

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 551 -600

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 551-Her words held a wealth of information. It seems my hunch was indeed correct-I had known Atlas for a long time.

I steadied my thoughts and warned myself not to act rashly. What if this is a timed bomb that Stella set for me? I must stay vigilant. This woman is capable of anything, and she can say anything.

At least for now, her words remain unverified, whether they're true or false.

I told myself to trust Atlas. I have to wait for him to return and tell the truth.

However, I couldn't deny that Stella's words echoed in my mind like a timed bomb, leaving me uneasy. If I wasn't Chloe Hartz, then who was I? While I have speculated that I might have known Atlas in the past, he was overseas, and I was in a small town up north. There was simply no way for our paths to cross. What on earth is going on? I couldn't help but think of my parents. They've always been by my side in my memories.

From the day they first saw Atlas, they didn't seem to have known him for a long time. So, when did I genuinely meet Atlas? All these questions crashed over me like a tidal wave. My head ached, various influences swirling relentlessly. I sat weakly on a chair in the corridor, holding my head.

Could it be that Atlas is hiding something from me? No, I couldn't think like that.

We agreed I would trust him, and only his answers gave a genuine explanation. I couldn't let Stella cloud my judgment.

With that in mind, I took a deep breath and stood up. I glanced again at Trinity in the ICU, silently praying she would pull through.

If she does, I'd have one more person to help uncover the secrets behind Stella and her organization.

I couldn't directly ask my parents about this matter.

After all, they were getting older. Even if they knew, it would mean they kept it from me for many years. That would show it's not a pleasant matter. As I was lost in thought, Ivanna stood beside me.

"Why are you here?" I asked Ivanna.

"As soon as you mentioned that her condition worsened, I got nervous. I thought I should check, no matter our past. This time, she was hurt because of you! I can't help but worry!" Ivanna looked genuinely concerned. "How did it worsen so suddenly?"

"The residual toxins in her blood are multiplying rapidly. If it gets worse, it could lead to organ failure," I muttered to myself. "I hope she can pull through this." Suddenly, I turned to her and asked, "Did you see Jared?" Ivanna shook her head. "At the moment, I don't want to see him." "He's also stretched thin. You-" Ivanna interrupted, "When did you start making excuses for him?" "Because I've witnessed how tirelessly he's been working! You've said it yourself. No matter what, Trinity was hurt because of me!" I felt helpless. This reason wasn't something I wanted to admit.

Although Ivanna didn't want to see Jared, she couldn't avoid him.

Before she could leave, Jared returned. I don't know why, but I couldn't shake the feeling that he was covered in the scent of blood.

He stood silently beside Ivanna, looking at the person inside. No one said a word, and the atmosphere was awkward.

"Um... I need to make a quick trip to the office. I haven't been there since I got back!" I made up an excuse to avoid the situation. However, Ivanna grabbed my wrist, a touch of reproach in her voice. "I'm going with you. I have something to take care of." I gave Jared a somewhat helpless look and said, "I'll be back later." "I only because she saved you. Otherwise, I wouldn't be worried. Now that I've seen her, I can rest easy. Let's go!" After saying this, Ivanna turned and left, not even sparing Jared a glance. So I looked at Jared, speechless. He said to me, "Go ahead." In the car, I shot Ivanna a glance, a touch of reproach in my voice. "You're being stubborn!" "Perhaps you're right! Choosing him is my stubbornness!" Ivanna chuckled. "Sometimes, after settling down, you realize choices are worth careful consideration." et "When a man is deeply infatuated with a woman, it's bound to hurt another woman. It's fatal for everyone involved," I said from an outsider's perspective. "Sometimes, it's not about giving up but taking a step back."

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 552-Ivanna let out a smirk that made me uneasy, especially given the current situation.

So, I changed the subject. "Just now, Stella went to the hospital." "Oh? What was she doing there?" Ivanna asked.

"She was probably there to gather information. I feel that when Jared returned just now, it was because there was news. They've been searching for that person all along! "This time, it's not just Atlas looking, but also the Huffs and Jared. They're managing well, but facing three powerful forces is no simple task." "Yes!" Ivanna exclaimed cheerfully.

Just then, my phone rang. I glanced at it. Ivanna immediately reached over to my bag on the backseat, pulled out my phone, and gasped.

"Oh my goodness, Chlo, it's Lauren!" "Ah? Answer it quickly!" I called out, checked the surroundings, and returned to a safe spot.

Ivanna had already swiped to answer and put it on speaker.

“Lauren, where are you? When are you coming back?” Ivanna shouted. “You’ve been gone for so long, and the house is ready for you. You should cback.” A surprised exclamation cfrom the other end. “Oh my, are you two together? I just wanted to let you know I’ve already booked a ticket to cback. At 4 p.m. three days from now. You guys, cpickup!” “Where are you right now?” I chimed in.

“I’m in Estrana. I’m tired, and I’m coming home.” Her voice sounded a bit choked up. “The crucial thing is to be with you guys! Next time, let’s all go together. The world out there is so vast, and we’re too small. We need to cout and broaden our horizons!” Ivanna immediately joined in, “Next time, for sure. You just got up and left this time. You left before I recovered!” “Are you feeling better?” she asked with a smile.

“I’m injured again! What do you mean ‘better’?” Ivanna said it with a hint of grievance.

“Huh? Where are you injured?” She believed Lauren.

I quickly interjected, “She’s injured in her soul! She’s just complaining. Take care, and be safe. We’ll pick you up the day after tomorrow.” After hanging up the phone, both of us were extremely excited. Finally, she’s coming back. This was great news.

I dropped Ivanna off at her place and went straight to the office.

I needed to discuss with Ryan how to contact Mr. Noah. The Bourdamun project madeanxious. I could relax only when all the contracts were signed.

Just like with Phase Two of Avalon Hills, there were too many people I had to consider.

Unexpectedly, as soon as I reached the office, I saw Jeremiah leaving. It seemed he foundbut missed me.

He looked up when he sawwalk in, and he smiled. “Oh! Ms. Chloe! We’re fated to meet! I was just worrying about not being able to reach you!” “Hello, Mr. Jeremiah!” I said calmly. “Is there something you need?” “Oh, yes!” He didn’t wait for my invitation and just followedback in.

Carol sawreturn to the office at the entrance and cover with joy. “Ms. Chloe-” Immediately, she saw Jeremiah followback in and looked slightly displeased. “Mr. Jeremiah, why are you here again?” “Haha, Ms. Chloe and I have a telepathic connection. I was just about to leave, and she cback.” He shamelessly followed behindand entered my office.

Since guests were here, I couldn’t very well kick him out. I walked into the office and sat down. “Mr. Jeremiah, please speak. I can only give you ten minutes because I have an

urgent meeting.” Jeremiah immediately responded, “Alright, it’ll just take a few words!” Hearing him say that, I gave him a nod.

“Ms. Chloe, I’m here to report sgood news. There’s progress on the Bourdamun project! I just had a meeting with the higher- ups yesterday.” “You just had a meeting, and there’s already good news?” I couldn’t help but interject.

“Oh no, we’ve had many meetings before this. But this time, there is good news. The project is about to kick off! Ms. Chloe, are you interested?” Jeremiah looked at me, his greasy hand rubbing the sofa’s armrest, makinguncomfortable. “You haven’t even brought the relevant documents, and you’re askingif I’m interested? You seem quite anxious, Mr. Jeremiah. Did your previous business deals go this way as well?” My tone carried a hint of sarcasm. Content belongs to sWHe was a big shot. Was he trying to con me? I don’t understand what he’s thinking.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 553-“This is a crucial project, the biggest one in Bourdamun so far. I hope to work on it together with Ms. Chloe.” He looked at me, his excitement hard to contain.

I could tell he was the enthusiastic type. They might have fallen for his pitch, but not me.

“Well, Ms. Chloe, if I secure the project, I can give you full control and let Tanum Corporation handle the construction. After all, I have great confidence in Tanum Corporation’s credentials!” I smiled. “Jeremiah, why are you so confident you’ll get the project? And by partnership, are you referring to the construction team? After our upgrade, Tanum Corporation won’t be taking on projects like this anymore!” “Oh, Ms. Chloe, do you have to be so absolute? The size of the project in Bourdamun speaks for itself. After all, it’s our project. We don’t let others have a share in the profits.” He grinned slyly, looking like he was up to something.

“Besides, I’m certain I can secure the project. We can discuss the details first. Once it’s settled on my end, we can sign the contract on your end!” “Are you trying to scam me?” I told Jeremiah bluntly. “I never go into battle unprepared, especially not with someone like you, trying to negotiate with no documents. I’m sorry. Although I am interested in the Bourdamun project, not in this manner of discussion!” I glanced at the clock. “I’m afraid our tis up, Jeremiah.” “Ms. Chloe... Look at you...” I stood up, picked up the folder on my desk, and headed towards the door. “I’m sorry, I have a meeting to attend. Letwalk you out.” “Ms. Chloe, what’s the meaning of this? I’ve call this way to offer you business. What’s the matter? Do you look down on the project or me?” I was already polite to him, but he still wanted to assert his dominance in my office. Naturally, I was a bit dissatisfied.

“Then letbe clear. I judge people, not situations. I’ve stated my interest in the project, but you’re not someone I’m willing to partner with. You’re unreliable!” I said firmly. “Cback again when you have all the necessary documents.” Then I opened the office

door, calling out loudly, "Ms. Carol, please see Mr. Jeremiah out." Carol hurried over, and I handed Jeremiah to her before heading toward the small conference room.

I sent my assistant to fetch Ryan.

Soon, Ryan appeared in my line of sight. "You're back? How's Trinity doing?" Ryan looked at me, concerned. I shook my head. "The situation doesn't look good. I'm worried about the Bourdamun project." "Before I disembarked yesterday, I discussed the details with Mr. Noah again. We've decided to go to Bourdamun on Wednesday and Thursday. Are you okay with that?" Ryan asked.

"Wednesday, which means I won't be able to make it that night," I mumbled.

"There's probably no way to make it back. Do you have a plan?" he asked.

"It's alright, it's Lauren. She's coming back on Thursday, and we agreed we'd pick her up," I assured him.

"What tis her flight?" Ryan inquired.

"She'll touch down at 4 p.m." I waved my hand. "It's fine. I'll have Ivanna go. The Bourdamun project is a big deal. I'm worried that delays could lead to complications." "You shouldn't be nervous. I'm sure everything will go smoothly," Ryan reassured me.

"Is everything set up at Avalon Hills?" I asked Ryan. "Make sure there are no oversights!" "It's all good. You can rest assured," Ryan said. "They're expected to sign the contract in the next few days." "Alright. And how about Muborough?" I asked.

"Muborough has always been under Grayson's jurisdiction, and with Eleanor assisting him, there et shouldn't be any problems." Ryan expressed confidence in Grayson. After all, they were living together, making communication easy. I picked up the phone to call Grayson. There were sthings I needed to ask him about after getting off the ship.

"Ryan, after settling matters in Bourdamun, must go to the capital.

I'd like to bring Grayson with me." I informed Ryan. "It's been postponed for an entire month now. I'm in a tight spot with Dominic. If we secure the project and it gets underway, we might need to involve the older man." Lately, there always seemed to be one thing after another. With Trinity like this, I can only go once she's truly out of danger.

"After the Bourdamun matter, you don't need to worry too much. Our conditions are excellent! We are the perfect candidate!" Ryan's tone was confident. It seemed like he and Noah had hit off well.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 554-I knew well that, after affiliating with ATL Empire, Tanum has indeed become impressive. In Foswood, we can consider it a top player, and I still have the upper hand.

I knew Noah valued more for my background because of his career ambitions. It was something I least wanted to exploit. Having it was better than not having it.

"Well... make sure the arrangements for the Bourdamun matter are meticulous. I might focus more on the hospital, waiting for Trinity to be truly out of danger before I can leave. Otherwise, I won't be able to explain myself." "Don't worry about the company. Eleanor has already returned, bringing back a lot of documents. Whenever you have time, just look at them. I've marked a few that I think are promising. You can review them." I nodded. With Ryan around, I feel confident about letting go of the company's affairs.

Just as we were talking, Grayson briskly walked in.

After sitting down, he looked pretty exhausted. Carol brought him a glass of water, and he downed it in one go.

"Chlo, the guy who stabbed Trinity, didn't escape!" Grayson said, looking at me. He handed the empty cup to Carol and said, "Another one, please!" Carol immediately turned around to get him more water.

"Caught him? Did Stella go to the hospital just now?" I mumbled. "Who caught him?" "He was detained on the road. It was Jared's people who caught him. But they haven't let him go yet. These guys are stubborn!" Grayson sighed. "How are you, Chlo? No discomfort, right?" "I'm fine. Trinity's situation is scarier than my falling into the sea. The head of the Huffman family is furious!" I complained.

"By the way, how did you handle Carina?" I asked. "I have no idea what happened afterward!" "I turned her over to the police. It might take a while for her to get out, at least until they find clues about Stella. That's the only way to release her, and it's responsible to do so," Grayson said firmly. "But Andre, he's a troublemaker, digging holes everywhere!" "Liora should calm down for a few days now. She's busy with the project, and Andre's incident bothers her. Mia is pressuring her! She fears having her business activities cut off!" I knew Liora well. She was determined to establish the Thompson family and probably felt that Atticus might become unreliable soon. That was why she was pushing so hard.

However, the more she pushed, the closer she got to her demise.

"By the way, it seems Liora does not know about Stella's situation." Grayson's attitude toward Stella was apparent.

Ryan took a call, briefly instructed me, and then left. I looked at Grayson and asked, "Oh, any news from Rory's side?" Grayson shook his head. "None." "Just now, Stella went to the hospital. I guess she went to check on Trinity..." Grayson, Why do I always feel sconnection betweenand Stella?" I questioned.

Grayson scrutinized me. "In what way?" "You should continue investigating Annalise. I want to know where she's from!" I told Grayson.

I felt Grayson wasn't tellingthe whole truth. Maybe he was hiding something. So, I did not tell him everything Stella had said toat the hospital. I wanted to catch Atlas off guard. "Alright! I'll continue tracing Annalise's background." Grayson replied nonchalantly. I looked at him intensely, becoming more confident that he knew more about Annalise than I did. My phone rang, and I quickly picked it up. It was Johnson.

I answered urgently, and Johnson's voice cthrough, filled with urgency.

"Chlo! Something's happened!"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 555-I was startled and glanced at Grayson, pointing to the phone in my hand. "Speak!" "Keegan suddenly wants to withdraw the investment!" Johnson's voice cthrough, and this news shook me.

"Withdraw?!" This was a big deal. Why would he suddenly want to withdraw? Could my entire plan be ruined? I quickly put the call on speaker. "What's going on exactly?" "I heard it was Liora's decision out of the blue. She's already discussed it with Matthew, and he's furious right now," Johnson whispered.

"Do Matthew's damage control immediately. I'll dig deeper into this! Calllater," I instructed Johnson. Then I hung up and turned to Grayson. "Go find out why Liora suddenly withdrew the investment from Matthew." Grayson immediately left the conference room. I felt uneasy. Why would Liora suddenly think of withdrawing? Did she hear snews on the ship? No, it couldn't be! She had practically secured Avalon Hills. Could she also be plotting against Matthew? No, that wouldn't work. If she detached herself, how would we act out the next scene? I had explicitly set up a trap for her. I couldn't just let Avalon Hills slip through my fingers.

I paced back and forth in the conference room. Suddenly, I thought of Atticus. I picked up the phone and called him, but he didn't answer.

No, I absolutely couldn't let Liora slip away.

I grabbed my bag and informed Carol, then suddenly remembered the sofa that Jeremiah had sat on. It madefeel nauseous. "Carol, disinfect the sofa later!" She looked confused.

I added, "It was too greasy just now!" Carol instantly understood. "Got it! Don't worry!" I headed straight downstairs, planning to go to the Vanderberg Palace. As I left the garage, Atticus's call cin.

"Chlo!" he called.

"Do you have tnow?" I got straight to the point. This was something I could only discuss with Atticus.

"Yes," Atticus replied directly.

"I'm going to the Vanderberg Palace. We can talk there," I told him and hung up, heading straight to the Vanderberg Palace. We arrived at the stime, but coincidentally, I saw Liora walking out from inside just as I got out of the car. Atticus's car had also just arrived.

The Vanderberg Palace welcomed everyone. It didn't suit us anymore. We needed to find a new place.

Liora glanced at me, squinted, and I calmly walked inside. She blocked my way, her eyes shifting to Atticus, who had just exited the car.

Her expression was weird, like an excited wife catching her husband with a mistress. "Hold on! Not bad, huh? This place is so quiet for a date!" "Oh? Then I'm even more curious, Mrs. Liora, which date are you on?" I didn't back down.

"What an excellent strategy, Ms. Chloe, constantly wandering among different men. Even my husband is hooked!" Liora's words were full of implications.

"It's not a hook-up, just a meeting. No need to make a fuss!" I said casually, half true and half false.

Then I turned to Atticus, who had just walked over. "Mr. Atticus, very punctual!" "Hmm!" he grunted indifferently, looking at Liora and slightly frowning. "Why are you here?" "How else could I witness such a good show?" Liora said, casting a somewhat resentful glance at Atticus.

At that moment, Bella cout from inside. Seeing Atticus, she said, "Why haven't you cin yet? I've been waiting for you!" Atticus nodded and coldly walked inside, ignoring Liora's words.

Liora's face suddenly stiffened, and she turned to look at me, a bit puzzled.

Chapter 555 Caught at the Door 1 It was just that it wasn't the right time. We couldn't let her catch any clues or sniff out any information.

