

## Beyond the Divorce Chapter 651 -700

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 651-I pursed my lips and muttered, "You're so cunning." He grinned, revealing a set of pearly white teeth.

"It's necessary to confirm everything. I was planning to reclaim the operational rights of ATL Empire. Even if it's just a shell, it's my parent's legacy. I had to bring it back and make it flourish right under her nose. That would be the most powerful blow against her." I went to boil a pot of tea and poured a cup for Atlas.

After taking a sip of tea, he pulled back into his embrace, showing no intention of letting go.

He continued, "After that, I investigated your background and arranged for people to monitor you closely. Our airport encounter wasn't a coincidence. That's how I found out about the hardships you've been enduring." My jaw almost dropped. "The airport wasn't a chance meeting?" He chuckled. "Of course not. I intentionally got close to you. When you were injured, I took you to the hospital and conducted a thorough examination. The DNA from your blood sample matched perfectly. The location of the injury matched the investigation results. Any doubts left?" His eyes were filled with a warm hint of pride.

"So, you planned this for a long time?" I found it hard to believe. "You knew back then?" "Yes! That's why I had to lend you a helping hand, help you escape from misery as soon as possible. I investigated that Matthew. Putting him in his place was an act of justice," Atlas said indignantly.

I was speechless, leaning against him as I recalled the events. No wonder ATL Empire was so supportive of me. It turned out everything was in the hands of this man.

I felt passive in everything, just like my previous premonitions. A force pushed forward, and now I finally understood what kind of force it was.

Suddenly, the phone rang, shattering the silence between us and startling me.

I hurriedly got up to find the phone. The screen displayed "Mom." For a reason, I felt an indescribable emotion surging toward like a tidal wave.

If I was Stella, who was Chloe? In my mind, the image of Kylie emerged, the girl who was pushed off the cliff by the fake Stella. So many innocents sacrificed their lives for us. Content belongs to Śwl was speechless.

Now, I really didn't know how to face my parents. Not because I found out they weren't my biological parents but because I felt guilty for their excessive love. Content belongs to Św319 How many more untold stories were hidden in this? Maybe even untraceable ones.

I didn't know if Kylie had any connection to them.

If there were a connection, I would rather be Chloe for the rest of my life.

They were too innocent. They had unknowingly lost vibrant lives for my destiny. They were kept in the dark for half their lives, pouring all their effort and love into raising me.

I was like a fraud, taking away the life of their biological daughter and deceiving their love. It was truly a heinous crime.

The phone fell silent, and it felt like I could finally breathe again.

Atlas seemed to sense my unease, gripping my hand and giving strength.

When the phone rang again, I took a deep breath, steadying my emotions. I answered the phone. "Mom!" Tears welled up in my eyes, and my nose felt a bit stuffy.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 652-My mom seemed to sense something off and anxiously asked, "Chlo, where are you? Why aren't you home?" Her tone was filled with worry.

I quickly looked out the window and realized it was already dusk, and the sky had dimmed.

I was amazed at how quickly that had flown by. Atlas and I had spent the entire afternoon together. Yet, it seemed like there were still many unanswered questions.

I composed myself and smiled into the phone, trying to sound relaxed. "Mom, I just finished a meeting at the office. Atlas happened to call and pick up, and we'll be heading back soon." "Oh, you're still at the office? I thought something happened to you." Her tone was skeptical.

"Oh, con! What could happen at the office? Don't worry, I'm fine." "That's good. Hurry back then," she said.

"Sure! I'll be home soon. Bye." I ended the call hastily because I could no longer control my emotions.

Atlas had been watching the whole time. Seeing my emotions getting stirred up, he gently lifted my chin, kissed my forehead, and wiped away my tears.

"Sweetheart, everything will be okay, hmm?" Choking back tears, I said, "How am I going to face them? They've loved all their lives, but I'm just an impostor! Atlas, why is all this happening? I want to know." Atlas held me close. He cupped my head, allowing me to lean against his chest.

“Don’t cry! Everything will get better, okay?” I choked out, “My poor parents!” Speaking these words shocked even me-my poor parents.

The meaning behind this phrase was profound, referring to Chloe’s parents and my biological parents.

