I saw Liora sneakily hiding behind everyone. — Suddenly, I understood that this so-called "upper class" had sneaked in through Liora.

"Hah! So, it really is the 'upper class' sneaking in. No wonder they seem so out of place. I was wondering which noble family they came from, lacking | all the basic manners." Mia snorted.

"Investigate thoroughly who let them in. That person must have some ulterior motives." Carina, who was sitting on the ground, suddenly got up, perhaps thinking Mia was just associated with me. At this moment, she dared not provoke me but looked at Mia with resentment, venting all her anger on her.

| "You bitch, it's all because of you meddling in others' business! Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you act so high and mighty here? I'm going to tear you apart..." She didn't care whether her clothing was in order or not as she tried to grab Mia.

Dylan kicked her mid-air, sending her back into the swimming pool. He then pointed at Andre and demanded, "Speak. Who facilitated this?" Andre glanced toward the direction of Liora and immediately lowered his gaze.

Dylan snorted. "It's fine if you don't talk. In that case, you can spend more time in the pool with your daughter." IRS Andre tremblingly stretched out the single word. Before he could mention the person, Carina shouted, "Dad!" Then she angrily shouted toward the people on the shore, "I spent a high price to buy the entrance ticket on the black market. What's wrong? They can sneak in, and I can't? Why not?" Pointing at Mia, she issued a threat, "Just you wait! I won't let you off." Mia raised an eyebrow, looking at the drenched Carina with disdain. She coldly replied, "Sure, I'll be waiting." "I swear I'm going to tear you apart!" Carina continued to shout, wanting to salvage her pride.

"You need to have the ability to do so." Mia retorted with a domineering expression.

Then, she turned to Arthur's personal { secretary and gave a cold command, "This matter cannot be overlooked.

Wesley, investigate this thoroughly. I want to see who's providing assistance to such people. Since she's so unruly, with intentions to disrupt the harmony of the Foswood's business world, then cancel all her qualifications to do business in the city!" Mia glanced in the direction where Liora was hiding, her attitude turning colder.

Wesley Mcguire respectfully replied, "Yes, Ms. Mia. We will investigate this matter thoroughly." As soon as this name was uttered, I heard someone in the crowd exclaim, "What? That name sounds familiar. Is she Arthur's daughter?" @

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 529-Looks Like Someone's Scared | After finishing her statement, Mia turned to leave with a high and cold stride. Suddenly, she stopped and looked at me, saying, ""Ms. Chloe, shall we have a chat?" I smiled, "Sure." Looking up at Atlas, I whispered, "I'll chat with Ms. Mia for a while. You focus on your tasks." Atlas nodded with an indulgent expression, "Alright. Don't forget to eat something." I smiled, gave Ivanna a slight tug, and followed Mia as we walked toward the VIP area.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Liora still hiding behind the crowd, staring at us as we walked by in astonishment.

Mia's words should be enough to make her heart race.

People in the crowd continued to comment, "They're really ignorant to dare to offend these two women. One is Mr. Arthur's daughter, and the other is Mr. Atlas's woman." As we left the chaotic crowd, Ivanna disdainfully remarked, "Liora must be really panicking now." "I really dislike that woman. Too bad for that Atticus. He's a very astute man," Mia said casually, showing her favorable impression of Atticus.

"Thank you, Ms. Mia." I looked at her, "I didn't expect that we've only met twice, and both times you've helped me out of a situation." "Haha. You realize it too?" Mia glanced at me, snorting. "I can't decide whether to praise your calmness or scold you for being timid." For a moment, I was genuinely rendered speechless by her words.

Seeing my confusion, Mia continued, "If I were you, I would have slapped them a long time ago." I chuckled, earning a disapproving look from Mia, "What are you laughing at? Did I say something wrong?" "It's not that you said something wrong, but it's definitely a kind of encouragement for me." I sincerely replied.

This time, she was the one left momentarily speechless, ®» Ivanna explained for me, "Chloe is someone who handles situations with great discretion, and she would always consider the bigger picture. She's just calm, but not timid at all." Mia looked at me, "What are you afraid of?" "I'm not afraid, but I need to consider the occasion. For example, in today's situation, if we swap places, I believe you would act similarly. Considering my identity, status, and position, I can't let my personality run wild.

Allowing myself to be capricious would undoubtedly bring criticism to Atlas," I explained my reasons.

Mia glanced at me, her arrogant demeanor softening a bit.

momentarily speechless, Ivanna explained for me, "Chloe is someone who handles situations with great discretion, and she would always consider the bigger picture. She's just calm, but not timid at all." Mia looked at me, "What are you afraid of?" "I'm not afraid, but I need to consider the occasion. For example, in today's situation, if we swap places, I believe you would act similarly. Considering my identity, status, and position, I can't let my personality run wild.

Allowing myself to be capricious would undoubtedly bring criticism to Atlas," I explained my reasons.

Mia glanced at me, her arrogant demeanor softening a bit.

"Maybe it's our environment that determines this. You know, being with Atlas, we face a lot of criticisms," I confessed openly to Mia.

"Why?" she asked.

Her asking this question indicated she was an open-minded person and, moreover, she was still unfamiliar with my situation.

Well, considering who she was—the true queen of Foswood—why would she care about an unrelated woman like me? I stayed silent for a moment, then decided to be honest with her, "I'm kind of a public figure in Foswood.

Everyone knows I've been divorced, and I have a 5-year-old daughter." "What?" Mia was indeed open-minded.

"Because my divorce was all over the news. It caused quite a stir in the city," I recounted my history to Mia in detail, and let her thoroughly understand my background.

She ordered a lot of food, had it sent to her room, and we three chatted while eating. In the end, she still insisted on her viewpoint about being decisive when needed, as indecision would lead to chaos.

If it weren't for Dylan coming to find me, saying that Noah wanted to meet me, we might have continued chatting.

Unexpectedly, this time it was Noah who took the initiative to meet with Atlas, expressing his desire to talk to me.

On our way there, Dylan reminded me of a few key points, which I silently noted.

I had a conversation with Noah for a full three hours, and it only ended when Atlas appeared in our private room. However, I was already confident that Bourdamun's project was settled, and I knew deep down that having the backing of ATL Empire was a considerable advantage. @ After discussing with him, we agreed that after disembarking, our respective teams would sit down and discuss the details. If it weren't for the poor signal on the ship, I really wanted to call Ryan immediately. I was so excited, and I hadn't expected everything to go exactly as planned.

But just when I was feeling triumphant, an irreversible major event occurred.

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Beyond the Divorce Chapter 530-A Direct Provocation After coming out of the private room, we all went to the restaurant together, feeling very happy.

I was happy because I finally got what I wanted, and if all went as planned, I could also acquire the Phase Two of Avalon Hills, which was already within Liora's grasp.

During dinner, I had Dylan notify Ryan to join us in our private room.

I formally introduced Noah to Ryan, making this cruise party a true success for me.

We had a joyful dinner.

| After dinner, we went back to the main hall. I strolled on the deck with Joyce.

The sea was calm and vast, the deep expanse of the sea and the sky merging into one. It was the first time I had seen such a seascape. It was like the entire firmament was within arm's reach.

Joyce asked me, "Chloe, how do you manage to make Ryan always love you?" Her question was too direct, making me a bit awkward. This was likely due to our different upbringing environments, shaping different outlooks on life.

"Well, there's no need to deliberately do anything. Just be yourself. Once he notices you, you'll have a chance to stand out." I looked at Joyce. "He's already paying attention to you, isn't he?" "I'm not sure," she said, looking at the deep sea. "We've known each other for a long time, and he doesn't seem to notice me, So, I use my work to attract him, to draw him to my side "You're very smart." I praised her generously. "Believe in yourself, do what you're doing, and you'll definitely win him over." Joyce smiled brightly. "That's what I think too. I want to use my perseverance to move him. But I'm also puzzled. He wants to win you over with his perseverance, but why are you indifferent to his efforts?" "It's not that I'm indifferent. I also have moments of being moved, but unfortunately, his timing is never right. In your case, it's different. He has no other distractions around him, so you have a good chance." |

encouraged Joyce At that moment, Ivanna came to find me again.

“I’ve been looking for you everywhere I didn’t expect to find you here,” Ivanna said, looking somewhat displeased.

“We just finished dinner and we’re taking a stroll since it’s too noisy inside,” I said to Ivanna. “Not in the mood?” Ivanna smiled lightly, gazing at the dark sky.

To be honest, I didn’t quite like the seascape at this hour. It looked like a dark vortex, giving me a sudden sense of oppression.

Joyce was someone who enjoyed lively environments, Seeing the two of us having a conversation, she excused herself and went back to the main hall “Speak up.” I looked at Ivanna, guessing part of what was going on.

But before she could speak, I saw two figures approaching from the distant deck—Jared and Trinity.

After spotting us, Trinity tightened her hand on Jared’s arm and gave us a challenging look.

Ivanna should have noticed them coming, but she kept gazing at the sea.

My eyes, however, remained fixed on Trinity’s hand, feeling a touch of irony.

In a way, my gaze mirrored Trinity’s, carrying a sense of provocation.

Yet, my provocation was aimed at Jared.

However, I still admired Jared’s composure. He continued his lazy pace, following Trinity’s lead, showing no intention to hide or change his demeanor as they approached us.

I smirked, keeping my gaze fixed on the two, smiling without saying a word.

After a while, I looked at Jared and said, “Mr. Jared, you seem to be in good spirits.” Ivanna had been facing away from them, but only I understood her current state.

“I’ve got nothing to be happy about.

The space on this ship is limited, no matter how vast it may seem.” His words carried an implicit meaning “Ms. Chloe, what exactly are you trying to convey?” Trinity didn’t back down, clearly comprehending my intent.

“It depends on your interpretation,” I didn’t evade, directly provoking her back.

“Are you provoking me?” Trinity got to the point.

