

## Beyond the Divorce Chapter 601 -650

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 601-I knew these things truly hurt her.

"To say that I'm just an accessory is too flattering. The words those people said today were not wrong at all. I'm not even worthy of being his wife," she said with a chuckle.

"Do you have to belittle yourself like that?" I looked at her, a bit frustrated.

"This isn't about belittling! I did have such thoughts before. I wanted to stay by his side because I assumed that when she was gone, I would be his partner. After all these years of mockery and ridicule, I consoled myself that it would all be worth it when I was officially recognized." She wiped her face, and I realized what she was saying was the most honest reflection of her soul. I could understand her.

"In reality, I don't love him that much. It's just that I endured a lot for this one person, and it became a habit. I buried my desires and couldn't escape..." She patted my leg and laughed bitterly, but her tears flowed.

I comforted her, "You're not wrong. Anyone in your position will have thought the same way." "I also care about my reputation. The longer it went on, the more I believed everything would fall into place. This made me even more convinced that everything was real."

"So, I naively thought, his house will be mine, and his family will be mine too." Her voice echoed in the spacious living room, carrying a faint resonance.

"Everything was supposed to be like this. So I went to see her kindly and shamelessly. I waited for her to settle things. Haha, was I too naive to fight against someone facing death? Am I foolish?" She suddenly sat up, then shook her head and lay back down. "I don't think I'm foolish, but I must be so kind that I became stupid." I reached for the bottle of liquor and took a big gulp. I wanted to share in Lauren's pain.

"But that one sentence, one action, shattered all my dreams. All of them!" She waved her hand. "I suddenly realized how shameless I was!" She wiped her face again, then sat up and looked at me. "Hey, Chlo, that slap from Oliver was too harsh. It hurts!" "Stop thinking about these unhappy things, okay?" I looked at her, feeling helpless.

I knew this statement sounded feeble.

"But what they said today, although harsh, is the truth. I thought everyone would gradually forget about me by escaping this place of heartbreak. Forget about the woman who was always around Oliver." At this moment, I couldn't even find the right words to console her.

But I was wrong. They won't forget, since they've been waiting for this day. They were watching my performance, wondering how this would end. Finally, they see this

intriguing ending! All I can do is accept it. What reason do have to argue with them?" Lauren questioned while holding out her hands.

I had no words.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 602—"Chlo, this is reality. It's too late, even if he stands by or even promises to marry now. That one sentence, that one action, represents everything. It hurts my pride." "I understand," I said calmly.

"Taking him back will mean that I choose to discard my dignity. Therefore, I must climb out of his hell. Only then can I truly be myself. I'll no longer be that lowly woman clinging to him." "I'm here for you," I told her seriously.

"So, you get me. Please help me. There's no turning back for me. It's not that I want to hurt Oliver, retaliate against him, or abandon him..." Lauren seemed to be explaining herself to me, afraid I wouldn't understand.

She was very anxious, looking at with splayed hands. "He pushed into an abyss, took away my dignity, and left stranded on the moral high ground. Then he could casually say, without hesitation, that he wouldn't marry me!" She burst into laughter suddenly, an unsettling laughter.

"Oh damn! What the hell am I? It feels like I've been taken advantage of!" She leaned against the back of the sofa, unable to contain her sobs. After a while, she steadied her emotions and spoke slowly.

"I won't compete with a dead person anymore. She's quite a skilled player. I admire her." "That's right! If you choose to go this way, just keep going. You've already started facing it. I'll be by your side. It will get better. Everything will get better," I comforted her.

Lauren nodded as she covered her face and sobbed for a long time. Then, she finally lifted her head. She took a deep breath and slowly exhaled.

"He can't hate me. If he wants to hate, let him hate that woman who dug a pit for to jump into willingly. She's the truly clever one. Even until her death, she didn't forget to bury me. I didn't die. If I had died, Oliver would be an accomplice." Lauren seemed very clear-headed. I secretly felt relieved, but I didn't know if this was good or bad.

"Chlo, I regret it. I regret it so much. My youth is gone forever. From a beautiful young girl accompanying him to almost middle age, battered and with nothing. What more does he want from me?" Her words made feel the reality but also powerless. A third of Lauren's life was truly wasted. However, I didn't know how to condemn Oliver.

"No more, Chlo. I won't turn back! I just really want to have a child of my own! I have a notorious reputation. He took away too much from me. He's not qualified. He doesn't

deserve it.” While listening to Lauren’s words, it was as if I understood her, yet I didn’t at all. It felt heartbreaking.

“Go home, Chlo. Don’t let Atlas wait for you. He’s a true gentleman, and you deserve someone like him. Don’t worry about me. I’m very clear-headed, and I won’t be like fast time. I still have work in the future. I’ll just treat all of this as part of the plan.” She smiled suddenly. “I won’t get emotional. It’s too much. I’ve arranged to meet Mr. Atlas et tomorrow since I’ll be going to ATL Empire for my training. So, don’t worry about me. Just drink a little less and sleep well.” “Alright, I hear you.” She smiled at me. “Okay, go home!” I had to get up, and she walked to the door. That night was eventful.

In the distance, I saw that tall figure lazily walking toward under the golden streetlights.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 603-Under the soft glow of the streetlights, he walked briskly toward me, extending his hand. I joyfully ran to him. “Why haven’t you slept yet?” His hands face looked warm as I looked at it under the golden lights. He leaned in until he was close enough to feel his breath. His affectionate gaze hid a layer of endearment within.

“You haven’t cback yet. How could I sleep?” He pecked my lips. “Let’s go home!” I don’t know why, but my heart felt warm every the said those words.

His hand held mine, caressing it gently. “Why did it take you so long?” “She wasn’t feeling too good, so I stayed with her a bit longer.” I looked at him apologetically. “Did I keep you waiting?” “How can you leave your fiance aside and run to take care of someone else? Today is a special day!” He seemed to be reproaching me.

“I didn’t plan for it to be like this!” I sighed.

“My sweetheart is too kind,” he said with a captivating smile. “She’s here to save the world!” I laughed heartily, lightly tapping him. “It’s just that Oliver had hurt her too deeply. This wound is probably hard to heal. She stayed by his side, waiting for a justification for the world, but he closed that door to her. To her, it’s like falling into an abyss.” Thinking about Lauren made feel a bit worried.

“Don’t worry, she’ll get through it. Everyone has to deal with unexpected situations. One can only save oneself. I believe she’s not that fragile.” Atlas comforted me.

Indeed, Lauren has always been especially skilled at using softness to conquer hardness. However, facing such things was always painful.

It was going to be her first night of e facing it head-on. It was difficult to know what she would cacross next she had escaped it before, but now she was exposed to everyone. Considering the number of gossipmongers and the superficial people around, tonight would have many tongues wagging. Therefore, my concerns are not unfounded.

Back home, everyone was already asleep, leaving only a small lamp in the living room. Atlas and I tiptoed upstairs, returning to my room.

I still felt awkward. This was the first time he was openly spending the night in my room.

After all, my parents were at home, and I felt guilty.

"How about...you sleep in the guest room first?" I nervously suggested.

He playfully embraced me from behind, nibbling my ear. "Have you ever seen someone shut out their fiancée? Hmm?" My heart fluttered. All of this took me by surprise. I haven't fully accepted this sudden change in status.

Suddenly, I became a woman in the spotlight who could rightfully stand by Atlas's side.

I didn't even know what response it would bring tomorrow. I felt like an awkward daughter-in-law meeting her in-laws for the first time. After all, I still lacked confidence in front of Atlas. This uneasy feeling persisted until Stella appeared in front of me. Finally, I found the source.

As I predicted, the news of Atlas and my engagement spread like wildfire the next morning. It reached every corner of the city, causing shockwaves that were hard to fathom.

A globally-admired figure proposed to me, a divorced woman with a child. The news was mind-boggling. It left the socialites who worshiped him in mourning. And, of course, it pushed me to the center of a storm.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 604-Stella was the first person to appear before me, and I wasn't surprised at all. She came with an air of sharpness when I had just arrived at my office.

Approaching my desk, she looked down at me for a while. With a hint of disdain, she uttered two words, "Let's talk." I calmly gestured. "Sure, have a seat." She unceremoniously took the chair before me, arrogantly looking at me. "I've underestimated you." I chuckled at her words and replied, "You shouldn't have underestimated me." "I only saw you as the second Annalise," she said bluntly.

I stared at her, anger rising from within. "So, you repeatedly targeted me? Are you trying to handle me the way you did with Annalise? Pushing her off a cliff and then trying to drown me. You're ruthless, but your methods aren't that clever!" My eyes remained fixed on her, refusing to back down.

Apparently, she didn't expect me to be so straightforward. After a moment of silence, she suddenly relaxed and laughed cunningly, looking at me with a sinister smile.

"I don't understand what you're talking about. Don't make baseless accusations. But I know one thing. Your future path won't be easy. The position of a fiancée isn't so easy to secure, and your relationship with him is destined not to last." "Is that why you hurried to tell all this? You can leave now," I said calmly.

Internally, I cursed at her. A leopard couldn't change its spots.

"Of course not, because I believe you'll find what I am about to say next very interesting." She spoke with certainty as if she had everything under control.

Leaning back in my chair, I signaled for her to continue. I knew she had something to tell today. She couldn't hold back any longer.

That's because you're the real Annalise. He found a scapegoat to replace you. You're the one who truly killed that fake Annalise!" She spoke calmly, examining me with a mischievous glint. Content belongs 'englishMy heart felt uneasy. Was I Annalise? A picture from the orphanage flashed through my mind. That was why I was taken aback when I first saw that picture. The face in the picture made my heart race.

"Now, you're boldly playing the role of Chloe. You should really investigate your origins. A fake Annalise died for you. Don't you feel guilty at all? Do you know why Atlas can't do without you?" She looked at me, smiling slyly. "Because you're a demon in his heart. Your father betrayed him, leading to his father's death!" My eyes narrowed. "What are you implying?" "I can't wait to see how far you'll go on the path of being a fiancée. I want to see how you'll face Stella's parents! Can you face them with a clear conscience?" After saying this, Stella stood up, reveling in my misery. I had to admit that I was far from calm.

Her words contained too much information, and I didn't know which part was true or false.

How could I be Annalise? Although I speculated on a connection with that person, the nature of that connection eluded me.

Was I really Annalise? If so, why was I known as Chloe Hartz? No, she was just trying to disturb my peace. She didn't want to be happy, hence these words.

I took a deep breath, desperately trying to calm my emotions, but my mind was racing with questions. Which one was the truth? However, the answers to the mysteries were in Atlas's hands.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 605-The chaos in my mind made it impossible to focus on anything else. I grabbed my bag and told Carol I was going to ATL Empire. I had to find Atlas and get answers.

I needed to know exactly what Atlas was hiding in this tangled web.

However, when I arrived at ATL Empire, he was nowhere to be found. Apparently, he had gone to Rivendell.

I called him right away, but on second thought, I realized this situation would take stto unravel. It wasn't something that could be clarified in a brief phone conversation.

Forget it. I hung up the phone and decided I would ask him when he cback.

I dialed Lauren's number instead to check if she had arrived. I was concerned about her emotions from last night.

After a few rings, she answered. "Why are you calling so early? Are you worried about me?" "What do you think?" I replied.

"Please, Ms. Chloe, I'm already studying!" Lauren teased with a lingering tone, sounding quite cheerful.

Hearing her voice, I couldn't help but smile. It seemed I worried too much. Atlas was right-she was indeed resilient.

I asked, "Where are you now? ATL Empire?" "Yes! Don't you believe me?" She questioned with a hint of doubt. "Am I that unreliable? Mr. Atlas personally arranged this excellent learning opportunity! I'm basking in your glory!" I chuckled and was about to tell her I was also at ATL Empire. However, on second thought, I refrained. She was busy studying, and I didn't want to disturb her.

I held back what I initially wanted to say. "Okay, I was just checking in. Focus on your studies!" "You, where are you?" She asked.

My adaptability kicked in, and I quickly replied, "I was thinking of going to the hospital to see Trinity. She should be discharged in a few days. Bye!" "You're truly a saint, always busy saving sentient beings. Go ahead then," she said before hanging up the phone.

I raised an eyebrow, looking at the phone in my hand. I shook my head and headed downstairs.

Now that I was at ATL Empire, everyone treated with utmost respect. Their gazes felt like searchlights, making extremely uneasy.

At the hospital, Trinity was awake when I arrived. Seeing enter, she motioned for the nurse to raise her bed and reproachfully asked me, "Where did you go yesterday? Is this how friends behave?" I smirked. "You're quite well. You've already turned the incident into a friendship argument. Don't I have other things to attend to?" She rolled her eyes. "Of course, engagement is a big deal." Hearing her mention the engagement,

I blushed and laughed. "You know about that too? You're like a private investigator in the hospital." "The entire city probably knows. How can I be your friend if I don't?" She asserted dominantly.

"That's true! But, I had no idea beforehand!" I hurriedly explained.

"Is Mr. Atlas's injury better?" Trinity asked, "I didn't get to thank him in person." "It's much better. The bullet just grazed his arm, so the injury isn't severe. Don't worry about it," I reassured Trinity.

"For him to rush into the Jitador's organization for me, I know how dangerous that was. I'm well aware of it. There's no need to be humble. He's fearless and meticulous." Trinity glanced at me. "He has real courage." I felt a sudden pang of guilt. I didn't know Atlas had gone directly to the organization's headquarters in Jitador when he returned. It was no wonder he got injured. I should have known as his fiancée, and my negligence made me feel truly inadequate. The 36 hours he spent there turned out to be quite thrilling.

"Why are you daydreaming? What are you thinking about?" Trinity noticed I wasn't speaking and nudged me. I was startled, snapping back to reality.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 606-I looked at Trinity and said, "To be honest, I feel guilty about Atlas. I only found out about this after he returned to Jitador. I didn't expect him to break into their stronghold. Looks like you really need to thank him." "Why do you say that?" Trinity asked me, looking puzzled.

"He has a deep-seated grudge with that organization from Jitador because they killed his parents. He infiltrated their base for the antidote after we captured the assassin. If you hadn't mentioned it today, I wouldn't have had the chance to ask about it. Looks like I'm not that good of a partner." "That Jitador organization killed his parents?" Trinity was surprised.

"Yes. They've been in conflict for years. They even kidnapped my daughter and targeted recently, but we still couldn't find any solid evidence against them. Everything pointed to this organization, but a crucial person was missing, which made it impossible to pin it on them back then," I didn't hide the truth from Trinity. "If you hadn't been the one injured this time, I would be dead." "I see." Trinity looked serious, as though she was taking on responsibility like the head of a family. "Who are we looking for then?" I hesitated. Trinity immediately asked, "Don't you trust me?" "It's not that. It's just that I don't know if I should tell you this," I said, truthfully.

"What are you saying? We're friends. Why do you need to think about it?" Trinity looked at me skeptically.



"We're looking for a man named Rory White. He used to be Atlas's father's personal assistant. According to official reports, he died in the plane crash with Atlas's parents." "And?" Trinity said eagerly. She grew alert, like a hunting dog who had scented its prey.

"But his wife also passed away two months after the plane crash, allegedly due to grief. That made Atlas suspicious.

As I recounted all this to Trinity, my own thoughts suddenly became clearer.

He suspected that things were not so simple. But he was only ten years old at the time and later experienced unexpected events. It wasn't until he was older that he secretly investigated the plane crash and discovered the true identity of the person who had supposedly died in the crash-Rory. This person was a fake, and he was actually affiliated with the organization from Jitador." I briefly told Trinity about the origins of this matter.

My phone rang suddenly. I grabbed my bag, took out my phone, and saw that it was Ryan.

I answered the call. Ryan said, "We have news about Avalon Hills. They've officially announced a rebid. immediately perked up at the news. "I'll head back to the company right away." "Okay," Ryan responded. "We'll need more solid information shortly, so be prepared to provide the necessary details." After hanging up, I told Trinity, "I need to go back to the company immediately. Something important has happened." "Looks like it's more important than me." She sounded a little sulky. After all, she was the head of the Huffman family, and she was probably rarely overlooked. Content belongs to Sam smiled apologetically. "It's not more important than you, but it's important to my company. I'll spend the day with you after I deal with this." "Promise?" She glanced at me, probing. "Looks like I have to leave the hospital. Staying here is driving me crazy." "Get some rest. I'll make sure to see you whenever I have time. That's a promise." I stood up quickly. "I have to go now. This really is urgent. Take care." "Tell me more about this Rory next time you're here. I might be able to help you," she added earnestly.

I was taken aback for a moment. Her family's influence was said to be widespread, and she might really be able to offer real help as head of the family.

"Okay. I could use your help. I really need it."

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 607-Ryan and Hana were reviewing the design drawings when I arrived at the company. When he saw me enter the room, Ryan instructed Hana, "Make the modifications and send this to the Design Division for review." Hana agreed and quickly left.

I looked at Ryan. "The notice was issued today? That means Liora already knows she's out of the game. Then..." Before I could finish my sentence, the phone rang again. I checked the screen. It was Matthew. I instantly realized that Matthew had already found out. It seemed like news had spread fast.



I answered the call. Matthew sounded very excited. "I didn't misjudge you, Chloe. You really did pull this off." I knew what he was talking about, but I couldn't admit to it.

"What do you mean? What's going on? Can you explain?" I pretended not to understand.

"Oh, don't play dumb. You pulled off the Avalon Hills deal, didn't you?" He continued delightedly. "Let me tell you, Liora is furious right now. She's calling for help all over the place." "What are you trying to say? What happened?" I questioned further.

"Didn't you mess up the signing of the Avalon Hills contract?" Matthew seemed a little surprised. "Liora delayed the signing, and now things have fallen apart." "When did this happen?" I continued my act. "Didn't you bribe the right channels and get it all settled?" "It seems there's something fishy going on. It's definitely not that simple," Matthew speculated. "If you don't want this project, help out. I want to handle it myself to stop that woman from causing any trouble." Matthew was shamelessly trying to use me. "Help you? Your wife slapped yesterday. Did you forget about that already? Do you really think I'd help you get the project?" I berated him.

"Oh. That was no big deal for you. It's just a little give and take, right?" He was still on Melanie's side.

"Do you think I'm your servant, Matthew? You've been pointing fingers all this time, and now you want my help to win a project? Please. I've already helped you get out of trouble, so handle the rest yourself! I'm helping you take care of your mother, raise your child, and now I have to care for your business? What are you thinking? Melanie slapped me, and there'll be consequences for that," I said, and hung up the phone.

I disdainfully tossed my phone onto the table, muttering, "Shameless." Ryan looked at me. "Was that Matthew?" "Yeah. He wants to take the Avalon Hills project and handle it under Ardora," I said casually.