Rory and Lucille. Both of them were truly pitiable souls.

Suddenly, I looked up with teary eyes at Atlas and urgently asked, “Is there any news about Rory?” Atlas shook his head slightly. “Not yet. We received information that a person resembling Rory was seen in a small town in Kransnova. But when we arrived, we couldn’t find him.” “However, our people have never given up searching. As long as he’s alive, we’ll find him. Trust me.” Atlas looked into my eyes, solemnly promising, “As long as he’s alive, I’ll bring him back.” I nodded, tears still streaming down. “Please do!” “Nonsense. He’s your dad and mine, too,” Atlas said with the utmost tenderness.

“All the information Grayson found back then was from you, right?” I focused on Atlas’s face.

He indulgently smiled. His tone lightened considerably. “You underestimate Grayson. Remember, the people I placed around you are top-notch. Grayson has the most exceptional investigative talent and is specially trained. “All the information he obtained wasn’t just from his subordinates. It involved his analysis and strategic direction. Even when finding you, he played a crucial role.” Atlas’s revelation leftstunned. I hadn’t expected the sunny and carefree Grayson to be such a skilled operative.

“He also participated in finding me? No wonder he knowsso well.” I sincerely remarked, “He truly is my invaluable assistant.” “Of course. I’ll give you nothing but the best,” he declared, embracingagain. “You’ve suffered a lot.” Atlas tightened his arms around me, saying, “Now, go upstairs and freshen up. We’ll head back to Pleca Park. + can’t keep our parents waiting too long. They might start worrying.” The way he casually referred to my parents was something I had considered teasing him about before.

Still, at this moment, I didn’t dare. Although they were just two simple words, they carried considerable weight for him and me.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 653-The term “parents” not only signified his respect for them but also served as a comforting gesture to the innocent Kylie, who lost her life. It embodies Atlas’s broad love.

This man was publicly considered aloof, authoritative, and untouchable. Yet, when it cto me, he shed all his coldness and transformed into a warm presence.

Even those aroundtreat him with utmost reverence.

I washed my face, wanting to appear vibrant and lively. Then, I approached Atlas and playfully smiled. "Let's go home!" He reached out, pulling into a tight embrace. "Chlo, I've waited for this day for so many years. Every day, I've wanted to bring you home, to end your wandering. Regardless of the challenges, I can handle everything." Comfortably nestled in his arms, the handsome and dazzling young man was mine.

At that moment, I really wanted to remember all the time spent together.

He looked indulgently, a hint of dominance in his words, "Only you deserve to stand by my side and witness the peak of the world." I reached out, wrapping my arms around his waist, feeling a flutter in my heart. "Don't let Mom and Dad know. I'm still Chloe. Whoever they are, it's their love that allowed me to see you again today. They've sacrificed so much for me and treated me like a precious gem. They deserve respect." "Okay. I'll follow your lead." Leaning down, he greedily kissed my lips. "Let's go home." Our hands intertwined.

Suddenly, the phone rang again. It was Johnson.

I showed Atlas the screen and then answered, "Hello!" Chlo, the situation isn't good... He's falling apart." Johnson's voice was lry. "He took the child to the hospital, and when he came back, he found that Abby had taken all of Melanie's valuables and ran away." Hearing this news, I could only smile helplessly.

"The child is at my place now. I've asked Myra to look after him. He's so young!" Johnson's voice was somewhat dry.

Hearing his words didn't sit well with either. Abby's actions were entirely expected. She never had any good intentions when she came back.

The rotten woman should be sent to prison along with her illegitimate daughter for proper education.

I calmly told Johnson, "Take care of Matthew. Whatever happens between you two is your business. I'll handle the rest." I said this because I knew Matthew too well. He hadn't faced many setbacks, and his ability to handle pressure was extremely poor. When with me, I carried half the burden for him. The situation he faced now was undoubtedly a disaster for him. Besides, I was no longer associated with him and had no reason or obligation to show him kindness.

Moreover, everything that happened was a consequence of his own actions.

"Chlo, there are things I probably shouldn't say, but..." Johnson hesitated, seemingly wanting to say more. "Say it," I encouraged him.