Then, she glanced at Ivanna, who still hadn’t turned around. “You shouldn’t be the one speaking.” “That can only mean you have no friends.” I didn’t back down. Even in verbal sparring, I didn’t want to lose. I wanted to see how Jared would balance this.

This statement was a clear reminder to Trinity. I had emphasized before that Ivanna was my friend.

Suddenly, Ivanna turned around and looked at the two.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 531

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 531-An Unknown Meet-up I was nervous and glanced at Ivanna for support. Surprisingly, she met Trinity’s gaze with calm composure.

“Ms. Trinity, there’s no need to be so aggressive. This isn’t like you. I thought your demeanor would be more refined, but I overestimated you. Your behavior can only be described in one word—inferior.” Ivanna’s boldness took me aback. I was worried things might get out of hand.

I glanced at Jared, who remained as composed as ever.

“So?” Trinity’s tone turned icy.

“So, it doesn’t matter who speaks. Mr, Jared seems to be in high spirits!” Ivanna addressed Jared directly for the first time, repeating herself deliberately. Then she casually added, “We won’t disturb you any longer.” With that, she reached out to take my arm and turned to leave.

As we walked away, she tossed a parting remark to Trinity, “Ms.

Trinity, broaden your horizons a bit.

Don’t resort to common tricks!” Suddenly, I reassessed Ivanna. She was proving to be more formidable than I had thought. I couldn’t help but feel sympathy for Jared.

As soon as we stepped into the central hall, we came face-to-face with Matthew and Melanie hanging onto his arm. I almost let out a curse, What a small world it was.

Matthew's face lit up with unrestrained joy. His eyes gleamed when he spotted us. "Chloe, Ivanna!" Ivanna shot him an impatient look and scoffed. "From now on, keep your distance when we meet. Just looking at you irritates me." Melanie rolled her eyes. "I couldn't agree more!" Ivanna promptly turned to glare at her.

"Are you looking to start something?" Matthew quickly interjected, "Ivanna, mind your words!" Then he looked at me. "'Chlo, thank you for looking after my mom. It's been a busy period, and I haven't had the | 2 Bm chance to attend to her, But I'll be taking her back in a few days, I'm finally done with the hustle. This event has been quite fruitful!" He couldn't contain his joy. I knew exactly what he was referring to. This news was enough to let him boast.

"Then pick her up. She's your mother, after all," I replied calmly.

I knew he was waiting for me to ask about his profits, but I chose not to.

This must have frustrated him.

Sure enough, seeing that I didn't ask, he grew increasingly eager. "Chlo, aren't you going to ask me how the negotiations went?" I looked at him with mild indifference.

"Why should I care?" Then I turned and walked away with wy "VY BUNUS Ivanna.

Ivanna looked at me, puzzled. She whispered, "What's going on? He looks so pleased with himself." I shot Ivanna a glance. "He's getting his ego boosted." Ivanna suddenly understood my intentions. "Are you putting the plan into action?" "Hush!" I cautioned Ivanna, who was getting a bit too excited.

Just then, a waiter holding a tray approached us. "May I ask which one of you is Ms. Chloe?" I looked at him. "That's me. What's the matter?" "A young lady is requesting your presence on the fourth floor in the Wy TIVO BUNUS central lounge." He then glanced at Ivanna. "She said she'd like to speak with you alone." "She wants to talk to me alone?" | repeated.

"Yes," he confirmed, then turned and disappeared into the crowd.

I speculated about who could be looking for me. It must be Stella.

Perhaps she wanted to say something she hadn't managed to before.

I was sure it was a secret I wasn't aware of, and if true, I was curious.

I looked at Ivanna. "Wait here for me.

I'll be back soon." "Is that alright?" Ivanna asked with some concern. "Why don't accompany you? I'll wait for you on the third floor." I recalled Grayson's warning not to leave their sight. I nodded.

"Alright." Ivanna took my hand and gestured.

"Let's head back. I'll show you the way." We turned and headed toward the central lounge on the third floor. Most of the ship's occupants gathered in the third floor's main hall.

On the fourth floor, there were even fewer people. I looked around and saw only two couples, lost in kisses. I headed towards the deck.

There wasn't a soul on the deck. Where could this person be? Suddenly, I heard rapid footsteps behind me. I turned around, but before I could see who it was, I was forcefully pushed over the ship's side, plummeting downward. &»

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 532-Pushed Into the Waters I instinctively screamed as I fell. It felt like a scene from a recurring nightmare, where darkness consumed me.

With a loud splash, I instantly felt suffocated. I was swallowed whole by icy seawater, with no way out.

I didn't know how to swim. I thrashed desperately, but my body continued its descent.

Then, a powerful arm wrapped tightly around me, pushing me upward.

Amid the prolonged darkness and silence, I thought someone was calling my name.

"Chloe..."

"Chlo!" When I woke up, I was in Atlas's arms, and his face was filled with worry.

Seeing me move, he asked urgently, "Chlo, how do you feel? Is anything hurting?" "Cold..." My lips trembled. I clung tightly to him, shivering from the seawater's coldness.

Atlas tightened the coat around me, lifting me gently. He then instructed someone nearby, "Get a doctor to the room!" He carried me past the crowd up to our room.

Once inside, he quickly undressed me and rinsed me with warm water. He settled me on the bed, wrapping me in blankets. "Better now?" Tears welled up in my eyes, and I nodded. "Much better!" He held me close, planting a kiss on my forehead. "I'm so sorry. I should've been more vigilant." "Who saved me?" I choked out, "Atlas, it was so dark...so cold. I thought I'd never see you again." "Thank goodness Ivanna followed you.

Grayson got there just in time,” he told me in a soft voice, but his eyes showed a storm of feelings.

I felt a sharp pain in my head all of a sudden. I instinctively cradled my head, feeling memories flood my mind.

I let out a terrifying scream.

Atlas held me tightly. “Chlo, Chlo!”

Gasping for breath, I sat up and threw myself into his arms.

“It was so dark. I didn’t get a good look at her face, but I’m sure it was a woman!” I still trembled with fear.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. Atlas quickly dressed me in pajamas and went to answer it. [twas a doctor from the ship.

After the examination, the doctor informed us that I had extensive bruising around my waist. must have hit the railing before falling.

Thankfully, my lungs were cleared of seawater, and I didn’t have other injuries. With some rest, I would recover.

In anger, Arthur began a covert investigation.

Mia hurried to our room. Alongside Ivanna, they took charge of looking after me while Atlas went to handle the matter personally.

I looked at Ivanna and inquired, “How did you know I fell?” Tears glistened in her eyes. “Don’t even mention it. I was waiting for you on the third floor. When I was about to climb the deck, I saw a figure fall, screaming loudly. I ran to the railing and looked down. That’s when I saw you hit the water.” As she recounted, she held my hand as if afraid I might slip away again.

“I wasn’t sure it was you at first, so shouted, ‘Someone fell into the water,’ and raced to the fourth floor.

Thankfully, some young people in the lounge joined in shouting. Grayson was the first to arrive. A few others went down, too, but I lost track after that “When I got to the top, I couldn’t find you. I knew it had to be you. Then I went to find Atlas in the central hall!” Ivanna was still horrified. “Did you see who pushed you?” “They are incredibly bold!” Mia’s face was cold and stern.

As the three of us discussed, we heard a furious roar from outside. It sounded like Atlas was enraged.

Mia informed me that it was the steward who delivered the message.

I struggled to sit up. "I'll go see what's happening!" "Are you sure?" Ivanna looked at me with concern.

"I'm fine!" I nodded firmly. "I need to know what happened!" Ivanna dramatically wrapped me in a blanket, and I headed to the living room, where I found a steward trembling with fear.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 533-A Joint Trial Atlas's handsome face was as cold as ice, and his lips pressed tightly together. His sharp eyes gleamed with intensity.

He stared icily at the steward. Every word he uttered seemed laced with frost, sending a shiver through the room.

Seeing me come out, he settled me on the sofa. I turned to the steward. "Who told you to deliver the message?" "It was a woman, Ms. Chloe. I didn't get a clear look at her. She told me to inform you to go to the fourth-floor lounge. She also said that you should go alone." The steward's face was deathly pale, trembling as if he had seen a ghost. It was clear he was terrified.

One of Atlas's aides entered, holding an evidence bag. "Sir, these are the clothes salvaged from the sea!" I quickly looked over. It was a dark gray tracksuit. I was confident. "Yes, this is the right color. A dark figure in a hooded tracksuit attacked me. That's why I couldn't see the face." I closed my eyes, trying to recall the moment. A dark figure rushed toward me, causing me to fall back. The fall was sudden, and I forced my eyes open.

"It seems—" Before I could finish, someone else entered, exclaiming, "Sir, we've identified the person!" The attendant handed Atlas a smartphone with downloaded footage.

He stared at it for a while. His expression darkened tenfold. Then he gave the phone to me.

I took it and saw the enlarged image on the screen. It was Carina.

I silently passed the phone to Mia. She glanced at me, and a sense of disappointment washed over me.

"This brazen fool has some nerve," Mia remarked with a frown.

"Bring her in!" Atlas's voice resonated, dripping with menace.

Soon, an attendant escorted a still-defiant Carina into the room. "What's this all about? Do you think you can keep me locked up? What more do you le >> ool" want? Let me

g0: As she was forcibly pushed into the room, she rushed toward the center of the living room.

Upon seeing us, she seemed taken aback, and her tone softened. "What do you want?" "Where were you half an hour ago?" Atlas's voice, sharp and penetrating, rang out.

"1-1 was in my room. You told me not to leave, didn't you?" She retorted, unapologetic.

Dylan approached her, carrying the tracksuit. "Whose is this?" She stepped back nervously, eyeing the tracksuit. Dylan, afraid she might not see clearly, unfurled it. "Take a good look!" "1. It's mine!" Carina stammered, flustered.

Dylan looked at Atlas, then continued, "Why was it thrown into the sea?" Carina seemed confused and appearing somewhat fearful of Atlas and Dylan.