While I was speaking, Ryan, who was looking at the computer, said, "Got it. The bidding documents are out." "Oh? That was quick," I said, as I ran to the computer and looked at the screen.

After reviewing the documents, I was ecstatic. Tanum's qualifications were tailor-made for this. It was like a gift especially for us. I looked at Ryan and smiled. "This will be great for our development, Ryan." Ryan smiled warmly. "Looks like Liora was asking for trouble. She'll be the joke of the town this time." I laughed. "Those with deceitful intentions should get what they deserve." "Let's prepare the documents quickly. We can't engage in a battle without a guarantee. Since we're bidding, we need to win to make everyone acknowledge us." Ryan looked at me. "Call a meeting with the relevant personnel right now to discuss the plan." "Sure, I'll get it done right away. You organize the documents first," I said. I returned to my office, calling in Carol to make the necessary arrangements.

The meeting continued until 7 p.m. We analyzed the entire plan thoroughly, and gave each department their respective tasks.

Exhausted, I walked out of the meeting room, rubbing my neck. To my surprise, I found Atlas leisurely waiting outside. When I saw him, I instantly perked up and rushed into his arms. "When did you get back? Weren't you supposed to be in San Cosbech? I thought you wouldn't be back today." He wrapped his arms around and nibbled my nose. "I would've told you if I hadn't planned on coming back. How could I bear to make you wait for me?" I blushed. "What are you... Stop biting me! You're like a dog." "Do you want to eat you?" he looked at and asked. "What do you want for dinner?" I thought for a moment and said, "How about we go back to Pleca Park? I have something to ask you." "Sure, I'll call them to get our dinner ready. You should call too." After saying that, he called his housekeeper, instructing them to make dinner. I called my mom to let her know I wouldn't be going tonight. But as soon as the call connected, my mom's voice sounded a little off. "Y-You're not coming back?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 608-I quickly asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen?" "I've been watching Grace today, and she doesn't seem quite right," my mom whispered to me. "I was thinking of waiting for you to discuss it together. Maybe we should take her to the hospital." Alarmed, I asked, "What do you mean, not quite right?" "It seems like her pain has gotten worse. She keeps asking when you'll be back, and she won't let call you. She barely ate anything for dinner too," my mom told me. "Atlas isn't back yet either." "Alright, I'll be back right now." I felt a sense of urgency. "Atlas is with me." Atlas, who had been watching all this time, saw my distressed expression and asked, "What's wrong?" After I hung up, I looked apologetically at him and shrugged. "It seems like we won't be going to Pleca Park. My mom says Grace isn't feeling well." I was a little embarrassed, because Grace had no connection to Atlas. I had already divorced her son, but I was still in close contact with her.

He stood up. "Let's go back, then." "Shouldn't you call Pleca Park to tell them you won't be back?" I said hesitantly.

"No need for that," he said as he pulled along with him toward the exit.

Inside the elevator, I looked up at him cautiously. "Are you upset? I can't help it... After all, she's Ava's grandma, and she...." "Don't you trust me?" Atlas looked at me, squeezing my hand. "There's no need to say anything like that to me. After all, she's taken care of you before. I don't mind that you care for her." "Atlas..." I was deeply moved and leaned gently into his arms.

"I've felt bad about what has happened to you many times. I've overlooked so much, including that you got injured. I never asked you how it happened. If Trinity hadn't told you went to Jitador to confront that organization, I wouldn't have known how dangerous it was. I know you did all this for me." As I spoke, Atlas silently tightened his grip on me. "You silly girl, I owe you a lot too. I've said it before. No matter what

happens, we just need to trust each other.” I nodded silently, fully understanding the weight of those words now.

When I arrived home, I quickly went to Grace’s room. Her complexion was extremely pale, and she had deep dark circles under her eyes. She had been with us all this time, but hadn’t noticed how much weight she had lost until now. “Mom.” I called her softly.

She immediately perked up, opening her eyes wide. “Chlo, you’re back.” “Yeah. How are you feeling?” I asked cautiously, afraid to worry her. “I just finished a meeting, so I’m not busy right now.” “Have you eaten? I’ll go heat up sfood for you,” she said, trying to get up to go to the kitchen.

“Mom. Molly’s taking care of that.

Are you alright? You need to tellif you’re not feeling so good. We should go to the hospital for another checkup,” I told her patiently. “It’ alleviate your pain, and we can get another treatment plan for you. We can’t just let this go.” “It’s okay. I’m just feeling a little more pain than before.” She smiled bitterly. “I was actually going to tell you that I want to go home.” I looked at her, trying to understand. “Why do you want to go back? This is your home.” “I miss home. It’s been so long since I’ve been back there. I want to look around.” She seemed to be hiding her true thoughts. “Then... how about I take you back to see it sometime? I’ll be busy for a few days, but we can go back after that,” I reassured her.

“Don’t worry about me. I know you’re busy. Just letbe. You already did everything you could forwhen you divorced my son. I just really miss Aya. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have the courage to live here,” she said, expressing her gratitude. “What are you talking about, Mom?” I felt a sense of bitterness.

Grace choked up. “Letgo home. You’ve done enough, and I’m at ease now that you and Mr. Atlas are doing well. He treats Ava well too, so I can stop worrying about the two of you.” She looked at me, her eyes full of helplessness and reluctance. “I have to go hsooner or later. I can’t stay here any longer.” My heart tightened, sensing an ominous premonition.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 609-I felt a twinge of unease. “Atlas is getting in touch with the best doctor we can find right now, Mom. We’ll take you to the hospital for another checkup soon. If everything checks out, I’ll take you back to look around your old place tomorrow. You can still stay here since there’s people to look after you. It’ll makefeel better too.” She shook her head and did not speak. It looked like she was struggling to control her emotions.

“You know you can’t rely on your son. How can you go back by yourself? I’ll worry about you.” I suddenly understood what she was thinking. Could it be that she sensed her

twas running out? "Let's go to the hospital for another checkup, then we can decide what to do, okay?" I tried to comfort her. I didn't want her to worry too much.

"I'm fine. I just want to go home. I miss it so much. Otherwise, please just do one thing for me. Find a caregiver. I'll pay for it myself. I have the money." Grace held my hand, her expression filled with suppressed emotion. "What did I ever do to deserve a daughter-in-law like you, Chloe? But I treated you so horribly..." "Enough. Don't think about that," I said.

Just then, Ava pushed the door open and ran in. "Mommy, Uncle Atlas says everything's been arranged." I looked at the little girl. "Got it. I'll take grandma to the hospital, so you stay and be a good girl, okay?" "I want to go with you and grandma to the hospital, mommy. I want to take care of grandma." She climbed onto the bed, pressing against Grace's legs. "Grandma's sick. I want to take care of her." Grace smiled, tears streaming down her face. "I'm glad I have such a good granddaughter." At that moment, Atlas appeared at the door and looked at Grace. "Let's go to the hospital, Mrs. Grace. I've arranged for the doctor to see you already." "No... don't bother. I just want to talk to Chloe." She looked at Atlas and continued, "Mr. Atlas, I know you're a good man. I entrust Chloe and Ava to you, and I believe you'll treat them well. They're great girls and they'll be your two lucky stars. You're blessed to have them, Mr. Atlas." Atlas suddenly smiled. "You're right, Mrs. Grace. They are my lucky stars. Rest assured, I'll take good care of them." "Thank you... thank you." Grace bowed her head over and over.

In the end, we all persuaded Grace to go to the hospital with us. Before leaving, I called Matthew to ensure he didn't miss what was going on.

He was already there when we arrived at the hospital. The specialists in Foswood were all waiting for us. After the examination, the doctor delivered an unfavorable prognosis, saying that there was no hope for recovery. But they recommended hospitalization with medication to alleviate her pain and possibly extend her time with us.

After discussion, we decided to leave her at the hospital to ease her suffering.

That night Grace insisted we go home, leaving Matthew to accompany her in the hospital. I assumed she wanted to discuss posthumous arrangements with Kim. I didn't sleep well that night. I found Grace's neatly packed belongings in her room. It was clear that she really wanted to leave.

As I sat in her room, I reflected on her kindness towards me since I married Matthew, especially during the days when she had treated me well.

My heart felt heavy.

The next day, I woke up early and prepared her favorite breakfast. I also hired an experienced caregiver to look after her. After all, she needed someone by her side at all

times. Neither of the two elderly women at hcould drive, which made it inconvenient for them to travel to and from to the hospital. When I went to the hospital, I found that Grace had been discharged.

The hospital room was empty. When I asked the nurses about it, they said she had left after the intravenous drip had finished last night.

I was furious. I immediately took the caregiver withto the Murphy residence.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 610-I did not expect to see Melanie already at the house when I arrived.

When she sawwith the thermos and the caregiver, she immediately said sarcastically, "What is the meaning of this? Do you still consider yourself a daughter-in-law of the Murphy family? Didn't you take Grace away? Why did you bring her back? Were you trying to leave her at the hospital to end it all? You were scared she would die in your grand mansion, weren't you?" She spoke without a shred of decency.

I ignored her completely and went straight inside. I found Grace in bed in the master bedroom. Matthew was nowhere to be seen. "Why are you being so stubborn, mom? You should stay in the hospital for a few days and get the full course of medication. It'll be good for your health, and it'll help with the pain," I scolded her. "Where's Matthew?" "Don't blhim. It was my decision to cback here. I'm more comfortable at home, and I want to stay here for a few more days. Matthew has sbusiness to attend to at the company." She looked at me, sitting up. Perhaps the medication from last night had worked; she seemed exceptionally spirited today.

I quickly handed her the thermos. "I made you sbreakfast. You should have snow. I hired a special caregiver for you, too. If you really don't want to go to the hospital, I'll discuss it with Matthew. We can administer the medication at has well. The special caregivers are skilled at that, but you need to listen to what we say." Grace got out of bed and went to the dining room.

I followed hurriedly, and reached the kitchen to get her utensils for breakfast. But Melanie walked up and overturned the table. "What are you doing? Why are you still calling her mom? Go on, keep calling her that! Let's see what she's going to eat now." The breakfast I had carefully prepared was ruined.

I was furious. "What the hell are you doing, Melanie? I don't care that you didn't get her breakfast, but this is unforgivable!" I walked over, opened the front door, and called the neighbors over. "Con, all of you. Csee what Melanie did today." Then, I called Matthew on the phone, scolding him sternly. "Where are you? Speak up!" "I, uh... Something's going on at the company. I chere to handle it." Matthew realized what was going on when he heard my tone. He was trying to make excuses for himself.

"Cback right away, or you'll suffer the consequences!" I shouted, then hung up.

I pointed at Melanie and recounted everything she had done to her mother-in-law. Whenever she tried to interrupt me, the neighbors would shush her.

Grace sat there, visibly shaken. She pointed at Melanie and scolded, "You heartless wretch!" But as soon as Grace finished speaking, Melanie slapped her in the face. "How dare you raise your voice at me!" The old lady immediately fell to the ground. I exclaimed and quickly rushed forward to pick her up. While my back was turned, Melanie ruthlessly kicked in the back.

Pain pierced through my entire body.

When she tried to hit Grace again, I saw red. I entrusted Grace to the caregiver and turned around to confront Melanie. In a burst of anger, I grabbed her hair with strength I never knew I had.

I seized Melanie, straddled her, and pummeled her mercilessly. I didn't realize how ferocious I had become. She tried to fight back, but the neighbors, who knew what she had done, pressed her down as well. Before I could vent all my anger, Matthew rushed over. He knew something was wrong when he saw the house full of people. He pushed through the crowd and saw brutally beating Melanie.

Immediately, he grabbed and threw aside. I fell, but fortunately, the neighbors caught and prevented from hitting the ground. "Chloe! What the hell are you doing?" Matthew yelled at me, glaring.

He picked up the battered Melanie and hugged her. Melanie took advantage of the situation and began to wail loudly. She did not say a word about what she had done.

I glared at Matthew resentfully and loudly demanded, "Don't you want to know why I beat her up, Matthew?" "Stop making a scene! If she's done something wrong, I'll deal with it. There's no need for you to try to show off your authority here. Who do you think you are?" Matthew shouted at me, his eyes filled with anger as if he wanted to tear apart.

## **Beyond the Divorce Chapter 611**

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 611-I looked at him, helpless. "You're really something, Matthew. She publicly went after your mom, and you're still defending her?" Maybe my words hurt Matthew's pride too much, or perhaps he saw that the neighbors could not handle the situation.

Without asking what had happened, he yelled at me. "I didn't see her going after my mom. What I did see was you hitting her. You've simply gone too far!" Matthew embraced Melanie, presenting himself as a real macho man protecting his little woman.



"Chloe, this is a family matter for us. Get out. Don't act like you're better than us!" The neighbors were all in shock and began criticizing him.

"Matthew, are you insane? Aren't you going to ask what happened?" "Exactly! He's a heartless son. How could he allow someone to mistreat his mom?" "Are you really her son? You're actually protecting this animal when your mom is in such shape?" "I'd say the beating was too light!" Matthew directed all his anger at me. "Chloe, this is what you wanted, right? Are you satisfied now that you've brought all these people to condemn me?" Then he yelled at the crowd inside the house, "Get out! All of you, get the hell out!" They turned their wrathful gazes toward him.

"Karma is coming for you eventually, you ungrateful thing!" "A heartless family! Despicable!" "Good-for-nothing!" Shad already stormed off, not even bothering to continue their scolding.

I took a deep breath and decided I was è talking to him. He was no longer human, and speaking to a beast was pointless. S I looked around at the chaos, then at Grace, who was now so enraged that she could not stand.

"Mom, don't be angry. Let's go back to the hospital," I said comfortingly as I approached her.

Just as I reached out to support her, Matthew suddenly grabbed my collar, violently pulling away and throwing out.

I wasn't as lucky this time, and I landed heavily on the ground. I slid forward due to momentum and hit the wall's corner with a thud. My vision darkened, and the piercing pain made groan. The neighbors gasped and turned to look back. I felt a warm, slimy substance flowing down my forehead.

Someone ran over to help up, exclaiming, "She's bleeding!" "Quick, get a clean towel! She's bleeding!" I touched my forehead, my hand covered in blood. I struggled to stand up, and blood trickled down my cheek. Then, unexpectedly, a horrifying scene unfolded.

Seeing my face covered in blood, Grace let out a mournful howl. "You monster! You're an ungrateful child..." She somehow summoned the strength to break free from the bodyguard. She then lunged at Matthew and Melanie.

Melanie screamed, clutching Matthew as she dodged. Grace's head made a thud against the hardwood dining table. Everyone et gasped, their words caught in their throats, as Grace collapsed to the ground.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 612-I exclaimed, "Mom!" Just then, Melanie yelled, "She's just faking it! That old hag! Serves her right!" I crawled over, grabbed Grace, and shook her. "Mom... wake up. Don't scare me! Mom..." No matter how many times I called her, she wouldn't open her eyes. I shouted to the people inside, "Call an ambulance!"



Quickly! Mom, wake up! Don't scare me! I'll take you to the hospital..." I was frantic. I couldn't bear the thought of her dying like this. I reached out to check, and her breath was faint.

Matthew stood there dumbfounded, staring blankly at his mother. She was lying on the ground, unresponsive. Meanwhile, Grace's forehead continued to bleed. Despite the chaos, I couldn't care less about my own appearance.

I searched for my bag, panicking. The bewildered bodyguard finally reacted, helping support Grace.

Finally, I took out my phone and called Atlas.

As soon as he answered, I cried uncontrollably. "Atlas, please help find a doctor. Grace might not make it! Get the best doctor!" I shouted incoherently.

While comforting me, he asked a few questions and gave instructions before hanging up.

I turned back to Grace. "Mom, wake up! We promised to go together. I made breakfast for you!" I couldn't help but shed tears. No matter what, when I was recovering after giving birth, she took care of me.

"You have to wake up. I have so much to tell you. You can't leave like this!" When the ambulance arrived, they used a stretcher to carry her down. I followed, jumping into the ambulance, just like she was my own mother. I didn't even glance at Matthew.

I saw him pacing around before hopping into his car and tailing the ambulance.

At the hospital, I followed the stretcher to the emergency room.

Atlas was already waiting there.

When he saw my blood-stained forehead, he seemed unsettled. Usually commanding face of a larkening. Content belongs to him. He pulled over, growling, "What happened?" The bodyguard quickly briefed Atlas on the situation.

He promptly called a surgeon to attend to my wound. Throughout the process, his eyes were red with worry, tightly gripping my hand.

After the bandaging was done, he settled in a waiting chair. He marched toward Matthew without saying anything and landed two solid punches. The neighbors stepped in and pulled Atlas away.

I sat in a daze, waiting for news from inside, but there was none.

My family, Lauren, and Ivanna rushed over. My mom had also brought Ava, fearing the worst.

After over two hours, the doctor finally cut. I rushed to the door and said, "Doctor..." The doctor looked at Atlas, shaking his head weakly. "Please accept our condolences. We did our best." My regrets could never be undone.

"Mom, how could you leave like this?!" I wailed, unable to accept reality. "You said you would be with me." I cried so hard I could not breathe, while Ava was crying inconsolably.

It wasn't until this moment that Matthew seemed to react to what had happened. He let out a heart-breaking cry. However, this cry brought me back to my senses. I turned to look, seeing him kneeling on the ground. Standing numbly beside him was Melanie, staring blankly at Matthew's actions.

I suddenly made a surprising decision, signaling a neighbor to come. I told him, "Please call all the neighbors at the scene!" He looked at me in surprise, not understanding what I meant.

I said calmly but firmly, "I'm calling the cops."

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 613-My words caught everyone's attention, and they looked at me in disbelief.

"Call the cops?" The neighbor I had entrusted seemed to grasp the situation. He immediately picked up his phone and made the call.

I kept my gaze on Melanie, who stood coldly and impatiently beside Matthew. After a while, I picked up my phone and called the cops.

Before they arrived, Atlas had arranged for us to see the body. Matthew didn't move. He stayed on his knees, wailing, refusing to look up.

"Matthew, go see your mother!" I said it coldly, but he remained motionless. "This is your last chance." His hands on the ground tightened, but he didn't lift his head.

"Grandma... I want Grandma!" Ava's cries were heart-breaking. After a thought, I stood up slowly and headed inside. Ivanna and Lauren stood by my side.

"We'll accompany you." "I want to see Grandma!" Ava cried. "Mommy, I want to see Grandma too!" I smiled sadly and said, "Be good! Mommy will go for you. Grandma wouldn't want you to cry." Then I walked into the emergency room resolutely. There were no medical staff inside, and the stark white of the sheet under the shadowless lamp was glaring. This place was already a realm of the departed, and it felt even more eerie at this moment.