After a moment of hesitation, he gathered the courage to say, "Chlo, this time it seems that Matthew really has no room for a comeback, but are you just going to let Ms. Liara

succeed?" Johnson clearly didn't want Liora to succeed. "Even if you can't help Matthew, you shouldn't let Ms. Liora benefit!" I listened calmly to Johnson, understanding his current state of mind. "You can rest assured. I have my own arrangements." Upon hearing my firm tone, Johnson seemed to sigh in relief. "Chlo, I knew you wouldn't let that nasty woman off so easily! She really crossed the line."

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 654-"I'll strike, and she'll be caught. I've got to give her that chance," I said coldly.

Johnson spoke resentfully, "She's just a damn opportunist. Human relationships are really fickle." Hearing Johnson's words, I knew that there was unrest within Ardora. "Is the company already unstable?" Johnson snorted, "Chlo, it's not just unstable. Those who once cto Ardora with great confidence are now all acting high and mighty, eagerly stepping on Matthew. None of them are doing real work. They're all following Liora, helping her plot against Matthew." When Johnson said this, his tone was filled with anger. It was evident that he was also deeply pained by Ardora's situation. Remaining nonchalant, I told Johnson, "Gather the details and slowly settle the scores with them. No rush." A satisfied smile appeared on Atlas's face as I spoke, and he gently squeezed my hand.

Johnson continued, "Now that woman is flaunting her power everywhere, recruiting people, and raising money. She has taken stock of Matthew's projects, forcing him to relinquish control. He's completely powerless now. Liora has already manipulated those losers beneath him.

"It seems there were problems within Ardora long ago," I said.

"And it's all thanks to Melanie's ignorance and arrogance. She offended everyone below her, and now they're all eager to step on Matthew. Liora is persuading those who jointly invested to withdraw their investments." They were experiencing both internal and external troubles.

"Now, there's no one speaking up for Matthew. They're all afraid of being late to curry favor with Liora. Matthew has dug himself into a big hole this time, and the company might not be salvageable. He's essentially shooting himself in the foot. All the accounts are frozen now." "Don't make a move yet. Just keep an eye on their movements. Remind Matthew to watch out; prevent her from dragging Matthew down. As for Liora... let her prance around," I instructed Johnson.

"Got it, Chlo! I'll hang up now." Atlas looked atwith a contented smile and said warmly, "Looks like my little girl has matured! She can handle things on her own!" I gave him a sidelong glance, chuckled, and said, "What little girl? My daughter is the little girl here." Then, I jokingly reminded him, "Don't forget you're younger than me. You're my little brother, okay?" "Ask anyone outside who's seen us together. No one will say you're older than me. I'm only a few months younger, so don't be so arrogant Otherwise, why would Aunt Haley askto take care of you?" Atlas said confidently. I glared at him

incredulously. "Even one minute younger is still younger!" He nodded casually, indulgently saying, "Okay, okay. From now on, I'm sticking with you." Hearing him say this, I couldn't help but burst into laughter. "What do you mean, sticking with? That sounds so bad." He reached out and pulled into his arms. "As a united front, as husband and wife, we'll be invincible! Then, he said to with great solemnity, "We must prevent Liora from getting desperate. Don't forget to cut off her retreat. As for the Sunny family... let them in! Melvern with ambitions, so let him be Liora's problem now." Surprised by Atlas's words, I asked, "Do you know Melvern?" "Yes." Atlas only responded with a faint acknowledgment.

It was night when we returned. The courtyard's landscape lights were already on. Ava and Jenny were nowhere to be seen in the yard. They were probably waiting for us to have dinner.

We got out of the car. Atlas reached out, holding my hand, leading inside.

At this moment, I took a deep breath. My feelings were complex, and I didn't know how to face my parents.

I felt like anyone would find it hard to accept everything suddenly changing one day. The people around you are no longer the family you knew. The transition was too sudden, with no mental preparation. There had to be anxiety. Sensing my tension, Atlas tightened his grip and softly whispered, "I'm here. Don't think too much. Relax." I nodded earnestly, saying, "Okay." As we walked inside together, Atlas's face showed a contented smile, and he gently squeezed my hand. Once again, I was impressed by the depth of his love and the warmth he provided.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 655-As we entered the living room, Ava and Jenny's laughter echoed through the building. The once-silent courtyard now buzzed with life.