"Speak!" "1 didn't throw it! I just bought it in case I wanted to wear it!" She shivered and swallowed hard.

Dylan tossed the dripping wet clothes to her. "Put it on!" "put it on?" She looked at Dylan skeptically, noticing the clothes were still dripping.

uput it on!" Dylan repeated it sternly, and an exasperated Carina reluctantly put on the wet tracksuit.

"There, happy?" Dylan asked the trembling steward, "Is this her?" Fearfully, The steward looked up momentarily at Carina, still in the wet tracksuit. He looked back at her, seemingly uncertain.

"Based on appearance and her voice." Dylan then raised the hood over Carina's head. "Take another look." "1-1t looks like her!" The steward stammered.

"Looks like her? Stop talking nonsense. I was in my room the whole time. I didn't go anywhere. How could someone look like me?" Carina shouted, bewildered.

She sensed that this wouldn't end well, or they wouldn't be conducting this intense interrogation.

"You say your clothes were still in your room. Where exactly did you put them?" Dylan interrogated Carina, his tone unwavering.

"They were in my suitcase!" Dylan exchanged a glance with the attendant waiting by the door, who immediately left the room.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 534-It's Not Her : Carina seemed a bit agitated, scanning | the room. "What exactly are you trying to do? I haven't done anything! I've been locked in my room the whole time." ""Can anyone vouch for you?" Dylan inquired.

Her face twisted angrily. “No one.

They’ve got me cornered, and who would vouch for me? A bunch of backstabbers! They were the ones who told me to do it, and now that things have gone south, they’re all hiding.

They don’t even stay in my room anymore. No one will testify.” She was genuinely stubborn, displaying a fearless, almost reckless demeanor, She reminded me of Harmony in that regard —headstrong and fierce.

I kept my gaze fixed on Carina. Her expression, her attitude, everything felt off. Her personality wouldn’t allow her to remain so composed if she were indeed behind this.

Before long, the attendant returned, shaking his head at Dylan.

Dylan handed her the surveillance footage. “Is this you?” Carina’s eyes were fixed on the screen, staring for a long time. She seemed unable to find her voice, caught in a complex mix of emotions.

She looked up at Dylan and crumbled, her eyes filled with fear. “But I... I didn’t leave! Believe me...” Her cries carried an inexplicable sense of terror. “I-1 didn’t...” “You brought Ms. Chloe to the fourth floor, pushed her into the sea, and now you’re trying to deny it. Get ready to face the consequences!” Dylan summed up the situation succinctly.

Carina, now hysterical, shouted, “I didn’t do it! It wasn’t me! T-This isn’t me!” Yet the face in that footage was unmistakably hers. In the dim lighting, she turned her head, looking somewhat fearful but with remarkable clarity.

“Take her away, watch her closely, and hand her over to the police when we disembark!” Dylan instructed the attendants.

“I said it wasn’t me!” Carina rushed toward me. “Look carefully. Do you see me pushing her? It wasn’t me...” Two attendants immediately reached out to pull her back.

“Wait!” I shouted. Throwing off the quilt, I walked toward Carina.

Seeing this, she began screaming, “Chloe, you can’t frame me! I will never admit to things I didn’t do.

You’re despicable!” The two attendants forcefully restrained her, and she couldn’t break free from their grip.

“Don’t move!” I commanded.

She immediately froze in place.

I leaned in close, closed my eyes, and sniffed her. Everyone in the room turned to look at me, bewildered. In an instant, I told the attendants, "Take her away!" "Chloe, you're sick! What are you trying to do? What do you want with me?!" Carina struggled desperately to try and pounce on me.

Once she was taken away, I looked at Atlas. With a point of his finger, the steward was also taken away. Now, there were only a few of us left in the room.

Atlas looked at me meaningfully. I shook my head. "It's not her!" Mia looked at me in surprise. "How can you be so sure?" Ivanna also turned to me. "Yeah, how are you so certain it's not her?"

"She's taller than the person in question, and when that person approached me, I caught a faint scent of perfume. It wasn't the kind she wore. Hers is cheap. The one I smelled was light and fresh. It wasn't a cheap brand." @ Atlas gave me a smile of approval. After contemplating, he said to Dylan, "Leak the information. Let it be known that the person has been found, and it's Carina." Ivanna looked at Atlas in surprise.

"Why do this?" "Protection," Atlas said simply.

I understood in an instant. For Carina, this would serve as a lesson and a form of protection. Otherwise, she might become another Harmony, or Worse, Kennedy. i"

Mia squinted. "I never expected there to be another person involved!" &» | They stayed with me, but the night grew darker. Fireworks were prepared for tonight, but I didn't feel like going out. After they left, I lay back down on the bed.

I asked Atlas, "Why did you do that?" "Now, they can relax. I have a better place to take her, but it's not the right time yet." Atlas's tone left me questioning.

I looked into his eyes thoughtfully, scrutinizing them for a long time. He seemed to sense my unease and tightened his grip on my arm.

"What's wrong?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 535-I Have Something to Say I fell silent for a moment. "I can't help but notice that whenever Stella comes up, you evade it. Are you reluctant to deal with her, or do you have other plans?" I knew saying this might irritate him, but I couldn't help it. I just didn't understand why. Amidst the kidnapping, the incident with Harmony's fans, and the orchestrated chaos, all signs pointed to Stella. Yet Atlas always seemed to brush it off.

He seemed to downplay the severity of the situation. His explanations left me dissatisfied.

She returned to Nocturnia immediately after her last scheme failed, This time, although Atlas's attitude towards her had grown colder, there seemed to be a hint of protection. – He struggled to provide an explanation, creating a palpable tension between us.

Atlas gently patted me and chuckled softly, which only fueled my frustration. However, I held back from letting it escalate too far.

I looked at Atlas and said, "I feel she wanted to tell me something. When we boarded the ship, her words seemed calculated, but the moment she laid eyes on you, she immediately changed her tune," Atlas gazed at me thoughtfully. I had deliberately brought this up.

"So, tonight, I wanted to meet with her. I'm convinced she lured me there with this excuse for a reason. I believe she truly had something she wanted to tell me." "It's unlikely this was solely her plan.

Since they intended to frame Carina, it suggests Liora was involved too," Atlas added. "Originally, it was just a diversion. It seems Liora wanted to deal with Carina." We were growing more and more in sync, much like now. We didn't need to say much but knew what the other thought. It brought me a sense of comfort.

"Right now, they're working closely together," I told Atlas. "And I've noticed something about Trinity. This woman is smart, not what I initially thought!"

"How do you mean?" Atlas asked, interested.

"She doesn't even bother to join forces with Stella and the others," I said with certainty. "She came to me last night to remind me to be cautious about Ivanna." "Heh!" Atlas scoffed. "This woman doesn't play by the rules. There's no need to commend her!" "On that point, I agree. After all, she's the current head of the Huffman family," I admitted, taking Atlas's warning to heart. "A woman who carries the Huffman family must be extraordinary." "If I had to give them labels, Trinity is playing by the book, while Liora is nothing but trouble," Atlas sneered.

"That's exactly what I think! In today's events, Liora was worried about Mia's words in the afternoon. She feared being exposed as the one who brought Carina on board." "You give them too much credit. They can't handle such intricate strategies.

But today, the pressure got to her," Atlas mused, toying with my hand.

I smiled slightly and continued, "Liora fears what Mia said is true. Cutting off all business ties would be equivalent to burying her alive. But, from this, it's clear that she didn't bring Carina on board with good intentions." Atlas also smiled, pinching my nose.

"Hmph! If I have the chance tomorrow, I'll enact a little plan of my own," I said through gritted teeth, already planning the plan in my mind.

“Then, have your fun. I’m here to support you. These women are just asking for trouble. They want to test my patience, so let them try!” Atlas’s tone turned dark, his words filled with foreboding. “But remember, when I’m not around, take care of yourself. Don’t act recklessly. Use your wits, got it?” I looked at him and smiled. “Do you blame me for always stirring up trouble?” “I do! But they are the troublemakers, not you. So, hit them hard. Don’t give them a moment’s peace. That’s my principle,” Atlas called me out. “When someone challenges you, assert your dominance!”

“Do you know Stella targeted Annalise at the orphanage? She was the one who pushed Annalise off the cliff.” && I sat up abruptly, shocked, and looked at Atlas in disbelief. “What do you mean? She’s the true culprit behind Annalise’s fall off the cliff?”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 536-A Culprit’s Common Move = This was the first time I’ve heard Atlas tell me about this matter so explicitly.

“At that time, she was only thirteen or fourteen years old, and she was so ruthless?” I found it hard to believe that Stella, who looked delicate and beautiful, could be so frightening.

I couldn’t help but think of the decisiveness, calmness, and speed when she pushed me tonight.

And the firmness, accuracy, and ruthlessness when she took action.

She was truly terrifying.

“So, we have to use a stratagem against her to make her relax. I need to find concrete evidence of her collusion with Jitador’s organization. This is the one point where we have not obtained strong evidence and are confused.

“That’s why we’ve been tolerating her.” Atlas looked at me, “Are you satisfied with this answer?” “Very satisfied.” I sat up, smiling. The more I looked at Atlas, the more I loved him.

“So, as I said, I have to gradually let you understand.” Atlas said cunningly, “Although we know that Celine is connected to them, we have never been able to get evidence. And now we can confirm that the real Rory is still alive, while Stella replaced his daughter who died.” After hearing this news, I felt particularly excited. I looked at Atlas and asked, “Is what you’re saying true? Rory is really alive? Wouldn’t that quickly reveal the truth about the plane crash?” “But we can only get all the evidence once we find Rory.” Atlas also sat up, looking somewhat burdened, “Currently, we still can’t find him.” I said excitedly, “Don’t worry, as long as he’s alive, we will definitely find him.” “The problem is, while we’re searching, they are also searching. We are racing against time every day. Once Rory falls into their hands, our more than ten years of investigation will be in vain.” Both of us fell silent. At this moment, I could fully understand Atlas’s feelings.