My heart pounded violently. This was the first tl had seen someone lifeless. She had been a family member closely tied tofor over a decade, my child's grandmother.

Ivanna whispered, "What if...we just let it go?" I stood silently for a long tbefore straightening up and moving forward.

Gently lifting the sheet, I saw her face, seemingly sleeping peacefully. At this moment, she appeared gentle and benevolent. From now on, she would be beyond pain, worry, and suffering.

Then, I calmly told Lauren. "Lauren, go buy the best funeral clothes for her. The very best, just like the ones she always wore." Lauren turned and quickly left, returning shortly after. Trembling, I helped her put on the clothes. It was the first tl had dressed Grace. Enduring the process with tears, I smiled and looked at her serene appearance.

"Mom, you can go in peace now. There will be no more pain in heaven. From now on, you'll be free and happy. I can only escort you this far," I said, then looked at her for a moment before covering her with the sheet. Matthew suddenly burst into the room. He looked atdistressed, then shifted his gaze to the stark white sheet. "Chlo, I-" I looked at him coldly and walked past him, not wanting to say another word.

Exiting the emergency room door, I teadied my emotions and saw Johnson approaching through the crowd. He quickly ran over, and efore he could say anything, I sked him to assist Matthew in Landling the funeral arrangements. The neighbors had gathered, and the police were there. The leading officer approachedand asked, "Ma'am, did you call the police?" "Yes," I affirmed, then pointed to Melanie, hiding in a corner with a bruised and swollen face. "She abused her seriously ill mother- in-law and caused her death." "Chlo, you're spewing nonsense. Accusingwill not end well for you..." Melanie's voice trailed off.

I looked at her coldly. "Officer, the witnesses and evidence are all here. I'll provide a more detailed report and evidence later." Then I turned to the neighbors and said, "I know someone recorded today's events. Please give the video to the cops. Let's give Grace scomfort and a proper farewell. She had a hard life and endured humiliation. I hope we can send her off peacefully. Thank you all for your help." As I finished speaking, several neighbors held up their phones, saying, "Rest assured! I've got it!" "I have it, too!" "I've got the full footage. I'll hand it over to the officer!" "Don't worry! We'll send Grace off properly!" I nodded at them. "Thank you, everyone." "Then let's all go to the station!" Two police officers walked toward Melanie. She screamed, "Chlo, you're making false accusations! It was her who hit me..." The neighbors pointed at her indignantly. "You're still trying to defend yourself? We all saw what happened! There's even video evidence." Matthew, full of rage, rushed out from inside. He roared, "I'd like to see who dares to take her away!"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 614-All eyes turned to the furious Matthew. An elderly neighbor spoke up. "What are you trying to do? You're a monster." "Shut up!" Matthew

roared, angrily approaching while pointing his finger at me. "Chloe, what more do you want? My mom is dead... Dead!" He let out a hysterical yell, then angrily advanced. However, when he saw Atlas standing beside me, he abruptly stopped.

He glared at and continued, "How dare you take her away? Do you want to ruin my family? I still have to handle the funeral. She has to stay to handle the funeral!" My gaze was icy as I said, "Your mom doesn't want to see her." I left the hospital with my family, leaving Matthew shouting behind.

Back home, my mom asked, "What about Grace's funeral? What should we do?" I glanced at my mother, leaning weakly into her embrace. "Mom, we've already sent her off. She has a son. I've done what I could and what I shouldn't do, too. I have a clear conscience. It's enough now." Everyone understood what I meant and nodded.

Ivanna took a step forward. "Don't overthink it. Matthew is nothing more than a monster. Melanie deserves any punishment she gets. She's a disgrace to humanity." "I won't overthink it. I have a tough battle to fight," I muttered and then approached Grace's room. "I need to alone." Opening the door, I walked in slowly. The room still seemed to hold her familiar presence. I could only see Grace's face as I sat on the bed. Her smiles, tears, and kind words to me, even when she scolded me.

Now, she was gone and would never return.

I knew how short life was. It could be taken away from you in the blink of an eye.

I thought about when she saw the blood on my forehead, the panic in her eyes, and the pain transforming into hatred. I even recalled the moment she pushed away the bodyguard rushing toward her, frozen in the sound of a dull thud. "Mom, I know you feel bad for me, but leaving like this makes it so hard." I sobbed, unable to control my emotions any longer. "I had so much more to say to you. I shouldn't have let you go like this. I didn't even get to fulfill your wishes. The regrets you left can never be healed." Suddenly, I remembered her package. I took it out, paused, and then opened it slowly.

Besides her change of clothes was the phone I gave her. I took out the clothes one by one. There was a bank book and a piece of paper folded in the middle like a letter.

I quickly unfolded the paper. It was a simple and plain letter written with crooked and slanted handwriting, as if she were speaking to me.

My heart ached at the sight of it. It was her repentance for and our beautiful memories. She asked not to hold a grudge against her, not to resent Matthew, and especially not to take action against him. This might be what worried her the most.

I was speechless. How could I spare them after what they did? She also wrote that the bank book was meant for Ava as a fund for her education.

At the end of the letter, there was another piece of paper asking to give it to Matthew after her death. She didn't leave a single word for Matthew. The only thing she left for him was that piece of paper.

It was a DNA test report.

Then it was Matthew Murphy.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 615-I didn't know whether to admire Grace's shrewdness or blame her for being confused. She had been suppressed and bullied by the Murphys her entire life, but it seemed she had also become shrewd. What a wise move she made.

But what difference did it make? Her fate couldn't be changed now.

I glanced at the date on the report and couldn't help but chuckle.

Grace knew the outcome in advance-even before she arrived to see Ava. After seeing the results, I assumed she realized the pain and longing she felt for Ava. She ultimately made the best decision for her final journey.

I didn't want to consider what would happen if the results on that paper were different. People make mistakes, and this may be her way of making amends.

Her life was pitiful, and even in death, she had nothing. Perhaps the only things left were the ones in front of me.

I reached for the bank book, chuckled, and slowly opened it.

When I saw the set of numbers, I was genuinely surprised. The amount was a considerable sum, even for me. I scrutinized it, and there were only deposits, no withdrawals.

It was evident how important money was to her, but ultimately, she left this substantial amount for Ava. It showed the special place Ava held in her heart and the high expectations she had for her granddaughter.

Even Grace probably never thought that one day, the money earned from would ultimately return to me. Perhaps this was fate. I was stunned for a long time before putting away these things and leaving the room.

Atlas walked over, scrutinizing my face. I smiled and whispered to him, "Sorry for making you worry." He stayed silent, gently embracing and patting my back.

After a while, I told my family, "We need to move on with our lives. We don't need to attend Grace's funeral." We, indeed, didn't show up at the funeral. Johnson handled everything. It was hastily done, and she was buried in Haven Cemetery. The day after

the burial, I brought my family to pay respects. The newly developed cemetery seemed desolate but serene. On the tombstone, Grace's photo showed her smiling kindly.

I had Ava bid her farewell. The only person in the Murphy family who truly cared for Ava was gone.

Ava asked, "Mommy, why is Grandma's picture here? Where did she go?" I sadly told her, "This is Grandma's home. She will live here from now on. She won't stay with us anymore. We can only come to see her if we miss her." Content belongs to ŚwShe looked at her grandma's photo, pouting. There were tears in her eyes. "What if I want to eat Grandma's delicious food?" I wiped my eyes. "Then, Mommy will cook them for you! Grandma has already taught how." She still stared at the photo as if communicating with Grace from afar.

Atlas stepped forward, picked her up, and softly said, "Let's go." We finally left the cemetery. Ava hugged Atlas's neck and waved to the tombstone-this was the real farewell.

Back from the cemetery, I took a shower, and my spirit lifted. I felt brighter, and the pressure on my heart dissipated slowly. The next day, I had just arrived at the company, and Matthew showed up at my doorstep. He came to plead on behalf of Melanie.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 616-I hadn't seen Matthew since Grace's passing. He appeared ashen, evidently worn out and not well-rested. He seemed defeated and didn't mince his words, "Let Melanie go. My family and I have laid my mom to rest.

"Melanie didn't attend the funeral as you wished. It's been a week now, so you should let your anger go." I could tell Matthew was emotional, but I scoffed, wondering what he meant by "as you wished." Still, I glanced at him indifferently and refused to retort. I hadn't felt the need to engage with Matthew since his mom's passing.

When he noticed my indifference, his tone turned colder, "We have a child together, so how could you watch a son cry his mom daily? What gave you the right to denounce so bitterly?" Matthew's expression was righteous as he struggled to contain his emotions. I calmly looked at him and spoke distantly, "You're in the wrong place. You shouldn't be here if you want your wife to return. Go to the cops instead. Melanie's release isn't up to me." Matthew could no longer suppress his frustration as he shouted, "Chloe!" I remained composed and continued to observe him. Finally, he lost his gentlemanly act and approached my desk. He slammed it and roared, "You've gone too far! Do you think you have nothing to do with my mom's death?!" His words startled and made lose my composure. I sharpened my gaze and said earnestly, "Of course I am. I've been reflecting on myself since then." Matthew's lips twitched, seemingly finding relief.

"I blamed myself during my self-reflection. If I hadn't taken charge of Grace, I wouldn't have to face your accusations now. Still, I want to know why you think your mom's passing is my fault?" He detected my underlying meaning, and his anger intensified.



He said, "Don't pretend to be superior just because you cared for my mom for a few days. Mel may have been arrogant and willful, but she's much stronger than you. You're the malicious one, not her." My heart ached, causing to break out in a cold sweat. I couldn't believe what I heard and couldn't find the strength to retort. After silence, I muttered, "I'm worse than someone who killed her own mom?" Matthew continued, "Since our divorce, you've taken away all my property and tried to sow discord in my new family." The pain in my heart made gasp.

"How dare you say you didn't influence my mom? Why would she choose to live with you otherwise? How did you manipulate her to no longer acknowledge her son?" Matthew's expression showed agony as he spoke.

I sarcastically asked, "Is that your reasoning after carefully considering things for so many days? It seems I overestimated you." "My mom died for you, Chloe! I'm not stupid. She wouldn't have crashed into if she didn't see you get hurt." Matthew's eyes revealed trace of pain. "My mom's better off dead. Now, no one can manipulate her anymore. I advise you to revoke your false accusations against Mel. Otherwise, you can't blame for retaliating," he leaned toward and added, "We will sever all ties from now on. I hope we never cross paths again." Matthew gritted his teeth, showing intense resentment.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 617-I felt relieved after hearing Matthew's words. I smirked at him and leaned into my chair, saying disdainfully, "That was what I wanted to tell you. If you're a real man, live up to your words. Again, go to the cops if you want Melanie back. Don't shout at my office." "I dare you to keep up this act!" Matthew then left in resentment.

I watched his departing figure and snorted, muttering, "If you're a man, stop stirring up trouble for no reason." Suddenly, I heard a commotion outside. I was surprised and quickly walked out, only to see Ivanna and Matthew quarreling.

It turned out Matthew happened to encounter Ivanna as he left. Ivanna had to do something at that moment. The two met at the elevator and became hostile.

I walked over and pulled Ivanna away. She had walked right into Matthew's trap. He was about to unleash all his suppressed anger on Ivanna.

However, Ivanna was not one to back down. She pointed at Matthew and scolded, "Who the hell do you think you are to dare, you bastard?! Do you remember how Chloe's head got injured? How dare you lay a finger on her again? Didn't you listen to what I said?!" "Shut the fuck up!" Matthew cursed.

Ivanna suddenly lunged at him, but I grabbed her, saying, "There's no point arguing with an animal, Ivanna. Let's go outside." Ivanna turned back and scolded Matthew, "That bitch will ruin you sooner or later. Even your mom fell victim to Melanie, yet you dare to dare and act recklessly. Don't let see you weeping in remorse when that comes, Matthew!" Anger flashed in Matthew's eyes as he retorted, "Enough bullshit,



Ivanna! You're also the reason my mom's dead!" I knew his emotions ran high at that moment, and such words were more painful than torment. Matthew thought held no respect for Grace. However, Melanie's frequent violence was evident. Still, he was unwilling to believe his wife was the one who drove Grace out. Before, Matthew was dutiful, especially to his mom. He respected and cared for her dearly.

Ivanna persistently confronted him, "Go ahead and continue doting on that bitch! I'm warning you again to stop all this. You'll regret it sooner or later." Matthew had lost all dignity and composure as he glared at us. "That's my family affair, and you have no right to meddle! Things wouldn't have ended up like this without your interference." S "Family? Hah! This office was your hand your family, yet you destroyed it yourself. Do you think you have a hwith that wretched bitch? That's a cesspool at best!" "I dare you to repeat that!" Matthew rushed toward Ivanna with bloodshot eyes.

I quickly pulled her behind and shielded her was genuinely afraid Matthew would resort to violence again. I kept my distance and said coldly Go to the station if you want your wife back. Stop wasting your there and get lost!" S Matthew paled again. "I'll no longer consider our relationship with everything I do." I smiled and nodded. "Sure, I'll remember that. Show no mercy, Matthew!"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 618-When I dragged Ivanna back into the office, she was still resentful. She turned back to curse him again, "Go to hell, you fuck!" Inside, Ivanna asked me, "Why haven't you taken action? Have you gone soft again?" I stood by the window silently and gazed into the distance. My voice was faint and hollow, "Grace toldnot to lay a hand on him when she was alive." My words angered Ivanna. She said, "I knew it! You did becsoft again. Must I remind you of how Grace died?" I couldn't bear to look into Ivanna's piercing eyes.

Ivanna continued, "I watched the entire video. Grace wouldn't have confronted Matthew if he hadn't protected the idiot who beat his mom. Melanie's push caused Grace's death, yet you're still showing mercy. Matthew's an accomplice for protecting Melanie." I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Ivanna's vivid narration played in my mind. Of course, I remembered my fury at that moment.

Ivanna shouted at me, "You feel sorry for your mother-in-law, but she died because of them! Why are you so soft? Did you forget who caused that injury on your forehead? Fine. If you don't do anything, I will.

"Matthew is a monster for what he did. Even his mother's death failed to knock sense into him. Are you making excuses for him, Chlo?" I opened my eyes and watched the clouds drift by. I wondered which cloud might represent Grace and if she would blme for retaliating against her son.

"Ivanna, I don't want to disobey Grace's wishes. I won't touch him because that was what she wanted. Still, I'll never forgive Melanie for everything she did." I approached my desk drawer and removed from it a paper bag of evidence I had against Melanie. I

handed the bag to Ivanna and said, "It's in your hands not. I can't help it if Matthew gets harmed in the process." Afterward, Ivanna and I held a secret meeting before I took action.

Ivanna and Lauren uploaded Melanie's countless misdeeds, especially the video of her pushing Grace. It immediately caused a massive wave among the netizens.

At that time, Matthew was processing Melanie's bail in the detention center. He was about to complete it when he received a notice from higher-ups revoking the bail.

Things went beyond our expectations After uploading the video, a group of righteous individuals began investigating the case. They quickly revealed all of Melanie's shocking details. These individuals even found the data on the Muborough project, of course, with shelp from us. Soon, the information caught the relevant authorities' attention, and they dispatched personnel to begin investigating. However, our ne opponents were not as simple as we thought. Liora could achieve an escape plan, even in such a situation. We never expected that. Since Keegan had set up lprecautions against Muborough's construction sites, it brought considerable obstacles to the investigation. The investigation seemed to be at a standstill when Keegan and his people made a mistake and exposed a fatal flaw. Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 619-When the relevant authorities discreetly withdrew their investigators, the Thompsons likely received an advance notice and replaced the materials.

However, no one expected Grayson to be prepared. Another wave of related personnel caught them as they moved.

As everyone felt relieved, Keegan made a desperate attempt to deflect all blame. He faked the suicide of the only knowledgeable material officer by pushing him off a building at a construction site.

However, the building under construction was a blind spot for surveillance, and no clues remained.

The following day, the workers discovered the body. We knew it was Keegan's doing, but there was no evidence to pin on him. Someone wrote a suicide note in the person's handwriting, evidently blaming Melanie.

Keegan had shifted the blto Melanie, who was under arrest at the moment. Melanie was the legal representative and person in charge of the Muborough project but had no room for defense.

The evidence was solid, with inspections on the ongoing construction and our information. Melanie had nowhere to run.

Matthew faced online scrutiny, and his affair was exposed. The company's troubles added to his stress, and Liora took advantage of the situation. She exploited Melanie's use of substandard materials to pressure Matthew.

Liora instigated several initial investors, too. They collectively confronted Matthew. Unexpectedly, the situation developed in Liora's favor, making her anxious. That wasn't the outcome she wanted because it deviated from the plan.

Additionally, Celine returned to Foswood due to the issues with the Muborough project.

I settled all the company matters and clocked out early. Carol offered to send her as she wanted to visit Lauren. We had been working on Melanie's case at Lauren's during this period for convenience's sake. After all, matters were inconvenient to handle at the company. When we arrived at Lauren's, I pondered before getting down with Carol. Lauren quickly reported the situation's progress to me, but they still couldn't find a flaw in Liora's plan, making me somewhat anxious.

My goal was to capture Melanie, but Liora was the key. I wanted to catch them all in one sweep. Meanwhile, Liora also felt as distressed as Matthew due to the unexpected incident. Therefore, she did not have to focus on Avalon Hills, allowing her to secure it effortlessly.

The other few bidding competitors were no threat to us, either. We had prepared our bid for Avalon Hills exceptionally well this time. We even received unanimous praise within the industry. Even our competitors acknowledged our victory.

This situation-fueled Liora's contempt for me. She could only compromise and exert her efforts to acquire Matthew's company. As for Avalon Hills, she had to give up reluctantly. It was too late for regrets, and she had nothing left but bitterness. Lauren noticed my exhaustion and advised, "Go and rest. We'll handle things. I'll inform you if anything comes up. We can only wait for Grayson's good news now, or it'll remain at a standstill." I helplessly nodded. "I'll take a nap and then come back later." As I turned to leave, Matthew called again. I thought he was shameless, but I answered anyway. This time, he spoke humbly.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 620-Matthew's voice was hoarse and bitter, "Chloe, I had no choice but to call you. Liora is driving crazy. She's taking advantage of the situation. She's trying to bury me. They've shifted all the blame to Mel and even want my company." I couldn't fathom his emotions at that moment.

He continued, "What should I do? Please help me." Hearing Matthew's anxious voice made me uncomfortable, especially when I thought about Grace. He was her most significant concern when she passed, including Ava.