Bella looked at both of us. "Why are you just standing here?" Chapter 555 Caught at the Door 2 Chapter 555 Caught at the Door 3 Bella comfortingly patted Liora's shoulder and whispered, "Con, now!" Then, she briskly followed inside.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 556-Upon walking into the room, I whispered to Bella, "Thanks to you. How did you know they were making a move?" "Mr. Atticus called me, and I went out to handle it," Bella replied calmly. "This Liora is a troublemaker, always causing problems for herself." It was the first I heard Bella comment on someone in such a way, indicating that Liora had indeed gone too far.

"Go quickly." Bella motioned for me to go, and I nodded, quickly heading to Atticus's room.

Atticus got straight to the point, "Did you also receive the news?" "Yes, why did she suddenly want to withdraw the investment?" I looked at Atticus. "Is it because she got Avalon Hills, and she thinks she can stand on her own now?" Atticus pondered, "No, even if she got it, she still needs someone to handle things. Based on what I know about her, she hasn't found a more suitable partner than Matthew." Atticus seemed confident in his assessment.

"Their collaboration is mutually beneficial. Matthew is smart; he wants projects, but lacks the ability and connections. Depending on Liora is a wise choice for him. And for Liora, finding Matthew is about leveraging his professional team. To be honest, their union is perfect." I completely agreed with him on this point; they did complement each other.

"And Liora is aware that she's exhausting her resources. After all, these are resources from Echelon Group. Since I kicked the members of the Thompson family out of the company, I've gradually taken back her so-called connections." Atticus poured tea for me, gesturing for me to continue listening. "This time, she knows she's used up all her resources. She got Avalon Hills, but she probably senses her luck running out. She's also spent quite a bit of money on it. Those who can help her are likely not good people but greedy individuals." "I checked, and this time, Celine didn't support her. The only possible reason for her sudden withdrawal is that she wants to negotiate with Matthew." "Oh? Isn't there any other possibility?" I asked, feeling a bit uneasy.

"In such a short time, finding a new backer is unlikely. I don't think she has that capability." Atticus sneered dismissively.

After thinking for a moment, I thought Atticus's analysis was plausible. "Could it be that she wants to turn the tables and take control of Ardora Construction?" Atticus smiled mysteriously, "If Matthew is wise enough to step back, it might not be a bad thing." "In Muborough, the Thompson family and Melanie are cooperating.

Now, Matthew is starting the construction of the amusement park. Everything is his and negotiating these terms might not be easy. Also, from what I know, their initial funds are tied together. The funds for the operation of Avalon Hills are not from the Thompson

family alone..." I continued]"This information is absolutely accurate." "Then find out and give them a push. We need to protect Matthew now." Atticus strategized. "As long as Matthew stands firm, Liora will have to yield. She needs to reconsider how much confidence she really has. I'll keep a close eye on her and won't give her any leeway I nodded, glancing at Atticus. It seemed that when a man becomes ruthless, he truly develops an iron heart.

"So, shall we wait and see?" I asked Atticus.

"We prepare ourselves and see how they react. In any case, since they are tied together, we can't let her withdraw so easily." Atticus emphasized.

That was precisely my intention. I had just planned this play; there was no way I would let it end before they even took the stage.

After discussing the details with Atticus, I left with Bella. She said, "To perform a complete play, we need to be thorough. He is afraid Liora might leave someone behind, waiting. I've thought it through for him." So, she devised a plan within a plan, and we both went to the hospital. We checked on Trinity, but there were no signs of improvement. The toxins in her blood were still rising.

The doctor could only provide temporary relief, repeatedly emphasizing to Jared that it wouldn't last long. Jared was tirelessly exploring ways to find an antidote through various channels.

This time, no one could persuade Anson that things would be fine. He stood outside the intensive care unit, cursing. Everyone just kept their distance.

The critical condition notice had been signed twice already, and Jared was becoming increasingly uneasy. He had seen this expression before during Ivanna's uncertain life-and-death situation. This time, it was Trinity in critical condition.

Bella lightly comforted Jared and then turned her attention to Anson. She walked over gracefully and sat beside him, displaying an extraordinarily calm demeanor, which seemed inappropriate given the critical situation.

I observed her from a distance, unsure of how she managed it.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 557-I continued to watch Anson and Bella not far away.

Bella gently placed her hand on Anson's. I couldn't hear what she said, but after a moment, Anson let out a helpless wail. It was a cry filled with all the frustration of a man.

"Am I supposed to watch her die just like this? I've worked hard through my entire life, and now, my one treasure..." His expression was crestfallen, resembling that of a child. He spoke while incessantly tapping the ground with his cane.

My heart ached. No matter how strong a person was, facing the separation of a loved one in life was unbearable, especially when it was one's dearest family.

Bella's actions were tender, like soothing an unruly child. Though I was too far away to hear, her demeanor was gentle and serene, like a gentle breeze passing by.

I saw Anson's emotions gradually transition from anger to calmness, ending with a long sigh.

Soon after, Bella helped him stand up, and they walked away together. Bella calmly said to Jared, "Arrange for someone to take Anson back. It's too late." As I watched Anson, supported by his attendants, walking away with unsteady steps, his figure leftfeeling melancholic. When I accompanied Bella back, I asked her, "What did you say to him?" "Nothing much. I just advised him that every person has their own destiny. She will leave, and no one can stop her. However, Trinity is resilient; she might not leave easily." Bella remained calm. "Chloe, you don't need to overthink. This is her tribulation." "She could have stayed out of it, but she chose to help me." I sighed. "This debt of life is too heavy." "As long as there's an opportunity, friendships can be built." Bella patted my hand. "Trinity is different from Liora. Even if she's stubborn, she has her merits, unlike Liora who is unworthy.' For Bella to say such things, it was no wonder Atticus was determined to part ways with Liora.

As long as there was an opportunity...

Those words echoed in my mind, deeply etched into my heart.

There was still no news from Atlas. Both Jared and I had tried calling him, but the phone remained unanswered. I felt unsettled, clenching the phone anxiously, not knowing the progress on his end or if he was safe.

Throughout that night, I stood et outside the intensive care unit, witnessing the hectic activities of the medical staff, signaling 'OK' to the window after each emergency. Each time, like her, I seemed to be going through a life-and-death struggle. The hospital was doing everything in its power to extend her time. They even resorted to blood transfusions, replacing her blood with fresh supplies, yet they couldn't prevent the rising toxins in her body. Organ failure symptoms had started to show. Until the evening of the third day after another intense rescue effort, the doctors, exhausted, told Jared, "We've done our best. You can go in and see her." At that moment, I collapsed onto the floor, as if the whole world had crumbled in fear and helplessness.

I saw Jared already changing into a cleanroom suit. Everything seemed to be coming to an end and irreversible, just like when Trinity woke up and said that word to me.

I struggled to get up, asking the nurse for a cleanroom suit too, shaking as I put them on. Was she really saying goodbye like this? Was my chance to be her friend gone? But at this moment, I truly wanted to be friends with her. Suddenly, the equipment inside

started beeping. I was startled, watching as Jared rushed inside. I belatedly sensed that something was wrong, anxiously looking at the medical staff who had taken their positions inside.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 558-I saw Jared already by Trinity's side, touching her head gently.

Panicking, I quickly put on the suit and rushed in.

"Trinity, don't give up. You must hold on... listen, just endure a bit more. I'm telling you, if you leave like this, I won't care about the Huffman family. I've said it; I have no responsibility or obligation to take care of your family for you!" As I entered, I heard Jared roaring, but there was a hint of pleading in his voice.

"Trinity..." I also rushed over, grabbing her other hand. "I really want to be friends with you. Can you be my friend? You can consider your only friend. I like it that way. Give a chance. I'll make you experience what friendship is." At this point, Trinity was already emaciated and barely breathing. Her face displayed a bluish-black hue, which was quite terrifying. Clearly, the toxins had invaded every cell in her body.

"Trinity, I know you can hear me. If you want to stay by my side, get the hell up!" Jared shouted, pressing his hand on her forehead and trying to open her eyes with his thumb.

The equipment beeped again, and the medical staff quickly pulled us away to resuscitation.

I knew the end was near. Both Jared and I stood numbly behind the doctors.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the intensive care unit window loudly.

Everyone turned their heads, and I saw Atlas's hands holding a small bottle.

"Quick... the medicine... the antidote." I cried out.

A doctor ran toward the door, but the people inside were still in the midst of rescuing Trinity. When the nurse returned with the medicine, the doctor looked at Jared with a cautious tone, "Mr. Jared, this medicine... it hasn't undergone clinical trials. In principle, we..." "Quick... give it to her! Inject it into her!" Jared's eyes were already red, shouting loudly. "I believe him! Inject it... I will take responsibility for the consequences." I saw Atlas outside shouting something loudly. I could see his lips saying, "Inject it quickly." The doctor was frightened by Jared's roar and quickly handed the medicine to a professional nurse. The nurse prepared it rapidly and then injected it into Trinity's veins. After the operation, everyone remained silent, all staring at Trinity, who seemed to have lost her breath.

Jared was the first to rush over, placing his hand on her forehead again. He gritted his teeth and said, "Wake up. You must wake up. Wake up, Trinity!" At that moment, the monitoring equipment made a sound again, and the machines restarted. The flatline heart monitor started pulsating again.

After a moment of silence, cheers erupted from the intensive care unit. I belatedly understood that she had cback to life- Trinity had revived.

I crouched on the ground, hugging myself, crying tears of joy. I had never been so excited for someone I had never believed in. Suddenly, I thought of Atlas still outside. He was truly a timely savior, not only saving Trinity but also rescuing me.

I no longer cared about the people inside. I quickly got up and ran out of the intensive care unit.

Regardless of how Jared treated Trinity in the future, even if he chose her, I wouldn't voice any objections. But I would never leave Atlas.

I ran out, staring at Atlas who was leaning against the window. He looked a bit disheveled, his usually crisp clothes now wrinkled, and he appeared exhausted. Yet, he was stil incredibly handsome. He looked atas I ran toward him, unexpectedly breaking into a smile.

The next moment, I pounced on him, opening my arms wide to hug him. I wanted him to share in my unbridled happiness. Unexpectedly, he emitted a muffled groan. His handsface turned pale, and he furrowed his brows. He instinctively protected his arm. Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 559-His instinctive movement caught my attention. I looked at him in astonishment, "Atlas... you..." "I'm fine..." But as soon as he uttered those words, something was clearly wrong. His tall and straight figure leaned toward me, and I seemed to catch a whiff of a bloody smell.

Panicking, I shouted loudly, "Doctor!" By the tthe doctor arrived, he had already passed out.

The doctor cautiously conducted an examination and found an injury on his arm. It seemed to be a gunshot wound which had been hastily treated, and the blood on the bandage had partially coagulated.

The doctor cut off the bandage, treated the wound again, and administered an anti-inflammatory IV. Despite all this, he remained unconscious, completely unaware of everything that was happening around him.

After completing the examination, the doctor reassured me, "Don't worry. Mr. Atlas isn't in a coma; he's just in a deep sleep. Fortunately, the wound isn't infected, and the bullet

seems to have grazed him. The wound isn't deep, and he should recover soon." Only then did I feel at ease, but I still questioned it. He went to find the antidote, but how did he end up with a gunshot wound? Who injured him? Where was Dylan? Wasn't Dylan supposed to protect him? How did Dylan let him get hurt? I truly couldn't fathom what happened during the 36 hours he was away.

Jared took care of Trinity, who had already recovered from danger, and to Atlas's ward. He was still showing no signs of waking up.

Looking at the wound on his arm, Jared's eyes were calm. Despite its calm appearance, I was certain it was brewing a storm. After a moment, he glanced at and whispered, "You should take a break too. You've worked hard." He didn't say more, and I almost forgot that I hadn't slept for over 24 hours.

After seeing him off, I stared at the deeply sleeping Atlas for a long time. I had witnessed him in this state once before, during his staged car accident when I visited him in Pleca Park.

I was still somewhat uneasy, so I went to ask the doctor. The doctor assured with certainty and responsibility, "He is indeed in a deep sleep, and that's a good sign." Upon returning to his side, I gently touched his cheek, silently praying that everything would be fine. I then lay down on the sofa in the ward and fell into a deep and sweet sleep. If it weren't for Ryan's call, I would still be sleeping. As soon as I saw it was Ryan, I was startled, and the drowsiness vanished instantly because I realized that we were supposed to head to Bourdamun today. I quickly answered the phone and told Ryan to pickup at my place.

I realized I was sleeping on Atlas's hospital bed, and he was nowhere to be seen. I didn't even have time to greet Jared before running out of the hospital, rushing back to Amethyst Apartments. I took a quick shower, changed clothes, and ran out to Ryan's car in one go. Only then did I have the time to call Atlas.

Fortunately, he answered immediately, "Where did you run off to?" "Atlas, are you feeling better? Where did you go just now? Do you still feel uncomfortable after the shower? How did you get shot?" I asked all the questions I had in one breath, and then answered his questions, "I made an appointment in Bourdamun. I left in a hurry without saying goodbye to you Ryan to pickup, and we're on our way. Don't worry about me. I slept well." "Wait for me to come back, just wait in the hospital. I probably can't make it back to Foswood today. Lauren will be back tomorrow at 4 p.m. I'll try my best to come back and pick her up." After saying all that quickly, I added, "Oh right. How are you feeling today?" After a moment of silence, he chuckled. "I'm fine. I've been sleep-deprived, but I've recovered with a good rest. Don't worry. I'll be waiting for you." "Tell Mr. Jared that I'll be back to visit Trinity. I hope she's awake by then," I said, finally smiling in relief.

- Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 560-The car hit the road, and our group formed a small convoy, speeding toward Bourdamun. Along the way, we managed to save a considerable amount of time, and we arrived at the Bourdamun's office just on time.

Noah had already arranged for relevant personnel to wait for us and ushered us into the main conference room.

We were well-prepared for the detailed discussions on the project. People from various aspects of the project were brought together, showing that Ryan's arrangements were meticulous and significantly improved the efficiency of our negotiations.

Everything was proceeding smoothly, and after signing the contract, we could head back. However, everything only went smoothly on the surface.

In reality, my main concern was still Trinity. Even though I knew she had recovered from the danger, I left too hastily and hadn't had a chance to see her after the crisis.

Moreover, I was very worried about Atlas's injury, especially wanting to know why he had been shot. This was a big deal, and without clarifying it, my heart was always uneasy.

Just as I was secretly pleased, thinking we were about to sign the contract and leave, a little incident occurred.

The predecessor of Noah, who had retired, burst into the meeting room.

This person was quite old and he had cto the meeting room. Taking advantage of his seniority, he directly slammed the table and cursed. He claimed that the construction of the new city in Bourdamun should be handled by people from Bourdamun, as it was the most reasonable choice.

He pointed at Noah, scolding him, "You took office and immediately wanted to show off your authority to me. You're not qualified! You're still a little brat. I've worked in this position for half a lifetime, only then did Bourdamun have its current state.

"You, a random guy who took office, have no regard for your elders. How dare you make decisions on your own without consulting me? I see you don't want to do this job. Do you really think I am useless after retiring?" His words sounded quite domineering, but they lacked reason. After retirement, one should enjoy their later years in peace. However, listening to him, it seemed like he believed Bourdamun belonged solely to him.

I was particularly surprised; in this day and age, there could still be people like him? Initially, Noah was polite, quickly inviting him to take a seat and presenting the current plans with a smiling face.

However, this old man, Nelson Terrell, grew more furious despite Noah's courtesy. He became more fierce, and his pace quickened as he walked.

"Bourdun is my city! What are you? How dare you press down on me? What are you talking about?" He asked, sweeping a folder off the table. The documents scattered like a shower of flowers.

Noah's face turned pale with anger. Despite this, as Nelson was a senior, Noah couldn't disrespect him. It was evident that Noah cared about his reputation and future, and I was sure he didn't want to leave a bad impression on his predecessor. So, it seemed like he was being very accommodating.

As the situation escalated, not only did Noah feel embarrassed, but those of us sitting there were also mad, each with flushed faces.

Because Nelson's words contained accusations, implying that we were a bunch of bandits coming to scam money from Bourdun.

Noah repeatedly tried to invite him to a room next door for a private discussion, but Nelson erupted like thunder. I felt sorry for Noah as dealing with such a violent "old patriarch" must be a headache. However, the more the situation unfolded, the more I sensed Nelson's hidden agenda. It seemed like he didn't disagree with Bourdun developing a new area but wanted to hand this project over to local developers in Bourdun.

I glanced at Ryan, and he, too, understood Nelson's intentions. He signaled for me to make a phone call.

Seeing the situation getting out of hand, I quietly stood up. However, just as I stood up, a white teacup flying toward me.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 561

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 561-Ryan sprang to his feet, shielding his head as tea splashed onto his back. He let out a muffled groan.

There were gasps in the conference room. I quickly checked on Ryan, relieved that the water wasn't too hot.

I pushed Ryan away, slamming the table and startling everyone. Even Nelson trembled, his eyes flickering as he looked at me.

"This is outrageous! I did not expect such uncivilized behavior from Bourdun managers. It's no surprise that Bourdun has been stuck in the past. It is stifling Orinda's entire economy. It's all because of people with narrow minds like you!" My words left everyone in the room stunned, especially Nelson's people, who turned pale.

Nelson had acted like a tyrant and been the unquestioned ruler.

"How dare you speak to me like that, you little brat? You've gone too far!" He yelled it while pointing at me.

"Security! Restrain her. She's out of control," he barked. "Unbelievable! Tell me, where did she come from? She couldn't have had a good upbringing if she's that rude." His yelling echoed in the conference room, and even his people dared not breathe. I was subtly signaling them not to confront him.

I sneered as Nelson did not scare me. I just didn't think his methods were right. He had been a tyrant in Bourdamun, believing he owned everything.

"You're a classic example of an uneducated person!" I retorted, turning his words against him.

I had seen through Nelson. The more respect someone showed him, the more arrogant he became. He was convinced that he was right and that he could control everything.