No matter how well he strategized, he wasn't a deity and couldn't predict unforeseen events. — "So now, Celine doesn't dare to do anything to Stella. This indicates a problem. Otherwise, with her character, she would have taken care of Stella long ago. Do you think she really has such compassion and wants to be a mother to someone?" Atlas's tone was quite disdainful.

This reminded me of Grandma Rose's account of the maliciousness of Adeline. How could the daughter she raised turn out well? Compassion, for this mother and daughter, indeed seemed too extravagant.

But Rory was still alive. This was good news for both me and Atlas, no matter how we looked at it.

I didn't know why, but I had a strange fondness for this Rory. 9 "So, that's the real reason I haven't touched Stella. Do you actually think like her?" Atlas said, finishing the sentence. Then he looked at me with a sneer, "What a jealous little girl." As soon as Atlas questioned me like this, my face turned red, and I patted his chest, saying, "Who knows, what if you really like her?" Atlas smiled gently and pinched my nose, "Silly girl. My love has never changed from the beginning to the end.

It's just that she is still an important pawn for us, and the focus is on her relationship with the organization in Jitador. Stella is the key to our questions." "Are you saying..." | looked at Atlas in astonishment, and if my assumption was true, it would be too terrifying.

Atlas nodded solemnly and continued, "I suspect that she, to some extent, is controlling Celine or, should I say, the organization in Jitador is controlling Celine through Stella. There are not just unspeakable secrets between them, but also interests and collusion." I completely agreed with Atlas's deduction. Only this way could it explain the survival skills from Stella's perspective.

"So, some time ago, you were using Harmony to divert their attention.

Were you afraid they would come after me?" As | said this, everything suddenly became clear, and it made perfect sense.

"There's one thing I still don't understand. Why do they hate me so much? I don't think it's just because you're good to me, right?" I looked at Atlas attentively, waiting for his answer.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 537-What's The Connection? The outcome was getting closer to my assumptions.

Atlas looked at my face and pinched it, "Because you are somewhat between Annalise and Stella." I was a bit confused, pondered for a moment, and asked him, "Are you talking about the real Stella? What exactly is my connection with her?" Atlas glanced at

me suddenly. After some contemplation, he nodded, "That's right, my clever girl." well..." I wanted to ask more, but Atlas interrupted.

"Alright, let's not ask too many questions. I've said that you need to gradually understand the reasons. Too much at once, and you'll get confused." He seemed like a controller, and whether to stop or go was all up to him "ye said that the most important thing between us is trust. As long as you trust me, all the questions will be solved. Remember... trust." Seeing him speak seriously and earnestly, I giggled. I snuggled into his arms, and then looked at him, asking, "Are you not going out tonight?" He looked at me, bit my lips, and shamelessly said, "The most important thing here is to be with you, to have two nights of our own world.

Nothing else can occupy this time. So, we need to start our serious matters now. Let's get some workout done." | I slapped his chest seriously and said, "Hey, stop that. I just fell into the sea, and my whole body hurts. Why would work out now?" "That's exactly why we should do it. I want to help you relax. Only when you're relaxed can you forget the unpleasant things and the fear. It's also my way of expressing my guilt to you," he said it so seriously, as if it were a real matter.

He really took good care of me that night, and we finally fell asleep late into the beautiful night.

However, early in the morning, he woke me up, and I looked at him somewhat impatiently.

With a bit of morning temper, I asked, "What's up? I still want to sleep." He indulgently picked me up and pointed to the porthole outside the room, "Babe, wake up. Look, I promised you that we would watch the sunrise over the sea together. Don't you want to see it?" I blinked and looked outside the small window.

I instantly got excited, "Okay, okay, okay... I'm getting up right away. If we miss this opportunity, who knows when we'll have the chance to watch the sunrise over the sea together again? I don't want to miss this chance." Nonsense, as long as you want, I can make you see it every day." He confidently boasted.

| laughed heartily, "That's true, I believe you can do it, but don't want to get up so early every day. I love my sleep." He bit my earlobe and whispered, "Little lazy bum." it's all because of you." I pouted.

So, I quickly got up, haphazardly put on the sportswear brought. After a simple wash, Atlas took me to the bow of the ship. The sky was just beginning to brighten.

At the boundary where the sea met the sky, a golden line of light had already formed.

I had to admit, the whole process of the sunrise over the sea was quite spectacular.

There were quite a few people on the deck watching the sunrise, but there weren't many where we were, on the top front of the ship.

The morning sea was still cool, and Atlas opened his coat, wrapping me in front of his chest.

The warmth on my back made me feel happy.

When I saw that golden edge suddenly jump out of an arc, I was extremely surprised and couldn't help but exclaim. Finally, I fully understood what it meant to be on the verge of emergence.

The golden sun, leaping from the sea to the sky, made me feel like I was reborn. The moment the rising sun appeared, everyone exclaimed.

Atlas held me and softly said, "Alright.

Let's go have breakfast now." |

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 538-The Real Culprit When we arrived at the restaurant, there weren't many people there, as the festivities from last night lasted until very late. I assumed those people were catching up on sleep.

For most businessmen, the essential negotiations were already concluded.

Today's tasks were minimal; it was just a matter of waking up and getting off the ship. Everything was coming to an end.

Looking around, the few people up early in the restaurant were relatively older. There weren't many young people, indicating that those young folks must have partied until late last night.

As Atlas and I entered the restaurant, some people immediately started whispering. After all, many people were aware of the incident.

A few particularly familiar faces came over to greet us and offered some comforting words.

Everyone seemed relaxed and laid-back, not as eager as when they first boarded the ship. They had a leisurely mindset, just waiting for the time to return.

While we enjoyed our meal and chatted comfortably, I looked up and saw Jared also entering the restaurant.

He walked over, exchanged greetings with Atlas, and then looked at me. "Ms.

Chloe, are you okay?" I nodded, "Yes, I'm fine." He exchanged a glance with Atlas and chatted as I apologetically excused myself to the restroom.

As soon as I entered the restroom, I overheard someone whispering, "I heard the woman who fell into the water last night is Atlas's woman." "Yeah, I heard that too. But we weren't allowed to go over to take a look. I wonder if it's true." "It must be true. I heard they caught the culprit." The two women chatted casually as they used the restroom.

"They say her name is Carina. I've never heard of such a person." I quietly stepped into one of the stalls, not wanting to interrupt their conversation. After all, I was the main character, and it would be awkward for them to notice me.

"She's just a little follower with no family background. They say her dad runs a trade company, but what kind of trade can they do? In my opinion, they can't even be considered nouveau riche.

"I've seen that woman a few times, and she's quite close to Mrs. Liora. She has always wanted to get close to Liora's cousin, so she's always around, assisting Mrs. Liora." The conversation I overheard had a lot of information. One of them, speaking quickly, said, "Your words make it sound like you have a lot of information. Don't tell me it was Mrs.

Liora's idea to push her into the sea?" "I didn't say that. Don't go out spreading rumors. I don't want to offend these people. Otherwise, my dad will beat me to death. He still wants to curry favor with Atlas. I can't afford to offend them; otherwise, I'll end up in hell." Both of them chuckled.

After composing myself, I was about to leave the restroom when the fast-talker added, "However..." She paused and continued, "I've said a lot. You better not blabber it around." "Oh, don't worry." But she hesitated and then continued, "I saw that person yesterday." "Who? Who did you see?" The other one asked.

"Well... I don't know. Forget it, I won't say anything." The person seemed a bit timid.

"Come on, don't leave me hanging!" The other, like me, was curious.

"The thing is... I'm not sure." The informant whispered, "I just saw a man in black pulling someone in sportswear into a room. I also saw her throwing her clothes into the sea." "Huh?" The other exclaimed.

"I'm telling you, what's even scarier?" "What is it?" "That person seemed to do something like they say in movies, which is disguising herself. She peeled off a layer of skin from her face and threw it into the sea too." The voice carried a sense of fear.

"Wait what?" | My heart skipped a beat. No wonder the footage showed that it was Carina. It seemed my judgment was correct; Carina was indeed being manipulated.

The crucial point was that she mentioned a man in black, confirming Atlas's speculation that the people from the organization in Jitador were indeed connected to Stella.

It seemed Stella took advantage of the failure of Liora's plan at the swimming pool, framed Carina, and tried to use this incident as a pretext to harm me.

Even if something went wrong, the investigation wouldn't trace back to her.

What a cunning move.

Due to the entire incident, on the surface, Stella seemed completely unrelated to it. I quickly opened the door and walked out of the restroom, thinking that unfortunately, there wasn't much time left on the ship.

Investigating Stella thoroughly wouldn't be easy, let alone obtaining evidence.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 539-Going Against Stella Just as I stepped out of the restroom, I saw Stella entering the dining room, walking toward Atlas.

It wasn't surprising; after all, on the surface, Stella was Atlas's cousin.

I hesitated for a moment, then confidently returned to my seat, not avoiding her in the slightest.

"Ms. Stella, you're up early." This time, I initiated the conversation, smiling contentedly.

She glanced at me and returned the smile, "Yes, getting off the ship is quite exciting. It's been a long time and I'm feeling a bit fed up." Hearing her words, my heart suddenly skipped a beat. I looked at her and asked, "You had enough fun?" She seemed to sense the hidden meaning in my words. Then she cast a glance at Atlas, who was engrossed in his meal and paid her no attention.

On the other side, Jared remained indifferent.

Stella didn't respond to my implication and just smiled.

After finishing his meal, Atlas looked at me, "Do you want anything else to eat?" "No, I'm full." I looked at him, "Let's go back to the room. I want to sleep a bit more." As we were about to stand up, Arthur's secretary, Wesley, hurriedly approached and whispered something in Atlas's ear. His face turned cold, and then he looked at me, "Chlo, let me take you back to the room first." "No need, I can go back by myself." I said and started to get up.