I sarcastically reminded him, "What's the point of telling all this now? Find her weak spot. You've been working together for so long. Can't you find any leverage?" "I see her real

colors now. Liora is determined to make my life hell. Mel is innocent and willing to sign any document since we didn't hire that materials officer," Matthew's tone resembled an ignorant child.

I didn't know what I saw in him in the past. I thought he should've been charming and spirited. I wondered if he had always been so ignorant. I sneered and said, "Find problems in Melanie's innocence then." I hung up the call immediately after and headed home. I didn't expect Atlas to be hand chatting with my dad. I walked over and sat beside Atlas, asking, "Why are you hso early? Is everything okay at the company?" He embraced and replied, "We handled everything smoothly today. There was nothing left to do, so I chearly. I was just discussing moving to Pleca Park with your dad. I thought you could all stay there for a change of environment." I was surprised that Atlas brought it up again. It seemed he was concerned about safety, especially with Celine back in Foswood. We had an unspoken understanding of this matter.

Atlas looked atmeaningfully, and I nodded. I then turned to my dad and asked, "What do you think?" My dad looked easygoing.

"Whatever arrangements you two et make is fine with me. Atlas mentioned the yard there is vast, with many plants to manage. I find that pretty interesting. My only concern is it's a little far for Ava to go to school." velmet I responded, "That's not a problem. We have a driver to make things convenient, Mom and Molly don't need to take the kids to school. often Mom likes planting vegetables, right? You can plant them together." My dad asked, "Then, will we leave this place empty?" I casually said, "Why leave it empty? Atlas and I can stay here if we happen to work overtime. It's convenient living on both sides." I spoke with ease and joy. However, I wouldn't want to move to Pleca Park if it weren't for safety reasons. After all, Atlas and I weren't married yet.

Since I didn't hesitate this tand my dad agreed, Atlas sighed in relief. His respect forand my family moved me. Considering Atlas's personality, he would be pretty indifferent to outsiders. S He was cold and domineering to anyone else. However, he was warm, gentle, and caring toward my family.

## **Beyond the Divorce Chapter 621**

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 621-My dad nodded, saying, "Alright, I'll go along with your decision." Atlas smiled reassuringly, sensing that something was bothering me.

"You look tired. Why don't you go upstairs, take a shower, and rest for a bit? We can have dinner together." I gave him an admiring look, then stood up and asked, "Aren't you coming with me?" Atlas quickly said, "Dad, I'll go upstairs with Chlo." Hearing him casually call my father "Dad" always leftfeeling strange.

This guy had mastered the art of humility.

He followed me, and as we returned to the room, he asked, "Why do you look so unhappy?" I briefly explained the current situation to him. With a bitter expression, I said, "I can't get any leverage on Liora, and that's bothering me." Atlas pressed onto the bed and kissed me. "Is that what's troubling you? The more challenging the situation, the better." I looked at him, perplexed. "Why?" He nibbled on my lip and then looked at me, saying, "People tend to reveal their flaws when they are self-satisfied. Don't be anxious, and stay calm." I rolled my eyes but considered his words, which made sense.

I said, "I'm afraid she'll slip away." "You mean run off? Where would she go? If she makes a move, she'll get caught. Don't you understand that?" He confidently asked. "But I can't find any solid evidence against them. I can't take action," I said, feeling helpless. "This dragging on is frustrating!" "Then set a trap for them and lure them out! Make them act again, and then..." he trailed off.

I looked at Atlas in amazement, asking, "How do we lure them out?" "To keep something unknown, you must do nothing yourself. Isn't there only one material officer? Make another one! Haven't you heard the saying, 'The guilty conscience needs no accuser?'" I stared at him with doubt. "Make another one?" My mind kept turning over Atlas's words. "Are you saying..." I instantly understood what he meant, pushed his shoulders away, and looked at his mesmerizing eyes. "Mislead them, attract their attention, force them to act again, and then..." 11 He looked at with a charming expression. "Smart! How about giving encouragement? Reward him with a little pre-dinner exercise?" I instantly felt exasperated. "Atlas, can't you be less practical? Must there always be tit for tat? Let go. I need to take a shower. I'm tired and want to sleep for a while. Don't cling to me!" He put on a sulking expression. "Of course, there must be clear rewards and punishments. You'll sleep better after sexercise. Try it, and you'll see." After saying that, he lifted and headed straight for the bathroom. I screamed, realizing something was off. Trying to lower my voice, I scolded him, "Atlas, you're so annoying! Ava will be back soon. What are you doing?" "I'm exercising!" He had pinned down in seconds, wasting no time.

He never adhered to the rules in this matter. He promised just once, but he always stretched it infinitely.

I was furious, as I had planned to catch up on sleep but was interrupted. After the shower, he insisted on following downstairs. It was really annoying.

This situation made me feel somewhat guilty, and it was clear that we had done something inappropriate.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 622-Dylan called right after dinner. Atlas answered with a few "yeahs" before hanging up.

Then he returned to the table, calmly finishing the meal with the family before saying, "I need to step out for a moment. I'll be back a little later." I could tell by his demeanor that something important had happened.

I suggested, "Let's go together. I'll visit Lauren." Ava wasn't too pleased and ran over to us, standing before us like a teacher. "You guys are always so busy. Can't you spend stwithat home? You makefeel lonely!" Aware of her loneliness, Atlas had already arranged for Jenny to keep her company. Yet, here she was, using loneliness to manipulate us.

We exchanged smiles, and Atlas bent down, picking up the little troublemaker.

In a gentle tone, he said, "I'm sorry. I know I'm wrong. I'll make sure to pay more attention to you next time." "What about you, Mommy? Why aren't you sorry?" Ava looked atsolemnly, waiting for my response.

I quickly adopted a serious demeanor, telling her, "Alright, I'll be more mindful next time. Or...how about you and Jenny cwithfor a little outing?" Ava widened her eyes. "Really?" "When did I ever lie to you?" She immediately shouted into the dining room, "Jenny, hurry up and eat! Mommy's taking us out for a walk. Are you done?" Upon hearing Ava's call, Jenny rushed out with her mouth still full. "Where are we going?" "To Aunt Lauren's place!" Ava, acting like a little adult, asked, "Have you finished eating?" "I'm full. We can go." Jenny skipped toward me.

The four of us went out together, with Atlas holding Ava andleading Jenny. We cheerfully walked out of the house.

Atlas accompanied us until we reached Lauren's building. Watching us go upstairs, he left only after ensuring we were inside. His car then sped away.

I took the kids upstairs. Lauren was overjoyed to see Ava and Jenny.

"Oh my goodness, two little angels are here!" Ava enthusiastically ran over. "Yeah, my mom feels sorry that she hasn't taken us out for so long. So, she brought us here!" Everyone in the room burst into laughter. "Haha... Feels sorry? Is this an attack on your mom?!" "Yes, if there's a mistake, it should be corrected. This is the worst thing Mommy and Uncle Atlas did recently. So today, I scolded them, and they said sorry. Uncle Atlas brought us here," Ava explained confidently. I shrugged helplessly. Kids these days were really something.

I ruffled her hair. "Go and play. Stop talking." Lauren wasn't satisfied yet, teasing her, "Then you can cby yourself." Ava thought for a moment and shook her head, her face paling. "No, we can't. The teacher says we're still young. We shouldn't leave our parents' sight. Bad people may appear!" Content belongs to sŵl was shocked, realizing she still hadn't completely forgotten getting kidnapped. However, she was intelligent enough to avoid bringing it up herself.

Atlas had the right idea. Moving to Pleca Park was necessary and urgent After all, the current situation wasn't too optimistic, and it was safer there.



Beyond the Divorce Chapter 623-Prev Chapter Next Chapter We stayed until late, and Ava's eyelids were already fighting to stay open. I quickly bid farewell to everyone, intending to take the two little ones to rest. However, Ava refused to leave, no matter what.

"I don't want to go. Uncle Atlas said we should wait for him to cback." Ava stubbornly looked at me, pouting.

"Uncle Atlas may have urgent matters to attend to and could be back very late. He may not be able to cto pick us up. You and Jenny have school tomorrow." "No! Uncle Atlas keeps his promises. I believe he'll cto pick us up!" She avoided my hand and ran away, saying, "I want Uncle Atlas to pickup!" It was clear that she was starting to get sleepy and uncooperative.

I felt somewhat helpless. This child had been spoiled. When I took care of her alone, she was obedient. But now she seemed too reliant on the pampering.

Just as I was about to take a firmer stance, the doorbell rang. Ava immediately exclaimed and ran to the door, "Uncle Atlas? Uncle Atlas is back!" She ran to the door, tiptoed to open it, and then exclaimed, "Uncle Atlas! I knew you'd keep your word! I've been waiting for you! Let's go hnow!" Atlas had a warm expression as he picked her up. "Of course, I keep my promises. Let's go home." I looked at Atlas with a wry smile. "You're the one who spoiled her! She's becoming difficult to handle now." "She's not a puppet. Ava is a thoughtful child, right?" Atlas said indulgently, pinching her little nose.

"Yes! I'm very smart!" She replied, her blinking slowing down.

I turned and picked up the somewhat sleepy Jenny. Since she cto my house, I have also treated her like a daughter.

Jenny was older than Ava and a bit heavier. By the tme got downstairs, I was a bit exhausted.

Seeing struggling, Atlas laughed and quickly took Jenny from me. "I'll help. Let's go together." Jenny understood and said, "I can walk by myself. I'm grown up now." "I will carry you." Atlas never treated Jenny any differently, earning my sincere respect.

Jenny smiled pleasantly and said, "Thank you, Uncle Atlas." Ava had already fallen asleep on his shoulder. It was clear that she had been persistently waiting. She just knew he would cback for her.

Atlas had never broken his word to Ava.

Back home, my mom and Molly were waiting. Seeing Atlas carrying both kids, Molly quickly took Jenny. "Hey, why didn't you walk by yourself? Why are you letting Mr. Atlas carry you?" Jenny looked at Molly as if she had done something wrong.



"I carried her downstairs, but I couldn't carry her anymore by the time we got down." I laughed and explained to Molly, "Don't bother. She's just like Ava." Atlas smiled and quickly picked up Jenny. "I'll take you back to your room." The two kids hadn't taken a bath yet. Jenny was already so tired, and Ava slept so soundly that she didn't even wake up when I helped her undress.

After washing up and lying in our bed, I asked Atlas, "Do you really like children?" He certainly knew what I meant by asking this question. He pulled closer, saying, "When I was young, my father and mother treated Stella and me equally. After being rescued, they treated us both as their own. The same goes for Rose. In those years with the Beringer family, I was treated the same as Ardie and Arnold. Many people showed great kindness, which is why I am here where I am today. I have no reason not to reciprocate." He looked at me seriously. "Besides, Ava is your daughter, which makes her my daughter too." "Is the Stella you mentioned the real Stella?" I cautiously asked.

"Yes, our families have always been together. So Stella grew up in the Pierce family. After our parents passed away, Aunt Hailey took care of us. But it was only for two months..." Atlas's voice sounded a bit melancholic. I could clearly feel that his voice became deeply affectionate whenever Atlas mentioned the real Stella.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 624-I felt a twinge of jealousy when he mentioned growing up with the real Stella. Not to mention the affectionate photo of them together.

Growing up together fostered a strong bond.

"So, what's her relationship with Annalise? Why does everyone say you love Annalise?" I looked at Atlas's hand features, always wanting to unravel the mystery.

The more worried I became, the more I felt that many things were hazy and just out of reach.

I didn't know if it was my dullness or Atlas was genuinely trying to protect me. I'm sure he had his reasons.

Could it be that, as this impostor Stella claimed, there was a secret he couldn't reveal? Atlas hugged me tightly, making me feel at home. Perhaps he treated this way because I closely resembled the real Stella. "Don't listen to what others are saying. They're just trying to confuse you. Just trust in what I say," he reminded me once again.

"Looking back, after my parents passed away, I didn't even know what happiness meant. Everyone in my grandfather's family was in mourning and trying to investigate things with my father's family. They all neglected me." This was the first time I heard Atlas bring up the subject. I leaned against his chest, listening intently, afraid of missing anything. I always felt that there was an inseparable connection between Atlas and me.

"Stella and I could only be with Aunt Hailey at that time. She held Stella and me, telling us not to cry. She urged to live well, inherit my father's business, and establish my own family." I sympathized with him. He must have been a pitiful child, orphaned by both parents.

"Blit on the fact that I was still a kid and couldn't completely understand what Aunt Hailey was saying. I was just immersed in fear, despair, and grief. I really couldn't believe that, in a sudden moment, I would lose three loved ones." I could fully understand Atlas's emotions at that time. After all, he was only ten years old. How helpless he must have felt.

I tried to imagine my situation at ten, but I couldn't feel anything.

"That was the first tl truly understood the word 'death,' which meant a final goodbye. I could not see them anymore." He held my hand even tighter, with one hand on the back of my head, pressing my forehead against his cheek.

"I was very cowardly, feeling that my entire world had collapsed. It was Aunt Hailey who continuously injected with a kind of spiritual support, you know?" He looked down at me. "It was her who gave goals. 'Grow up quickly. Inherit your father's business. Establish your own family.'" They were also the hope that kept going because she said they were my father's wishes." "She was really good!" I sighed sincerely.

"She was. But one day, two months later, she suddenly left too. Stella and I felt like our sky had collapsed." I could feel his hand trembling slightly as he hugged me. It was almost suffocating, but I dared not move. I knew he must be feeling horrible, and I felt sympathetic.

"Tell more about Aunt Hailey." I gazed up at his handsface.

I was becoming increasingly curious about her.

"She's beautiful, smart, and generous His description was similar to the one given by Rose. Atlas sighed, and there was pain in his voice. "It's a pity that she met her end due to her intelligence "If it weren't for Aunt Hailey, I might never have realized that there was something wrong with the plane crash. It was her death that warned that everything was a conspiracy. They all died tragically." After saying this, Atlas's eyes were deep, and the muscles in his jaw were tense.

"How did you realize that Aunt Hailey's death was unusual?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 625-I knew this question was cruel, but I couldn't control myself. I needed to know.

"That afternoon, she made our favorite crab rangoons and grilled sea bass for Stella and me. Crab rangoons were Stella's favorite, and I love grilled sea bass." Crab rangoons? That was also my favorite.

"While eating, she insisted that we finish everything and told I should protect Stella.

"At that time, I didn't think much of it. But when Stella and I chafter school, there were many strangers in the house, and even a funeral car...

I felt a chill down my spine.

He paused for a long tbefore continuing, "Someone toldthat Aunt Hailey had died. Stella was crying inconsolably, and I held her. Just then, a body was carried out toward the funeral car.

"I ran over and pulled the white cloth covering the person. What I saw was a terrifying face, with black blood around the mouth and eyes..." I stiffened in his arms, feeling my hair stand on end. Atlas's warm hand gently stroked me.

"I was stunned, and then someone grabbedand threwout. That face scared me, but that was indeed Aunt Hailey. I couldn't understand why her face was so terrifying." Atlas huggedtighter, his voice hoarse. "I felt that Aunt Hailey must've known something. Otherwise, she wouldn't have made our favorite food that noon, and a few hours later... she was gone!" Hearing this, I felt a bit horrified. Everything was just too scary.

"I was young and didn't understand what had happened to her. There were various rumors about her death. Later, I searched online to find out why such a thing could happen. The result was poisoning!" I buried my face in Atlas's chest. I didn't want to believe such a terrible thing had happened to such a good person.

"Later, I heard rumors that she missed Mr. Rory so much that she drank poison. This further confirmed my suspicion that she died of poisoning. But I absolutely don't believe she'd leave us and end her life like that. It's absolutely impossible!" His voice was choking with emotion.

"So, that raised your suspicions? How did you link it to the plane crash?" I asked, incredulous.

Atlas frowned "That was when I remembered that one night before Aunt Hailey died, I was thirsty and went out for water. I overheard Aunt Hailey talking on the phone, and she sounded very anxious. I accidentally heard her say, 'Rory doesn't have a tattoo.'" "So Aunt Hailey found out about this?" I felt a shiver down my spine. "It seems like she was murdered." I contemplated Atlas's story as well as the figure of Hailey. Various scenes flashed through my mind. My head suddenly ached, and I couldn't help but whimper.

Atlas immediately looked down at me, worried. "What's wrong? Huh?" I concealed it, smiling at him and quickly responding, "Your hug is making it hard for to breathe." He chuckled with a low, magnetic voice. "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to!" He kissed gently and asked in a low voice, "Do you have a headache? You can't fool me, you know." I nestled into his arms. "You're a sly fox! Nothing can escape you." "It's because we have a telepathic connection, just like when I first saw you in Foswood. That day, I had just returned from Jitador. Fate brought back to attend that bidding event. "In fact, I don't need to get involved in such bidding events. Mr. Nick handles them entirely. On that day, I insisted on participating in the meeting myself, and I saw you." He successfully shifted the topic, avoiding the terrifying atmosphere.

I was about to say something when he hugged tighter. "Forget it. We have plenty of time. I'll tell you everything little by little, and you can remember bit by bit!" I initially wanted to ask him more questions, but he held close, burying his face in the nape of my neck. I understood how he felt.

I wanted to know how many unbearable past events were buried in his heart. However, his actions suggested that he did not wish to continue.

I embraced him, suppressing many questions I wanted to ask. I didn't want to tear open his wounds.

These past few days may have exhausted me. We fell asleep like this not long after.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 626-Atlas and I didn't hurry to work the following day because we needed to move to Pleca Park. Molly and my mom had already packed the daily necessities. However, we didn't need to bring much since Atlas had prepared everything there.

Ava and Jenny curiously followed us. Ava asked where we were going and why they didn't have to attend school that day. When I told her and Ava we were going to a new home, Ava stared at in surprise. She asked, "Do we have a new home?" I nodded. "Yes, we do. It's Uncle Atlas's home." Atlas quickly corrected, "It's our new home." Ava asked, "Is it where you and Mommy will stay after getting married?" "Is it?" Atlas asked as if that was indeed the reason. I felt embarrassed as I stole a glance at my seemingly indifferent dad. It lightened my heart to see that.

I knew my parents' impression of Atlas changed after he brought Ava back from the kidnappers. My mom and dad were no longer as hesitant about my and Atlas's relationship, especially after seeing how dependent Ava was on him.

Whenever Atlas had time, he would accompany my dad for tea and a chat. Their shared interests increased by the day. I was sure my dad was already considering how to plant his trees and cultivate a vegetable garden in the new yard.

Ava grew excited when she heard Atlas's question. "Yay! Then I'll have a dad again!" She then proudly told Jenny, "I'll have a dad soon!" I knew Ava had always wanted a dad, but it had somehow become an impossible thing for her.