Since coming here, my mother had been completely liberated, no longer burdened by kitchen duties.

She quickly stood up and looked at us. "You're finally done with your work." My mom's eyes were carefully scrutinizing my face.

"Next time, please eat dinner without waiting for us. Things get busy, and we'll only keep everyone hungry," I said. "We'll call ahead the next two're late." My dad emerged from the bathroom, looking like he had just finished working.

The kitchen staff respectfully approached Atlas. "Sir, can we start serving dinner now?" Atlas quickly nodded. "Yes." Then he turned to my dad, asking, "Dad, did you just finish work too?" My dad smiled contentedly. "Yes! This place is amazing. There's so much to do. Oh right, can you do a favor?" While accompanying him to the dining room, Atlas nodded and said, "Tell me." My dad awkwardly asked, "Do you have gardening books? Could you get basic ones?" "We have them. That's not a problem. I'll have them sent

over later.” “There’s no need to trouble them to deliver now. You can bring it to after work. I want to study gardening skills.” His words made me chuckle. “Dad, you should have just told him to find you a mentor. Then you’d have a companion while working!” Atlas also laughed and, with a good-natured tone, said, “Chlo is right. We can do that. I’ll have someone start tomorrow. Dad, you’ll be in charge of planning and managing our garden from now on.” My dad laughed heartily, looking much more spirited than before. He was much stronger and more energetic, a sight that warmed my heart.

For a reason, another image of a dad appeared in my mind, and I still didn’t know what he looked like.

I sighed quietly. Where was my other dad now? I wondered if he was doing well.

This meal turned into a brainstorming session, discussing the garden layout and what plants were missing. Everyone was excited. My favorite was magnolias, and I suggested to my dad that we plant magnolias and roses in the garden. Unintentional words were often well-received.

Less than half a month later, the garden received many rose and magnolia saplings. These roses were said to be rare varieties brought in by air freight from overseas. I knew Atlas would spoil them endlessly.

After dinner, I called Myra. After all, Melanie’s son was with her.

It took her a while to answer the phone, and she sounded breathless. “Chlo... I’m sorry, I was feeding the baby!” “No worries, how is he doing?” I asked softly.

“He’s fine. He eats and sleeps well—he’s quite lovable!” Myra said, then sighed inadvertently. “Poor child, having such a mother and a beastly grandmother!” I also felt a bit heartbroken.

“Take care of him for a few days, and then we’ll figure something out. There’s no good solution for now I’ll try to get the police to find out who the child’s biological father is.” “Okay, sure. This way, my son has a companion. Don’t worry too much.” Perhaps afraid that I would be concerned, Myra tried to comfort me. “Two is better than one.” After hanging up the phone, I went to the study, where Atlas was. He was in a video conference.

Upon seeing me, he told the other party, “Let’s go with that. Increase the publicity and submit the proposal when it’s ready.” Then he ended the meeting, smiling at me. “Why haven’t you rested yet?” “I want to put pressure on the police to find out about Melanie. I don’t think Matthew will raise this child. Now that his grandmother has run off—” I hadn’t finished my sentence when Atlas’s phone rang. He glanced at the screen, raised an eyebrow at me, and answered, “Hello?”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 656-I faintly heard someone inside reporting to Atlas that someone had been caught.

“Good. She can reflect on her actions,” Atlas said on the phone, then hung up.

I looked at him excitedly. “They caught Abby?” “I can’t hide anything from you!” Atlas exclaimed. “She’s been caught in a small town near Luxem. The stolen goods are all there. She hasn’t had to deal with it. She’s probably trying to escape the heat.” “Who is she trying to scam? I wonder what Melanie thinks, knowing her mother’s character,” I scoffed. “Like mother, like daughter.” After pondering for a moment, I looked at Atlas, wanting to speak, but I hesitated. He seemed to understand my thoughts. He walked to the bookshelf and took out a folder, placing it in front of me and gesturing for me to take a look.