Seemingly concerned, he pulled me close. After explaining something to Jared and barely sparing a glance at Stella, he escorted me to the outer deck and pointed to the passage, "Go up from here." Coincidentally, a few familiar faces saw me. They

approached, asking about the events of last night. I signaled to Atlas, "You go handle your business. I'll be back in a moment." Atlas seemed to have urgent matters to attend to and reluctantly instructed me, "Be safe. I'll be back soon." I chatted with a few people for a while | and then wanted to go back upstairs.

Unexpectedly, on the fourth floor's staircase, I ran into Liora. Today, she wasn't surrounded by a crowd, just standing alone. It seemed she lived on the fourth floor.

But from what I knew, Atticus lived in the VIP area. Could it be that these two had reached the point of living separately? She was about to go downstairs. When she looked up, she seemed a bit surprised. She paused for a moment but quickly regained her composure.

I greeted her with a smile, "Good morning." She seemed surprised again, paused for a moment, and then asked me, "Are you talking to me?"

I looked around and curiously asked, "Are there other people here?" "Why are you being so kind today?" She disdainfully asked, showing annoyance.

"Unlike you." My attitude wasn't particularly friendly either, "Have you done a lot of bad things?" "Chloe." She looked at me, leaned slightly toward my side. I stood on the step below her, looking up at her without showing any fear.

"You better have some self-awareness.

Don't think that just by having those people's support, you can be arrogant.

Be careful, or you wouldn't even know how you end up dead." She said these words with an extremely sinister look, and her voice carried extreme coldness, as if she wanted to attack me in the next second.

Naturally, she was referring to the Beringer family and Atlas when she said 'those people'.

I took a step up, this time looking directly at her. The corner of my eye caught sight of Stella behind her hurrying toward us.

Liora was facing me, completely unaware of the situation behind her.

I leaned closer to Liora, deliberately feigning surprise before nodding with a smile. "Is this your warning?" She lowered her voice with a hint of anger, "You better be careful." At this time, Stella had neared us. I was sure she heard our exchange earlier.

I looked at her with a strange gaze on purpose. g

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 540-The Trick I saw Stella standing behind Liora.

Instinctively, I took a step back and controlled my expression as I looked at her. "Okay, thanks for the reminder." Anyone who didn't know the inside story would have thought that they had interrupted something in time.

Liora was a little confused and didn't know what my words meant. Then she looked at me coldly. "Don't blame me for not reminding you. You're on your own." I looked at Liora with gratitude. "Okay, don't say anything else. I know. Thank you, Liora. I will be careful." Then I said to Stella, "Ms. Stella." Liora was startled and turned her head sharply to look at Stella, a little surprised. "Didn't I tell you to wait for me in the restaurant? Have you finished eating?" I saw that Stella's eyes were fixed on Liora, full of suspicion. She asked coldly, "What were you talking about?" Liora was a little flustered and looked at me. "No... ..what can I say to her?" After that, she turned around and took Stella's arm. "Let's go." I smiled and looked at Stella, my eyes also filled with a hint of disdain and mockery. I deliberately dropped a sentence. "She said your perfume smells really good. I also think it's familiar."

Then I went upstairs. When I reached the stairs and turned into the corridor, I saw that the two of them were still looking up at me from the stairs. When I disappeared into the corridor, I heard Stella ask in a low voice, "What did you say to her?" I snorted to myself, feeling overjoyed.

This trick was enough to make the two of them suspicious of each other for a while. I wanted them to be like this. No matter how close they were, I was going to break them apart.

When I returned to my room, I looked at the time and noticed it was still early. Hence, I lay down on the bed and took a nap.

I might have been able to continue my nap if Atlas hadn't come back.

He looked at me and bit my nose. "Lazy bum, why are you still sleeping?" "Yeah. My whole body hurts." I complained lazily to him. He smiled and said, "There's a good way to relieve the pain." "Go away." I hit him. He dodged, smiled charmingly, then hugged me.

We kissed for a while before he said, "That's the effect from falling into the water last night. It will last for a few days. So you need to relax and get more rest." I cuddled up to him and told him what I had heard in the bathroom. He told me that disguising oneself was the basic skill of that organization, and it was also their most famous feature.

"It seems that Stella is indeed their person. Our judgment and direction were not wrong," Atlas said affirmatively.

At noon, Mia sent someone to call me, saying that she was waiting for me in the private restaurant on the fifth floor. We would go there to have lunch together, and then we

could prepare to return home. The return time was set for 2:00 p.m. sharp, and it would be about 4.00 p.m. when the ship docked.

I changed into a dress and asked Atlas, "Are you going to have lunch with us?" yeah. We're having lunch at that restaurant too. There are several important guests, all of whom are the heads of several major overseas conglomerates. They are the last to see Arthur, and they have a project in Foswood," he said as he looked at his tablet.

"Can I go first?" I looked at him for permission, not wanting to make Mia wait too long.

He scanned me with his eyes and said in a mischievous tone, "I'll be right there. Please wait." I could only walk up to him and say, "Why don't I pack our luggage first, so we won't be in a hurry later?" "Sure." He tapped on the screen with his long fingers, then nodded without even looking at me.

I turned around and packed our clothes. When I was finished and made sure I hadn't forgotten anything, he was also finished with his work.

We then walked out together.

When we turned out of the inner corridor and onto the deck, we could see Mia and Arthur welcoming guests at the entrance to the restaurant on the fifth floor.

Several foreign dignitaries, accompanied by their bodyguards, were smiling and chatting with Arthur.

Everything seemed too normal, with no hint of anything unusual, but all this peace was interrupted by a scream soon after.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 541

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 541-No Going Back Just as the words left my lips, a sudden cry was heard. "Chloe, be careful!" I jolted, barely turning around before Atlas yanked me to the other side.

Simultaneously, I noticed a shadow lunging toward him, a short blade gleaming in their hand.

I cried out in shock, "Atlas! Knife..." Atlas dodged the attack, engaging in a fierce struggle with the assailant. I screamed, unable to believe the sudden turn of events. The guards from the restaurant were now rushing over.

However, at that moment, the assailant seemed to lose control. He ruthlessly lunged at Atlas once more.

Atlas evaded. But to my horror, the assailant swiftly turned toward me, the speed leaving me defenseless. All that remained were my cries of alarm.

In an instant, a figure yanked me away, the momentum causing her body to lurch forward.

Then, in the next heartbeat, her form seemed to freeze. In the brief moment before the guards reached him, he vaulted, disappearing into the ocean's depths.

Gunshots echoed in my ears.

Everything returned to a semblance of normalcy.

Others were rushing toward us, and I stood there, still trembling. Atlas embraced me tightly.

Yet, I watched in horror the next moment as Trinity slumped down.

I broke out of my trance. – “Trinity...” It was Trinity's voice that had warned me to be careful, and it was she who had, in that moment of sheer terror, pulled me aside. But now...

I pushed Atlas away and ran to her side, dropping to my knees and looking at her. “Trinity...” Her complexion was ghostly pale, and she looked at me with a faint smile.

“Damn...” Only then did I notice her right hand pressed against her abdomen, fresh crimson blood seeping out.

“Trinity!” Upon seeing the scene before me, my voice caught in my throat, leaving me speechless. There was no turning back now.

“Don't... shout...” Trinity looked at me with an impatient sigh.

“Trinity...” Atlas also approached, concern etched across his face. “Get a speedboat, hurry, and inform Jared.”

“Send the ship's doctor to come over!” “Trinity...” I urgently called out to her.

“How are you feeling?” She was deathly pale, and her lips gradually turned blue.

“Trinity, hold on. I'll take you to the hospital right away. Don't fall asleep.”

“Chlo, talk to her. Don't let her fall asleep!” Atlas quickly instructed me, then turned back and shouted, “Dylan!”

He looked at Trinity's condition, growing increasingly unsettled.

He bellowed, "Helicopter! Her condition's deteriorating. Get the helicopter here! I'm afraid the speedboat won't make it in time!" Dylan responded promptly, "I've already arranged it. It's on its way." "Trinity, hold on, Trinity!" I gripped Trinity's other hand, looking at her.

But by now, blood was already spreading across the deck.

"Atlas, hurry... Hurry... Trinity..." I was in a state of panic. I hadn't expected that we were at odds just last night, and now she had taken a blow meant for me. Her life hung by a thread.

I watched her lips grow bluer, a sense of dread washing over me. I turned to Atlas, yelling, "How did this happen? What happened to her?" Atlas squeezed my shoulder, signaling me not to say more.

"Jared...tell him! If something happens to me, make sure...to take care of the Huffman family!" Trinity looked at me, speaking in broken phrases. "Tell him... to take care... of my father!" "Trinity, you'll be okay!" Atlas reassured her solemnly.

I anxiously scanned our surroundings, my heart screaming out. Why wasn't Jared here yet? Trinity's condition seemed to worsen by the second. Even Atlas appeared increasingly distressed.

He shouted at Dylan behind him, "Why | isn't the helicopter here yet?") \

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 542-The Knife Is Laced Everyone finally heard the dull thud of the helicopter's rotors in the distance, growing louder as it approached. It touched down on the helipad at the bow of the ship, and the others carefully placed Trinity on a stretcher.

Jared arrived at the last moment, and they both boarded the helicopter.

Inside, Atlas arranged for a doctor and explained that there were signs of poisoning. They were already prepared for emergency treatment.

I watched as Trinity's complexion grew worse. "Trinity, wake up, don't sleep.

Stay awake. When you wake up, we'll be friends, the best kind! T was wrong.

My perception of you was truly wrong!

Wake up!" At that moment, I was petrified. I was afraid something might happen to Trinity.

She sacrificed herself for me, didn't she? Was the blade poisoned? Why were they treating me like this? Why were they so determined to see me dead? Jared's expression wasn't much better.

He held Trinity's hand tightly, offering only a simple, "Hang in there!" The helicopter landed on the helipad of the landing hospital. Medical staff rushed over, taking Trinity and quickly lowering her on a particular ladder, then wheeling her straight into the emergency room.