At that moment, Atlas's men from Pleca Park arrived. He got them to collect our luggage as we entered the car and prepared to leave. I hadn't been to Pleca Park for a long time. The two children resembled chirping birds along the way, constantly asking questions.

Atlas smiled as he drove, feigning mystery as he said, "It's a secret. You'll find out soon." His words made the little ones curious. Even my parents seemed eager to know what the new house looked like. Meanwhile, Molly looked calm. It seemed she had been there before.

When the car entered Pleca Park's private road, Ava exclaimed as she marveled at the gorgeous scenery. She said it resembled a forest park. However, she fell silent when the car drove through the gate. I noticed her looking at the castle-like house with her mouth agape.

The housekeepers gathered at the gate. When the car door opened, Ava turned to and asked, "Mommy, is this a park or a house?" Even my parents were in awe of the place. They exited the car and looked at the endless lawn, the various landscapes, and the magnificent main house. Then they looked at and asked, "Is this the place?" I didn't know how to answer them, so Atlas said, "Yep, this is it. It'll be over soon with you guys around. Otherwise, I rarely come here." "Wow, Uncle Atlas! Your house looks like Elsa's castle!" Ava skipped over to Atlas and looked up at him admiringly.

Atlas smiled, bent down, and lifted her. He looked at her rosy face and said, "This is your future home. You're the princess of this castle, Princess Ava." She laughed triumphantly.

Soon after, Atlas had someone take the luggage and arrange our rooms. Then, someone took my parents on a tour of Pleca Park. Before they could settle in, Trinity called.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 627-I had accompanied Trinity when the doctor discharged her from the hospital. We didn't meet again after that since she had been busy with recovery and handling various matters upon returning to her family.

I was also busy with the aftermath of Grace's passing.

When I answered the call, she said, "Let's meet if you're not busy. There's something I want to discuss with you." She seemed to have reverted to her cold and dismissive demeanor. I glanced at Atlas and then pondered for a moment before agreeing, "All right, where do you want to meet?" "Wherever you are right now." "I'm at Pleca Park," I truthfully replied.

"Then let's meet at Sugar. See you there." Trinity hung up immediately after.

I raised an eyebrow, wondering why she sounded so urgent. I also didn't know what Sugar was. It sounded like the name of a bar. After putting away my phone, I hurried over to Atlas and said, "Trinity has something to discuss with me, so I need to head out for a bit." He asked, "Where are you going?" "Sugar. It shouldn't be too far from here," I answered and then asked, "Are you heading to the company?" When my dad heard my question, he told Atlas, "I'll take a stroll around the yard. You should handle your affairs. Don't worry about us." "Chloe will go first. I'll have lunch with you all before leaving for the company. That's the plan for the morning," Atlas said, "You should go ahead, Chloe. But be careful." With no time to waste, I headed toward my car and drove straight to Sugar. I was unfamiliar with such places, but it was in Luton. I turned on the navigation system and was surprised that it was indeed nearby.

Upon my arrival, I realized it wasn't a bar but a nightclub. I then realized why Atlas told me to be careful.

When I entered, a waiter approached and confirmed my identity.

Afterward, he led me through a dim maze-like corridor to the room on the top floor. He knocked twice and then gently opened the door, gesturing for me to enter. I couldn't help but sigh. I would've never found the room if Trinity hadn't sent someone to guide me.

When I entered, I saw Trinity sitting on the sofa. There was a tall and sturdy young man standing behind her, and the two were engaged in a conversation. When she noticed me entering, she told the man, "You can leave for now." The man respectfully bowed and then strode out. Before leaving, he discreetly glanced at me. Honestly, I didn't favor people like him. That was why I had told Trinity we couldn't be friends.

However, things didn't always go as planned. I felt much more at ease once the man left and closed the door. I then approached the sofa beside Trinity and sat down. I asked, "Are you doing okay?" I glanced around the vast room. It had a unique style and seemed like an office, yet not quite. I couldn't describe it, but it matched Trinity's style perfectly. She bluntly replied, "I'm fine. You would never contact me if I didn't reach out to you." I chuckled. "Well, we're both swamped. If not for special circumstances today, I would've continued to procrastinate calling you." Trinity reached for two photos on the table before her and handed them to me. Then, she gestured for me to look at them, saying nothing. I looked at her suspiciously and then reached for the photos. I was stunned as soon as I saw them.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 628-I instinctively brought the photos closer for a careful examination. Then I looked at Trinity with amazement and asked, "How'd you get these?!" Trinity smirked. "I have my ways." I grew excited. "My entire situation hinges on these. I never thought you'd obtain such crucial evidence so effortlessly. Things will be much easier from now on." Trinity looked at me and dampened my enthusiasm. "Don't get too excited. These photos can only nail Keegan, but you still can't touch Liora. She's the



one pulling the strings, after all. She'll escalate things if you can't deal with her this time. She's your real threat." I didn't expect Trinity to understand so thoroughly. It seemed I had underestimated her. After she thought, I tapped the photos to the back of my hand, muttering, "I'll stay put for now and let Liora get anxious." Trinity spoke cunningly, "Then you must play the part well." I knew she was more cunning than I thought. I had to learn from her tactics, so I asked for her advice, "Do you have a better plan?" Trinity's smoky eye makeup made her gaze look even more sinister. I preferred her sickly appearance, but she had returned to normal now. It made reading her difficult. She leaned over and motioned for me to do the same.

Then, she whispered a strategy to me. I found her moves were more sophisticated.

Trinity then leaned back on the sofa triumphantly, saying, "Liora will be on edge. However, you must let her flaunt for a bit before reeling her in. The rest will be elementary." "I admire how resourceful you are," I genuinely praised her.

"Hey, you'll naturally become wiser with more experience. But..." She dragged out her voice, looking at me as she continued, "Would you mind having a meal with me?" I almost burst into laughter, asking, "What kind of question is that?" Trinity looked at me sternly. "Don't joke around. Share a meal within my family's style. Is that okay?" My mind raced, and it seemed this meal had a deeper meaning for her. However, I had no reason to refuse. Instead, I readily agreed, "Sure, let's have it your way." "Are you serious? You'll accompany me, no matter how grand the occasion?" "Is this meal different from what I'm thinking of?" "I'm not referring to a simple one." Trinity gazed at me profoundly before reaching for my hand. "Do you genuinely want to be friends with me, or is it just a rash decision of gratitude?" I felt she placed great importance on the word "friend." It seemed she wanted to focus on that aspect. I looked at her earnestly and held her hand, saying, "Trinity, you don't need to worry. I don't go back on my word. UMS "Although the idea of being friends came up because you took a stab for me, it's evident you value righteousness.

Hearing her say this, I felt that Trinity placed great importance on the word 'friend. She wanted to focus on this aspect. You distinguish right from wrong at a crucial moment, even when we were enemies. It shows you're a friend worth having. That's why I want to befriend you." Trinity slapped the table. "Perfect! Let's have the meal right now. Erik!"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 629-Trinity's actions startled me. Indeed, she could instantly turn words into actions. As soon as her words fell, the tall and robust young man from earlier walked back in.

Trinity asked, "Has Grandpa arrived?" "Yes, Ms. Trinity," Erik replied respectfully.

I was surprised, wondering who Grandpa was. It escalated the situation a bit, and I thought I should express my gratitude to the older man.

"Erik, please bring Grandpa in," Trinity commanded, and Erik turned to leave.

I stood up, feeling nervous. After all, I should show respect to the head of the Huffmans. Moreover, his daughter risked her life for me.

Seeing my nervousness, Trinity stood up with a smile. "Why are you so nervous?" "I've always wanted to thank your grandpa but never had the chance," I said.

She smirked. "I'll give you that chance." When the door opened, a spirited old man entered with a crowd. The liveliness made me uneasy, and it seemed the Huffmans' meals might not be as enjoyable as I had hoped. The old man scrutinized me from head to toe as soon as he entered.

Of course, I felt uncomfortable and stepped forward. I bowed slightly and greeted the old man, "Hello, Mr. Anson." "Hmm, I can finally take a good look at you. Not bad." I found it amusing and wondered if Anson was referring to me.

"Mr. Anson, I've been wanting to thank you. You were startled because of me." I didn't want to miss the opportunity to express my gratitude. I knew it would be challenging to broach the subject again if I missed it.

He only smiled before walking to the main seat on the sofa. He sat upright in his burgundy suit, and his demeanor was impressive. Meanwhile, everyone instinctively split into two groups and stood behind him.

"You should thank me for this," Mr. Anson looked at me without reservation. "My daughter did something that angered me. She risked her life so recklessly, which is taboo in our family. She did it for you and nearly broke the Huffmans' lineage." I felt guilty as I stood before him. I nervously lowered my head as he pointed at Trinity and said, "Although Trinity's a girl, she's the only Huffman descendant. It would have been a disaster for my family if she died. I wouldn't have let you off if she did." "I believe that, Mr. Anson. I'm sorry for causing you such distress," I spoke respectfully.

He said, "However, you saved her life in return, meaning you've made amends for your mistake. Since we're even now, I accept your apology and thanks." I felt a sense of relief when I saw him smile.

"Since you two want to befriend each other, propose a more traditional approach. You should become sworn sisters according to my family's customs. That way, you'll be like family. Trinity would gain a sister, and I'd gain another daughter. "You'll look out for each other from now on. What do you think, Chloe?" I was dumbfounded and wondered how Trinity's invitation led to this situation. I could only stand there in a daze as everyone looked at me. I knew those behind Anson were the family's big shots.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 630-Anson smiled at me, saying, "It's good that you like the idea. Let's get to it then." I didn't know how to respond, but he kept looking at me. He seemed displeased and asked, "What's wrong, Chloe? Do you disagree?" My mind raced as the situation astounded me. Still, I knew disagreeing would contradict what I

had just told Trinity. On the other hand, I didn't expect this with the Huffmans. I never wanted to have dealings with a family of the Huffmans' status. After all, they differed from the Beringers.

I became goddaughter to the Beringers because I understood Atlas's connection to them. It was also because of Atlas's subtle intervention.

However, the Huffmans belonged to an entirely different category. I knew the term sworn sisters carried significant weight, especially to Anson. Most would keep their distance from such families, but I had little to think.

Anson awaited my response, and the Huffmans' loyal guards were watching me. It would humiliate Trinity if I refused. Ultimately, I stepped forward and said, "Mr. Anson, it's not that I'm unwilling, but I'm unworthy of becoming your family's sworn daughter." "Haha, it's enough if you're willing. Let's not waste time." Anson waved. "Prepare for the ceremony." My earlier words were an attempt to buy myself time to think. It seemed I was destined to become Trinity's sworn sister today. Considering my solitary status in Foswood, I thought having more friends could only be a good thing.

Still, I felt uneasy and hoped it wouldn't affect my relationship with the Beringers. After the ceremony, I intended to visit the Beringers and explain everything.

While my mind raced, preparations for the ceremony had already begun. The arrangement was something I had only seen in movies. I never expected such a bizarre ceremony to exist in real life.

No wonder so many people were in the room today. The Huffmans took everything seriously and went through all the procedures with great care. Although everyone present was a member of the family, there was no room for negligence.

After completing the formalities, Trinity and I officially became sisters. Since I was three years older, I was naturally the elder sister.

Anson laughed heartily as he held each of us on either side. Someone even took a photo of the three of us. I most agreed with him when he announced not to make this public yet. Only the Huffmans would know about today. Anson also told all his subordinates that I was now his adopted daughter, who shared a similar status to Trinity. Though his declaration was hefty, I felt relieved with the decision not to publicize it.

Ultimately, Anson gave and Trinity jade pendants. The pendants were small but exquisite.

Surprisingly, the two jades formed the family's when combined. Anson decreed that whoever saw the jade would treat it as a no command, marking our identity within the family. I felt somewhat apprehensive.

Afterward, Anson told everyone to sit. Then, we officially started the Huffman family's meal. Anson and Trinity were delighted. Even though I was nervous, I didn't show it.

I grew increasingly comfortable with the family as the night progressed. The atmosphere was lively with laughter, and I felt like part of the family despite the unconventional circumstances.

## **Beyond the Divorce Chapter 631**

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 631-Things returned to normal after the banquet ended, and we saw Anson off. I finally had a chance to talk with Trinity alone.

Trinity smiled and asked, "Did we scare you?" I relaxed on the sofa, and half complained, "What do you think? You make such a big fuss, not even discussing it with me. I was not prepared whatsoever. It made so nervous, and Mr. Anson's..." "What's his name?" Trinity reminded me.

I stuck out my tongue. "I mean, Anson. I'm still not used to it! His commands are a bit intimidating. What did I do to deserve this?" "It's not like they're asking you to take over the Huffman family. There's nothing you can't handle. In terms of capability, you certainly have it. Don't underestimate the Huffman family. Not just anyone can be associated with them." Trinity looked at me with a cool expression, clearly proud of the family.

"How could I underestimate them?" I paused, then said, "The Huffman family's reputation is definitely significant, and I never thought that one day I would be connected to them!" "Do you feel they're incompatible with you? Do you think the Huffman family doesn't follow the usual path?" Trinity and I always had this straightforward conversation style that I enjoyed. There was no hiding anything.

I smiled openly and countered, "Don't they?" Trinity didn't answer my question. "This jade is the Huffman family's heirloom. In case... I mean, just in case, if you encounter any troubles, you can turn your bad luck into good luck as long as you take out this jade." Her words shocked me. I played with the jade. Although I didn't understand the Huffman family's rules, I knew the extent of their influence.

"Originally this jade was one piece, a symbol of the family patriarch's identity. Later, as the Huffman family's population dwindled, my father was helpless. I was yet another girl in the family." So Trinity's expression became serious, and she played with the jade.

"But my father has always cherished my mother. She passed away many years ago but he refused to find another treating her like a treasure. When my father eventually survived, he was outraged. He blamed me for risking my life." As she spoke, there was a meaningful smile on her face.

"Then what happened?" I felt a bit embarrassed. "This is my fault." "I explained the reason. My father is a broad-minded person. He had someone split this jade in two. It shows his approval of you!" Trinity said with a smile, "Actually, my father wanted to have a real friend, and this person must pass all aspects, be straightforward, and have no flaws. You passed!" "I didn't expect there to be so many intricacies?" I felt even more uneasy.

"What did you think? The Huffman family doesn't easily trust others." I knew that the Huffman family wouldn't easily let an outsider in. However, I was still worried. The Huffman family was involved in matters that ordinary people couldn't touch. Also, as far as I knew, Jared had always kept a distance from them. I had entered the Huffman family circle, making me a bit uneasy.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 632-However, Anson had announced that this matter wouldn't be publicly disclosed. That was a good thing for me.

Carol's call came. I answered the phone and then looked at Trinity, saying, "I guess it's time to let go, right?" She casually snorted. "It sounds like I was detaining you. Did I stop you from leaving? But I do need to remind you to be careful with Liora. I'll lend you a hand when you need it!" I looked at her triumphantly and said, "It seems like having a sister has a lot of benefits. I really took full advantage of it today." She leaned back on the sofa and said, "That's right. You'll understand sooner or later. With your sister, you won't ever suffer. I just want you to know that I'm a friend who will benefit you for a lifetime." I suddenly realized that there was more to her words than met the eye. My attitude was originally a joke, but she took it seriously. "I will cherish it, Trinity," I said earnestly.

She waved her hand and said, "Alright, go on. You need to hurry, and I have things to do, too." I left and drove straight back to the company.

When I returned to the office, I called Atlas to update him. Otherwise, I would feel uncomfortable.

The phone rang, and Atlas answered, seemingly not busy.

"Did you have lunch with them at home?" I asked him. He had told my dad he would have lunch with them.

"Yeah," he grunted lightly.

"Are you busy now? I have something to tell you." "Go ahead!" "But I want to talk to you in person. Can you cover to my office?" I was afraid he would be busy and not have time, but I didn't want to go to ATL Empire.

The people there were treated differently, and I was afraid the people from the Huffman family would see there.

I had to admit that it was better to be cautious when dealing with the Huffman family.

Atlas agreed without hesitation. "Sure, I'll be there in a while." I smiled, feeling happy. "Then I'll wait for you." After hanging up the phone, I waited quietly in the office for Atlas to arrive.

I quickly walked away from the desk and ran over, nestling beside him. I explained everything to him in detail.

Atlas had been silent, contemplating, not interrupting my words until I finished. Then he wrapped his arms around my shoulders.

Comfortingly patting twice, he said, "This matter is not as complicated as you think, but it's definitely not simple either. Based on my various investigations into Anson, he is a very cunning person." "Yes, I also have that feeling! I'm just afraid they have ulterior motives, especially from the Beringer family." I didn't hide my concerns at all.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 633-"Your worries might be reasonable. What Anson is up to is anything but simple. This guy seems like a sly old fox." Atlas's understanding of Anson didn't seem very favorable.

"As for your friendship with Trinity, being friends is more than enough. The situation has escalated a bit, but what he's doing is grand and sincere." "So what? Are you implying that he deliberately planned all this?" I looked at Atlas with concern.

"Don't underestimate Trinity. This girl is shrewd and cunning. Her bond with you is not a simple one." Atlas's reasoning echoed my own concerns.

Seeing my doubts, he patted on the back and kissed my forehead. "But don't think too much about it. Since they have this idea, you can't avoid it. After all, there's a life-long friendship involved here." Atlas hugged me. "And...you have me." I nodded sincerely. "It's great to have you." He smiled contentedly. "You're my woman. I'll protect my woman. They should know that. Also, arranging for you to get close to the Beringer family initially was to establish a solid foundation. Remember, you have value. So, gaining this position in the Huffman family might not be bad." "I'll go to the Beringer residence later. I must proactively explain this matter to them. After all, the Huffman family's identity is special. We can't wait until there are rumors outside before communicating with the Beringer family." Atlas nodded and then looked at me, saying softly, "Do you want to accompany you?" I thought for a moment. "It's fine. I'll go by myself. It's been a while since I had a meal with Grandma." "I have a meeting at 4 p.m., but after it's done, I'll cover. Then we can go back to Pleca Park together." He then advised me, "Anson has a connection with Rose, but you don't have to worry. Speak your true thoughts." With Atlas's reminder, I confirmed why Rose had Trinity and Jared appear on her birthday.



After discussing Huffman family matters, I suddenly remembered the photos Trinity gave and quickly showed them to Atlas. Atlas's expression froze for a moment. "It seems Trinity is quite resourceful." I quickly explained the steps Trinity and I had discussed.

Atlas didn't object but cautioned me, "Follow our plan from last night. When Liora is proud, release the news. You can use these photos to confront her, forcing her to take action. Establish evidence of her wrongdoing." I nodded, fully understanding his intention.