I felt a bit dazed as I looked at what was on the table. He said gently, “Take a look. I think this is what you want to know.” I reached out for the folder and opened it gently. Rory’s personal information was inside. His ID photo was at the top of his resume, showing a handsome sharp-eyed man.

My gaze fixed on the photo and my heart surged. This man was my father. I did seem to resemble him somewhat, in either features or expression.

I involuntarily reached out to touch his face, quietly calling him, “Dad.” Atlas turned and took out a thick photo album from a cabinet.

I quickly took it and opened it eagerly. Everything inside was irresistibly attractive to me.

I was like a diligent student eager to learn, hoping to fill the gaps in my memory with everything about my childhood.

When he saw my impatient look, Atlas laughed and walked over. I quickly protected the things on the table. “I’ll look at these slowly. Don’t take anything away. I want to see everything.” He smiled helplessly as he walked to my side. He pulled me to the sofa, placed the album on my lap, and sat beside me. “Let me tell you who everyone is and some of the stories from back then.” The album was filled with photos of our family of three, from the day I was born until I was ten years old. Many of the pictures captured the happy atmosphere between our two families. I saw the mysterious figure, Lucille, who had always existed in my heart, and the smiling face of the business tycoon, Louis. There was also the extremely affectionate Tammy and the initiator of everything in the Pierce family, David.

Everyone in the stories appeared before my eyes, like characters in a book, and Atlas told the stories with great patience and detail.

We kept looking through the pictures until late at night.

But I still wasn’t satisfied. I couldn’t get enough.



Atlas closed the album, coaxing me, "You need to get srest. Your head has been filled with too much today. You need tto digest." He saw that I was reluctant, so he tempted me, "Anyway, these are just the White family's pictures. We have a more comprehensive album in our family. If you behave, I'll let you see it. Be a good girl and sleep I protested unhappily, leaning back and avoiding him. "I don't want to sleep yet. I want to take a quick look at that information. Just a glance." He quickly took the album from my hands, then bent down and pickedup. As he carriedout of the room, I protested, "I'm not sleepy. I can't believe how domineering you are..." "If you can't sleep, we'll get sexercise. I guarantee you'll sleep well after." He looked atwith a smirk, kissing my nose. I suddenly felt my heart flutter, shyly punching him. "Why, you—.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 657-The next morning, Lauren's call wokefrom my dreams.

After a night of exhaustion with Atlas, | had hoped to sleep a little more, but she had called early.

| groggily reached for the phone, answering without even looking, and heard Lauren's voice on the other end. "Why did it take you so long to answer?"

Yawning, | replied, half-asleep, "I slept late last night."

"I see you're getting very comfortable. Enjoying life a little too much, huh?" Lauren teased.

"You're so disrespectful. How can you say that?" | didn't hold back and ribbed her. "Looks like you're the one with too much free time."

Lauren laughed heartily on the other end, and this banter completely dispelled any lingering sleepiness.

"Hurry and get up. Ivanna's company is going to visit Bourdamun today. They're planning to shoot a special documentary there.

Ivanna says it's a great opportunity for our project, since Bourdamun isn't a typical area of focus. They're doing a follow-up, and you know..."

My spirits lifted at the thought of free publicity. | couldn't pass up this chance.

"I'll get up right away. When are we leaving?" | quickly sat up, crawling to the edge of the bed.

"No rush. We don't have to go with them. We just have to get there before noon. Ivanna suggested grabbing a quick lunch together, and we can drive over ourselves later. It'll be like a road trip. After all, it's Saturday, and the traffic should be light. It'll also be a chance to relax."

“Okay, I might be a little late. Rose is coming to Pleca Park, and I want to see her before I leave,” I informed Lauren.

“That’s fine. Give a call when you’re ready, and I’ll cover to meet you.” Lauren agreed easily and hung up the phone.

I freshened up quickly. When I pulled the curtains back, I noticed that the sky outside was heavily overcast. It seemed like rain was on the way.

I didn’t see Atlas in the small dining room. I wondered where he had gone at this early hour.

Before I could finish breakfast, Nigel, the housekeeper, came to inform that Rose had arrived.