Watching the doors of the emergency room close before me, I involuntarily sank to the ground.

My body was still trembling.

Everything had happened so fast! It seemed this person had come after me in just a few minutes. He wanted me dead, leaving no room for escape. If even a second had passed, I would have been wheeled in.

Seeing me on the verge of collapse, Atlas pulled me up, holding me tightly in his arms. "Don't be afraid, I'm here!" I lifted my gaze, looking at him with terror, urgently asking, "She'll be okay, won't she? She did it for me. Was the blade poisoned? Why do they insist on killing me?" I stared at Atlas intently, afraid he might hide something from me.

"If it weren't for Trinity, I would've been finished today! Can you please tell me the truth? I have the right to know why someone wants me dead. You must know. I know you do. Please don't hide it from me! I can accept any reason!" I was struggling to control my emotions, shouting at Atlas.

Atlas firmly held my body in his hands, looking at me with determination.

"Don't worry. Once she's out of danger, we'll sit down and talk about this. I'll tell you everything! Be patient, don't be scared. It's over! Trinity will be fine, I promise!" Atlas understood me well. I couldn't bear to see anyone good to me get hurt, let alone trade their life for mine.

"Take a deep breath! Listen to me, be good!" Atlas guided me.

I took a deep breath and leaned weakly against him, murmuring, "She'll be fine. She'll be fine." The resuscitation continued for over five hours.

When the emergency room doors finally opened, I was so nervous I could hardly stand. I forgot to breathe, fearing the emerging doctor would shake his head at us.

The doctor looked at Atlas and Jared, relieved to remove his mask, and slightly smiled.

“Don’t worry! We’ve stabilized her, but she’s lost a lot of blood. She needs rest and will be observed in the ICU for 2/4 hours before she can be released.

However...” I felt my heart, which had just settled, race again. I stared at the doctor.

“The poison in the victim hasn’t been completely neutralized. We can only temporarily control it, but not eradicate it.” The doctor’s words were strained.

Jared glanced at Atlas, then asked the doctor, “Can you determine what kind of poison it is?” The doctor shook his head gently. “We can’t confirm yet, but we’ve kept a sample of her blood for further testing.

We’ll try to analyze it and then find the corresponding antidote.

“If you gentlemen have any connections, you can also take a sample of her blood for testing, Together, we can find the antidote that would be more secure!” Jared nodded appreciatively. “Thank you, doctor. Thank you very much!” “You’re welcome. It’s what we should do. The patient will be sent to the ICU shortly, and you can see her there!” With that, the doctor turned and went back inside.

Atlas said to Jared, “Leave this to me! I’ll have Dylan send the blood sample to the Jitador immediately. We’ll find the antidote as soon as possible!” “Let’s go to the ICU!” I looked at the two of them, urgently urging, Just then, Arthur and Mia, along with the others, arrived. It seemed the ship I had already docked.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 543-The Patriarch of the Huffman Family — Atlas gave a brief report to Arthur about the situation. Then, everyone headed to the ICU.

Sure enough, it didn’t take long before Trinity was wheeled into the ICU.

Members of the Huffman family also arrived, led by a lean older man. I speculated he might be Trinity’s father.

His face was grim as he questioned Jared, “How did it end up like this? Huh? Who did this? You tell me who laid hands on her!” This older man exuded a formidable presence despite being in his twilight years. He must have been a warrior who led from the front lines when he was younger.

Even at his age, his eyes were sharp and cunning. That gaze demanded respect.

“preliminary assessment shows the involvement of an organization from the Jitador, a case of mistaken identity,” Jared reported, but he only gave an overview.

I wanted to speak up, but Atlas put his arm around my shoulder, signaling me to stay silent. I had no choice but to hold my tongue, but I could not get rid of the ache in my chest.

The older man erupted in anger. "That won't do! He harmed Anson Huffman's daughter. I don't care if it's some damn organization. Find him for me. Since he dared to hurt my daughter, they must take responsibility, mistaken identity or not! "All injuries are a vendetta against the Huffman family. I won't forgive anyone. You must give me an explanation. She was with you, and yet you let her get hurt like this. Weren't you supposed to protect her?" The older man's anger was palpable, revealing Trinity's importance to him.

"I don't care what kind of organization he belongs to. If they didn't want trouble with the Huffman family, they had better hand over the person who did this. Otherwise, this won't end here!" His thundering voice echoed through the hall.

I honestly hadn't expected it to involve the Huffman family because of me. I never once thought that I would have any connection with them.

The older man spent a long time in the ICU, then was persuaded to leave by Jared.

Before leaving, he turned back and shot Jared a fierce look, instructing him, "You must find this person for me. I want the one who hurt my daughter, no matter what it takes!" With that, he left in a flurry, accompanied by his entourage.

Atlas also bid farewell to Arthur and his daughter, then turned to me, saying, ""Chlo, I'll take you back for now. You need to rest. Come back to the hospital tomorrow morning!" [shook my head, somewhat displeased. "That won't do. Trinity got hurt because of me. I have to stay by her side. I can't relax until she's back in her room." Seeing my stubbornness, Jared said, "Ms. Chloe, you'd better rest. Your presence here is also distracting us." Jared's words were a polite way of suggesting I leave.

"I need to discuss the antidote with Mr.

Atlas. It's urgent. It's the most dangerous factor for her right now.

Otherwise, she could lose her life at any moment.

He glanced at my expression and continued, "All we can do is race against time. The faster we get the antidote, the sooner she'll be out of danger!"

[looked at Jared, feeling powerless. I knew his words were essentially asking me to leave. Though he phrased it politely and without blame, it still stung.

After all, Trinity was injured because of me.

I watched Trinity in the ICU, motionless and covered in tubes, and my heart was a whirlwind of emotions.

Somehow, I had inexplicably become indebted to Trinity.

Last night, I kept telling her we couldn't be friends. However, she made me change my mind quickly, in such a severe manner.

I watched silently for a while, then turned to Atlas and said, "I can go back on my own. You stay here with Mr.

Jared to handle things. But promise me, if anything happens to Trinity, you'll let me know!" Atlas insisted, "I'll take you back!" With that, he signaled to Jared and led me out.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 544-Atlas's Past As we drove, he repeatedly reminded me to stay safe these days and not to overthink.

felt a pang of guilt and said to Atlas, "This morning, I saw Stella and Liora.

intentionally tried to start shit between them. Could it be..." Atlas's expression turned serious as he shook his head. "Don't overthink it.

Now that he's on the ship, he'll seize the opportunity. It's just a matter of timing.

"You did nothing wrong. Keeping them together is not a good sign. Creating a rift between them and making them suspicious of each other—that's the opening we need. It leaves room for us to act. You played that strategy well." He looked at me with a touch of tenderness. "Tonight, get some 0 rest." Atlas, are you confident about finding the antidote? After all, she got hurt because of me..." Atlas took my hand in his, looking at me meaningfully.

"You can trust me. I won't stand idly by, whether it's for you or anyone on that ship. And Jitador is my territory.

I'm confident in finding the antidote.

You can rest assured," he comforted me, showing extraordinary patience.

"We need to give the Huffman family an explanation. Trinity holds a significant place in the older man's heart. To be honest, in this situation, I'd rather it was me who got hurt!" I spoke sincerely. – "All of this was unexpected. If anyone's to blame, it's me! I was too careless. Regardless of who got hurt, it should never have happened!" "Atlas, I don't want to be entangled with the Huffman family. I don't want to owe them any favors, whether for my sake or Ivanna's." I sighed and closed my eyes. "How did things end up like this?" Atlas patted my hand gently. "You're overthinking it. Being connected to the Huffman family might not be a bad thing. Like you told Trinity, sometimes you need to broaden your perspective.

Every kind of friend has a shining and valuable side. Perhaps this is fate!"

[listened silently. After he spoke, I felt alot lighter.

When we arrived at my doorstep, I turned to Atlas and said, "You should go handle things. I'll be heading to the hospital early tomorrow morning." Atlas nodded. "Listen to me and get some good rest tonight. Call me if anything comes up!" Waving, he then instructed the driver, "Let's go!" I stood still, watching Atlas's car drive away. Then, someone called out from behind me, "Chlo, you're back?" I turned around and was surprised to see Ivanna. I had forgotten entirely that they had all returned.

"You all came back so quickly! Has everyone disembarked?" I asked Ivanna.

Ivanna nodded, looking at me. "How is she?" Of course, I knew she was asking about Trinity.

She's been stabilized, but the blade was poisoned. She's been infected, and it could be troublesome." "Seriously? How did it come to this?" Ivanna was taken aback. "How can they be so evil?" I explained the situation to Ivanna.

She looked at me, somewhat incredulous. "How could this happen? We were just about to disembark, and then this huge incident happened! It's audacious. I heard that they specifically targeted you with their attacks. What were they thinking?"

"There must be a reason behind it. I've had a suspicion for a long time, but I just can't find a definite starting point!" I looked at Ivanna and voiced my doubts. This was the first time I had spoken about it, and only with Ivanna.

"I've told you before that I and Atlas are connected. Although I don't believe it's true, through this incident, I'm even more certain that it is Atlas's past." She looked at me in disbelief. "Is everything you say true? It's giving me the creeps! How is that even possible? Two people who had never met before are now suddenly connected? You must be joking. I won't believe it!

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 545-Even when Ivanna said it, it sounded ridiculous. No one would believe it.

"It's not just you. Even I find it hard to believe. I've thought about it many times before but always dismissed it. But this time, I'm certain." I looked at her. "You probably remember telling you I can't recall my childhood and adolescence, right? There's a gap in my memories, and it wasn't until my sophomore year that I started remembering. I suspect that the missing memories are related to Atlas." "My gosh, wouldn't that be too miraculous? No, no, no... This isn't miraculous-it's eerie!" When Ivanna said this, her expression was comical, but I couldn't bring myself to laugh.

"Don't laugh. It's true. Do you believe that there are people who can shapeshift in our real lives?" I asked her.