He took photos of the pictures. When it was time for his meeting, we went downstairs together.

I went to the Beringer family home, and Rose was delighted to see me. She instructed the kitchen to add more dishes while pulling me to sit down. "Have you been busy lately? Why haven't you come for so many days?" "I have indeed been busy recently, Rose." "I heard your mother-in-law finally passed away?" Rose's memory was excellent. I had only mentioned it once, but she remembered.

"Yes, she unexpectedly passed away. It's been hard for me," I said with sadness. "Oh? What happened?" She looked at me and asked, "You seem to be in poor spirits." I recounted the process of Grace's death, and she was shocked, continuously sighing. "Unbelievable! How can such things happen? No wonder you've been laboring so much." "Rose, I have another thing to tell you." I got back to the main topic and spoke earnestly.

Looking at me, she knew it must be an important matter. She dismissed the servants around her, got fruits for me, and then asked, "What's the matter?" I explained in detail about the day's events with the Huffman family, then looked at Rose and said very apprehensively, "Rose, at the time, I had no way to refuse." She

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 634-I had talked to Rose about Trinity getting injured for my sake before. She had been quite concerned about the matter in the past few days.

As soon as I finished telling her about the Huffman family's actions, she didn't express much surprise. Instead, she told me, "This is the Huffman family's way of doing things." "However, I always feel an unease. After all, the Huffman family is different from others," I said openly.

"And he knows that I am the daughter of the Beringer family. Now, he has also accepted me as his adopted daughter. Rose, I've always been a bit nervous. I'm always worried that they want to use me to get close to the Beringer family and Atlas." I voiced my concerns because Atlas had reminded me to speak openly and honestly with Rose. I understood what Atlas meant. Sincerity was what made one likable.

"It's not impossible. Anson and I have been friends for a long time, but we each do our own thing. We don't cross paths, but we're always nearby. You need to maintain this balance, and then it won't be a problem." Rose seemed quite calm about the situation.

"In Foswood, the Beringer family, the Huffman family, the Attawood family, and the Sunny family each dominate their own territory. Currently, the Beringer family is leading the way." "The Sunny family?" I asked in confusion.

I had never heard about the Sunny family.

"Yes, the Sunny family. In recent years, the Sunny family has been on the decline, both in business and reputation. The rising stars in the business world have overshadowed them. It's normal that you don't know," Rose explained. "And the two sons of the Sunny family have immigrated, so now the Sunny family is relatively unknown." "Oh, Grandma, do you think what the Huffman family is doing will affect the Beringer family?" I looked at Rose anxiously. "I don't want to bring unnecessary trouble." "You're taking this too seriously. It will be fine as long as you maintain a balance and don't become their puppet or have any substantial transactions. This way, it won't affect you or the Beringer family." Rose dismissed my worries.

Of course, I understood the meaning behind Rose's words, especially the word "puppet." "Grandma, I'll remember your advice and won't let myself be used." "I trust you. After all, you prioritize everything with the Beringer family. Otherwise, you wouldn't have come to report to first. This shows that you still prioritize the big picture. I knew I had a good judge of character." "Grandma, my actions are not about excluding the Huffman family. After all, the Huffman family's business and influence are on the periphery. So, I'll be cautious, and it benefits everyone. What I'm most worried about is accidentally getting manipulated by others." I was speaking the truth, genuinely concerned. I feared unknowingly stepping into their trap, making think more than necessary.

"You're right. Everyone has their shining points, and everything's existence has its reason. Therefore, you don't have to be too nervous. It will be counterproductive. It might make others think you're insincere. Things are also prioritized by their importance and urgency. Despite what others think, you have your principles to stick to." Rose helped find answers and know what to do. Suddenly, I felt relieved.

Atlas arrived on time, and the two of us had dinner with Rose. She was naturally happy, bustling around.

Hearing that we had moved to Pleca Park, she said joyfully, "They say Pleca Park is magnificent. I should come and stay for a few days sometimes." "Well, why don't you come with us now?" I quickly suggested.

"There's an event tomorrow. How about the day after tomorrow? It's perfect because it's the weekend, and you don't need to bring Ava over. I can go by myself." Rose didn't

hesitate, but when it came to Ava, she wouldn't delay even a day. After dinner, Rose talked to Atlas about business for a while, and then we went back to Pleca Park.

From afar, I could see Ava and Jenny playing in the yard. My parents were sitting in the nearby courtyard, watching them play. The scene was truly heartwarming.

I couldn't help but think, if Atlas's parents were also here, living in this grand mansion, how wonderful it would be. Unfortunately, there were always regrets that could not be filled.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 635-After moving to Pleca Park, the kids and my parents were happy.

Atlas had somehow managed to set up two spacious and dreamlike rooms. Even I couldn't resist the idea of sleeping in them.

My childhood memories were hazy and confused me, after all. But the rooms beforeseemed like something out of a dream. Ava was clearly thrilled. She was acting giddy with excitement and would not go to sleep.

After finally getting them to sleep, I went to check on my parents' room.

My mom secretly pulledaside and asked in a hushed tone, "How much did Atlas spend on building such a big house? It's huge. It's such a waste. Back in our hometown, I thought the teachers' college was empty, even when all the teachers were living in it." I burst into laughter at her words. They weren't even on the scale.

However, I knew they were both very satisfied.

My dad, on the other hand, kept talking to me. He mentioned that the backyard here was spacious and could grow various plants.

I chuckled and told him, "Small plants are nice, but I don't encourage turning this into a farm." My dad laughed heartily. I rarely saw him this happy.

In my memory, he had always been reserved, especially after he ended up in the hospital because of my issues. He had been gloomy since.

Seeing him smile so happily now, I also felt genuinely happy.

At home, the arrangements were worry-free, but outside, incidents were happening one after another.

Just when I officially secured the Avalon Hills project, things were going downhill for Matthew.

Under the current circumstances, Liora had completely shifted all responsibility to Melanie without regard for her previous “relationship” with Matthew.

While Matthew was strategizing against Liora, he was also trying to use his connections to find a way to get Melanie out. However, things went contrary to his wishes. The more he tried, the more problems arose. Liora would never allow Melanie to be released so easily.

Liora could set traps outside without restriction because Melanie was inside. Liora was still Mrs. Liora for the time being, and that title still had authority, even though Atticus had already controlled her use of Echelon Group’s resources.

Matthew was facing a situation where he couldn’t turn things around. He faced lawsuits from the construction company, and Liora continued to press on.

Early in the morning, Matthew was waiting in my office. He looked disheveled and had lost a lot of weight, with dark circles under his eyes.

A glimmer of light appeared in his bloodshot eyes when he saw me. “Chlo, why did you come so late? Where did you all go? Why isn’t anyone at home?” Clearly, he had already been to the apartment to look for me.

I glanced at him and calmly said, “What’s the matter?” “Let’s talk inside!” He saw that I didn’t refuse him, and a glimmer of hope lit up on his face.

Inside the office, I sat on my chair and looked at him, saying, “What is it?” He seemed suddenly at a loss for words. He remained silent for a long time before looking at me and starting, “Chlo, I...” As soon as he spoke, it seemed like he couldn’t continue.

Chapter 635 Giving In 2 Looking at Matthew, who was on the verge of collapsing, I realized this was not what I wanted.

“Chloe, help me... Given our past as husband and wife, please help me!” I continued staring. The scene of Grace’s pitiful look appeared in my mind.

“I’m leaving this earth soon. Please don’t do anything to him. Chlo, this is my only request!” On top of that was the piece of paper Grace left for him. She had told me to pass it to him after her passing.

However, I thought of Grace’s helpless expression as she pleaded with me.

In the end, I caved.

“How can I help?”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 636-Even I was surprised by what I said. I must admit, I can be surprisingly kind. I couldn't help but think that Ivanna would probably be disappointed if she were by my side right now.

When Matthew heard me, a glimmer of hope seemed to gleam in his eyes. He got up and sat at my desk.

With his eyes fixed on me, he urgently said, "Only you can help me, Chloe. Pull the strings, resolve the issues in Muborough, and everything will fall into place." He fervently suggested ideas to me; his plan was clearly well thought out.

"Can't you provide the evidence? Last time, you got someone from Solaris to produce proof, right? As long as you can verify that Muborough's documents are in order, Ardora will be fine." I suddenly felt a sense of irony. The proof I obtained in Solaris? If Melanie hadn't teamed up with Liora to trip up last time, I wouldn't have been involved in a lawsuit.

Now, Matthew continued animatedly, "Mel is still young, and she made a mistake. It couldn't have been her. This is all Liora. She wants to take over my company, so she's using the Muborough project as an excuse. Even if there was an issue with the materials, this was definitely not Mel's idea. She doesn't have the guts to do that. You just need to..." "Are you asking to clear Melanie's name?" I looked at Matthew nonchalantly.

He paused, seeming to realize he had made a mistake. Mentioning Melanie in front of me was a big no-no! "As long as Ardora is still around, we can come back. Just help convince Lauren and ask Oliver to cut slack on the loan. I can persuade the investors if we can delay it. You have to help me, Chloe." "You say the issue lies with the Thompson family. Just provide the evidence, and you can overturn the case. Besides, don't you remember complaining about my project being subpar last time, Matthew? Wasn't that similar to what's happening now?" I stared directly at him, my sympathy slowly fading away. This guy was truly beyond redemption.

No, he was not unfortunate. He had brought this upon himself. These were the consequences of his actions, and here he was, still defending Melanie. It seemed that he was about to pay the price for defending her.

"You can't say that, Chloe. This is all because of you, isn't it? Are you going to just sit back and watch?" As my attitude toward him cooled, he became desperate.

"What does this have to do with me?" I asked.

"Don't you feel responsible for how she got locked up?" He glared at me.

"How did your mom die? Don't you remember that?" I spoke with a chilling tone. "Were you blind?" "Stop bringing her up. She's dead! I'm her biological son, and I've managed to move on. Why are you holding on to that? We have to live, don't we?" He was

somewhat repulsed by my words, and he seemed displeased. I felt powerless. In his eyes, his mother was dead, and everything could be left in the past.

"My son is still very young. Many people dote on Ava, but my son cries every day. You know what kind of person his grandma is! Don't go too far, Chloe. I thought you were kind. Why have you become malicious?" My heart tightened suddenly. So, in Matthew's eyes, I was on the verge of becoming irredeemable.

"Besides, aren't you already with Atlas? Why don't you just leave alone? If you take a step back, cut ties with Atlas completely, and help get Mel out, I'll promise... take with you. Wouldn't that be great for all of us?" I almost choked. He wanted to be with him? What a colossal joke! Was he insane? "Let's start over with the merger of Tanum and Ardora. I'll handle the engineering, and since you have connections, you handle the projects. Let's work together as a married couple and build the business back up. Why let Liora get her way? This way, even happy. Or... you can use your funds to get rid of those investors for me, and kick them out of Ardora. I can transfer the company under your name..." "Wake up, Matthew! I can't help you with this mess!" I couldn't take it anymore and interrupted him.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 637-"Chloe... You're so heartless. You sent my dad to prison, and now you've sent Melanie there too. You're just going to sit here coldly and watch lose everything, huh?" Matthew was clearly agitated. He stood up abruptly. He glared at like a leopard, roaring as if he were facing an arch-enemy from a past life.

"This is your loss. You walked into it! Don't pin this on me. Melanie dared to cut corners, so the authorities investigated. There was no need for you to chide and make a fuss." I looked at him calmly.

"The only thing I can do now is introduce you to an excellent lawyer who will defend you and try to keep you from prison. This is also something your mother entrusted with before she passed away!" "Nonsense! Chloe..." "I had no reason to take responsibility from the start. Don't defend yourself. Don't talk nonsense just because you took care of my mom for a few days. You're a cunning villain. This is all happening thanks to you. My mom may be confused, but I'm not! The Murphy family was ruined because of you..." "Matthew!" I roared, glaring at him through gritted teeth. My sympathy for him had all but disappeared. "You're not as shrewd and clear-headed as your mom!" I took out the paper from the drawer without hesitation, slamming it in front of him.

"This is the last gift your mom left you. I didn't want to give it to you now, but I need to fulfill your mom's last wish! Now, take it and get out of here!" Matthew was completely shocked by my actions. Perhaps he had never seen so assertive. We stood in a deadlock for a while, then he snatched the paper from my hand, still looking at as if he wanted to devour me.

He focused on the paper in his hand.



"Your mom told to give this to you after she passed! If you don't understand, go ask the doctor at the hospital." I continued to shout.

He slumped into the chair in front of the desk, looking at me.

The atmosphere turned eerie, so quiet that we could only hear our breaths.

Suddenly, he threw his head back and burst into hearty laughter. He was gasping for breath as if the world was collapsing.

When Carol rushed into my office, followed by several employees, Matthew slowly stood up. His gaze was fixed on the paper in his hands, his face suddenly pale.

My heart thumped. I sat in my chair, watching Matthew turn around slowly, inch by inch, walking out of my office.

The moment he disappeared from my sight, I let out a slow breath, feeling heavy-hearted.

"Carol, have someone follow him!" "Got it," Carol responded. She hesitated momentarily, then quickly turned and left.

I rested my hands wearily on the desk, supporting my head. I didn't know whether giving him the paper was the right thing to do. I thought that it was cruel, but it might also wake him up. Perhaps it was a significant blow. After all, Melanie was important to him, since they had grown up together. Emotions that had been suppressed for so long would be more provocative and intense.

I now admired his mom's shrewdness. She had handed over the chance to be the villain to the end. In Matthew's eyes, I had become a very malicious woman.

But right now, I was at peace. He had been unfair to me for a long time. What did it matter if I was evil or not? After contemplating for a long time, I decided to call Johnson. He answered promptly.

We had been in frequent contact during this period. I had him stay in Ardora to keep track of developments.

When I called, Johnson probably thought I had instructions for him, so he immediately said, "Go ahead, Chloe!" "Johnson, keep an eye on Matthew. Stay with him as much as possible, and keep him company." Yet I didn't know why I did that, but despite everything, we had been a couple for seven years. He was still Ava's father, and Grace had spoken to about him before her death. Johnson took a moment to react to my words and quickly responded, "I understand, Chloe." I hung up and rubbed my temples. Maybe I had done all I could.

But I knew that Matthew would face even more difficult circumstances in the days to come

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 638-After I disclosed everything to Matthew, I felt somewhat at ease and thought that this wasn't happening because of my indecision. At least when Ava grew up, I would have an explanation for her.

As I was about to call Grayson, he hurriedly walked in.

"Chloe..." "I was just about to call you." I looked at Grayson and said, "I have a few things to discuss with you." "Go ahead." We both spoke at the stand smiled at each other.

"You go first." I let Grayson speak.

Since he was rushing in, I thought he might have news.

"Chloe, I've confirmed the authenticity of that photo, and there's absolutely no problem. We've apprehended one of Keegan's underlings. We've got them." He said further, "Liora and Celine have been in close contact recently. The person supporting Ardora on Liora's side is an overseas investor named Melvern Sunny. According to the investigation, he's Liora's first love. Currently, he has immigrated to Monora." "Wait a minute..." I interrupted Grayson.

"Melvern Sunny... right?" I asked, and suddenly, I remembered that Grandma Rose had mentioned the Sunny family, one of the four major families in Foswood.

"Yes, he's a Foswood native." Grayson nodded confidently.

"Check carefully. Which generation of the Sunny family is he from? Investigate him," I instructed Grayson. I hadn't expected this to involve the Sunny family.

How did this declining family get involved in our affairs? What a small world.

"He's the second son of the Sunny family," Grayson answered without hesitation, clearly having done a detailed investigation.

"The Sunny family used to be a prestigious family in Foswood. Later, they immigrated to Monora. Lance is the eldest son, and Melvern is the second son. Lance is a very stable businessman, while Melvern is more unusual and involved in various businesses. "They say that trouble began because of Melvern, and the Sunny family was almost completely ruined. Afterward, the Sunny family had no choice but to migrate." My mind suddenly became clear. No wonder Grandma Rose had said that the Sunny family later went downhill. There was a story behind it.

"Did you find out what trouble he got into?" I asked.

Grayson replied, "It's a very closely held secret. only know that Melvern and Liora were classmates back then. Later, Liora married Atticus and that's when she broke up with Melvern. But no one knows whether they really broke up. Melvern is supporting Liora this time. My mind was spinning rapidly. So that's why Atticus had parted ways with Liora long ago. Melvern seemed to be the real reason behind that.

It appeared that every family had its difficulties.

In this case, Atticus didn't have a grudge against the Thompson family for no reason.

"What happened is related to what I want to tell you. It seems we've connected the dots again. Matthew might suffer soon. Once Liora successfully takes control of Ardet we'll provoke her. We don't need to rush anything right now, but we need to monitor them closely to see what Liora and Celine are planning," I told Grayson. "Celine has been busy lately. She didn't cto Foswood from Nocturnia this time; she cfrom Monora," Grayson reported. "Last time, we noticed that Stella met Keegan in private." I suddenly remembered the twhen I caught Stella giving something to Keegan.

"I've been keeping an eye on that, but I haven't found any significant clues. However... I've found another lead," Grayson said, looking a bit uneasy.

My mind raced, and I looked at him. "Why did you hesitate before saying that? What did you find?" Grayson continued to ponder and seemed conflicted. I assumed that whatever he was struggling to say was related to me.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 639-When I saw Grayson's hesitant demeanor, I guessed what it was about. "Spill it. Is it related to me?" "I found Stella after the Pierce family had trouble back then," Grayson said, looking atwith shesitation.

My heart skipped a beat, and I looked at Grayson. His expression made curious and reinforced my belief that this was definitely not a simple clue.

"You mean the real Stella?" I asked eagerly. "Tell me, quick. I want to hear it. This will be useful." Grayson looked at me, nodded firmly, and said, "Okay.

"After Lucille passed away, Celine forced Stella to go to an orphanage. At that time, Atlas refused to agree no matter what. He didn't want to be separated from Stella. But he was just a child and couldn't stop it from happening. He could only watch helplessly as they took little Stella away. They just said they sent her to an orphanage, but no one knew where she had been sent." My heart suddenly ached.

"Atlas cried and screamed after Stella was taken away. Finally, he developed a high fever and was taken away by the Lively family. Later, David stepped in and took ATL Empire back, officially entrusting it to Celine to manage." "David is a confused fool. All the disasters in the Pierce family started because of him." I muttered to myself.

Grayson looked at in surprise. "You knew about this?" "Grandma Rose told me. I just had a general idea, and I didn't know any details. That's why I wanted to get the whole story. I can't really ask Atlas about it. After all, I'm afraid of reopening his wounds," I explained to Grayson.