I quickly put down my cutlery, wiped my mouth with a couple of tissues, and headed downstairs.

Rose had just sat down when I hurriedly descended.

“Have you had breakfast, Grandma?”

“I have. Old people don’t need that much sleep. I woke up early for breakfast,” she said, looking at me. “Why didn’t you get more sleep?”

“I’m going to Bourdamun later,” I said truthfully. “There are things I want to discuss there.”

“Is construction starting over there?” She had known that I had secured Bourdamun and was well-informed about what was happening.

“Soon. Everything’s ready, but there are some concerns about the design. Once that’s settled, we’ll start.”

“This is crucial to your first landmark project. Be careful,” she reminded me. “Don’t overlook any details, and don’t move too quickly.

“Take steady steps and do well” every aspect. Once this project succeeds, the road ahead will be much smoother.” Content belongs to [novelenglish.net](http://novelenglish.net) “I understand, Grandma.” I nodded earnestly. “The preliminary review is very rigorous, with many layers of scrutiny. After everything has been confirmed, we’ll have professional supervisors during the construction.”

I knew that this project wouldn’t just benefit if it succeeded. Everyone understood this, but it was an unspoken agreement not to mention the underlying implications explicitly.

She looked at me. “Go ahead with your business. You don’t have to accompany me.”

As we were talking, my mom hurried downstairs. "You're here, Mrs. Rose. I've been looking forward to Saturday. How long are you staying this time?"

Rose gracefully put down her teacup and smiled at my mom. She pointed to a small suitcase behind the sofa. "I've brought my luggage. I've been wanting to stay for a few days. It's wonderful here."

Then she waved at me. "Go on! I don't need you to accompany me."

I smiled, stood up, and said, "Alright, Grandma, I'm leaving!"

But before I could leave, Atlas walked in. He had obviously gone out early.

I quickly told him I was going to Bourdamun, and he looked a little concerned as he glanced at the

gloomy weather outside. "That doesn't look good. It looks like it might rain. I'll get a driver for you. Or we can postpone it to another day if you want." Content belongs to novelenglish.net "I've made an appointment, and Austier Agency is going today." I

briefed him on Austier Agency's plans and said, "There's no need for a driver. I'll go with Lauren. It's not far. We'll take our truck and leave it there before noon." Content belongs to novelenglish.net "Will you be back in the evening?" He asked, frowning slightly. "If the weather turns bad, it might be better for you not to come back tonight. Safety first."

"Okay, I'll take care. I'll call you if I decide not to come back," I reassured him, not wanting him to worry.

He saw the car, watching as I drove away from Pleca Park. As I saw him standing in the rearview mirror, my heart fluttered.

The weather today did not look good, and I felt a little stifled.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 658-I received a call from Lauren and got into her car.

As we set off, the gloomy weather intensified. There was only a small patch of white in the sky, creating a stifling and eerie atmosphere.

"Damn this weather. It looks like heavy rain is coming. We really picked the wrong day for this," Lauren said as she drove, glancing at the ominously dark sky. "It's been so long since it rained." As I looked at the rolling dark clouds, I remarked, "When I was a kid, I used to be terrified of this kind of weather. I always dreamed of a black sky with only a crack of light on the horizon. I would be so scared that I'd wake up, and my mom would give a hug." Lauren looked at me strangely. Puzzled, I asked, "What's wrong?" She scrutinized me and asked, "When you were a kid?" I absentmindedly nodded. "Yeah." Even I was surprised by my own answer.

When I was a kid? Did I have no childhood memories? But these were distant memories from my childhood. I closed my eyes, focused, and felt a sudden headache.

I quickly opened my eyes, looked ahead, and took a deep breath, feeling a bit panicked.

Did I just remember something? I had said those words subconsciously.

Lauren looked at me, concerned, "Are you okay?" I shook my head. "I'm fine. I feel like I've experienced this before." "Don't dwell on it. Just go with the flow." She patted my hand reassuringly. "Let's not talk about this. You said you were going to see Melanie's child yesterday. Did you go?" "Not yet. I was planning to go today. I don't know what Matthew wants. I can't just leave that child to be fostered by the Hyger family. I don't have a better solution right now." Lauren had successfully changed the topic.