“Shapeshift?” Ivanna let out a small scream. “I know makeup can be powerful, but shapeshift? I’ve heard of it, but I’ve never seen it. Is that all just a legend? Why do you encounter such bizarre things?” Ivanna waved her hands in disbelief.

“But this is a real thing. You saw Carina turn around on the surveillance footage last night, right?” “Yeah! I saw it. What’s the matter? Don’t tell it’s a disguise! That was Carina, right? How could it be someone else? How do you make a disguise?” Ivanna pressed me, her eyes wide.

“You’re right. It’s a disguise!” I interrupted her, nodding firmly. “At first, I doubted it too. That was indeed Carina!” “But that face wasn’t Carina’s at all. It was a kind of mask, something extremely close to the human face. It was made to look like Carina!” I explained. I hadn’t seen it myself, but the image was vivid.

Ivanna fell silent, listening intently.

“Initially, I didn’t believe it either. I overheard an eyewitness account when I went to the bathroom this morning. She claimed to have seen a mamin black dragging a person in sportswear into a room. Then her clothes were thrown into the sea! “And something resembling a mask was thrown into the sea with them! Do you know what that was? It was a disguise!” Ivanna’s expression became even more exaggerated. She looked at with a somewhat unsettled gaze. “So, you’re saying that the person in the surveillance footage wasn’t Carina?” “No, I was already quite certain last night. Carina’s height didn’t match the person who pushed me. Carina is taller! And her perfume... I’m susceptible to scents, as you know. The perfume was completely different! There’s no way I could be mistaken!” I spoke with absolute certainty, causing Ivanna to collapse to the ground with a wail.

“Oh my god! How can something like this happen? It’s so nerve-racking! Are you saying...it was Stella?” Ivanna directly voiced my suspicion. “She enjoys meddling with these things. I haven’t forgotten. She poisoned your perfume!” Upon hearing Ivanna’s words, I was taken aback. I would have forgotten about it if she hadn’t brought it up.

“I asked Atlas, and he said it’s a famous technique from the Jitador. Now I know about another one of their techniques-poison!” I couldn’t help but mutter, “They cafter me, wanting dead! They never intended for to live. Just think, the blade they used to kill was soaked in poison. It was meant to ensure I’d die!” Ivanna was left speechless, her mouth gaping wide.

“This is just too terrifying! Why on earth would they do this?”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 546-I looked at Ivanna, expressing my helplessness. “So, not only do I have this inexplicable connection with Stella, but there’s also a reason for them to want to kill me.” “Chlo, that...” Ivanna seemed at a loss for words.

“So, this wasn’t a random incident but a premeditated one. Now, I just want to know their reason for doing so.” I looked up at Ivanna, my eyes reflecting a sense of bewilderment. “But it’s a bit tic. I never expected that the person who saved my life would turn out to be Trinity.

“Moreover, I seem to have an inexplicable connection with the Huffman family. Just like that, I’m now involved with them. Even though I’m repulsed by the Huffman family, I don’t have a reason to sever ties with them. After all, I owe Trinity my life.” “That’s not necessarily a bad thing. Everyone has their own values, and the Huffman family is no exception. You don’t need to look at the Huffman family with a different view. They might have a different way of doing things, but from a certain perspective, you can’t say their existence is problematic.” I admired Ivanna’s magnanimity. Much of my aversion to the Huffman family stemmed from Ivanna’s relationship with them. If she didn’t have ties with Trinity, I probably wouldn’t have any reason to reject the Huffman family, and I might not even know them.

I chuckled, “Yesterday, I solemnly told Trinity that we couldn’t be friends. What is this now? It’s too ironic.” Ivanna smiled and cover, hugging my arm. “Alright, don’t reject her because of me. Just based on her selfless sacrifice for you today, I have to view her differently.” I looked at Ivanna, appreciating her broad-mindedness. However, I couldn’t forget what Trinity had done to her. “Your words are true, but I can never forget what she did to you. That iron rod, just thinking about it still gives the chills.” Thinking about that day when I found Ivanna, I still held a grudge against Trinity.

“That dark day will stay in my memory forever. I won’t forget it. Do you know? When I saw Jared carrying you out, I felt like you were gone. Do you know how scared I was at that time? I thought I had lost you. Fortunately, you were saved, or else... I would have really fought her with my life.” Ivanna patted my back. Our friendship was like this. We didn’t need words to know what each other was thinking.

“But today, she essentially saved twice. I’m sure she was the first to notice that someone was trying to attack from behind. Imagine if she had kept quiet at that moment. Ivanna, today might have been the last you saw me.” “I had no idea this would happen.” Ivanna regretted, “I should have gotten up earlier to accompany you.” “Then, when that person attacked me, she pulled away with all her strength, taking the blow meant for me. I’m truly speechless. It seems that Trinity is not the ‘villain’ I speculated her to be. She keeps overturning my perceptions of her.” “She’s indeed not a bad person.” Ivanna had to admit.

“Alright, don’t think too much about it. Let things unfold naturally.” Ivanna patted my shoulder. “In any case, she saved your life, and we really need to reconsider our view of her.” I sighed deeply, “Yeah.” “Let’s get inside. They’ve been waiting for a long time. If we don’t go in soon, they’ll start to suspect something I told them you had urgent matters to attend to after disembarking and went to a friend’s place. You can figure out how to explain it later.” She advised on what to say when entering the room. “Oh, by the way. I brought your luggage back.” “That’s great. I was worried my luggage was left on

the ship, and my phone was in that bag. You really think of everything.” I praised her with a smile. “Of course. Who do you think I am? As soon as I heard there was trouble on your end, you know what happened? It almost scared to death. I only heard someone got stabbed, and at that moment, I broke down. I thought it was you!” “I asked a lot of people, but no one could explain what happened clearly. All I knew was that a woman got stabbed, and the crucial part was that no one could go upstairs. Especially after the incident, everything was sealed off.

“After your plane left, I had to beg and plead, finally convincing the security there to let go up. I saw Mia there, and she said it wasn’t you who got injured but Trinity.” Ivanna shook her head in resignation.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 547-“She told that Trinity took a stab for you. At that moment... I was truly...” Ivanna’s voice trembled, her eyes reddening. “And then Arthur ordered an early return. This time, he’s feeling quite guilty too. After all, the people on the ship are either rich or noble.” Ivanna involuntarily hugged again.

I could imagine the state she was in at that moment. After all, we had been through life and death situations together. When she was in danger, I felt the sway.

I pulled her away gently. “Alright, let’s go inside and eat together.” “What do you think? Of course, I’ll eat here.” She made a face like a rascal, and I couldn’t help but laugh.

She grinned, “Ah, it would be great when Lauren comes back. I’ll have a place to freeload again, hopping from one place to another. I won’t have to cook. It’s nice to have my best friend back after all.” I snorted, “How do you take care of yourself? It’s really worrying. You’re a grown person.” We chatted at the doorway for a long time before finally going inside.

My mom, seeing return, seemed to notice that something was wrong with my expression and hurriedly asked, “Why does your complexion look so bad? Did you not rest well these past two days? Is the food on the ship not to your taste, or were you seasick?” I deliberately complained, “We talked about things too late last night, so I didn’t sleep well. I’m a bit seasick too. I’m so hungry. When are we having dinner?” Grace immediately got up and rushed to the kitchen. “We’ll have dinner right away. I’ll inform Molly. You guys wash up and get ready.” Ivanna looked at Grace and whispered to me, “What’s happening to her? Has her conscience finally kicked in?” I playfully nudged her, “Keep your voice down. Don’t let her hear you because it’ll make her awkward.” Ivanna snorted, “You’ve forgotten how she bullied you. I’ll tell you, you’re like a fool, forgiving and forgetting the past.” “You’re quite something. Have a bit of compassion, okay? She’s an old person with a debilitating illness. Actually, her life is the most pitiful. I hope her last moments can be happy ones.” “Fine, you’re the only kind one around here, and we’re all devils.” I looked at her and smiled. Ivanna was always true to herself.

In reality, if you asked her how much she hated Grace, it might not be that much. It was just that she couldn't stand seeing suffer, especially from the oppression of the Murphy family.

So, her resentment toward Grace was somewhat understandable.

During dinner, Grace kept circling around and asked, "Um... Did you see him on the ship?" Of course, I knew she was asking about Matthew. I nodded, "I saw him. It seems like he closed a big deal and was quite pleased with himself." As expected, when I finished that sentence, Grace's face instantly lit up. I knew she was genuinely happy for her son.

Ivanna snorted and said to Grace, "Looks like you're still on your son's side. Why didn't you ask Chlo if she sealed any deals?" I glared at Ivanna. "You can't stop talking even when you're eating." Ivanna helplessly looked at Grace and asked, "Old lady, do you understand now? Who's the real good person? It's the one sitting here! Have you seen any girls who still care so much about their ex-mother-in-law? They'd only wish old a nearly death upon thony wish ladies." "Ivanna." I scolded her sternly, "You've gone too far." Grace hurriedly stopped and said, "Oh, don't mind her. I've gotten used to her. She's quick with her words but has a soft heart." Then she looked at Ivanna and continued, "I know who the good person is. Anyway, she's much better than that little beast. It's my misfortune. I couldn't keep such a good daughter-in-law. It's all all because I gave birth to a bastard for a son." As she said this, her eyes turned red.

Ivanna immediately went silent, stealing a glance at me. I gave her a fierce look.

Grace sniffled and looked at Ava, "I'm just shameless and have no other choice. I just want to spend more twith my granddaughter, live a few more days, and accompany her more." S O Ava, in her sweet and tender voice, said, "I'll be with Grandma forever. You'll live for a long time." Her words brought laughter to everyone. Surprisingly, the atmosphere becquite pleasant.

I silently made up my mind. Even if I had to confront Matthew and the others, I would wait until Grace left. I didn't want her to worry about Matthew anymore.