"I understand what you mean." Since he had followed for so long, Grayson understood my state of mind.

"Every one of those memories is heart-wrenching for him. I don't want him to recall them more than once," I said sincerely.

That was why I had held back from asking him anything. It wasn't because I didn't want to know.

"What happened afterward?" I looked at Grayson. "Did Stella end up in that unknown orphanage hidden in the mountains?" "Yes. That's why Mr. Atlas escaped from the Lively family later on," Grayson, revealed another piece of information. "He became the target of pursuit because he broke away from the Lively family." "He escaped from the Lively family?" I questioned. "Was it because he wanted to look for Stella?" Grayson nodded confidently. "Yes." "How old was he?" I murmured. I understood Atlas's feelings because he had once told that Lucille had entrusted him with taking care of Stella.

My nose tingled. I couldn't bear to think about how helpless Atlas was back then, and how difficult it must have been for him.

"By then, Stella had already been in the orphanage for two years," Grayson continued. "Mr. Atlas escaped from the Lively family precisely because they wouldn't tell him where Stella was." "Two years," I repeated in a whisper. "They forced those children apart for two years. How cruel." Grayson also expressed his distress. "After this incident, the Lively family and the Pierce family completely severed ties. At that time, David was almost useless. He spent his days in self-reflection. He showed no concern whatsoever for Atlas's situation." Images of a young Atlas flashed in my mind. No wonder he had become aloof and cold.

"Later, a little girl joined the Pierce family. Celine claimed it was Stella." "The impostor?" Grayson nodded, confirming that it was her. The timeline matched up to when she first appeared.

"When Atlas heard that Stella had returned to the Pierce family, he secretly returned as well. But he realized that she was not the real Stella. He was enraged and vowed to find the real Stella and uncover the cause of Lucille's death." "He was so young," I couldn't help but sigh. It was undoubtedly this incident that had sparked the subsequent pursuit against him.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 640-Sure enough, Grayson continued, "As a result, Celine was ruthless. An old servant of the Pierce family rescued Mr. Atlas and sent him away overnight." Grayson shook his head helplessly.

As I listened to the story, I felt like it was becoming more difficult to breathe. Excruciating pain spread to every cell of my body. My head throbbed, and Grayson was alarmed. "Chloe..." he called.

I quickly waved him away. "It's okay, it's okay. Keep going, I want to hear this." Grayson looked atconcernedly. "But..." "I really am fine. It's an old illness. No big deal," I reassured Grayson earnestly.

After hesitating for a moment, Grayson continued under my determined gaze. "The latest information I found is that at that time, Atlas did find Stella. They were on the run when Stella had a car accident. She suffered a head injury and... a serious collarbone injury." As he spoke, I was stunned. "... A collarbone injury?" "Yes, a severe collarbone injury. The head injury was even worse," Grayson said, his eyes fixed on me.

My thoughts cto an abrupt halt. I felt like I had fallen into an icy cellar.

My hands unconsciously went to my once injured collarbone, and I stared at Grayson in disbelief. I didn't dare ask the question burning in my mind.

A head injury? A collarbone injury? This was impossible, absolutely impossible. There was no way it was just a coincidence, right? I didn't remember injuring my head. I did have an injury on my collarbone, but it wasn't from a car accident. It was from falling off a motorcycle. I had asked my mom about it.

I hesitated for a long tbefore asking Grayson cautiously, "What kind of car accident was it?" Grayson looked at me. "During their escape, they were trying to evade a pursuing car that rammed into them. Atlas was thrown out of the car, and his head hit the ground first." His words horrified me. I could see the scene vividly in my mind.

"The situation was dire. But thanksto the timely arrival of the Cross family, they rescued Mr. Atlas and those protecting him. However, Stella disappeared without a trace, and there was no news of her for a long time." Grayson said heavily. I couldn't understand. How could a person just vanish? Grayson concluded his narrative. "Finally, Annalise appeared at the orphanage, claiming to have been caught and sent back there. Shortly after that, we learned that she died there. As for what exactly happened during that time, only Mr. Atlas has the right to speak about it. No clues were found in the investigation.

That's what I've found about the real Stella." My thoughts were in disarray. Annalise wasn't Stella; Atlas had toldthat personally. But where did the real Stella go during this time? Where did she end up after being thrown out of the car? My head throbbed, and I desperately tried to control my thoughts and not dwell on the details. But it seemed

impossible. Fragments of memories rushed in swiftly, one after another, like shattered icicles piercing my brain.

My brain felt like a malfunctioning machine, and it scared me. I clutched my head, trying to evade those thoughts, but the scenes unfolding before my eyes terrified me. I screamed, and everything went black as I lost consciousness.

It felt like I was having a very long dream, filled with scenes from pictures I had seen before.

It was a sunny day, in front of a grand house with a lush green lawn. A young boy was running, and there was a ball at his feet, but I couldn't see his face clearly.

A little girl was chasing him. Their laughter echoed in the yard, and a few adults were drinking tea and chatting. They looked content, gazing lazily at the children and smiling warmly.

Then, the boy turned around, holding the ball. He ran to the adults and sat in a chair. He was handsome, smiling with warmth in his eyes. He talked to the girl in braided hair and a dress, placing his hand on the back of another chair, saying something. The girl placed the ball on the chair, her small hands resting on it, laughing happily. Everyone around them was smiling. I couldn't see their faces clearly. I strained to open my eyes to see who they were, but suddenly, I woke up.

## **Beyond the Divorce Chapter 641**

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 641-"You're awake!" A warm voice reached my ears, and I knew exactly who it was.

I moved my head and struggled to open my eyes, glancing at the handsface before me. His eyes were focused on me, and his hand gently brushed my forehead.

"Feeling better? Do you still have a headache?" I stared at Atlas in confusion, piecing together the events from before. Glancing around, I realized I was in a hospital room.

This made a bit uneasy, and I looked at Atlas, asking, "Am I sick? Is there something wrong with my head?" He looked affectionately and asked, "Do you feel sick?" "Then why am I here? How long have I been sleeping?" Atlas smiled, cleverly responding, "Well, it's lunch anyway!" "I slept that long? Who brought there? What about Grayson? Wasn't he within the office? Oh dear, there's so much I need to handle!" After saying that, I struggled to sit up, feeling a dull ache in my head.

"Well, it looks like you still remember." Atlas patted my cheek. "Grayson brought you here, and then I rushed over. Are you hungry? Let the doctor check on you again, and then we can grab lunch." He pressed the call button. Soon, hurried footsteps echoed in the corridor, approaching us.



I intended to ask him many questions, but I held back as soon as the doctor entered.

Instead, the doctor questioned me. Upon seeing that I was fully conscious, he nodded at Atlas.

“Mr. Atlas, there’s no major issue. Ms. Chloe’s memory needs gradual recovery. Currently, her brain cells are very active, and occurrences like this might happen with external stimuli.” External stimuli? I was confused. Grayson’s words were not stimulating.

I looked at the doctor in a daze, and he continued explaining to Atlas, “As these sporadic memory fragments enter, her cerebral cortex will become more active, and the memory nerves will gradually clear. I believe the possibility of recovering her memory will increase over time.” Recovering my memory? Me? “It’s just that Ms. Chloe’s reaction may make her very uncomfortable. She should have enough rest.” With concern, Atlas nodded and asked, “Will these repeated episodes negatively impact her health or cause other issues?” I could tell that Atlas was very anxious, holding my hand tightly.

The doctor glanced at me, shaking his head. “No, As you saw during the comprehensive examination just now, Ms. Chloe’s physical condition is excellent. It’s just that she might experience headaches sometimes, which can be quite painful “Will these episodes continue to happen? For instance, if we talk about past events, would she experience these conditions, faint, or have severe headaches? Should we avoid mentioning those things for now and not stimulate her?” I silently looked at Atlas, and his expression turned serious.

“No. It’s quite the opposite. We should actively stimulate her cerebral cortex, encouraging her to think about these memory fragments. This will accelerate the recovery of her memory.” I grew astonished. It seemed like I indeed had a problem.

“Of course, it depends on her. She doesn’t know the authenticity of these memories, so we can’t completely rule out false memories. This requires careful care and guidance from those around her. I believe she’ll soon recall the lost memories with your help I felt sorrowful because I didn’t know what I had forgotten.

Atlas thanked the doctor and escorted him out. Meanwhile, I couldn’t help but feel increasingly uneasy.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 642-When he returned, I looked into his eyes and asked, “Have I really lost my memory?” He looked at seriously, as if contemplating how to tell me.

I anxiously stared at Atlas, urging, “You’d better tell the truth. Don’t just brush off. The truth is, I’ve been like this for a long time.

"Whenever I think about things, my head feels like it will explode, especially when I hear about Stella. Can you tell what exactly my connection with her is?" As he observed my unsettled state, he sat on the edge of my bed, pulling into his embrace. "Take it easy. I'll tell you everything." "You always say that, but it feels like you're just avoiding the issue each time. Do you know that the more you do this, the more I suffer? Can you tell about my relationship with Stella?" I acted like a child, pouting and refusing to give in.

He gave a faint smile, tightening his embrace as he cradled my head, pressing it against his chest. "You..." After waiting a while without continuing, I broke free from his hold. I stared wide-eyed at Atlas's hands, tense.

"Say it..." I anxiously pressed for answers.

I felt like I was getting closer to the truth.

His expression was gentle. "You're my Stella." I didn't understand his words, staring at him in shock. After a moment, I asked again, "What did you just say?" His exquisite features remained composed, and he confidently said, "You are the Stella who has been with me since childhood. The real Stella." Even though I vaguely understood, his words still left me petrified.

Staring blankly at the person before me, it felt like a dream. This time, my head wasn't in pain. It was numb, with no reaction at all.

Seeing my reaction, Atlas looked a bit worried, fully embracing me. "Stella, maybe this is a hard truth for you to accept. Everything is too cruel! It's all my fault for losing you back then. I'm sorry." At this moment, I couldn't hear what Atlas was saying at all. My thoughts were confined to the 'nStella.' False images of the imposter Stella, Annalise, and even myself kept appearing before my eyes.

In reality, I hated the nStella. After all, the imposter Stella, who seemed exquisite and calculating, had ruined it for me.

In my mind, Stella was her, a complete schemer who could be ruthless and poison innocent Annalise, pushing her off a cliff without hesitation and then pushing her into the deep sea. That was how I perceived Stella. As for Annalise, who resembled her so much, she suffered at the hands of the imposter. How could I be Stella? What was going on? My eyes were fixed on Atlas's face, and my mind was filled with questions, but I didn't know where to start.

"Atlas, why am I Stella?" My voice trembled. "I'm Chloe. Did you make a mistake? I've always been Chloe." He cupped my face, gently touching my cheek. "Sweetheart, let's go eat. Then we'll return to Pleca Park and take our time discussing everything, okay?" I looked at him, telling myself I had to trust him, just like he said. Whatever happened, we had to trust each other.

Feeling powerless, I leaned into his embrace, burying my face in his chest.

This was all too unbelievable. I felt a sense of fear.

During dinner, neither of us mentioned this matter.

After silently finishing our meal, we returned to Pleca Park. He sat beside me, embracing and remaining silent for a while. I broke the silence, asking him, "Where did Annalise come from?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 643-Atlas took out his phone, pulled up his gallery, and placed the phone in my hands. He started to recount the past. "Take a look. This is the real Annalise!" I gazed at the young girl in the phone album. She was beautiful, with lively, sparkling eyes and a radiant smile.

"The night after Aunt Hailey passed away, we huddled in that empty room. I'll never forget the loneliness, helplessness, and fear. It made me anxious." He glanced at me, his eyes filled with bitterness.

"I was scared, but Aunt Hailey told I was a man and had to take care of Stella. Once lively and bustling with family, that room ended up with just the two of us. It was eerily silent." A faint, sorrowful twitch appeared at the corner of Atlas's mouth.

Even after so many years, he still recalled those events with a sense of helplessness.

"At the time, all you did was cry in my arms. I wanted to as well, but I didn't dare to cry, let alone sleep. Aunt Hailey's departure haunted me. I just wanted to wait until dawn to take you to Grandma's house! "But I never expected that dawn marked the moment we would be separated. When Celine arrived, she was there to inspect our house. When she walked in and saw us, she asked her entourage sternly, 'Why are they still here?' Then she signaled for them to send us away."

"I never thought that it meant sending you away. I held onto you, begging them to let me take you to Grandma's house, but no one listened. I watched as they dragged you into that car. You reached out, calling for me, 'I won't go. Atlas... save me! I don't want to be separated from you!'" As Atlas spoke, his grip tightened as his face returned pale.

I leaned into his embrace, and tears rolled down. "Atlas..." "Don't cry, I'm here!" He hugged me tighter. "Chloe, don't be afraid. We won't be separated again." "Later, the Lively family arrived, but you were already gone without a trace. I never thought that this separation would last for two years. I begged Grandpa to send people to inquire, but there was no news. I dreamt of you crying every day." Atlas gently caressed my face.

I remained silent because I had no memories, and at that moment, I couldn't accept that I was Stella.

However, I could imagine Atlas's plight at the time. He had lost both of his parents, and the only family he had left had been poisoned. Then, I, his only source of support, was taken away from him.

"One day, I overheard my uncle secretly telling Grandpa that a little girl had returned to the White family, saying that it was Rory's daughter. I was overjoyed and secretly went to the Pierce residence. However, the person I saw wasn't you. "I was furious because I had heard Grandpa and others say that after my parents' deaths, the Pierce family took over my father's company and wouldn't let go. Grandpa tried several times but failed." Rose had told before that the Lively family's influence was weak.

"What about the Cross family?" I looked at Atlas and asked. "Isn't the Cross family powerful?" "The Cross family is my father's maternal family. We lost contact with the Pierce family after my biological grandmother died. They could not intervene, so they could only help the Lively family from the sidelines. However, the Lively family's foundation was too weak to do anything." My resentment surged. "It seems that Celine has been eyeing the ATL Empire for a long time. It's not a recent development." "The outside world had various rumors about the Pierce family, especially about the two of us. It caused significant public pressure on them. So, Celine brought in the fake Stella. She thought she could silence everyone with her.

"However, I knew it wasn't you. I was so young back then, not as savvy. I pointed at Celine and said, 'I know how Aunt Hailey died. Give Stella back to me, or I won't let you off!'" I reached out to gently stroke Atlas's face and choked, "You were really foolish." "That sentence put a target on my head."

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 644-I completely understood Atlas's state of mind.

How could Celine, with her cunning nature, tolerate a child harboring such resentment toward her? She even dared to mess with Louis. She couldn't bear the threat posed by a child.

"You were really too young to comprehend all of that." I sighed as I looked at him.

He lowered his gaze, his face carrying a trace of anguish.

"I couldn't find you, and I was so anxious. I acted recklessly and didn't care about anything else. All I wanted was to find you and be with you every day." Atlas's tone was incredibly gentle, devoid of any sharpness.

I bit my lip, wondering how I was doing after being separated from him. I pounded my head, lamenting, "Why can't I remember anything? Even a tiny bit would be helpful!" He quickly grabbed my hand to prevent from hurting myself. "Stella, it's not your fault. It's because I failed to protect you, causing you to suffer and be like this. Losing you for so many years is my punishment." I still found it challenging to calm my restlessness.

"Then tell me, telleverything! Why am I Stella? No, I'm Chloe. I don't want to be Stella." I stared at him, feeling a strong aversion to the memories associated with Stella. "That Stella has tainted that name. I hate her. She's an insult to everything associated with that name!" "Alright, from now on, we'll call you Chloe, just Chloe! Don't blyourself. Blme if you have to. It's my fault for not taking care of you." Atlas's emotions were also running high, his eyes filled with pain as he looked at me.

"Keep going. Telleverything!" I eagerly urged him.

"What do you want to know? You can ask me. But try not to strain yourself too much. Chlo, I never told you the truth because I sometimes think it's a kind of blessing for you to forget the past." He looked atwith eyes full of affection.

"But it's my right to know. I don't want to live in the dark. It's not fair." I stubbornly declared, looking at him intently.

"Everything changed in a blink of an eye. Someone telling you thingsabout you that you didn't know about... Atlas, it's terrifying! That would've been enough if you toldI'm not Chloe. There are so many things and people that I cant reconcile with.." I spoke with increasing agitation, but I knew Atlas understood what I meant.

"I know," he said with a pained el expression. "I'll tell you everything and be by your side. I won't leave you, won't lose you again. I'll be with you to love everyone around you." The towering and aloof Atlas sounded humble, completely unlike the regal figure he presented to the world.

I didn't know how to comfort him. Any words seemed insufficient. Nobody could understand what we had been through.

Even I couldn't imagine what Atlas had experienced. I was in pain, unable to remember all of this, even though I wanted to accompany him in reminiscing. It felt like an O extravagance. I leaned my head onto his chest, where I could sense his breath. The pain from not remembering all of this, if I truly were Stella, was a regret I couldn't fathom.

Why did fate cruelly torment us like this, forcibly tearing us apart and then bringing us back together? Atlas's strong heartbeat echoed in my chest, and I could only imagine him as a child, bearing the burden of never giving up on finding me.

When I thought about it, my heart ached even more. Despite this, the woman behind it all was still alive and well.

I suddenly broke free from his embrace. "Why does she have to do this? Why did she make you suffer so much and separate us? Why can't we do anything about her?" I felt hatred for Celine surging through every cell in my body. "I won't let her get away with this." Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 645-Atlas, seeing suddenly lose control, grew concerned. He quickly pulled into his arms, holding tightly.

"Don't be upset, Chlo... Look, fate has finally smiled upon us, letting find you in this vast sea of people. It must be the spirit of Hailey watching over us from above, guiding us.

"I won't let her get away with it, absolutely not," he promised, determination in his eyes. "I will make her repay us a hundredfold, bit by bit, and bring comfort to those departed souls." His words gradually calmed down. I listened to his strong heartbeat, feeling unprecedented security and reassurance. Atlas continued to kiss gently, patting my back. "Everything is in the past now, isn't it?" "How did you find that orphanage?" I asked him, now that I was calmer.

He looked at seriously, waiting until I had completely relaxed before recounting that undoubtedly harsh history.

"Ilan accidentally overheard Celine instructing her subordinates to get rid of quietly. Taking a risk, ilan had his 17-year-old son sneak out. He told that Stella had been sent to an orphanage in Northbank. So, ilan's son and I escaped from the Pierce family that night." I felt a suffocating pain, and my hands grabbed his shirt tightly.

"We headed toward Northbank, and ilan's son, Cody, took a significant risk in helping escape. He told that we needed to get to Northbank before those people caught up, all because I wanted to reach Northbank and find my Stella before they caught us.