"Mr. Noah might have indulged you but I have no reason to tolerate this uncivilized behavior. I know how to treat the elderly with morals and manners. But you?" I coldly scoffed. "I've been putting up with your arrogance because of your age, but resorting to physical violence? That just cost you all my respect. You're hindering Bourdamun's development." I glanced at Noah, subtly questioning, "Does Bourdamun or Orlinda take precedence? Is he more important to you than Bourdamun's progress?" My words resonate with the people below. Even a young clerk secretly gave a thumbs-up. Noah, too, calmed down.

"Mr. Noah, I can drop the discussion on this project, but I need clarity on this principle. Call the CEO! Let's see if his age alone makes him qualified, or if our world-famous qualifications stack up against Bourdamun's local construction team. My voice was loud, and my words were articulate. I leaned on our qualifications. The ATL Empire's design institute boasted true global recognition.

"If the CEO says Tanum is not qualified to take over this project, I will take my elite team and leave!" After my declaration, I sat down and stared assertively at the former authority figure.

Noah caught my implication and seemed surprised. Perhaps he hadn't anticipated such strength from a seemingly delicate young woman.

Witnessing Noah actually reaching for the phone, Nelson scrambled to regain control. "Outrageous..."

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 561

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 562-Noah felt more confident after seeing how I dealt with Nelson's stubbornness. It was as if I had set an example for him.

He gazed sternly at Nelson and declared, "Mr. Nelson, you're disrupting my work. I was sent here to work, not to be commanded by one person. Since you have retired, you no longer have decision-making authority." Noah finally found his rhythm. He stopped smiling and looked calm and serious.

"If you have reasonable suggestions, I welcome them. But it's unacceptable for you to interfere with the work this way." I realized that everyone could shine once they found their stride. Noah's eloquence was impressive.

"As a senior, you should know how to help those below you. Mr. Nelson, the way you're acting is against the law and hurting the economy. Under my influence, Noah rebuked Nelson's actions.

"I need to contact the higher-ups since I bear this responsibility. If you want to get in the way, I will ask my bosses what they think. Should decisions about everyday work be made based on your instructions or mine? "If the higher-ups say it's your decision, then I will resign on the spot." His voice was unquestionable.

After saying that, he dialed the phone. I knew that he was calling Arthur.

If Noah told Arthur what was going on, he would give a simple answer. I had faith in Arthur's firm authority.

I watched Nelson's furious expression. It seemed like he couldn't believe what was happening. Perhaps he was used to having everything go his way, and now someone was openly challenging him.

Noah activated the speakerphone and placed the phone on the conference table as soon as Arthur answered.

Then he reported the current work progress, discussed the project, and emphasized Nelson's presence in the meeting room.

Nelson started claiming that Noah had performed poorly and should not have entrusted Bourdamun's project to an external company.

Noah tactfully added, "Mr. Nelson is now causing a commotion in the meeting room." Nelson immediately yelled, "You're making stuff up. I just wanted to remind you that Bourdamun's people should handle Bourdamun's new development for the best results." This time, Noah didn't back down. Perhaps he felt there was no turning back. Now that the call was connected, he had no way out and could only go forward bravely.

He boldly confronted Nelson.

"Mr. Nelson, do you still want to quibble? You have disrupted our meeting, hindered the signing, and even injured the general manager of the other party. Is this what you call a reminder?" Arthur immediately erupted in anger upon hearing this. Everyone could hear a loud thud on the table through the phone. "Nelson, you have a lot of nerve!" Then, Arthur said to Noah, "Proceed with the meeting as usual. He has already reported this project to his superiors. Bourdamun's local construction qualifications need to meet the standards for this project. "The qualifications are unsuitable for such a project because Bourdamun's new district will be developed into a new economic landmark for Orlinda. So, this project is of utmost importance. It is not Chile's play, and the superiors have approved it." His words reverberated strongly through the room, and I let out a sigh of relief. Nelson could not stop the contract from being signed, no matter what he did.

I exchanged a glance with Ryan, joy flashing in our eyes.

"If Nelson dares to get in the way of the meetings again, the local public safety agency can take control of it.

"I will report it to my superiors. I have received instructions from the higher-ups, and the carefully designed blueprint will be submitted for approval." Everyone showed relieved smiles.

Nelson turned pale, but he did not expect what happened next to be worse.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 563-Arthur's tone was sharp as he continued, "Bourdamun has been dragging the progress in Orlinda. Do we really need to make another wrong decision in this matter?" Emphasizing Bourdamun's backwardness was like slapping Nelson in the face, especially since Bourdamun had always been under his management.

"Noah, you were chosen from a pool of talents and sent to Bourdamun. I hope you don't fall short of everyone's expectations. Build Bourdamun up and turn its fortune around." Arthur's encouragement gave Noah enormous support.

"Nelson is retired and has no right to interfere in any operational decisions. How dare he barge into an important work meeting to obstruct the project? "To determine whether this is being manipulated behind the scenes, I authorize Noah to report to the public security agency, conduct an investigation, and gather evidence. I don't care who it is. They'll be dealt with according to the law." I was left speechless. Arthur immediately foresaw the chain reaction and gave explicit instructions. It appeared that I had unintentionally given Noah a boost, effectively resolving his concerns.

I must say, I was quite a lucky star. Arthur's words were like Noah's weapon.

As Arthur's instructions continued over the phone, Nelson's face grew increasingly pale, and his hands trembled non-stop.

I stared at him, and he scrutinized me. His eyes were filled with hostility, but he was powerless to change the situation.

After Noah ended the call, he remained humble and said, "Mr. Nelson, this is the directive from the higher-ups. I believe there's no need for to repeat it. Let arrange for someone to send you home." Noah's secretary rushed in as if he needed to speak with Noah.

He looked at the secretary. "Say it." The secretary shuddered. "Mr. Noah, there's a group of people causing trouble outside. They have banners and brought a lot of reporters making a scene." Content belongs to ŚwEveryone's eyes involuntarily turned toward Nelson. This was definitely his move.

Noah turned to Nelson and asked, "Mr. Nelson, I presthese are éé I your people? Do you want them to leave on your orders, or should I call the police and have them handle it?" Nelson was visibly angered this time.

you've stood up, trembling. "Noah, how got snerve. Fine, you treat your elders!" S He scoffed coldly and hobbled toward the exit.

is Noah was still considerate, immediately instructing his secretary, "Have someone escort him hand make sure he gets there safely." The secretary promptly followed orders and left.

Just as the people in the conference room sighed in relief, the secretary returned in a hurry.

He said, "N-Not good, Mr. Noah! M-Mr. Nelson fainted." This sentence scared all of us. We stood up and walked outside.

No matter what, he was still an older man who had just left this building. If something happened, it would be hard to explain.

We walked outside the office building, only to see Nelson lying motionless in front of those demonstrators.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 564-Quite a few people were gathered in front of the office building. Many surrounded Nelson, patting his back and chest while shouting. I had no idea what was going on.

As our group rushed out of the office building, one of the demonstrators immediately stood up and pointed toward us. He seemed to be the leader. "You guys are unbelievable! How dare you push an old man like this to the edge? He's a living monument of Bourdamun, and you treat him like this?" The man looked fierce and spoke as if trying to assert dominance.

I looked at Nelson, who lay motionless, allowing people to pound on him without responding. Something seemed suspicious. If there was a real problem, would they stay so calm? "Noah, you've only been here briefly and want to establish dominance in Bourdamun. Dream on!" The man's words seemed excessive and didn't sit well with me.

I took a look at the arrogant man who was shouting. He was tall and resembled Nelson. If I guessed correctly, he might be Nelson's son.

To my surprise, standing next to him was someone I recognized. He had once visited my office in Foswood to discuss a project. It was the sweaty and unkempt Jeremiah.

I immediately grasped the situation. That was why Jeremiah asserted confidently that he had secured the project and insisted on Bourdamun's people developing the new district.

The origin of these ideas was right here. There was strickery going on among them.

Jeremiah also noticed me, expressing a bit of surprise. His small eyes scrutinized for a while.

I looked right back at him, and my mind started spinning. Chad Terrell and Nelson Nerrell.

If Chad was Jeremiah's cousin, Nelson had to be related to Chad, possibly an uncle. Jeremiah and Nelson were clearly related. The relationships were complicated, but one thing was sure- Nelson was working for the sake of his family, which was why he went to such lengths. It seemed Nelson was indeed the master of Bourdamun. It was no wonder his son and nephew were so oppressive. That was also why Jeremiah's information was so accurate. He had an insider. I had underestimated him.

Seeing Jeremiah looking at me, I couldn't help but sneer. I felt nauseous. When I got back, I would have to disinfect my couch thoroughly.

Noah had already arranged for someone to call an ambulance from the hospital. This was a good idea. Whether he was ill or not, this would give Nelson a way out.

I walked to Noah and briefly whispered about their interpersonal relationship to him. I wanted him to be prepared to conduct a targeted investigation.

I was sure that each of them would hit its mark. It was indeed a stroke of luck.

Before he could call the cops, a swarm of them appeared in front of the office building, encircling the protesters.

"Noah, you are ruthless with your dirty tricks!" exclaimed the tall man. "My father has

given his heart and soul to Bourdamun, and this is how you treat him?" The people who had cwith him were initially arrogant, but seeing the situation, they becmuch more subdued.

The man continued to shout, "Alright, so you still want to climb the ranks arrogantly? You're dreaming! I'll show you today where you went wrong. I'll put an end to your career!"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 565-The man's words surprised me. This wasn't just arrogance he was threatening Noah.

Noah had left the chaotic scene to the cops and was on the phone with Arthur, reporting the events.

Nelson was still unconscious when he was lifted into the ambulance. He had no intention of waking up here, and no one could rouse him. Before leaving, Jeremiah gavea meaningful look. Schemer! It was getting late, and Noah had to apologize. We had no choice but to stay in Bourdamun for the night and sign the contract the next day. Since we were already here, I had to follow Noah's arrangements. We checked into the Bourdamun Hotel, the city's pride and joy. According to the initial plan, I would've been able to return to Foswood today. But fate had other plans.

After taking care of our accommodation, Noah returned to his office. I could not help but sigh as I watched him hurry away.

Doing a good job was unexpectedly tricky, even for someone in his position. It took grit and a strong sense of composure.

Thinking about Nelson's performance today, I knew his reach was deep. Otherwise, he wouldn't dare to barge into our meeting so recklessly.

It demonstrated Nelson's autocratic behavior. He truly had becethe ruler of Bourdamun.

Noah's secretary was sent to my room, and he asked if we needed anything.

I wanted to ask him a few questions, so I warmly gestured for him to sit.

"Are you Aidan? Are you a Bourdamun local?" He looked at me, growing bashful. "Yes, I'm a local, born and raised!" It seemed he was an old-timer in the company.

"You've been working in the office building all this time?" I motioned for him to sit again. "Take a break! We don't have anything urgent right now. Just stay here for a while." "Thank you, Ms. Chloe! Are you from Foswood? Your accent doesn't sound like it!" "I'm originally from Northum, then moved to Foswood. It's been many years. guess I'm considered a focal now!" +said, noticing him relaxing. "Did you work here before Nelson retired? You must know him well." "I know him fairly well," Aidan answered, looking a bit

regretful. "Everyone knows him. He's like the landlord of Bourdamun, so who wouldn't know him?" He chuckled after his somewhat awkward statement. When he realized I was curious about Nelson, he looked at hesitantly, as if debating whether or not to tell me. "I was just curious. He's such a resolute speaker." I smiled lightly, trying to ease his concerns.

Only then did he tell that the tall man was named Martin Terrell.

He was Nelson's eldest son and a prominent figure in Bourdamun. Martin controlled various industries in Bourdamun and ran substantial "businesses." Anyone trying to do something in Bourdamun wouldn't dare to offend Martin. He had several people under his command and was never short of business opportunities.

I understood what the secretary was getting at. What he called business was practically market bullying. It was just that no one dared to confront him directly.

Who would risk offending someone like him? * Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 566-Aidan, the assistant, told that Martin had two sons and a daughter. The latter had sent his younger son, Corey, abroad for education while Kimberly, his daughter, was also overseas.

However, she was reckless and unruly. Among Martin's three children, his second son was a medical doctor, whom Nelson was proud of.

Aidan was hesitant when discussing things concerning Nelson. However, the former let down his guard and began gossiping with when he noticed my curious and friendly attitude.

"Although Mr. Nelson has contributed to Bourdamun, his son caused quite a stir. Martin's actions angered everyone, but they dared not speak up. Despite Bourdamun not being as prosperous, the Terrells were not short on money." Aidan seemed resentful as he continued, "We thought we could have a fresh start with Mr. Nelson's retirement. However, he has constantly meddled and suppressed Noah since passing the torch." I asked, "Didn't anyone complain about Nelson?" "No one dared to. Mr. Nelson would know about it before anyone could even say anything," Aidan described it tactically, which showed it was the truth.

I was shocked, not expecting things to run so deep. Meanwhile, Jeremiah's unkempt and sweaty appearance came to mind. No wonder he was so arrogant.

"Whenever Bourdamun's residents finally had hope, Mr. Nelson would interfere. Everyone cursed him privately. They knew they couldn't do anything as long as Mr. Nelson was still alive. He always pressured whoever to lead us into quitting." I couldn't help but smile at Aidan's words. I understood his helplessness.

He noticed my smile and said, "Don't laugh, Ms. Chloe. I'm only telling the truth. I knew you were different and pretty bold, unlike the people of Bourdamun." I jokingly remarked, "How'd you know that?" "Well, you were the first who dared confront Mr. Nelson so openly. I admire you for that. I'll quit if things don't work out. I've been wanting to explore the world anyway. I only stayed back after hearing about the new district. Otherwise, I would have left long ago." I was surprised, asking, "Do you plan on working elsewhere?" Aidan responded, "Many young people from here have already left. I would have joined them if my parents didn't pressure me. Since there wasn't much development here, it caused a rapid decline in Bourdamun's population." His reasons surprised me. However, it made sense why most sought better opportunities elsewhere, considering Bourdamun's proximity to Foswood.

I agreed with Aidan's sentiment, "There are more opportunities out there, after all." Aidan continued, "Those with connections beyond Bourdamun or had help have already left. Now, houses here are worthless. The more open-minded ones no longer wanted their houses and simply left." Content belongs to sw "What? Really?" I feigned surprise, encouraging him to share more.

"Everyone here considers this place an endless pit for the current generation and many more to come." I couldn't help but chuckle, saying, "The Terrells are that arrogant, huh? Has no one questioned them?" Aidan said disdainfully, "Who would dare? The family established a solid presence here after making smoney. Besides, those who offend them and can't escape would face severe consequences."

"We thought things would finally improve after he retired, but uh... As you can see, it's gotten worse." I felt helpless after hearing Aidan's words. It seemed Bourdamun faced a real problem. It made sense why no one touched this land or fought to develop this place. I had assumed it was because others weren't interested. It seemed I was wrong and had underestimated this place.

Aidan realized I was in my thoughts and knew he had said too much, so he got up to leave. Before that, he nervously said, "Ms. Chloe, just consider my words a story. Perhaps I've said too much." I saw him regretfully scratching his head and reassured him, "You're overthinking it. Don't worry, okay? I was just listening to a story and won't tell anyone about it." "You're right. Please do just that," Aidan reminded me.

I nodded, saying, "Absolutely." Finally, he felt relieved and smiled before leaving my room.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 567-When Aidan left, I considered discussing this with Ryan. However, I decided otherwise because Ryan had been abroad for many years and might not understand the intricate relationships involved.

I wanted to tackle this project regardless of Bourdamun's situation. I wouldn't allow a minor issue to influence my decision because I owed it to Atlas, who had paved the way for me. I refused to believe Nelson could overpower the big shots.

Suddenly, my phone rang. I was surprised to see Atlas's non my phone. I smiled and answered, "It seems we do have a telepathic connection. You called as soon as I thought of you." I knew my words had pleased him as he asked, "Did you really think about me?" I playfully replied, "What do you think? I wanted to talk to you more yesterday but couldn't. You passed out, and I thought it was because of your injury. Thank goodness the doctor said you were just exhausted." Atlas chuckled, "Hmm, it pained you to seelike that, huh? How did the negotiations go?" I replied solemnly, "I need to discuss something with you." I narrated everything about Bourdamun in detail to Atlas. He fell silent before saying, "Rest assured, I'll take care of these things." I responded, "We must gather as much evidence as possible to expose Nelson's misdeeds. I fear someone might use this against us if we don't. Tonight's the perfect tfor us to buffer the situation.

"Otherwise, there might be future troubles if we sign the contract. Nelson's influence runs too deep, and the slightest negligence could hinder us." My words weren't exaggerated, especially since we didn't know much about Bourdamun. I knew we had underestimated the difficulty of achieving our goals.

"Martin specializes in such things, so investigating us is elementary for him. We must prepare ourselves just in case." I suspected Martin would try probing into our background.

I knew Jeremiah wouldn't play dumb, either, since he was Martin's lapdog. I even thought Jeremiah's previous visit might have been part of their plan.

Afterward, I considered Grayson's performance in this issue. He had 1.n handled it poorly because he didn't investigate their relationship thoroughly. However, it was also challenging for Grayson if Martin intended to keep things hidden.

Upon hearing my analysis, Atlas praised, "Hmm, it seems my clever girl has learned to strategize." His words madeproud of myself. I chuckled, saying, "I learned from the best. You might leaveif I didn't use my brain." "I could never. I'd treasure you dearly, even if you were an idiot." Atlas's tone was indulgent, acouldn't help but think of Stella's words. Content belongs to ŚwS She had subtly implied that I was Atlas's pawn. Even if I were, I was willing to be one. I said a little impatiently, "I still have much to ask you." "What is it? Don't hesitate to questionat any time," he playfully replied.