Can't I give her a bit of happiness? After all, we were both mothers. Besides, her life had been hard enough.

I would consider this my way of accumulating sblessings for my family.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 548-Before going to bed, I called Atlas. I informed him that everything was stable on the Trinity's side, and I felt a bit relieved. I sighed, grateful that I could lie down peacefully in bed, all thanks to Trinity enduring suffering on my behalf.

The guilt in my heart made it impossible for to sleep. Every event replayed in my mind like a series of scenes. Finally, as morning approached, I, sporting a pair of panda eyes,

hastily took a warm shower. Urged by the three old ladies, I managed to eat something before rushing to the hospital.

Surprisingly, when I arrived, Trinity had just woken up. Watching the doctor busy inside, I felt anxious. However, she didn't stay awake for long and slipped back into a deep sleep about half an hour later.

The doctor brought good news from the blood test results, indicating that the excessive bleeding might have inadvertently helped as there were not many toxins remaining in her body. It was a sigh of relief for all of us.

Anson also arrived at the hospital. Hearing that she had briefly awakened, he seemed happier. He carefully questioned Jared about the toxin issue in Trinity's body, clearly trusting Jared's explanation.

As he turned to leave, he noticed me. His sharp eyes scanned from head to toe, and then he said, "I saw you yesterday. State your reasons." Although his voice was calm, it carried a hint of displeasure.

Understandably, seeing an outsider meddling in such affairs wouldn't bring joy to anyone at this moment. Yet, the crucial point was that the person inside was injured for my sake. I couldn't pretend to be oblivious, right? Honestly, I felt more awkward than anyone else at this moment.

Being suddenly questioned by the old man, I became a bit nervous. Seeing him not quite composed, I explained with a tinge of anxiety, "Trinity got injured protecting me." "Who are you?" His eyes showed a trace of displeasure, but after scrutinizing me, he casually asked, "Why did she save you?" The old man's question left me momentarily unsure how to respond. In fact, it was a question I had been pondering myself why did Trinity risk everything to save me? We weren't friends or partners, and our impressions of each other were tainted by our connections to Ivanna. Yet, she had saved me.

His sudden question caught me off guard, and I really didn't know how to provide a satisfactory answer. Seeing my discomfort, Jared spoke up, "They are friends, and this young lady is Archie's goddaughter.

"Archie Beringer?" The old man's eyes flashed as he glanced at Jared.

"Yes, she's precious to Mrs. Rose," Jared replied intriguingly.

Upon hearing that I was Grandma Rose's precious one, he scrutinized again, remaining silent before turning to the person inside.

I stayed by his side until Jared told him to leave. He glanced at me last before departing, and only then did I breathe a sigh of relief.

Just then, Atlas called. He asked where I was, and I told him I was at the hospital.

“Alright, wait there. I’ll be there soon.” With that, he hung up.

Jared glanced at and said, “Ms. Chloe, you don’t have to stay here the whole time. Wait until she’s settled back in her room before checking on her.” “No matter what, Trinity got injured for my sake, wouldn’t be right if I’m not here. Thank you, Mr. Jared, for your assistance just now. However, I don’t want to involve the Beringer family in this,” I replied without looking at Jared, my gaze fixed on Trinity inside. “Whether you mention it or not, the old man will find out,” he calmly stated.

Jared’s argument was indeed valid. How could the shrewd patriarch of the Huffman family not conduct his own investigation? Jared was essentially telling that his explanations were irrelevant. “You don’t have to be yourself. For Trinity, she doesn’t need a reason for what she wants to do, especially in such unexpected circumstances,” Jared’s words were delivered with a calm demeanor, making wonder at times whether this man loved Ivanna more or understood Trinity better.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 549-Perhaps there was already a familial bond between him and Trinity. Or maybe I was overly concerned with the gains and losses between Trinity and Ivanna. I couldn’t think of a reason for them to coexist. In my mind, it seemed like a situation of either black or white, with no room for coexistence. “Do you want the ultimate result to be coexistence?” I still didn’t look at Jared, keeping my gaze on Trinity inside. I directly asked the question that had been lingering in my mind, and then I looked at him, posing a serious question, “Can you achieve that?” He stood firmly, still not looking at but staring at Trinity inside. “I will strive for it.” “But have you considered their feelings?” My guess was spot on.

“I will do my best to balance their relationship and make sure they both accept it,” he said without hesitation.

I chuckled. He was quite confident to try to control two strong-willed opposites, and I had to commend his courage for that.

I remained silent because at this moment, anything I said felt pale, and besides, this was Jared, not someone I could influence.

When Atlas arrived, I was on the phone with Ivanna, updating her on Trinity’s condition. Seeing Atlas, I quickly hung up the call and asked him about the blood sample, telling him the situation was optimistic.

True to his word, Atlas had already sent the blood sample to Jitador. I knew he was doing everything he could to ease my concerns.

After 24 hours, Trinity was transferred to a regular ward. I continued to stand by her side until she woke up and saw me. Her first question was, “Does this mean we’re friends?” I

felt overwhelmed with guilt, managing a wry smile. "I'm truly grateful for you saving my life. But I must admit, this isn't the ideal way to make friends. It's a bit too tic." Trinity, still pale, managed a weak smile and said, "You're quite presumptuous... I wouldn't stoop so low as to bargain my life for someone else's. I was just unlucky, that's all." Hearing her words, I added, "I never imagined that the person I least wanted to owe would end up being a life debt. It feels a bit too heavy." We both chuckled.

Then she smirked mischievously. "It's irreversible now. Chloe, you owe me." "Yes. So, I have no intention of avoiding it. From now on, you're not just a friend, but a friend I owe my life to." "Don't make it sound like I had no choice but to be friends with you et Actually, I don't need friends. I only I need partners." When she said this, she glanced at Jared. S For sreason, I suddenly felt a pang of bitterness. I wanted to understand this woman more.

I thought everything was getting better, but in the evening, Trinity's condition suddenly worsened.

I received a call from Atlas, who was rushing to the airport to return to Jitador personally and find the antidote.

Upon hearing this news when I got home, I immediately drove back to the hospital.

Trinity had been transferred back to the intensive care unit.

I asked Jared what was going on.

set "The blood test results showed abnormal data. There was a sudden increase in toxin levels. She's fallen into coma again," Jared said with a grave expression. "How could this happen?" I felt powerless to stop the escalating situation.

ne At that moment, one of Jared's subordinates hurriedly entered, whispered something in his ear, and his face stantly darkened. He turned toand instructed, "Stay here and notifyimmediately if there's any news. I need to step out for a moment." He then briskly walked out.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 550-Jared had just left when an unexpected visitor arrived-Stella.

She found her way to the intensive care unit and was surprised to seestanding outside. After a brief moment of hesitation, she approached. Her eyes were fixed on the situation inside the ward. "I didn't expect to find you here, Chloe." "Who did you think it would be?" I intentionally countered, "Surprised? Didn't see that coming, did you? You wanted to hurt me, but Trinity was the one who ended up here. I always manage to turn danger into safety." Stella chuckled casually, "Chloe, you are indeed fortunate in this regard. But how did you manage to offend so many people? You're always being chased and hunted." Her words sounded light and detached, as if she were an uninvolved

bystander. Yet, every tl recalled her ruthless actions, a shiver ran down my spine. I vividly remembered the eerie smile she flashed when she turned around outside my house.

Her calm demeanor now made her even more formidable.

“Well. I wonder how I keep attracting unwanted attention. This time, innocents got hurt, and it might not be so easy to deal with this situation.” I alluded to the Huffman family.

“Have you ever considered what this is all for?” Stella’s words carried a hint of provocation as she tested me.

“It sounds like you know what it’s for.” My gaze shifted from Trinity to Stella. “So, you keep showing up to establish connections with me?” Stella chuckled, “I just don’t want to see you always in the dark, manipulated like a pawn.” “Isn’t that a form of value?” I said calmly, “Being a bit confused is a rare quality. Being too shrewd is not that good either. It’s not scary to be treated as a pawn; what’s scary is being used as a pawn and still jumping around, not realizing you’ve been played.” I added a dose of harsh truth, confident that with this statement, she would inevitably think of Liora.

The more confident I appeared, the more uneasy she became.

After saying this, I turned to leave the intensive care unit. I needed to find a doctor and inquire about Trinity’s current blood indicators. I was worried about the continuous increase in toxins in her blood.

Moreover, there are sthings best left unsaid, and I had nothing more to discuss with Stella.

Before I could walk far, Stella called out, “Chloe, you don’t know that Chloe is not your nyet, right?” Her words made my steps cto a sudden halt, and my heart raced. I turned back to look at her. “What do you mean by that?” Although I pretended to be calm while asking her, my inner turmoil was undeniable.

Even though I had speculated countless times about what she was about to say, hearing someone confirm it made it hard for to accept.

Seeing that her words had indeed captured my attention, Stella veladopted an arrogant posture.

Smirking, she asked me, “Hah... it seems Atlas didn’t tell you after all?” Her expression was smug, as if all these things were deliberately being kept fromby Atlas.

“Well, why don’t you tellwho I am?” I stared at Stella, stepping closer to her. “You seemed eager to talk about this. Why not take this opportunity?” “I can’t tell you that. You better ask Atlas. I don’t know how he planned this, but I’m afraid he’ll blme if I

accidentally spill the beans.” She chuckled with a self-satisfied air, as if she had finally found a weak spot of mine.

I also understood that the more I wanted to know, the less she would be willing to tell me.

“But you are really pitiful. You don’t even know who you are after all these years:” She had a mischievous glint in her eyes, suppressing a laugh. “Well, who would have thought you were still alive? Your luck is really something else. “Chloe...” She casually uttered my name, seemingly savoring them.

“But this actually sounds pretty good. You should have just been Chloe all along. But you just couldn’t stay put, reentering people’s sights, and wasting the life of Annalise.” With that, she turned and gave a sidelong glance, her eyes filled with a sinister gleam. Then, she confidently walked away, leaving in a daze.