"Northbank is vast but desolate. We inquired everywhere about orphanages, but after checking several, we found nothing. I was anxious, so I took your photo and asked everywhere.

"Fortune favors the determined. Someone mentioned there was a little girl around here, adopted by a family. We hurriedly went to check." As Atlas spoke, there was a gleam of joy in his eyes. I could imagine how excited he must have been at that moment.

"She looked so much like you. When she was brought out, I was ecstatic, but no, her way of walking, the way she talked, her eyes... None of it was like you. She lacked your vitality. I knew she wasn't you. I was utterly disappointed. How could she not be my Stella?" Atlas's voice was low and powerless. "Do you know? At that moment, it felt like riding a roller coaster. From complete joy to sudden and complete coldness." "Why did she end up back in the orphanage later?" I asked, confused.

The situation was so messy, and I couldn't unravel the mystery as someone without any memories.

"It all starts with that little girl. When she saw us, she treated us like her saviors and insisted on leaving with us. Maybe because those people saw us as two kids, they



demanded money, claiming it was for caring for her. Otherwise, they wouldn't let her leave." Atlas's description was vivid, and I could feel sympathy for that little girl.

"But when we were fleeing, even though Ian had given us all his assets, it was just not enough. After running for a few days, we had almost nothing left. Plus, we couldn't predict what would happen next.

"Ian's son took away with a ne hardened heart. But that little girl cried her heart out, reminding of how you dooked when you were taken. So I took the money, ran back, and swapped her with me. Little did I know, she would be your substitute and save you from a dire situation." I closed my eyes, not wanting anyone to sacrifice themselves for me. Not that little girl, not Kennedy, not even Harmony.

"Later, I kept thinking, if I had been a et bit more heartless that day, maybe she wouldn't have died. But how could I leave her in the lion's den? Staying in the orphanage wasn't the best option either. She would have died at their hands sooner or later. Honestly, even now, I don't know if saving her was right or wrong." I asked numbly, "Is she Annalise?" "No," Atlas shook his head.

I was surprised. "No? Wasn't she the Annalise you brought there?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 646-Atlas looked at me, and in his eyes, I saw a hint of sadness. "That was just the version you heard." He continued, "They gave you that story in a deliberate attempt to confuse you. That's why I've been reminding you that you need to trust me." My mind did a quick flip. He was right. The false Stella was the one who told about Annalise the first time.

"The truth is, when the real Stella was sent to that orphanage, she wasn't called Stella anymore. She was given the n'Annalise'," Atlas said with certainty.

"So Celine changed her n when she sent her there," I deduced.

"Yes, that's right. So even though we searched every orphanage, we couldn't find Stella." "When did you find her?" I was having trouble understanding the intricacies of the situation.

"Perhaps it was fate. Just as I found the lost little girl, we discovered an orphanage. We went to inquire, and when Cody cback, he told they had someone named Stella there. Overjoyed, I ran out to see her, but they wouldn't let me. Instead, they kept and questioned about my situation. Something felt off, so I ran away." "Was it because they had received sorders?" I asked, connecting the dots.

"I couldn't care less at that moment. I just wanted to see Stella. We went around the orphanage, trying to find a way in. Later, I decided to climb over the outer wall from a slope, and Cody waited outside.

"Once inside, I saw you there among a group of children, looking dispirited. I was ecstatic; it was the first time I'd seen you in two years. You were so thin. But I didn't dare approach you because the caregivers were also there. I waited anxiously for an opportunity to get you out.

"Maybe it was because I'd been inside for too long, but Cody got worried when I didn't count, so he had to find me. Before he entered, he hid the little girl outside. She was scared and cried while she waited.

"When she didn't see us after a while, she ran out crying, which resulted in her being discovered. The commotion outside drew all the children to see what was happening. You stayed there, unresponsive, while I ran over quietly. When you saw me, you were utterly shocked. You just stared at me without moving." Atlas paused, his eyes filled with tenderness. Then he kissed me lightly and chuckled, "You looked so dumbfounded. I didn't dare say a word; I just grabbed you and ran. You didn't make a fuss and just followed me.

"Cody carried us over the wall to a tree, and we quickly escaped. But then, we realized that the little girl was missing. Later, he climbed onto the wall to check inside and said she had been caught and taken back in. We were afraid of being discovered, so we had to leave with you first." "She replaced Annalise that way?" I sighed helplessly, feeling a bitter sorrow in my heart. It was unfair; she shouldn't have died. But it happened because Stella had died.

"We didn't want to give up on her. We were afraid you would be captured again, so we planned to hide and find an opportunity to get her out later. But we were too late. When we wanted to get her out, we received news of her death, claiming she fell off a cliff." "What happened exactly? Why did Stella push her off?" "After you counted, you told us there was another Stella inside, and you called her Annalise. That's when I realized Celine had orchestrated a switch.

"Many years later, when I investigated the situation, I found it out the reason. They said that the child kept crying, and insisted she wasn't Annalise when she was caught and taken back. Later, she escaped again, wanting to find us. She insisted on leaving with us that day because she was being abused in that house, and she had injuries on her body." I choked up, closing my eyes. I felt an overwhelming sense of guilt.

"What was her name?" "I only know she was called Kylie," Atlas said heavily. "Her death weighs heavily on my conscience too." "It was an unjust death," I said, sniffing.

"After she was captured and brought back, the imposter Stella began to suspect her. It's unclear how Stella managed to push her off when they ran away together. No one knows the details, and maybe only Stella herself knows." As Atlas spoke, I fully understood his previous deliberate distance and feigned indifference. He didn't want to be involved in this tragic past.

"Stella used her death as an excuse. She claimed that she didn't die from falling off a cliff, but was just disfigured. Celine took her for treatment and she underwent plastic surgery, creating the entirely new Stella we see now." "I still don't understand one thing. Wasn't Stella in the Pierce family at that time? Why did she appear in the orphanage again?" I was puzzled by the sequence of events.

## Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 647-Atlas's face darkened. "I think that was a trap set by Celine." "How so?" I asked, wiping my eyes. I didn't understand "Because later, after the Cross family rescued me, I found out that once she realized I had escaped, she quickly discovered that Ian's son had also disappeared. You can imagine what happened to Ian. She could easily speculate that I was probably going to find Stella. Wherever she sent Stella, she must have planned it well. The facts proved that her approach was correct." Atlas's reasoning was convincing.

"After the incident, she began to search for like a madwoman. She might not have known whether 'Annalise' was real or fake, but she was certain that I had been there." Atlas's tone left no room for doubt.

I muttered to myself, "So that's why there's a photo of Stella and 'Annalise' from that time. When we first saw the photo that Grayson found, I couldn't understand why Stella was also in that orphanage. Now it makes sense." "That photo you had him investigate was taken during that time. I connected the dots through that photo and realized that the fake Stella had a story," Atlas said confidently, a hint of ruthlessness in his eyes.

"You found that photo too?" I looked at Atlas inquiringly.

"I was the one who discovered the photo. I instructed Grayson to gradually feed you with information," Atlas said with a sly smile. I had no reason to blame him. He had put a lot of thought into it.

"That photo was what fueled my determination to investigate Stella more thoroughly," Atlas said, looking at me. "It's also why she could maneuver so freely around later." "You wanted to find clues about the organization in Jitador from her?" I speculated.

Atlas nodded. "Exactly. When she showed you that photo, she meant to confuse you with misinformation. That's why I've been telling you to trust me." I now understood more about how Atlas had developed his icy demeanor over the years.

"At that time, as the real Stella, I knew that my name had been changed to Annalise.' So when the imposter Stella told that your true love was someone named Annalise, and you denied it, I was confused. I couldn't understand why you would say such a thing." As Atlas explained, and I realized there was much more to this story, a chain of events that unraveled the mysteries within.

"That's why I verified your identity and hesitated to tell you everything after I found you. You had amnesia and didn't know anything. If I revealed too much too soon, it might have led you astray," Atlas said, making complete sense.

"Now I understand why. 'Annalise' was another fabricated identity created by Celine for the real Stella. She probably didn't anticipate that the death of this 'Annalise' would involve such bizarre circumstances. It's unbelievable, and I feel sorry for that little girl." Thinking about the little girl made me sad. I turned to Atlas and asked, "So, how did I lose my memory?" Atlas's face was filled with regret. "When Annalise died, it gave Celine an excuse to make her move, but she also sensed my presence and intensified her search. The three of us were on the run, and when they closed in, you were discovered. Their car deliberately crashed into ours, and when our car overturned, you were thrown out. Cody sacrificed himself to cushion my fall. In the end, he couldn't escape the car before it exploded... and he died." "He... died?" I stared at Atlas in shock, my voice barely audible.

Atlas remained silent for a long time, his eyes filled with remorse. He said hoarsely, "I didn't just lose you. I also lost Cody, Ian... and many others who risked their lives to protect me. I remember every debt, and I will settle them with her one by one." "Were you injured when you fell into the sea?" I asked cautiously. It was a thing of the past, but I couldn't help but feel nervous at the thought.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 648-He looked at me, full of heartache and urgency, and kissed my forehead.

"That spot was right next to the cliff. He pushed with all his strength, and his car rolled down the slope and exploded. You were thrown out on a steep bend, not near the sea.

"After I fell, I completely lost consciousness. I didn't know where I was when I washed ashore. I woke up in a fisherman's village. They saved me. My leg was broken, and I couldn't move. I begged them to help look for you. They searched everywhere and couldn't find you. I refused to believe it. Even if you were dead, there should have been a body." He said bitterly.

"I was afraid they had deceived me, so I started to search for myself despite my injured leg. I collapsed and fell unconscious, and my leg was infected after I was rescued again. The locals took me to the hospital." I looked at Atlas, silently shedding tears.

He gently wiped them away. "Don't cry." I touched his leg gently, choking on my words. "What happened after that?" "The Cross family found the hospital in time. I told them I had found you. But due to a twist of fate, we missed each other by two days. They protected and sent people to search for you. After much effort, we quickly confirmed that a little girl had been sent to the hospital with head and collarbone injuries but had been taken away. Her whereabouts were unknown." "Why couldn't they find anything?" I asked, puzzled.

"Immigrants in Nocturnia don't have very stable lives. They get their children discharged before they fully recover because they're not from wealthy families, so the information they leave with the hospital is vague. When we tried to find them, the addresses they provided didn't exist. But we speculated they might be new immigrants or temporary tourists. We made all kinds of speculations." "The Cross family also tried many ways to find you but to no avail. But in my heart, I was convinced that you hadn't died, so I was determined to find you," Atlas said resolutely and confidently.

I didn't know what to feel.

"After my recovery, the Cross family took in, and things calmed down for a while. But I never stopped looking for you. You disappeared as if you had evaporated from the world since the car accident." He changed his posture, cradling on his lap.

I shook my head in disbelief. "Who could have taken away?" He looked at my face, gently touching it as if it were delicate porcelain. He was cherishing it as if he had regained something precious and lost. The joy in his eyes was palpable.

"I didn't care how long it would take. No matter the circumstances, my determination to find you never died." Didn't Celine trouble you later? I had Grayson look into it. Why did she ever stop? Was it because she had the protection of the Cross family?" I looked at Atlas in disbelief and asked, "Was Celine so formidable that not even the Cross family could fandle her?" Content belongs to me. "I was a thorn in Celine's side, so she never stopped trying to get rid of me. I got into all kinds of trouble during those years. The moment I left the protection of the Cross family, I would encounter problems. Later, the Cross family had enough, and joined forces economically with several major conglomerates to act against the Pierce family? They imposed sanctions on the Pierce family's finances, putting Celine back in a situation worse than before my father took over. "They also intercepted all my father's major projects and connections he had before his death. This forced Celine to retreat temporarily. I started developing my own power at the age of fifteen with the support of the Cross family. The Cross family provided significant support and education and helped establish my own influence. Dylan is one of those who fought alongside during that time." From Atlas's tone, it was clear that he felt indebted to the Cross family. They clearly loved him too.

"But before coming to Foswood, I was attacked again. The one who targeted me had a serpent tattoo, and the Cross family's investigation showed it had nothing to do with the Pierce family. I found that hard to believe." "You suspected that Celine was behind those attacks?" I asked him.

He nodded without hesitation. "After investigating that tattoo and knowing the results, I understood something. They were the ones behind my parents' plane crash. There was no way it was not related to Celine." "How despicable!" I cursed through gritted teeth.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 649-After listening to Atlas, I realized that his concerns were not unfounded. Atlas was worried that Celine might harm me, so he carefully orchestrated the ruse with Harmony.

Stella used Harmony to create a commotion, intending to forceout, but Atlas would never let her lead him astray. Her actions also clashed with my plans when she pretended to beduring the shopping spree at the mall. That incident disrupted their scheme, and I managed to reclaim the items they had seized.

Subsequently, the imposter Stella resorted to a more sinister plan, attacking Harmony and ruining her face, hoping to frme again. However, Atlas intervened before she could execute her plan.

It seemed that Stella had been relatively quiet recently, but it was likely she was preparing a major move. She wouldn't sit idly by while I enjoyed a smooth ride.

When I saw Atlas's worried expression, I asked, "On the surface, it looks Celine has stopped, but she's secretly using other people to do her dirty work. She got those criminals from Jitador to get rid of you while keeping herself clean. Once the job is done, she can claim what she's been longing for rightfully and without dispute. It's a ruthless strategy." Atlas was silent, but his expression gradually darkened. He heldtightly, caressing my silky hair.

After a while, he spoke, "She's teaming up with an external organization, but it won't necessarily work out in her favor. Sthings won't go as planned for her." "How so?" I asked, still perplexed, looking at him with lingering anxiety.

Atlas calmly explained, "When they attacked me, the Beringer family tookin afterward. The Beringer family provided substantial support because the groundwork had been laid long before my father's death.

"After arriving in Foswood, I integrated into the Beringer family. After all, Celine wouldn't dare act recklessly against the Beringer family since they had a strong background. That's how I steadily developed my influence over the years." I now fully understood Atlas's relationship with the Beringer family. It seemed that Grandma Rose had been quite modest when she spoke about this. She knew more than she had let on.

Atlas's eyes narrowed, and he continued, "After that, Celine had to show goodwill towardsince she was under pressure from the Cross family and several major financial groups. However, she used the Pierce family's rules to suppress and control me. But these rules had no effect onat all." I looked at Atlas, understanding what he meant.

"I didn't argue with her before I exposed her secrets, but she still quietly found opportunities to make trouble forand ATL Empire." "She really is remorseless. Could this be related to her mother?" I asked Atlas.



He nodded, "She's an ambitious woman. So her cunning schemes might have come from that old lady." I couldn't help but think less of the Pierce family, since they had someone like that among their ranks. Celine's mother was definitely not a simple woman.

"My grandfather crippled her, so she probably hates even more. After all, I'm the only remaining heir of the Pierce family, and I pose the biggest threat to Celine.

"Think about it. She could destroy my father, so why would she spare me? This is an unstoppable disaster. I suspect my grandmother also died at her hands. Otherwise, why would the Cross family harbor such deep hatred toward the Pierce family? My grandfather was the one who helped evil prosper, and this is all happening because of him. "On the other hand, Stella lives a stable life by Celine's side. It's clear that Stella is not a simple 'orphan'.

Celine would never have the patience for a little girl like her otherwise. Stella's not an easy one." Atlas's analysis left feeling cold. It seemed that this covert battle wouldn't end so easily.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 650—"According to reports from my people in the Pierce family, Celine has incurred significant losses in recent years. That's why she doesn't want to give up ATL Empire." I looked at Atlas, understanding the situation. "Because she colluded with external forces?" "Yes." Atlas looked at me, smiling approvingly. "But she also understands that since the Cross family sanctioned her, ATL Empire is just an empty shell in her hands." "Oh?" My thoughts raced. "Is it because the Cross family is familiar with your father, especially since he grew up with them?" Atlas shook his head, "Not entirely. My father had already prepared for everything. This was all part of his strategic plan. After his death, the Cross family activated my father's emergency plan.

"We have many projects and large businesses that are not part of ATL Empire's structure. The original ones are gradually shrinking and becoming mere shell companies. The real ATL Empire has been in my hands since I was 15. She can't do anything about that." Atlas spoke with a gleam in his eyes. He lowered his gaze to look at me, "After finding you, I became even more unbridled. With you alive and by my side, I can deal with her without any reservations. This must be fate." "Looks like the Cross family really favored you. Your father had a keen business vision too. If he were still alive, during these twenty years, you two would have been..." I couldn't continue as tears welled up in my eyes.

"My father's business acumen has always been accurate. He foresaw the development of the country and focused on it. That's why he placed so much emphasis here, especially on the forefront city, Foswood. But there was also another crucial factor in my decision to go to Foswood..." He looked at me, his smile brightening like a dazzling galaxy. I sensed that it was related to finding me.

"Because... we had found a lead. The girl who died in your place, Kylie, to Nocturnia to reunite with her family and went missing. Later, that family moved from their original

location, but one thing was certain-she cfrom Etria. So I shifted the entire business focus to Torado. I had a premonition that you were here in Etria.” “It seems like a fairy tale.” Atlas’s story seemed surreal and utterly unbelievable to me. I had no recollection of any of this.

“I have no idea how I went from a 1distant place like Nocturnia to a small town northeast of Etria. The only thing I knew was what happened after my high school entrance examination..” I looked at Atlas, my heart and eyes full of love for him. This young business war god, the true overlord of Foswood, had looked forfor a whole eighteen years.

I didn’t know if I would have ever reunited with him without the heart-wrenching divorce battle and if I hadn’t re-entered the business world. How many more years would he have searched for me? “If... we hadn’t met again, would you have kept looking?” My voice was almost inaudible, lacking confidence, filled with doubt.

“Yes.” His tone left no room for doubt, determination etched on his handsface. “I would find you, even if khad to search every corner of the Earth. I firmly believed you were alive. That was reason enough fornnot to give up.” “How are you so sure that I’m Stella?” I looked at Atlas, full of questions.

It was incredible. It seemed impossible for two unrelated timelines to intersect. He believed I was the real Stella because of my appearance. Wasn’t that a little far-fetched? Who were my parents, then? These questions overwhelmed me, and at that moment, I couldn’t remain calm. I wished I were still the ordinary Chloe without these experiences and painful memories.

“The first tl saw you at that tender meeting, I was overjoyed. I knew it had to be you. Our spiritual connection was too strong.” He recalled the situation, and I vividly remembered it. He had looked atintensely that day, and even then, it had madefeel uneasy.

But I saw no sign of happiness on his face at that time. He was too well-guarded, and I couldn’t discern any hint of delight.