"That's not important, but Martin and Nelson are. If we don't remove those stumbling blocks, they might trip us up," I said.

"Then, let's remove that father-son duo. If you've learned to strategize, I must support you," Atlas responded.

I mischievously said, "So this is what you call strategizing? It's more like preparing for danger. I didn't cto Bourdamun for defeate cto fulfill my dreams." "Do they have the guts to oppose you?" Atlas uttered fiercely.

I giggled, "It's just an example." "Okay, then I'll help make your dreams true," Atlas chuckled.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 568-Atlas and I chatted a little longer before finally hanging up. Although he was influential, we were in Martin's territory. Still, I knew my chances of failure were nearly zero with Atlas's support.

With Atlas's assurance, I felt relaxed and visited Ryan's room. Indeed, Ryan was busy discussing contract matters with Adrian and the legal team. As expected, Ryan was cautious and meticulous regarding business.

After a short while, Arthur called, and I hurried back to my room to give him a detailed report. Of course, he gave a few instructions afterward. I realized he knew everything about Nelson's misdeeds.

When I ended the call with Arthur, someone knocked on my door. I thought it was Ryan and the others, but I was surprised to see Jeremiah instead. It seemed he was well-informed since he knew which room I was in.

I asked arrogantly, "What brings you here?" He noticed my hand was still on the door, not intending to let him in. He felt uneasy and looked at my hand several times. I figured I'd need to change rooms if I let him in.

Jeremiah smiled meaningfully but seemed hesitant about entering. He grinned and said, "Ms. Chloe, it's rare for you to visit Bourdamun. Since I'm a local, it wouldn't be right if I didn't show you hospitality." I rejected him indifferently, "There's no need for that, but thanks anyway. Firstly, we don't have social connections, let alone a partnership, so I have no reason to accept your hospitality. Secondly, it's inconvenient for me to accept any invitations since I

brought my team here." Jeremiah's expression darkened when I rejected his invitation. He said, "It seems you don't respect me enough, Ms. Chloe." I gave him an unyielding gaze, not bothering to explain myself. "You can interpret it that way if you'd like." Jeremiah grew annoyed, and his gaze became colder. "You have character, Ms. Chloe." I knew he didn't initiate this invitation and that it was Martin's idea instead. After all, the latter wouldn't give up on Bourdamun's new district, especially not to an outsider like me. I figured Martin was concerned about Noah.

Therefore, I had no intention of dealing with Jeremiah. It would have been a different story if Martin wanted to invite me out. I

genuinely wanted to hear what Martin had to say about handling this issue.

I looked at Jeremiah disdainfully and asked, "Is there anything else?" He knew he had failed just from my expression, so he composed himself and said, "It's fine if you think I'm unfit to show my hospitality toward you, Ms. Chloe. But what if Mr. Martin had

cinstead?" | noticed a trace of arrogance in his expression as he spoke. It was as if Martin was the king of Bourdamun. Although the Terrells were substantial figures here, Martin was nothing to me.

| feigned ignorance and asked in surprise, "Mr. Martin. I'm not sure which one you're referring to." | wanted to force Jeremiah to be more specific.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 569-Indeed, Jeremiah couldn't resist my assertive demeanor. He looked displeased, saying, "Mr. Martin Terrell, of course." I scoffed and asked, "Do I know that person? Why would he extend an invitation to me? Mr. Jeremiah, you know I don't attend random gatherings, right? There must be a reason for the invitation. Your cousin Chad knows it, too." My attitude left Jeremiah at a loss as he glanced at me. "Ms. Chloe, I suggest you think twice before making a regretful decision." I frowned at his words and retorted, "Are you threatening me?" I knew he was merely Martin's middle-man. Jeremiah would fail if he couldn't secure my attendance. As expected, he became apprehensive toward my displeasure. "Ms. Chloe, please don't misunderstand me.

"Mr. Martin doesn't invite just anyone for a meal. If anyone else wishes to dine with him, they must have the right connections. He's doing more than enough by taking the initiative, so I advise you not to be unappreciative." I raised a brow and offered him a chance to convince me, "How arrogant of him. You should know I don't succumb to such tactics. So, what's his reason for inviting for a meal?" "He..." Jeremiah paused before continuing, "You'll know once you meet him. It'll work to your advantage, Ms. Chloe." "You should leave." I noticed Jeremiah refused to reveal anything more. I pretended to close the door, and he stopped it. He said with a resigned tone, "It's to discuss the project." I feigned ignorance, asking, "What project? I'm not here to collaborate with others this time. Sorry about that." Irritated, Jeremiah clicked his tongue. I knew he was cursing under his breath.

He felt compelled to clarify, "It's about the project you wanted to finalize today." I smiled- it seemed I had guessed correctly.

"The project we discussed today, huh? I'm currently dealing with Mr. Noah, so why is Mr. Martin getting involved? Who is he? Can he lead the project?" My attitude irked Jeremiah, and he sneered before glancing at me. "Hmph, you underestimate him, Ms. Chloe. Don't be so arrogant if you want the project." I noticed he was right, asking, "Where will it be?" When I relented, Jeremiah perked up and said, "That's the right choice! A wise person always understands practicality and never suffers from losses. We'll see you in Acacia Hall at Feusaka Hotel at six in the evening." "You can go now," I said as I slammed the door shut. Immediately after, I wondered who would be the most suitable to bring with me. It would be great if Carol were here.

Amidst my thoughts, someone knocked on the door, and I opened it to see Jeremiah again. I instinctively frowned and coldly asked, "What else do you need?" He noticed my attitude had worsened and quickly smiled flatteringly. "I forgot to mention, Mr. Martin

asks that you calone. There are certain things only-" Before he could finish, I slammed the door in his face. Since he wanted to go alone, I knew there was more to it. After sthought, I snorted and decided to go alone. After all, I wasn't afraid of Martin. A while later, began to have doubts. I needed to remain cautious against crafty men like Martin, regardless of my lack of fear. With that in mind, went to Ryan's room and asked Adrian, who was examining the contract, "Mr. Adrian, do you have a recording pen?" Adrian was surprised as he looked up at thoughtfully, "What do you need that for?" "I'll be attending a dinner tonight and might need it." I didn't beat around the busy.

Everyone here was clever enough to realize my need for the recording pen meant something fishy was about to happen.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 570-Sure enough, Ryan asked, "What kind of dinner is it?" "Martin's hosting it. Also, he's Nelson's son. Martin wants to discuss sproject matters, so I thought it would be necessary to prepare for it," I spoke casually but startled Adrian and Ryan.

Ryan insisted, "I'll cwith you. You can't deal with them alone. I'm the company's general manager and have the right to participate in negotiations. You need me, especially since we're in a foreign place." Adrian agreed, "He's right, Ms. Chloe. We don't know how the people here, and safety is our priority." I sneered and dismissed their concerns, "You're overthinking it. Just because they're crafty doesn't mean I fear them. I think they want to negotiate the terms with me, so I'll talk to them. You're giving them too much credit. However, I still need to make preparations." Ryan glared at me, saying, "You're not allowed to be willful in this situation. We aren't in Foswood. While we might feel reassured back home, you must ensure your safety here. Tell them I'm coming with you. We won't talk if they refuse." His tone was firm, and his expression was severe. I understood he was genuinely concerned about me. After all, there had been frequent accidents involving us. However, I felt Martin and the others wouldn't harm because we were in Bourdamun. No one would dare do something extron their own turf.

I said, "You don't understand. Martin wants to discuss a substantial topic with me. He might avoid sharing details if you come." Ryan stared at in frustration. "You're right, I don't understand!" "Ryan, you might not understand, but Adrian does. This project is a rare opportunity for them, so they won't just let it go. Martin's eager to get involved, and I'm curious about his intentions." I looked at Adrian and earnestly continued, "It's an excellent opportunity to obtain strong evidence against them. I can't miss this chance, and they won't back off, either.

They want to control the project and then have the authority to lssign it. They want to give it tome nost, among others. That's why hey won't harm me," I turned to Ryan and asked, "Do you know the earliest source of information about his project?" Content belongs to jwHe shrugged, and I continued, "It cfrom their people, and I managed to secure it. Also, they neglected precautions against because I'm a woman. They don't expect to dig into their plans." "Rest assured, Ryan. I must secure this project and proceed without lworries. I don't want to win the project and then be vulnerable. There's

no turning back now. They just want to threaten a little, but I doubt they dare hurt me.” I analyzed the situation for Ryan and Adrian, “These people know what they can and cannot do. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have negotiated before securing the plan and his people. But they have all the cards, but I’ve intercepted them. “Also, one of their guys has dealt with us before. It’s that dirtbag named Jeremiah. He came to my room to invite to dinner just now. Adrian, did you know Martin is Nelson’s son?” “Oh?” Ryan and Adrian fell silent for a while.

Finally, Adrian looked up and suggested, “How about this? We can all go wherever you plan to meet, but Ryan and I will sit at a separate table. Then, we’ll be around if anything happens.

“That’s better than sitting here and worrying about you, right? Ryan and I need to have dinner anyway.”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 571

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 571-Ryan immediately raised both hands in agreement.

“Alright, it’s settled then. Where did you arrange to meet?” Seeing Ryan’s eager demeanor, I compromised.

Well, it might work out for the best, and at least I now have a clue. It was better to be safe than sorry.

“They asked to meet them at the Acacia Hall in the Feusaka Hotel at 6 p.m.” Adrian clapped his hands. “Great! Let Aidan arrange for us to be at the Feusaka Hotel, too, closer to their private room.” While we were planning for the evening, my phone rang again. Glancing down, I saw it was a call from Noah.

I guessed it was related to dinner. Indeed, that was the matter he wanted to discuss.

So, I explained my situation to Noah, being transparent about the invitation from Martin. I hid nothing, informing him I would be at the Feusaka Hotel.

After hearing my explanation, Noah fell silent for a moment.

Then he replied, “Ms. Chloe, in that case, you can go to the Feusaka Hotel. I’ll arrange for someone to wait outside in case of any issues. We must ensure your safety.” I found it amusing. Why were these people so paranoid? It was only a business meeting. Why were they so concerned when I, a woman, was not? Adrian noticed my expression and spoke seriously, “Don’t underestimate them, Ms. Chloe. These are bold and reckless individuals. Anything could happen. It’s better to be cautious to prevent any trouble. There’s a reason behind our vigilance.” I understood they were genuinely concerned about my safety. So, I nodded. “Alright, I’ll take your advice. Better safe than sorry!”

Ryan sighed in relief. "Chloe, you're too daring sometimes. I never saw you this way when you were young." I smirked. This guy was truly an old-school character.

Ryan added, "We must be cautious with these people. They're audacious and do whatever they want." "Okay, let's go with this decision then!" I pretended to be obedient, avoiding any further worry from him.

After that, I called Aidan and instructed him to arrange a spot for us at the Feusaka Hotel. Once everything was set, I took a cab to the hotel alone. Content belongs to ŚwWhen I arrived, I discovered it was pretty large and had an impressive design. It featured arches and an imposing, antique-style sign. It appeared to be the most luxurious hotel in Bourdamun. With my bag in hand, I strolled in casually.

I wasn't worried. Instead, I was anticipating the Bourdamun landlords' tactics.

Someone was already waiting for when I entered. They asked softly, "Are you Ms. Chloe from Foswood?" I lifted my eyes and said, "Hmm, that's right." "Then, please follow this way," he gestured respectfully, leading up stairs.

When we reached Acacia Hall, he knocked on the door and signaled for me to enter.

I had timed my arrival perfectly at 6 p.m.

I looked around as I entered the private room. The interior design was indeed grand. It appeared to be high-end and comparable to the Feusaka Hotel in Foswood. Several people were already seated inside.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 572-Jeremiah hurriedly walked over with a smile. "Oh! Ms. Chloe, you're punctual!" It seemed like he was in charge of hospitality today, just like when Chad took the lead in hosting me.

It amused me. These so-called cousins had no shame repeating the same mistakes. It looked like Jeremiah was going to follow in Chad's footsteps today.

There was no way around it. What could I do when they just never learned? I looked closer. Four people were seated around a round table.

In the main seat was Martin, and next to him was Chad. There was also someone I didn't recognize, but I figured he was one of their associates.

Jeremiah was pleased to see that I was punctual. He had efficiently handled things and successfully invited me. Moreover, I had called alone.

"Ms. Chloe, I must introduce you to these people now that you're in Bourdamun." Jeremiah approached me, extending his hand. Without looking at him, I walked straight inside to the round table.

I glanced at the people at the table and greeted Chad with a nod. "Long time to see, Mr. Chad." Chad immediately stood up, and I graciously shook his hand.

"Ms. Chloe, it's indeed been a while. I never expected our reunion to be in Bourdamun. It's an honor." I maintained my indifferent tone. "It's certainly unexpected to meet you in Bourdamun, Mr. Chad." "You may not know it, but Bourdamun is my hometown! The previous incident was embarrassing, and I faced the consequences." He awkwardly smiled and explained, "Atticus didn't spare my dignity. It wasn't easy for me to stay in Foswood, so I returned to Bourdamun. Anyway, the folks from my hometown are still quite accommodating." He was speaking the truth. After Atticus kicked him out of Echelon Group, no one in Foswood dared to employ him.

"Well! It seems you have sexperience, Mr. Chad!" My words could be interpreted in two ways.

He smiled and extended his arm to introduce us. "Oh, I was so engrossed in chatting with you that I forgot the most important person today!" His laughter was dry, showing his fear of Martin.

"Ms. Chloe, allow me to present Bourdamun's most renowned entrepreneur, Mr. Martin Terrell." I wanted to chuckle. A renowned entrepreneur wasn't a bad title at all. I had yet to learn what kind of business Martin was involved in.

I said, "Oh! Nice to meet you, Mr. Martin. I'm not familiar with what business you're in. I apologize for my ignorance about Bourdamun!" Unexpectedly, Martin was quite polite. He gazed into my eyes calmly and stood up, extending his arm. I had no choice but to shake his hand.

He firmly grasped my hand. I looked up at him, keeping my cold and distant demeanor but lowering my gaze.

He smiled and said, "Ms. Chloe, please have a seat." Jeremiah rushed over to help just as I moved my chair to sit. He quickly drew the chair out, and I sat down gracefully.

Martin had been watching the whole time, calmly stating, "Your reputation precedes you, Ms. Chloe. You're quite bold, attending the dinner alone." Content belongs to me. I plastered a smile on my face. "Is there something inappropriate happening, Mr. Martin? Otherwise, why wouldn't I dare to come?" Martin burst into hearty laughter.

"No, of course not, Ms. Chloe. I'm just joking! Even if I had any other thoughts, I wouldn't dare act on them with how beautiful you are."

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 573-I calmly replied, "Mr. Martin, do you have other intentions?" "Haha... I have no ill intentions, Ms. Chloe. I want to express my hospitality, especially since I've always had a soft spot for beautiful women like you." "You've flattered me enough, Mr. Martin. What did you want to discuss?" "Jeremiah, tell them to

serve the food. We can chat while dining,” Martin ordered. “Ms. Chloe, you’ve been discussing business all day, so you must be hungry. Let’s eat first and then talk later.” He had a gentle expression, as if he were my old friend.

Jeremiah rushed to the door and signaled a waiter to bring the food. I took my bag, rummaged through it, and casually turned on my recording pen.

I noticed Martin watching me, so I took a pack of wet wipes and placed it on the table to avoid suspicion. Immediately after, I calmly put my bag behind my chair.

I pulled out a wet wipe and wiped my hands, but Jeremiah seemed dissatisfied. “What is the meaning of this, Ms. Chloe?” I looked at him and feigned surprise. “W-What do you mean?” Jeremiah noticed my composure and felt helpless. He glanced at Martin and urgently gestured toward my hand. “What’s she trying to say?” I knew he hinted at disrespecting Martin by wiping my hands after the handshake. I asked Martin, “Isn’t it for dinner? Is there a problem with wiping my hands before eating?” Martin’s lips twitched before he smiled. “It’s no problem at all.” I put down the wet wipe and looked at him. “Shall we get back to the main topic? I believe you didn’t invite just for dinner, correct? Since we’re business people, business should be more important than a meal, don’t you think?” Martin stared at with a hint of admiration. He nodded and said, “All right, let’s return to the main topic.”

I was pleased since he seemed to drop his guard against me.

“Ms. Chloe, I arranged for Mr. Jeremiah to negotiate with you in Foswood. That was also my cousin’s recommendation since I lack a partner like you in my ventures.” Martin gestured toward Chad as he spoke. I knew I was right in assuming Chad was a close relative.

Martin continued, “I have numerous construction projects every year. People are more demanding these days, especially regarding quality. Those I previously collaborated with were just makeshift teams.” I knew he meant what he said. Given my encounter with Jeremiah, who appeared relaxed while visiting Tanum Corporation, it was clear he had done nothing wrong. With Martin’s help, his development company was quite prestigious in Bourdamun. Martin said, “Bourdamun is becoming a key development city, so we must elevate our standards. That’s why my cousin recommended you. He told you hold a particular position in Foswood.”

“I wanted to negotiate with you, but Mr. Jeremiah didn’t handle things well or convey my intentions completely. Otherwise, you and I wouldn’t have needed to meet today, Ms. Chloe.” I nodded. “I see. Still, Mr. Jeremiah didn’t show any documents when he visited my company. That’s why I declined.” Martin’s smile deepened. “I had initially planned for you to visit Bourdamun after settling everything here. I didn’t expect Mr. Noah to call you, which is also good. Hahaha! Ultimately, we can still cooperate. It must be destiny.” “Oh... Mr. Noah discussed the new district’s construction with me. I... don’t know how it

relates to you, Mr. Martin.” I feigned ignorance, leading him to say what I wanted to hear.

However, my words caused displeasure among the others. Even the constantly smiling Martin now seemed vexed.

Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 574-As their displeasure grew, I maintained my composure. “What’s wrong? Did I say something inappropriate?” Martin’s face darkened. He was quite unpredictable.

Jeremiah felt compelled to intervene. “Ms. Chloe, this is Bourdamun, not Foswood. Don’t-” Before he could finish, Martin slammed the table. He yelled at Jeremiah, “Who do you think you are? Do you have the right to speak here? Don’t pretend to be something you’re not!” I shivered at his sudden outburst and involuntarily looked at Martin. I could tell that his words were actually aimed at me. Martin was quite arrogant. The room fell silent. The other three dared not breathe, and my heart raced.

I chuckled, breaking the tension. Leaning back in my chair, I glanced casually at Martin and remarked, “Looks like you have quite the temper, Mr. Martin.” He raised an eyebrow and looked at me. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you. He’s short-tempered.” I forced a strained smile. “It seems dinner isn’t coming.” The unidentified man immediately gestured to lower the tension. “Martin, don’t be so angry. Ms. Chloe is a young lady, and you might scare her off. Jeremiah, hurry and check on dinner!” Then he turned to me. “Ms. Chloe, please don’t mind him. Mr. Martin’s temper isn’t great, especially today. Grandpa was upset, and he was a bit agitated. I can see that you are from a big city. You’ve got composure.” The man chuckled and continued, “Let me introduce myself. My last name is Jake Lawson. I’m Martin’s uncle and the vice president of Mars Group.” It seemed he was Martin’s partner in this play, with one playing the good cop while the other played the bad cop.

“We sincerely wanted to discuss sprocket issues by inviting you here. You’re right. It’s about the development of the new district. Ms. Chloe, you’re an outsider who isn’t familiar with Bourdamun. That’s understandable!” Jake looked like a smooth talker, and he had clearly handled such situations before.

“Bourdamun has been lagging behind due to its location,” he continued. “Many people have never yet worked hard to change this. Finally, there’s a good opportunity to develop Bourdamun, but this comes with increased scrutiny. “Martin may not be pursuing a formal career, but he has big plans. All Bourdamun residents, particularly Martin, share the desire to see their hometown develop. So he’s eager to find a breakthrough. Mars Group can change Bourdamun!” She paused and observed my reaction. I had to admit that Jake was a skilled speaker, adept at handling situations like this.

I understood that he was about to reveal the actual situation and was testing my response. So, I remained focused.

Indeed, when he saw I didn't object, he glanced at Martin. He chuckled again and continued.

"In other words..." Jake said, "Ms. Chloe, if you want to take on this project, you might need to take a different approach." "How so?" I asked as if I were genuinely curious. "Mr. Jake, you're right. I'm new to the city and don't understand the customs here." Jake laughed heartily. "Ms. Chloe, you must be kidding. There are no set customs! It's just that you might need to take a roundabout route!" He got up, walked over to me, and poured a cup of tea.

I glanced up at Martin. His expression had eased a bit by now. When he saw me looking at him, he gestured at the teacup. "Ms. Chloe, please!" Content belongs to Śwl took a sip and placed it gently on the table, turning my head to look at Jake.

He took this opportunity to sit next to me.

"Mr. Jake, what roundabout route am I taking?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 575-Jake spoke again, "After signing the agreement with us, the contract for Bourdamun's new district will be handed over to you for construction, Ms. Chloe." My heart skipped a beat. He finally said it. I pretended to hesitate and said, "So, you mean I'll be signing the contract with Mr. Martin for this project?" Jake burst into laughter. "Martin, see? Ms. Chloe is a smart person." Martin chuckled, too. "I can assure you, Ms. Chloe, that there won't be any obstacles for you in Bourdamun. This collaboration can go smoothly." "So, if I don't sign this contract with Mr. Martin, I'll be stuck?" I smiled comfortably. "Mr. Martin, are you trying to scare me?" Jake grinned meaningfully. "Absolutely not!" I glared at him, silently cursing. He boldly treated this project as if it were theirs and treated like a puppet.

This time, I looked at Martin. "Does this mean I'm taking over a second-hand contract?" "You can't put it that way. This is your guarantee in Bourdamun, and..." Martin paused, his face looking like he needed to get something off his chest quickly. "Ms. Chloe, you need to understand that if you want to take on this project, this is the only way." "What about my discussion with Mr. Noah..." I stopped there, waiting for his explanation.

"No matter who you talk to, the result will be the same," Martin stated firmly, leaving no room for doubt.

I silently cursed. He was so arrogant. This was like him outright telling he was the ruler of Bourdamun.

"Oh..." I pondered the word for a moment, then looked up at him. "So, how do I ensure my interest in this?" Upon hearing ask this question, Martin's face softened slightly.

“Collaboration! That’s negotiable!” Martin said calmly, “I want to work closely with you, Ms. Chloe, in the coming days. Profit is not an issue! There are many ways to collaborate; it’s up to you.” Chad hastily vouched, “Ms. Chloe, you don’t understand Bourdamun. This is no empty talk.” Before I could continue with my questions, the room’s door suddenly swung open loudly.

I turned to look at the entrance.

A tall, stylishly dressed, but visibly dissatisfied woman entered. She appeared to be in her twenties. She exuded confidence, and Jeremiah trailed behind her. His eyes darted over to Martin constantly. The woman said coldly as she approached, “I’d like to see who is that cocky.” I looked at her without averting my eyes. This must be Nelson’s daughter, whom Aidan mentioned.

“Kim, what are you doing here?” Martin asked sharply. However, the nickname revealed his adoration for Kimberly.

This was indeed Kimberly Terrell.

“Mr. Martin, I-” It seemed like Jeremiah wanted to explain that he had tried to stop her.

But it was clear that he couldn’t.

Kimberly swaggered over with an air of hostility. The studs on her pants sparkled so brightly that it hurt to look at them. I had to admit that she had impeccably long legs.

Her rebellious demeanor was perfectly matched by her cropped black jacket adorned with studs. Her ensemble fit perfectly, with smoky makeup complementing her multicolored braids pulled into a high ponytail. She glanced disdainfully at me. “Martin, is it her?” Martin leaned back in his chair, the epitome of a good-natured man. “Stop messing around! If you want to eat something, have Jeremiah arrange it.” As soon as he said that, a line of servers entered, wheeling in the food cart.

Kimberly paid no attention and reached for the utensils on the table, helping herself to a bite of each dish as if she were a food critic.

I was genuinely speechless. This lack of manners was unparalleled.

“Ms. Chloe, sorry for the interruption! This is my younger sister, spoiled by our father in his old age. Don’t mind her!” Martin spoke casually as if he were accustomed to Kimberly’s behavior.

Kimberly turned to face me, smacking her lips in apparent disinterest. “I heard you’re good at pretending. Just because you’re from Foswood, do you think you can show off here?”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 576-I was at a loss as I looked at Kimberly, mainly because I had never dealt with someone like her. I initially thought Trinity would match Kimberly's description. However, I realized Trinity was much more sophisticated than what I had imagined after the real showdown.

The woman before was an actual troublemaker. She noticed lost in my thoughts and tapped her spoon on my plate, saying, "I'm talking about you! Stop looking so indifferent!" "Kim!" Martin reprimanded her.

Kimberly rolled her eyes and pursed her lips before continuing to eat.

Jake intervened, "The dishes are finally here, Ms. Chloe. Please, have some." Martin put aside his act and said, "Ms. Chloe, let's talk while we eat.

I glanced at Kimberly, and no longer had an appetite. It felt like I would be eating someone else's leftovers. I calmly said, "I'm sorry, everyone, but I don't have much of an appetite. Please proceed with eating." My words offended Kimberly. She stared at and asked, "What do you mean by that? Is it because you think we're not qualified to eat with you? How dare you say you don't have an appetite?" I chuckled while observing her expression. Although pretty, she unfortunately looked insolent.

Kimberly could no longer stand me. "What are you laughing at?" I smiled and said, "Ms. Kimberly, your brother invited here. Speaking that way isn't how you treat guests. You can be playful and willful at home but not outside. As someone older than you, I sincerely advise you to mind your manners." She seemed stunned, perhaps because no one had ever dared to reprimand her in front of her family.

However, Jake was quick to react, saying, "Kim, I hope you've learned your lesson. Ms. Chloe is a prominent figure in Foswood, so you should learn from her." Kimberly glared at him. "What could I possibly learn from her? Foswood is nothing! If she's as capable as you say, why'd she come to Bourdamun? She might be impressive, but she still has to come here for projects, correct? Has she blinded you all with her pretty little face?" Her remark made want to slap her.

Martin looked at with a hint of gentleness. "Ignore her, Ms. Chloe. That's just how she is." I smiled. "No problem, Mr. Martin. How about I consider what you've said and discuss it with my team leader? Business is business, and things aren't solely up to me. We can discuss it again next time." I motioned to leave, but Jake held down. "Ms. Chloe, you can't leave halfway through the discussion." Jake noticed frowning at his hand on my shoulder, so he withdrew it and glanced at Martin. The former laughed awkwardly and said, "I'm sorry, Ms. Chloe. You can now, Since we're cooperating, both sides should be satisfied with the terms." propose your conditions You can "What are you saying, Uncle Jake? You're embarrassing our family by letting her propose her terms!" Kimberly forked a piece of meat and added, "Martin, are you interested in her? "I've never seen you back down like this before. This woman can't change our family's

principles, no matter how beautiful she is. Who does she think she is?" Kimberly's arrogance amazed me.

Meanwhile, Martin looked at with a pleased expression. It seemed he liked what he had heard. He warned his sister "That's enough nonsense, Kim. Eat your food, and stop interfering with our business. Otherwise, I'll tell Chad to send you home." I almost burst into laughter at her nonsensical talk.

"When did our family start yielding to women? Who gave her the right to talk?" Kimberly's voice was sharp and irritating. She resembled a clucking chicken.

Suddenly, someone opened the door and said, "I did!"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 581

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 581-I found it hard to believe and rubbed my eyes. It was really Oliver! How could he be here? Instinctively, I looked back at Lauren.

Ivanna appeared to be more surprised than we were. "Why are you here?" Oliver ignored Ivanna and focused his attention on Lauren. His eyes looked dark and uncertain, and his lips trembled. He seemed excited.

Lauren's hand on my arm tightened, causing slight pain. My eyes were fixed on Oliver, who had changed a lot. He looked remarkably thin.

"Lauren, you finally came back." His voice shook. I could see his hand hanging at his side, tightly clenched in anxiety.

She looked at him, and her lips twitched. However, she quickly regained her composure.

Lauren smiled lightly. "It's you! Have you been good?" "No! No one told where you went!" Oliver sounded like a petulant child who couldn't find a home.

Lauren gave a somewhat forced smile. "You can't blame them. I didn't even know where I was going. So, I didn't inform them either. I just told them to pick up before I returned." Tears welled up in Oliver's eyes as he gazed at her face. Lauren remained calm, with an unmistakable sense of alienation in her smile.

Oliver stepped forward and reached out to her. "Lauren, come with me. Let's go home." However, Lauren stepped back slightly and avoided his hand. She was still smiling calmly, but I could see her determination. "I'm sorry, but I have to go home. Goodbye." She then pulled away. "Let's go." Her face was pale, and her hand was cold. I understood right away that she hadn't truly moved on. Her calmness was a facade. I glanced at Oliver and nodded slightly. "We'll head out first." After all, he was a man with dignity, and I didn't want to embarrass him too much.

Then, I pulled Lauren toward the exit.

Ivanna voiced her displeasure. "Why is he here? The more you avoid meeting someone, the more they appear! Go home? Which home?" "Ivanna!" I reprimanded her, "Can't you shut up?" Lauren turned pale and murmured, "Finding out about my schedule is easy for him. We should face it eventually, but not now. I just want to go and have a meal." She then looked at me. "I heard I have my own now." Lauren had been smiling the whole time, but the smile seemed somewhat strained. She hadn't truly moved on from this relationship.

However, it was understandable. After all, it had been over ten years, and she had invested far too much. She had too many grievances and insults to remember.

I half-hugged her and changed the subject. "Yes, you now have your own home. Ivanna and I have prepared everything for you. You can stay in your place tonight and sleep peacefully until morning." "That's great! It's great to have you both." She sniffled. Her eyes shimmered with tears, but she held them back.

"But first, we need to stop by my place," I said. "As soon as my mom knew you were coming back, she started preparing a bunch of delicious food. She's been waiting for your return." Ivanna added, "She even called to make sure you got off the plane and told us to hurry back. We have to catch up, too. Many things have happened in the six months since you left." "Really? Chlo's mom did that?" Lauren looked at me, suddenly choking up.

"Of course! She's been busy preparing. Hmph! I never got this type of treatment," Ivanna muttered as she dragged the luggage along. "You left for half a year before I was discharged. Don't you feel bad about that?" Content belongs to sw.net

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 582-Lauren and I exchanged a knowing glance, sharing a laugh.

She whispered to me, "Why is Ivanna so chatty now?" I couldn't help but laugh harder.

Ivanna turned around to look at us. "Are you talking about me? Are you annoyed that I'm talking too much?" When we got in the car, I glanced outside. Oliver was standing at the doorway, looking on as we were leaving. The desolation in his eyes made me feel a twinge of pity.

However, this was out of my hands. What he did had hurt Lauren, and I didn't want to interfere with Lauren's decision.

It was a personal matter, and no third party could intervene. I had no idea how Oliver had spent the previous six months while Lauren was away. What went through his mind? Did he realize where he went wrong? I believed Lauren would never forgive him if he didn't realize his mistakes. Even if she forgave him, I wasn't sure if I could.

Only I saw what happened before Lauren left. She had narrowly escaped death, and I could understand her pain.

I called hto let my parents know we had picked up Lauren and were on our way back. Ivanna kept complaining the whole way, questioning Lauren's whereabouts.

Lauren said, "Let's talk about something else. Tell me, how is it going with Jared? Is Trinity still making things difficult for you? I've been worried about that!" Ivanna scoffed. "Huh, making things difficult for me? I'm lucky that I'm still alive." I chuckled. "You've got snerve. What's her risking her life got to do with you? If you're going to brag, at least cup with sactual reasons." Lauren looked at us in disbelief. "What's going on? What are you suggesting?" It was not until this moment, rushing back from Bourdamun to the airport, that I remembered Trinity's situation.

I made a hush gesture and quickly called Jared to ask about Trinity's condition.

Then, I told Jared, "Lauren is back.

We're taking her hfor a meal. If it's too late, we won't see Trinity today. I'll go to the hospital early tomorrow." Jared said Trinity was doing well and she was in high spirits. He askednot to worry and to ctomorrow if I couldn't make it today.

I saw Ivanna sneering and looking like a disgruntled woman. However, I knew she was probably uneasy.

After hanging up the phone, Lauren asked, "What's going on? Why is Trinity injured? Also, are you guys implying something?" I knew Lauren was curious about my concern for Trinity's well-being, especially since we were having a conflict when Lauren left.

I briefly explained Trinity's injury to her, and she began to understand the situation.

"I'll explain it to you when we have time. A lot has happened in the past six months." Ava and Jenny were already waiting when the car arrived at the doorstep.

When Ava saw our car approaching she in med excitedly and O report. Then she raped the gate and rushing Vo toward us. "Aunt Lauren is back! I missed you so much! Why did it take you so long?" She called out, running to the car.

However, Ava froze when the car door opened, and Lauren stepped out. She was wide-eyed, carefully examining Lauren as she descended.

Then she covered her tiny mouth and loudly exclaimed, "Aunt Lauren, w-why did you cut your hair?" Ivanna and burst into laughter.

et Ivanna rubbed Ava's head, saying.

"My love, Aunt Lauren wants a fresh start She's starting over from scratch!" Content belongs to ŚwAva looked puzzled, glancing at Ivanna. "What does starting over from scratch mean? And...why start over?" Lauren quickly lifted her and gave her a tight hug. "My baby, I missed you so much!" Then, Lauren looked at Jenny. "And who's this little beauty?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 583-Ava, acting like a little adult, quickly introduced Jenny to Lauren. "Aunt Lauren, this is my big sister. Uncle found her for me." Lauren approved, saying, "Your uncle is quite bossy!" Then she turned her attention to Jenny. "Well! What a beautiful girl!" After a brief greeting, she hugged Jenny and spoke in a soft, gentle tone, "Hello there, pretty girl. I have a gift for you." The kids were excited, especially Ava, who loved unwrapping gifts. Ryan was also there, and he was the chef for the day. After hugging my mom, Lauren playfully complained about hunger. "I haven't tasted delicious homemade food in half a year. I've been dreaming about it." "We'll have dinner right away. Chlo, call Atlas and ask how long before he gets back," my mom directed.

Now that Grace was here, she played the role of a captain, organizing and managing everything happily.

Ava, unable to contain her excitement, asked, "Aunt Lauren, where's my gift?" Lauren laughed. "I thought you'd forgotten. You're such a little trickster!" When she opened her suitcase, it was filled with gifts for everyone, especially Ava. There were clothes from different countries. "I bought clothes of various sizes. Jenny also has a gift now." Even Grace and Molly had gifts. Lauren was very considerate, and I was deeply moved.

Atlas arrived with an unexpected companion just as we were about to start eating-Oliver.

We were all surprised, and Lauren seemed a bit uncomfortable at the sight of him.

I quickly said, "Mr. Oliver, please cin!" Seeing my enthusiastic welcome, he appeared much more relaxed, awkwardly saying, "Sorry to disturb you. I—" "Hey, don't say that! Con in!" I proceeded to introduce him to my parents.

My father promptly invited him inside, and Lauren reluctantly watched as we chatted with him. She remained silent.

Ivanna sat next to Lauren, whispering, "He's persistent. It looks like he wants to bring you htonight. He seems determined not to let you escape." Content belongs to ŚwLauren's lips twitched in frustration. I ě had planned to take Lauren to our new house before dinner, but with Oliver's sudden appearance, b couldn't. Everyone understood Oliver's intentions. However, I didn't understand why he cback with Atlas.

Sensing my confusion, Atlas followedand quietly explained, "He was waiting at the door. I had no choice but to let him in." I was speechless. If Oliver didn't want to

remarry, why maintain such an attitude? During the dinner, Oliver took it upon himself to sit beside Lauren.

Despite feeling uncomfortable, Lauren showed remarkable poise and warmth. She interacted with my parents and everyone else happily.

Ivanna kept asking about her travels, so she shared the details of her adventurous journey to remote and challenging countries.

We were all astonished, and she suggested, "Whenever you have time, let's travel together. This time, I can be your tour guide. Don't be like traveling the world alone can be quite lonely." She openly talked about the unique experiences of her recent trip, and I couldn't help but admire her courage.

Now, I understand her feelings at that time. Perhaps, with a self-reliant spirit, she took that step to live or die by her own choices.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 584-Faced with everyone blaming her for her abrupt departure, Lauren responded with a calm smile, "Actually, leaving was a spontaneous decision. I just wanted to be carefree and wander for a while." She laughed. "So I truly followed my heart. I had no plans. I just wanted to get out there and see the world. I told no one, not even Chlo." Though she spoke lightly, only I knew what she was thinking when she left.

I was convinced that her mindset at the time was one of living or dying based on her own choices, which was precisely what I had feared. Fortunately, she returned unharmed.

Ivanna asked if Lauren encountered any dangers in the past six months.

"There are always challenges during a journey," she said with a sad smile. "There were many adventurous moments, including getting lost, crossing language barriers, entering desolate areas, and facing war. But sometimes, when you open up to things, fear disappears..." Oliver listened silently, occasionally serving her dishes but barely eating.

She cooperated, saying thank you each time, and still ate. They seemed harmonious on the surface, but I could sense a lack of warmth between them. Despite sitting close, their hearts seemed distant.

Lauren shared personal insights and plans, focusing solely on her perspective.

Ivanna, seemingly opposing Oliver, boldly asked Lauren, "Lauren, after being away for so long, do you have any new thoughts?" Oliver glanced nervously at her profile.

Lauren smiled, dabbed her mouth with a tissue, and then looked at me. "Chlo, are you keeping your promise?" I knew what she was referring to. It was about coming to the company. She had said that once she returned, she would start working.

"Of course." I nodded thoughtfully and said, "Then you better fulfill it." "Alright, I'll take a day off tomorrow Lakea and report the day after." She chuckled and looked at Ryan. "Mr. Ryan, get ready to welcome me working at your company. I haven't worked in years, so I hope I can adapt quickly and keep up." Ryan smiled gently, glancing at me. "Yes, the authority in our company is still in Chlo's hands. She calls the shots. I believe you'll be competent!" "Thank you! I'll do my best. In the past six months, I've used my spare time to study while traveling the world. I can't afford to waste any more time!" and "After my experiences, I felt regretful," she said as she ate. "I wasted too much time and lost myself. So, I want to reclaim that time. hope you can all be patient with and give an opportunity to live with dignity." I noticed Oliver's face turning pale, and his hand shook slightly, knuckles turning white.

Atlas, who had been silent, suggested, "If you want to learn, I have a brilliant suggestion. You can start training at our company. AT Empire's PR company is top-notch, and can find someone to guide you." UMS Lauren looked at Atlas eagerly and asked, "Mr. Atlas, are you serious?" Atlas glanced at her and nodded solemnly. "Certainly. If you're serious about learning, it must be done professionally. As our company continues to rise, we need an outstanding PR manager." Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 585-Ivanna said, "Mr. Atlas is right! I just remembered. I can offer you opportunities too. While our PR department and cases might differ from ATL Empire's, we lean more toward sudden social anomalies." I nodded. "Ivanna's right." "Our PR scope might be broader. Having more mentors is not a bad thing, right? Everyone has different strengths. Mr. Atlas is more business-oriented, and we lean more toward societal issues. Haha... If you learn well, you'll be a top-notch PR professional." Lauren smiled. "I don't care about being top-notch. I just want to work hard and live a meaningful life." I discreetly glanced at Oliver. Lauren's words hit him square in the face. After all these years, she had been living too modestly and unfairly.

I did harbor resentment toward Oliver for this. It was for Lauren to speak her mind, and Oliver needed to recognize her value.

We chatted happily. Later, Atlas, Ryan, and Oliver went to the living room for drinks. The three of us women continued talking endlessly.

When Molly prepared a late-night snack, Oliver returned to Lauren. He seemed to have had a lot to drink, his eyes fixed on Lauren like a child reluctant to part.

Lauren looked at him and said, "I'll take Oliver back. We'll chat later." She looked at Oliver with a sweet smile and whispered, "Let me take you home."

Oliver's eyes lit up, and he nodded eagerly, his voice gentle. "Sure." We stood there watching Lauren walk down the hall to put on her shoes. Oliver quickly stood up and bid my parents farewell, and they left together.

“Hey, do you think they still have a chance?” Ivanna asked. She looked like she wanted to gossip.

I pondered for a moment and shook my head uncertainly. Yet, an indescribable heaviness weighed on my heart.

After dinner, Atlas and Ryan also headed home. I escorted the two little ones back to their rooms.

Once I was sure they were asleep, I went back downstairs. Lauren had yet to return. Ivanna was becoming increasingly impatient.

“Oh no, this is bad. They’ve ruined everything. Lettell you, Oliver is sly. He swept Lauren off her feet again.” I glanced at her disdainfully. “Do you have so little faith in Lauren?” Although I said that, I felt uneasy. She had been gone for quite a while. Could it be that Ivanna was right? Helpless, I instructed the older folks to go to bed and not wait for Lauren. After all, Grace wasn’t suited for staying up.

Her health hadn’t been great lately. She had lost weight, and I planned to take her for a checkup in the next few days.

They obediently went to their rooms. Lauren finally pressed the doorbell, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

When Lauren entered, Ivanna rushed over. “You’re finally back! Why did it take so long? Be honest. What did you talk about? I thought you went hwith him.” Ivanna continued to ramble behind Lauren, incessantly nagging.

Lauren glanced at Ivanna, her tone merciless. “Did I scare you last time, and now you’re paranoid?” I watched her expression and then e looked at vanna, who was being put in her place. Unable to contain myself, I laughed. “The point is, you were gone for too long.” S Lauren looked atin surprise, angrily exclaiming, “Don’t tellyou were thinking the sthing?” I admitted, “Not as certain as she is, but I started thinking that way!” She shook her head helplessly. “You guys are the worst!” “What do you mean?! It’s just that I was worried you’d get hurt.” Ivanna coldly snorted.

“No matter how indifferent I may seem, I wouldn’t return to the spath. Do you think that road is easy? I did go through a lot,” she said, sitting on the sofa, looking weary. Not wanting her to feel sad as soon as she returned, I said, “Enough! Do you want to go home?” She suddenly tooked atand i.ne et exclaimed, “Oh my gosh! I forgot there’s a hto go back to! Yes, let’s go back. I can’t wait! We’re family now. Stay at my place tonight and keepcompany. I’ve been lonely for too long.” After saying that, she jumped off the sofa, her face filled with joy.

Watching her expression, Ivanna and I exchanged glances and smiled in unison.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 586-When we returned to Lauren's new home, she was instantly stunned by the spacious, bright, and luxurious surroundings. She turned around and hugged us both, choking up with emotion.

"Thank you! I finally have my own home." Her words made suddenly feel sentimental and teary-eyed.

I patted her back gently and said, "You can be at ease now. This is your world. You don't need to think about anyone else while you're here. We'll both support you, no matter what decision you make." That night, Ivanna and I stayed by Lauren's side. We had a heartfelt conversation in that comfortable environment.

We talked until dawn.

In the morning, I watched them sleep peacefully, then sighed quietly and left. I needed to go to the hospital to see Trinity.

My heart hurt when I saw Trinity. In just a few days, she had lost a lot of weight. Her eyes looked like they were bulging out of their sockets, and she seemed as though she had transformed into a different person.

The lack of makeup revealed her true appearance. She looked unexpectedly beautiful, and I really liked the girl in front of me. She didn't seem surprised to see when I entered.

I lifted the soup in my hand, feeling a little awkward. "Do you want soup? I made it especially for you. How are you feeling?" I walked to the side of her bed. There was only one nurse in the ward. When she saw enter, she quietly closed the door and left. "Where's Mr. Jared?" I asked.

"He needed to go deal with something," Trinity replied calmly. She kept looking at me.

"Lauren just came back yesterday. She's been away for a long time, so that's why I didn't see you last night. I'm sorry about that." I felt the need to explain why I hadn't been here.

"Are you disappointed that I'm still alive?" Trinity stared at me.

"Where's your conscience?" I immediately retorted. "If I wanted you to die, I wouldn't have saved you." She suddenly smiled, adding a little charm to her look. She wasn't as cold as she usually was today. It seemed that a sick Trinity was more genuine and endearing.

Right now, she seemed more human than her previous demonic presence.

"Are you really my only friend?" she asked suddenly. "I can't believe it. You seem pretty domineering. Why are you my only friend?" Her question caught off guard, and I chuckled awkwardly.

"Did you really hear what I said?" I asked. I had spoken those words when her life was hanging in the balance.

"What? Do you regret it?" She had clearly seen my discomfort and was teasing me.

"Just say whatever it is you want to say," I said indignantly.

She smirked, revealing her mischievous side. "Are you saying that no matter when, no matter where, you'll always be there for as a friend?" This she looked at with a serious expression, as if she was particularly concerned about the term "friend" and wanted a genuine confession from me.

"What do you think? I'm not the type to say something and take it back. I'm a person of my word," I said with all seriousness.

She paused for a moment, then suddenly burst into laughter. She looked even more beautiful.

I looked at her, puzzled. "Why don't you have any friends?" She stared at me, thinking for a while, a moment. "My family, my business, the environment I'm in—none of them allow to have friends. And no one really wants to be genuine friends with me. They just want to use me" Trinity looked earnestly.

SV "Can I be your friend then?" I heard a sense of urgency in my own words. I didn't know whether she really wanted as a friend. "I definitely don't have any ulterior motives, and I don't need anything from you I just want your friendship." "You promised that, didn't you? You said you would be my only friend," she said decisively. "That was something I longed for. If you hadn't said that, I wouldn't have come back." "Why would you say that?" I was genuinely moved.

"What you said tempted too much," she said, laughing brightly.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 587—I looked at her lively expression, and felt relieved. It seemed like all the barriers between us had completely disappeared.

"I know you're a straightforward person. You're not looking to take advantage, and this definitely isn't for personal gain. But I want to make one thing clear. You don't need to feel the need to become my friend just because I took a hit for you. I'd rather not have a friend like that." Her hand emerged from the blanket, grabbing mine.

"That was how it was at first," I admitted without reservation. It felt wrong to hide anything from someone like Trinity. I needed to be honest with her.

"I didn't expect you to take the hit for with no hesitation. It made me feel guilty. I felt bad that I said those cold words to you the night before and made you feel that we couldn't be friends." "That did bother a lot. It hurt my self-esteem." Her face turned cold.

"But even though you said we couldn't be friends, you still saved my life. So I felt regretful and guilty, especially when your life was in danger. I just want you to know that I genuinely want to be your friend because only a friend could have done what you did." I squeezed her hand.

"A friend is someone who's willing to sacrifice anything for another person. That's a true friend. So I really wanted to be your friend after that." She scrutinized me. It was hard to tell what she was thinking.

Suddenly, she looked at my thermos. "I want some soup." My heart warmed, and I smiled. "Sure. My housekeeper, Molly, made this soup. She stewed it for a long time. It'll help you recover." I hurriedly poured out a large bowl, blew on it a bit, and held it to her lips.

She blinked and looked at my face. After she paused for a long time, she finally drank the soup.

I noticed that she was tearing up.

I fed her the whole bowl, and her complexion seemed to gain a rosy tint.

"What do Liora and Stella have against you?" she asked.

I briefly explained the conflict between us, then asked her, "Why didn't you team up with them?" "I know that the relationships around are mercenary and based on self-interest, but those who want to use must have something to offer as well." As Trinity said these words, she appeared extremely pragmatic, which was a stark contrast to the mischievous girl from earlier.

"But these two don't measure up. They have nothing I can use, and they won't bring any benefits. I won't sink to their level. What they do is lowly and despicable. I have no reason to do what they do," she said, bluntly. This only increased my fondness for her. But this two-faced girl could be ruthless and bring people to their demise as well.

I felt a little bewildered and was unsure if this was the real Trinity.

"Ivanna to see you," I told her deliberately.

"She to see me?" she asked.

Apparently, Jared had not informed her that Ivanna had visited.

"Yeah. She's genuinely concerned about you because you saved me." I told her the truth. "That's what a friend does. Ivanna and I are close friends because she's genuine and loyal." "I won't let Jared go just because of that," Trinity said calmly as she looked at me.

"You're wrong. There's no 'letting' anyone go in this case. It's a fair gbetween the two of you." I countered.

Just then, Jared cin. He noddod at me, then stood by the bed, looking down at Trinity gently.

I felt a little lost and vaguely remembered Ivanna lying in bed when she was sick. He had protected her like this too. I didn't know who Jared would choose in the future. I felt torn. I stood up and looked at Trinity. "Get srest. I need to go to work. We signed a new contract yesterday, and I need to work on that." She nodded. "Thanks for the soup." "Don't forget, we're friends now. There's no need for thanks," I reminded her with a smile. I waved to them before leaving the ward.

Outside, I raised an eyebrow and let out a breath. I didn't want to get entangled in the complex relationship between the three of them. Right now, I could only remain neutral.

Before reaching the office, I received an unexpected call from Matthew.

I realized that if Matthew was callingnow, it must be about something important. I decided to take the call and heard his voice. We need to meet, Chlo. I have something to tell yout." QUMS

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 588-I thought for a moment and didn't refuse. Instead, I asked, "Where should we meet?" Matthew seemed surprised that I had agreed so quickly and eagerly provided the location.

I headed straight to the location he mentioned, which turned out to be a club.

As a precaution, I called Johnson again in the car to check on the current situation with Matthew.

Since I had been busy with matters in Bourdamun, I hadn't had tto pay attention to them these past few days.

As I suspected, Matthew's call was related to the withdrawal of funds between him and Liora.

Sure enough, Johnson informedthat the situation was still deadlocked. No one was willing to back down. Strangely, Liora had not signed a contract for Avalon Hills despite not moving forward with the withdrawal of funds.

He said that he had followed my advice and was working on stabilizing other projects for Matthew.

After ending the call with Johnson, I felt more confident. It seemed that Atticus's prediction was correct. Liora wanted to negotiate with Matthew, which was why she hadn't signed the contract for Avalon Hills.

I thought it would be hard for Liora to get this contract if Ardora Construction wouldn't support her. If I hadn't already had a comprehensive plan in place, I would have taken back Avalon Hills at this crucial juncture and let Liora face her downfall.

With that thought in mind, I immediately called Ryan, both to inform him that I was dealing with something outside and to prepare him for this. If Liora didn't sign the contract quickly, we would be able to pressure her. I believed she wouldn't be able to hold out for much longer by then.

I could even help Matthew with this if it was necessary.

Ryan quickly nodded and said, "Got it." Matthew was already waiting at the club. When he saw me, he stood up quickly. "That was fast, Chlo. Were you nearby?" I sat down and responded nonchalantly, "Yeah, I just came from the hospital. I went to see Trinity." When he heard about Trinity, he casually asked, "By the way, I heard she was injured because of you. Is it serious?" I glanced at him and sneered at his question. Whether I was hurt or not had no significance to him anymore. If he hadn't wanted to meet today, he probably wouldn't have cared at all. With a skeptical smile, I responded, "Of course it's serious! But she's much better now. So, what brings you here?" As I expected, he did not probe any further. He forced a grin and said, "Well, there's something I need to tell you." I reached for the bell, summoning the waiter to order a few of my favorite dishes. I needed to eat something quickly and seize a moment to rest back at the office later. A sleepless night had left my head heavy. "Go on, I'm listening," I said, massaging my temples.

Leaning in, Matthew said, "Chlo, can you help figure out a way to secure the contract for Phase Two of Avalon Hills?" "Phase Two?" I glanced at him questioningly. "Haven't you secured that?" He chuckled awkwardly, "Well, not exactly. It's still pending. What I mean is, can you think of something to help acquire it directly without having to go through Liora?" His request caught me off guard. I looked at him, seeking clarification. "Are you asking to assist you in directly obtaining the contract for Phase Two without involving Liora?" He nodded eagerly.

"Don't overestimate me," I replied self-deprecatingly.

He met my gaze with a hint of embarrassment. "I know you can do it. If it weren't for the Bourdamun project, you wouldn't have let go of Avalon Hills, right?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 589-I responded with a distant smile, acknowledging that his sources were well-informed.

Without delving into the specifics of how he knew about my success in Bourdamun, I casually said, "The decision to hold on or let go depends on what aligns with your own interests. I always choose a path that better suits my personal development." Matthew seemed somewhat disgruntled at my response. "It looks like you still have reservations about me, Chlo." I asked, "What do you mean?" I understood what he was implying. He had been unsettled by my smooth journey.

He chuckled awkwardly. "I don't think I could have endured being overshadowed by a woman if you were as helpful as you are now during our ttogether. Sometimes, I really don't understand how everything happened the way it did. We were a good match, and you're still important to me. When we were building the company together back then..." "Let's remain focused on the matter at hand, Matthew," I interrupted, avoiding any reminiscing about the past. I hated it when he did this.

"I do have a real problem, Chlo. You have to help me. I'm in a bind right now. Otherwise, I wouldn't have cto you!" Matthew tried to grab me, but I dodged.

"Tell me, then. How can I help?" I started with a hint of impatience. "Don't expect too much from me. My abilities are limited. Just get straight to the point." Matthew looked frustrated and said, "Did you know about Liora's plan to withdraw her investment?" I feigned ignorance and inquired, "She wants to withdraw? Weren't you two having a great collaboration? Why would she want to withdraw? I didn't know about that. I'm not interested in other people's affairs." "You're talking as if this is someone else's problem," he remarked with a wry smile.

I couldn't be bothered with him. "I really don't care about your affairs. I've been avoiding them to stop your wife and her allies from coming after me. I'm a bit of a scaredy-cat." Matthew's face reddened when he heard my response. "Don't be so quick to judge, Chlo. She's not that bad. She's just a little willful." "Willful?" I stared at him sternly. "Pfft." "No, really, I'm keeping an eye on her," Matthew said nonchalantly.

"Don't givethose hollow assurances. Don't forget that your mother is the one who got beaten, and she's still hiding in my house to this day Have you ever heard of an ex-mother-in-law recuperating at her former daughter-in-law's place? That's quite the act of willfulness." I seized the opportunity to express my disdain. People like him really disgusted me. "I've been busy lately, otherwise I would have gone to pick her up. Besides, I trust my mom with you. I know you won't mistreat her, and she really wants to stay with you," Matthew said confidently.

I cursed internally. I couldn't believe that this had suddenly turned into something I had to handle. I didn't know what sins I had committed in my past life to be troubled by their family so much in this one. When he saw my silence, Matthew continued, "Since my mom is at your place..." "Let's get back to the real issue. I told you I didn't chere to

reminisce about the past with you. I know how to handle your mother,” I interjected in a low tone, putting an end to his rambling.

“Alright, let’s talk business.” Matthew adjusted his posture and leaned in. “I need your help to network. I want to secure Avalon Hills for myself, so that woman won’t bother about it! “She’s insatiable! She’s arrogant and overbearing. I’ll have to find a way to deal with her, or she’ll keep taking advantage of me!” Matthew’s frustration was evident.

I sat upright and addressed him sternly. “You won’t be able to solve this problem if you keep this attitude up. Use your brain. Do you currently have the resources and capability to handle the Avalon Hills project if you take over now?” I looked at Matthew, posing the question seriously. He glanced back at me, hesitating.

“And do you think it’s realistically possible for you to try to establish connections and relationships right now just to seize Avalon Hills?” I challenged him with another question.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 590-Matthew’s expression grew somber, revealing a mix of bitterness and deep-seated resentment.

“We’re dealing with Liora here. Attempting to outmaneuver her, especially after she proposed withdrawing funds, will definitely be an uphill battle. Do you really believe there’s any chance of success?” I bombarded Matthew with questions, strategically hitting his vulnerabilities to make him feel the weight of the situation.

I also delved into his past ruthless tactics to secure Avalon Hills and the substantial financial investments he had made. “Have you ever thought about why Liora suggested withdrawing funds?” I questioned, adding another layer to his dilemma.

My analysis of Liora’s motives was rooted in Atticus’s speculations. He had lived with Liora for over a decade, and now he wanted to kick her out of his sphere of interests. That alone spoke volumes about Liora’s strategic prowess.

I looked at Matthew and continued, “She clearly intends to leverage Avalon Hills to negotiate with you, set conditions, and ultimately shift ownership of Ardora. If she’s already confident in her success, intervening now would demand an immense expenditure of your energy and resources, and could possibly lead to bankruptcy even if you did secure the project.” Matthew was visibly affected by my words and appeared remorseful. “If you’re willing to help me, that would save considerable effort.” I wasn’t sure what he meant, so I pressed him. “How can I help?” His gaze narrowed as he hesitated before taking a determined stance. “Don’t pretend you don’t know anything, Chloe. I know about your current situation. I’ve been keeping tabs on you. I’m not indifferent.” I scoffed at his reasoning. “Not indifferent? That’s quite a statement.” It baffled that he would dare make such a claim.

He persisted, somewhat uneasily, "I know about your current foundation. It'll be easy for you to go directly to Archie. Everyone wants to get on his good side." My anger flared when I heard Matthew's words. "You think I'll go to the Beringer family just to help you? That's outrageous!" I stood up abruptly, facing Matthew with a mix of frustration and disbelief.

"I can't believe you'd suggest such a thing, Matthew!" That seemed to be the real reason why he had asked to meet today. "You can forget about that, Matthew!" Matthew became uneasy when he heard my firm response. "Don't be so stubborn, Chloe. We were married once. Let's not be so petty okay? Ava's our daughter. Wouldn't it be better for her if I recovered and made our business stronger I'm her father, after all. Do you want her father to be a failed businessman who can't hold his head high in public? How will that benefit her?" He grew more impassioned as he continued, and I found it increasingly awkward to listen. Those who didn't know Matthew might assume he was a responsible and caring father.

"When Ava wants to get married in the future, they'll care about her family background. Don't be so narrow-minded. I won't forget your kindness if you help and pull through during this crucial time. I'm not an ungrateful person!" His words were ironic, and I snorted. "Hah! You're not an ungrateful person? What kind of person are you then, Matthew?" He had hit a sore spot with his comments, and I couldn't help but react. Perhaps I would have felt better if he hadn't said all that. Ungrateful? Everyone in Foswood knew his true nature.

"Oh! Wait, this isn't even about that. Let me make it clear, Matthew. Don't even think about it. I might be close with the Beringer family now, but that doesn't mean I can shamelessly use their reputation to build a foundation for us!" I immediately stated my principles. He was shameless! Matthew became agitated as he heard what I said. His nostrils flared, and he stared at me. "There's no need to act all high and mighty. You claim you haven't used the Beringer family's influence, but how did you manage to secure such a big project in Bourdamun? Are you trying to deceive me?" Now I understood why he had audaciously suggested I approach the Beringer family. It looked like he had been waiting for this confrontation all along.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 591

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 591-I was about to refute him when he interrupted again.

"A project as large as the Bourdamun development landing in your hands, Chloe... Do you really believe it's not because of the Beringer family's influence? You're just lucky, that's all!" "Why do I have to ask you to help smooth things over? Isn't that a bit too much?" He gave the impression that I was obligated to charge into battle for him.

I angrily cut him off. "Put away your petty mindset! I was able to be in charge of Bourdamun because of my capabilities.

"I worked hard to build my qualifications. It's also because of my sincerity and perseverance in collaborating with ATL Empire to further Tanum's reputation. It's based on my hands-on approach, good quality, and reputation. No shortcuts... I despise those vile methods." That was when I realized that Matthew hated this standing the most. It was unlike him, who cut corners and had an extremely poor reputation.

"That is enough!" He said, "Don't act all righteous. Could you honestly say you didn't use the Beringer family's influence? Could you easily bring down Martin from Bourdamun?" I was momentarily stunned.

I hadn't expected this guy to be so familiar with Bourdamun. I had underestimated him. It seemed there were many onlookers when I wanted to acquire it.

While working to secure Bourdamun, he was ostensibly paying attention to me, probably waiting for to make a scene. I hadn't thought I would succeed, which perhaps shocked many people.

They wanted to vent their frustration when they didn't see the they hoped for.

Matthew clearly enjoyed getting it off his chest. Don't think I don't know. You could only get et Bourdan un by using Atlas's power and getting close to Arthur. And Arthur used you to get close to the Beringer family in pursuit of his own future. Did you even do anything?" "That's nonsense!" I retorted.

Matthew let out a snort. "It's obvious. Otherwise, how did Nelson fall? Do you think everyone is blind? Arthur used the power of the Beringer family to straighten up Nelson." I could not help but be surprised that I had stumbled upon this by chance. His talk of chain reactions wasn't entirely baseless. I just didn't want to admit it.

Matthew put on a bitter expression. "Chloe, help just this once. I promise I won't cto you again. Is that not enough? Just this once, as long as you helptake down Avalon Hills and that annoying Liora.

"I promise, from now on, I'll listen to you. Whatever you tellto do, I will gladly play the supporting role. Can't you agree, honey?" With a pitiful expression, he reached out to grab my wrist. I jerked my hand away abruptly.

"Matthew, get a grip! Even if I were still your wife, I wouldn't do something like this, especially not for someone like you. The Beringer family is my family, not a tool for to use. Don't even think about exploiting the Beringer family. It's out of the question!" I picked up my bag, adding, "Matthew, this is not the way to do business. You need to put your heart into it and not resort to shortcuts Look at where you are today. If even Liora can sweep you aside, you should consider why you ended up like this." "You have a share of the blfor where I am today, Chloe!" Matthew roared at me, his eyes gleaming.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 592-I was seething, and our exchange was nothing short of a verbal sparring match.

"You should know better than anyone that it's never too late to mend fences. Don't dwell on irrelevant things," I countered sharply.

"I conduct myself with transparency. Please don't judge my integrity based on your small-mindedness. It was my work, not spersonal connection, that got the project in Bourdamun. Don't try your tricks on me! "The only way to defeat Liora is through your own actions. Use your brain. Why do you think she is withdrawing funds now? She clearly believes she has secured Avalon Hills, and she's trying to capitalize on this opportunity to take over Ardora." Both of us were aware of the unspoken truth, but we were avoiding the issue. If I were to gloss over it, he wouldn't realize his mistakes.

"Matthew, your current situation is entirely your fault. How could the wolf have entered the house if you had pursued development without colluding with the Thompson family?" Matthew couldn't contain himself as I spoke these words.

"Enough already, Chloe. I asked for your help to devise a solution, not for you to act all high and mighty, lecturinglike a saint. What right do you have to shout and scream at me? You're noble, and you're awesome. I got it." Apparently, my arguments were hitting a nerve with his pride.

"Fine, let's just forget I said anything," I said, walking toward the exit.

Matthew hesitated, then ran over, blocking my path. He looked athelplessly.

"Chlo, can we talk calmly? Why would I seek your assistance if I wasn't backed into a corner? I just don't want others to seeas a joke. Only you understand me. I still care about my reputation, but I can't overcthis hurdle." His sudden admission caughtoff guard. To be honest, I wasn't feeling great either.

"I've said it before, only you can save yourself." I stood at the doorway, looking at him. My tone softened a bit. "She just wants to negotiate with you to change ownership. You can seize her psychological weakness and fight her with her tactics." This was my pointer to him. However, he looked atwith confusion.

Just then, the food I ordered arrived.

Matthew immediately saw it as a lifeline and pulledinto an embrace. "Look, your food is here. Eat first before leaving, okay? Don't go on an empty stomach." S I struggled for a moment, shaking off his hand. "If you have something to say, say it. But don't touch me!" His touch was still repulsive to me. It made my stomach churn every time.

Seeing his hopeful eyes, I reluctantly gave could returned. Besides, I t just stand by and wa Liora withdraw from Ardort SW belongs to englishS Content I have to help Matthew

get through this. Only then can I complete my plan. Otherwise, all my efforts would be wasted.

Matthew's face lit up with a relieved smile when I turned back. It was as if a heavy burden had been lifted.

"Thank you, Chlo! I knew you still cared about me!" Content belongs to Św"Enough, don't make it sound so cheesy. I just don't want you bothering me!" I started eating since I was hungry and genuinely tired. Particularly now that I was overwith fatigue. Matthew quickly picked a dish for me. Since our separation, this was the first tve ate at the stable. Suddenly, I thought of Atlas. I hoped that the seat oppositewould always be Atlas's.

While eating and facing Matthew, I said, "Are all of Ardora's projects currently in your hands?" This question caught Matthew off guard, and he seemed to be contemplating whether or not to tellthe truth. This action conveyed that he still hadn't fully trusted me.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 593-It was understandable for two rival companies, especially fierce competitors like us, to be cautious. So, I approached the topic differently.

"You don't have to givethe details. I'm just using it as an example. You shouldn't be concerned if you're in charge of these projects, have signed contracts, and have the power to negotiate and oversee construction. Stand tall, use it as leverage, and negotiate with her." As I continued eating, I offered Matthew advice and suggestions.

Matthew finally disclosed a few unfavorable aspects, and I pondered, providing him with guidance and a well-thought-out plan. Matthew's face lit up, smiling and feeling somewhat triumphant.

I glanced disdainfully at him, set down my utensils, and reached for a few napkins to dab at the corners of my mouth.

"Now, it's up to you on how to proceed. You must establish a solid foundation with the subcontractors. That's crucial. If the partners don't turn against you, you've won," I explained clearly. This was Atticus's idea.

Everything might seem simple, but executing it wasn't easy. After all, there were several major projects, and Liora had put in a lot of effort.

However, I was confident that when the critical moment arrived, Atticus would lendsupport.

"But what if they don't cooperate? After all, there's a faction that is aligned with Liora." Matthew seemed uncertain.

"In that case, keep in touch with me. If you run into any problems, let know, and I will figure out how to help." I successfully sold this favor to Matthew.

"But what if... I mean, what if they still resist?" Matthew asked urgently, his gaze intense.

I felt a bit drowsy due to fatigue.

"Then take it to court," I replied impatiently. "All the contracts are signed under Ardora. There's no fear of losing. Honestly, I don't think it'll cto that. After all, Liora doesn't want to sever ties completely. She just wants the company." "True. Without Ardora, she won't have any substantial projects." Matthew gritted his teeth.

"But she has already revealed her true colors to you. You shouldn't be embarrassed anymore. It's not like you want to hand over your company willingly, right?" I needled Matthew.

"Of course not!" Matthew looked defensive. Having lost Tanum in the past, he wouldn't let Ardora suffer the sfate. I had absolute confidence in this.

"I've got sadvice for you, believe it or not!" I glanced at Matthew.

I was quite a good person.

"Spill it." Matthew's attitude had improved noticeably.

"Even when you've regained control, you should consider your next steps. Consider how Atticus kicked the Thompsan family out of the Echelon Group It's because Liora's ambitions are too big. You better kick her out when the tis right." e I was straightforward, and there was no beating around the bush. Matthew understood this perfectly. He must have misunderstood thinking I had shidden agenda regarding him. He was now looking atso adoringly that I wanted to hit him.

"As for leaving behind a bad reputation, it doesn't matter. Just don't go losing your things again." After saying this, I was full and satisfied. My stomach churned, and fatigue overcme. My eyes were practically fighting each other struggling to stay open. I had no energy left. "Alright, I've said what I needed to say. You must have a pig's brain if you still don't understand. But my head is getting muddled now, and I need to go." I forced myself to stay alert, glancing at him.

He suggested, "Why not just sleep here? I won't disturb you. I'll be here working on the plan. When you wake up, you can helprefine it. I promise I won't bother you." Seeing his earnest expression, I scoffed. "I don't feel safe here. I've made myself clear. Figure the rest out on your own." I stood up, picked up my bag, and declared, "I'm leaving." Matthew hurriedly followed me, suggesting, "Are you sure you're okay? Can you drive like this? Letgive you a ride back." Just as I reached for the doorknob, it suddenly

swung open, almost hitting me. Startled, I looked up to find Melanie standing at the entrance. I felt a surge of irritation.

Before I could say anything, Melanie exclaimed, "Chloe!" A sudden headache hit me. I quickly bypassed Melanie, walking briskly toward the exit. But, of course, how could this woman let go so easily?

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 594-Melanie's behavior felt all too familiar to me.

She wasn't having it when she saw I was about to leave. Stubborn was her middle name.

She grabbed my arm and swung back, causing to collide with Matthew. Instinctively, he reached out and steadied me. Melanie was even more relentless. "Chloe, what's your deal? You think you can just run when I show up? Have you no shame?" "Yeah, I lost my shit a long time ago. Is it a problem if I walk away? Isn't it convenient for you? Since you showed up, I must leave. If you have an issue, take it up with him. You can take my place." I tried to leave, exhausted and with a pounding headache. My thoughts were blurry. I just wanted to find a comfortable place to lie down.

However, Melanie grabbed onto me even tighter upon seeing my state.

Even Matthew thought Melanie was going too far. He sternly reprimanded her, "Melanie, have some sense. I'm discussing serious matters with Chloe." "What serious matters require a trip to a club alone? Trying to relive old flames? Why is she like this? Did you two overexert yourselves in your workout?" Melanie spat out.

She continued to escalate, raising her hand to slap me. In my sluggish state, I had no energy to dodge her hand.

With a crisp sound, her slap landed firmly on my face. That sharp sting jolted me awake.

All the frustration within ignited when I saw Melanie's smug face. I retaliated with a slap of my own, using all the strength I had. She stumbled and sat on the ground, shocked. Perhaps she didn't expect karma to catch up so quickly.

"Chloe, what are you doing?" Matthew roared.

"Do you think I'm a sick animal, and you can just extend your claws at me?" Then I turned to Matthew. "It looks like you're indulging her tantrums, huh? Fine, just wait. I'll show you both the cost of this slap. Otherwise, you'll never know where you went wrong." With that, I turned and left.

Behind me, Melanie screamed hysterically, "Matthew, what did she mean?" How would I know what she means? Can't you tone down your emperatrix bit? Sooner or

later, you'll ruin me. You are something that can't be seen in public!" Matthew's shout made sneer in disdain.

I cursed, "You have no idea. I'll make you understand what I mean immediately." My head was buzzing when I exited the club. I took a deep breath, checked my bearings, and started the car for home. It was closer, and right now, I urgently needed a bed.

When I got home, my mom and Grace were surprised to see me at this hour. My mom was the first to ask, "Why are you back so early?" I smiled wryly at them. "Just as I set thought. I slept only a few hours the night before, then went out with Lauren last night. We chatted until dawn. I haven't slept a wink today.

"I went to the hospital early to check on Trinity. Now I'm so tired that everything is a blur. I need to catch up on sleep." Grace stepped closer, studying my face, and asked in confusion, "Chloe, what happened to your face?" Helplessly, I touched it and said, "Courtesy of your daughter-in-law." My words alarmed the older ladies.

My mom, furious, exclaimed, "What gives her the right to hit you? She's downright crazy!" I couldn't linger any longer and reassured them, "It's nothing. I slapped her back. Let go to sleep first. We can talk when I wake up." Grace nodded sympathetically. "Sleep... Yes, get some rest!" Dragging my heavy head, I headed upstairs. In my room, I quickly stripped off my clothes and crawled under the covers, instantly falling into a deep sleep.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 595-I slept through the night until early the next morning. If my growling stomach hadn't woken up, I might have kept sleeping.

I searched for my phone everywhere but couldn't find it. I gave up, figuring they must have taken it away after I fell asleep to avoid disturbing me.

Hunger finally drove me to get up after lazing around, staring at the ceiling with heavy eyes. I quickly washed up and went downstairs for breakfast.

Grace discreetly approached me, asking in a hushed tone, "Why did she hit you?" "Don't worry about it. She just loses it every time she sees stalking to your son," I said casually. I didn't want her to be concerned.

"Then just ignore her. That cursed woman will get her comeuppance eventually. Her heart is wicked, and God will deal with her! My son is unfortunate to have her!" I shook my head repeatedly and staggered into the kitchen. While eating, I thought about yesterday's events. There was a limit to what one could endure.

Melanie's slap gave me a new perspective. It may be time to take action.

Taking away Avalon Hills now should be a significant blow to Liora. Seeing the lucrative opportunity slip away, it would devastate her.

I had little to dwell on them.

After breakfast, I went back upstairs to change, and I took a moment to kiss my two little princesses before heading straight to the office.

On the way, I called Grayson, asking him to stop by my office later. I needed to kickstart my plan ahead of schedule.

Carol was already in the office, looking surprised to see so early. She followed into the office and asked, "Chloe, why are you here so early today?" "There's something I need to take care of! Anything special happened yesterday?" I asked as I sat down. "I slept like a log!" "Nothing special happened. Mr. Ryan handled everything. You were just too tired. You should relax and get some rest." Carol poured a glass of water. "But today, there is something special." I looked up at Carol, puzzled. "What's happening today?" Just as I spoke, someone knocked on the door. Carol hurriedly went to open it, and to my surprise, it was Lauren.

Only then did I remember that today was Lauren's first day on the job.

I exclaimed in joy, rushing out to hug her. "Welcome aboard! From now on, we're truly in this together." She responded sincerely, "I'll catch up as soon as possible!" I released her, scrutinizing her appearance. She wore a sharp, professional outfit with a hairstyle, exuding a poise.

Just then, Grayson walked in. Seeing Lauren, he involuntarily paused, thinking I was in a meeting. He quickly said to me, "I'll be back later!" Content belongs to, I quickly stopped him. "Don't leave! Look at who it is!" Grayson took a closer look at Lauren and smiled. "Oh, it's Ms. Lauren!" "Since you're both here, I want to discuss something. I'm thinking of advancing our plan." Grayson, catching on, furrowed his brows. "Regarding the Muborough matter?" "Yes, after weighing the pros and cons, I feel the timing is right.

Currently, Liora is challenging Matthew. She wishes to use phase two of Avalon Hills to negotiate terms with him and gain control of Ardora. I believe it's time to catch her off guard." Grayson gave a skeptical look. "I'd have to check with Mr. Ryan if he has the contract under control on their end." "There shouldn't be any issues, and I'll ask Atticus to work behind the scenes," I confidently reassured him.

Lauren looked at me. "If Atticus lends his support, there shouldn't be a problem. Do you trust him?" "We have a mutually beneficial cooperation," I said cryptically.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 596-Coincidentally, Ryan had also arrived. I briefly explained my thoughts to him, and after some contemplation, he responded, "No problem. But we need to provide a reasonable justification since we voluntarily withdrew from the competition before." Ryan always adhered to his principles. Every action required a valid reason.

After sthinking, I told him, "If necessary, I'll find a way to change the dynamics, reshuffle the project team, and ask Atticus to withdraw his connections through legitimate channels so we can compete fairly." I presented my well-founded reasons and plans to Ryan. To me, this was the safest strategy.

After communicating with Joyce, Ryan adopted my approach.

I immediately arranged a secret meeting with Atticus, and after snegotiation, we reached an agreement. He would find a way to overturn the current contract for Phase Two of Avalon Hills, reshuffle the team, and create a new arrangement.

Meanwhile, Grayson prepared for Muborough. We would expose it once we secured Avalon Hills. Everything was in place, and I waited for updates from the Avalon Hills project team.

During this time, Atlas provided full support from ATL Empire in order to facilitate the smooth implementation of my plan.

ATL Empire officially announced that all construction projects and management of the Design Division had been entrusted to Tanum Construction and Development. That essentially meant that we would beca subsidiary of ATL Empire.

But our company maintained independent accounting and independent operations, ensuring no conflicts with ATL Empire in terms of business.

The announcement of this agreement drew significant attention, causing quite a stir in the public eye. No one expected the small, relatively unknown Tanum Construction and Development to suddenly beca leading force in Foswood.

It was almost unbelievable, and swere unwilling to accept it.

All kinds of discussion surged like a tidal wave toward me.

Of course, opinions were mixed. Speople berated, others ridiculed, and a few even went so far as to utter curses.

But in the midst of all these discussions, had secured the Design Division of ATL Empire. This would greatly benefit Tanum Construction and Development which probably left sindividuals seething with envy. After the signing ceremony, there was a small celebration.

It was meant to be a small party, but it drew a considerable crowd, with prominent figures from the industry in attendance.

To my surprise, Atlas officially announced to the public that I was his fiancée at this signing ceremony celebration.

It caught completely off guard. He had not hinted that he would be doing this, and he had not talked about it. He had just turned this gathering into our engagement ceremony without any prior OAO discussion. I found myself under the watchful eye of many. I had wondered why he brought in my parents, my family, and even members of the Beringer family before the start of the celebration. Grandma Rose was in attendance, and so was Archie, who had discreetly returned to Foswood because of his goddaughter's engagement. Ardie and Arnold were back as well. The surprises kept coming, and I was shocked every time.

Even though I was one half of the engaged couple, it was clear that I had no idea this was happening. I was dumbfounded when Atlas put the engagement ring on my finger.

All the women in Foswood who had been eyeing Atlas hated to the core. Suddenly, I was their greatest enemy. Seven vented their anger at Lauren, which was a development I had not anticipated.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 597-The incident happened because of an unusual disturbance.

When our engagement ceremony ended, Archie started to negotiate with Atlas over me, which made all my family members chuckle. But in the midst of this celebratory atmosphere, a group of individuals in a corner began discreetly discussing my somewhat controversial past.

These discussions reached the ears of Lauren, and due to the offensive nature of the remarks, it quickly escalated into a heated confrontation, which resulted in Lauren getting slapped.

The woman who had initiated the confrontation pointed at Lauren arrogantly and verbally attacked her. "Who do you think you are? How dare you interfere in my affairs? Take a good look at yourself. You're nothing more than an accessory. But here you are, speaking up in an upscale setting. Do you still think you're a socialite? How funny! Birds of a feather really do flock together. You're both equally disgusting." Her extremely harsh words made Lauren cover her face. She tried to maintain her composure even as her face turned pale.

In response to this, Ivanna rushed to her side, glaring at the woman responsible for the attack. "Shut up! Say that again, and I'll tear you apart." "I can say it as many times as I want. She's just a rag doll nobody wants anymore! Looks like she really thinks that highly of herself, huh? We were just having a conversation, and she dared interrupt us." The woman continued her audacious behavior, seemingly intent on causing a scene. Her voice grew sharper with every word.

I watched Ivanna struggle to contain her anger and couldn't help but feel compelled to take action. But Lauren restrained her, and another woman, a friend of the troublemaker, put her hands on her hips and glared at Lauren.

"Behave yourself. That man doesn't want you, even if you so desperately want to be a mistress. You're not even fit to attend a funeral. How dare you chere and act so full of yourself? Do you think you're just as good as you were before? All you do is follow men around and show off. How do you still have the nerve to put on airs here?" My heart sank. These people were incredibly malicious and knew how to target your sensitive spots. The sharp words thrown at Lauren immediately drew the attention of everyone present. The atmosphere became tense as all eyes turned toward Lauren.

I realized the severity of the situation and knew that those words were calculated to hurt Lauren "Do you really think you're good enough to be someone's wife? The mere sight of you is nauseating. What a despicable woman." I sensed trouble brewing and knew this wasn't good. Lauren's face turned ashen, and I knew just how cruel these words were.

This was a deliberate attempt to expose her in front of everyone. Her heart must be bleeding right now.

I couldn't just stand by and watch any longer. I left the crowd behind and marched straight toward the corner where the confrontation was taking place.

I stood next to Lauren and glared at the women who had targeted her. "What did you say?" The group was taken aback by my sudden intervention. They were clearly unprepared for a direct confrontation.

"We..." one of them began to explain, but she was cut off by a tall, arrogant woman.

Chapter 597 Lauren's Been Slapped 1 "Is insulting my friend on my turf your idea of a celebration?" I lashed out, unable to contain my anger.

Chapter 597 Lauren's Been Slapped 2 Chapter 597 Lauren's Been Slapped 3 She attempted to lead away. But the other women weren't ready to let the matter rest and persisted in their provocations.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 598-As we tried to leave, the tall woman boldly stepped forward, obstructing our path.

"Why are you leaving? Did we strike a nerve? Did you really sink so low and plot to get someone else's position? Looks like that didn't work out, huh?" She looked at us disdainfully and continued unabashedly, "You're clinging to someone else's man and waiting to be his wife. How's that working out for you? Take a look in the mirror. You're not fit for that. You were just a tool to him all along." Her words hit home, and I sensed Lauren's body visibly swaying. She clutched my hand tightly, trembling.

I stepped forward and prepared to confront them.

Suddenly, a furious roar erupted from the crowd. "Nonsense! As long as I'm here, you won't get away with insulting her." All eyes turned toward the source of the roar, revealing a furious Oliver. He resembled a raging lion, glaring fiercely at the gossiping women.

"Who the hell are you? Show yourselves right now!" Oliver's expression was menacing, and his tone carried a compelling force.

He walked to Lauren's side, pulling her into his arms. With a furious gaze, he addressed the women. "Where are your men?" Lauren hesitated for a moment, then straightened her back and looked at Oliver.

I quickly stood by her side, placing a hand on her to restrain her. I knew that she wanted to refuse Oliver's protection.

But I didn't want her to publicly admit this and expose herself to everyone.

"Apologize, then get out. Do it right now!" I stared at the gloating women, my expression icy.

They probably hadn't expected this to happen. Oliver was not someone they dared or could afford to offend. They hadn't expected him to be present at the scene to publicly protect Lauren. Their faces turned pale as they sensed impending doom. They looked at each other anxiously as they scanned the crowd. They were probably searching for their men.

"Apologize." I sternly demanded, my expression chilling.

"Don't go too far, Chloe. We're here out of respect for Mr. Atlas. We're loyal customers and partners of ATL Empire. Are you sure you want to do this?" She clearly didn't take seriously, implying that she was only here because of her regard for Atlas.

The leader of the group, the tall woman, looked at disdainfully and continued, "Be modest. You can't forget who you really are after a tiny victory." "She doesn't need to be modest. My world belongs to her, and she can do whatever she wants." Before she could retort, Atlas walked up to me, placing a comforting hand on my shoulder. He looked at the woman coldly and said, "Check who these women are, Dylan. Terminate all agreements we have with them and escort them out. ATL Empire doesn't need partners like these." As his words settled, several men stood up, bewildered. They rushed toward Atlas. "Please don't do this, Mr. Atlas! We'll educate them properly. Please don't terminate our agreements." "We've always worked well together, Mr. Atlas. Please don't do anything rash." Atlas glanced at them coldly, "You can't even manage your own women. That's why they dared be so disrespectful and insolent. There's no way we can work together. See them out, Dylan." "Wait!" I shouted.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 599-I stared at the women. "Apologize right now," I commanded coldly.

It was evident that the tall woman was stubborn and had a knack for being unruly, just like Liora. She decided to step forward as she saw the situation turning against her and my relentless demand for an apology.

"Since our agreements have been terminated, why should I apologize? Did I say anything wrong?" she retorted defiantly.

I took a step closer, gazing directly at her. "No apology, huh?" I said, coldly.

One of the men who had pleaded with Atlas suddenly turned to her and scolded, "Katie Finch, apologize!" The woman's face darkened even more, "Why..." I slapped her hard without hesitation. Then, I looked at her calmly and said, "Since you won't apologize, consider that repayment for the slap earlier. I hope you'll pay more attention to your behavior in the future. You shouldn't mess with people. You can leave now." After that, I returned to Lauren's side, saying, "You don't need to show those kind of people mercy next time, Lauren. If someone provokes you, you should fight back." The men were still pleading and bowing, but they were dismissed and escorted out.

I looked at Lauren and comforted her softly, "Don't take this to heart." Lauren smiled sadly and looked at me, acting casual. "It's okay. I've seen many people like that. I'm used to it. I've thought about it. If I want to live with dignity, I have to face these challenges so I'm mentally prepared for them." My heart ached, and Ivanna looked furious.

Lauren turned to Oliver. Her lips trembled slightly as she said, "Thank you, Mr. Oliver." Oliver did not look happy as he examined Lauren's face. He softly asked, "Do you really have to do this, Lauren?" Ivanna's face turned dark, and I quickly grabbed her, afraid that she might lose her temper.

Those who were watching the show quietly retreated. There was juicy gossip here, but everyone could sense staying longer might lead to unnecessary trouble for themselves.

People had been gossiping about this in Foswood for the past six months. After Oliver's wife passed away, Lauren had suddenly disappeared. Speculations and rumors circulated, and today was the first they had been seen together since then. For those who were paying attention, it was telling. It was no longer a well-kept secret.

In reality, not many knew the details, but it was obvious that Lauren had left Oliver's side. Even those who were more oblivious guessed that something was amiss. Either Lauren had been dumped, or she left because Oliver hadn't given her the title she wanted. The veil of secrecy had been torn apart, and curiosity had been satisfied.

The men and women who had been thrown out did not dare challenge people like Atlas and Oliver, because that would mean putting their lives on the line.

So, they dispersed.

Lauren looked at Oliver solemnly. "Thank you for helping me, Mr. Oliver, but you shouldn't do that again. I'll face these rumors myself. They are not wrong. Their words might hurt me, but the facts are true." "Lauren, I..." Oliver took a step forward.

Lauren stepped back, maintaining her elegant smile.

"I hope this doesn't happen again. It's not right for a man with your status and position to embarrass yourself for a woman like me. Let's just go our separate ways. There's no need for you to clear up any misunderstandings about me. It won't benefit either of us try my best to avoid you next time.

Goodbye." Lauren finished speaking, gave a slight smile, and turned to leave.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 600-I wanted to follow Lauren, but Atlas gently pulled back and shook his head softly.

I knew Atlas didn't want to go after her. It would only make the situation more embarrassing for her.

Later, my eyes kept glancing in Lauren's direction. Every time I looked, I saw her chatting and laughing, though I knew that behind that smile, her heart must be in pain.

For six months, she had been alone and faced everything by herself.

And now that she had returned, she had to endure these malicious insults. She must be hiding a world of pain behind her smile. Human nature truly was one of the ugliest things in this world.

Why couldn't we give those who had taken the wrong path a way back home? When the ceremony concluded, Oliver was drunk beyond recognition, and Atlas arranged for someone to take him home.

A smiling Lauren left as well.

I couldn't stop worrying about Lauren, even after seeing off the guests and returning home. I told Atlas about my worries and turned to go to Lauren's house.

I quickly unlocked the door with my key.

As I expected, she hadn't turned on the lights. The room was pitch black, but I knew she was inside.

I reached for the light switch, and soon the room was brightly lit.

As my eyes adjusted to the light, I saw Lauren sitting on the sofa, drinking.

Her cheeks were stained with tears.

When I turned on the light, she covered her face and muttered, "Why are you here? Today was your big day!" After saying that, she sniffed and remained silent.

I walked over to her, took the bottle from her hands, and said, "Are you going to drink yourself into a stupor again like you did in the past?" She put down her hands, looked at with her pale face, and smiled bitterly. "I won't. Do you really think I'm that dumb?" "Aren't you?" I retorted, feeling heartache mixed with a hint of anger for her.

"In the past six months, I've rebuilt my life. I just needed a small sip to stabilize my emotions." After saying that, she awkwardly wiped her face and continued, "Go home. Don't keep Atlas waiting. You have a good man, so I don't have to worry about you any more. I hope you'll both be happy. Atlas really does love you." "Don't distract yourself and don't try to shoulder everything by yourself. Try to be more open-minded, and don't torture yourself all the time if you really do confront these people, you'll only end up hurting yourself." I put the bottle firmly on the coffee table and sat down beside her. At first, neither of us spoke. We just sat in silence.

I didn't know how long the silence lasted, but she was the first to break it.

"I understand. Don't worry about me." She looked at and smiled, patting my leg, but her smile was heartbreaking.

"As for Oliver... He still seems to have feelings for you. If you can't let go, I can..." I tentatively started, trying to persuade her to turn back.

After all, Oliver had been searching for her since she left Foswood. Anyone could tell that Oliver had changed.

I always felt they should have had a chance to talk and figure things out. Why couldn't they? "Chloe..." She interrupted me. "Don't play peacemaker. He doesn't deserve it." It seemed that she knew what I was thinking.

I fell silent. To be honest, I understood what Lauren meant. She was right-Oliver didn't deserve it, especially after what he had said in front of her.

"When he said those words and took the bracelet back to put on his late wife's wrist, he gave a clear answer. I was just a decorative piece in everyone's eyes," Lauren said, her voice choking with emotion.