Melanie is really something else.

She claims to love Matthew, but she was pregnant with someone else's child. I was pretty smug when I heard the news. Matthew is infatuated with her, but she's turned out to be just a slut," Lauren scolded angrily. Content belongs to >wl chuckled disdainfully. "I sensed that something was off about the child when she was showing off back then, but I didn't expect my intuition to be right." "You're a jinx," Lauren teased, "But this is an important issue. Abby is really something else. Mother and daughter are quite the pair. Abby didn't disappoint me." After Lauren finished speaking, we both laughed. I remembered when Lauren exposed this woman. She wanted to stir things up with Matthew. But it had unexpectedly ended with mixed emotions. "Abby's been caught," I said nonchalantly. "The stolen goods are untouched. Atlas's people have her in custody." "Really?" Lauren looked surprised. "Atlas's men caught her?" "Yes. If she were a decent person, the child might have suffered less. Matthew might want to take care of him, but he's currently overwhelmed and can't ensure the child's well-being." I felt a twinge in my heart as I thought of him. "He's not just dealing with internal and external trouble. Things have become more complicated now." "He brought it on himself. His entire life is a series of wrong steps, one after another." Lauren showed no sympathy for them.

Lauren looked at suddenly. "It's strange. Stella has been unusually quiet lately. It's like she's vanished from Foswood. That's not like her at all." I also felt that something was off.

"I feel the same. It's not right. Even if she isn't in Foswood, she's never been this quiet. It's odd that she's lying low like this. Is she brewing up trouble?" Lauren speculated.

"An unusual pattern means that there's something amiss. The more normal something seems, the more abnormal it is. We've neglected her for a little while. I haven't seen her since we disembarked from the cruise." I thought about the last two had seen Stella.

I did feel a little uneasy, as if this was the calm before the storm.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 659-The storm hit suddenly and forcefully. Just as we crossed the outskirts of the city, the rain poured down torrentially. I had expected rain, but I didn't think it would be this intense.

"Damn, this is too much!" Lauren cautiously maneuvered the car, craning her neck to see the road ahead. But visibility was severely limited, and the windshield wipers swished back and forth futilely, rendered useless by the relentless rain.

"Maybe we should find a safe spot to pull over and wait. This kind of rain usually doesn't last too long," I suggested to Lauren while peering outside. I couldn't figure out why my eyelids kept twitching incessantly, adding to my already agitated state.

"There's a risk of landslides. Besides, who knows how long this rain will last? Look at how overcast the sky is. It's getting worse. I'm afraid the rain will get heavier the longer we wait. If there's a landslide, things will get even more dangerous," Lauren said, involuntarily glancing at the slope on our right. "We should keep going. It should be safer once we get through this mountainous stretch." I started feeling concerned. This stretch of road was prone to landslides. There were no other cars on the road.

Lauren focused intently on driving, and neither of us spoke.

My phone rang suddenly, and I pulled it out of my pocket. It was Atlas, who was worried about me.

He quickly asked, "Where are you now? Is the road still okay?" "We're on the road, driving very slowly. We can't stop. But don't worry. We should be near Northum Bridge soon." I gave Atlas our specific location.

The road continued with the mountain on our right and a steep slope to our left. We were approaching the location where the kidnappers had brought Ava.

After crossing the bridge, we would reach a three-way intersection in about three to four kilometers. The road would get better as we left this perilous stretch. It would also be safer.

Atlas said on the phone, "Don't worry-" A loud bang echoed, and the car jolted forward abruptly. My phone slipped from my hand, accompanied by a gasp from both hands Lauren.

Despite the intense vibrations, the car continued moving forward. I struggled to make sense of the situation, instinctively glancing at the rear, but visibility was close to zero.

I could hear Atlas shouting faintly over the phone I had dropped, but his words were indistinct. Before I could retrieve the phone, there was another violent jolt.

We lurched to the left again.

Lauren clung tightly to the steering wheel, glancing nervously at the rearview mirror. Her voice trembled, "Chlo, a car's hitting us!" I steadied myself, turning back to ellook. The rain obstructed the view, but I could sense a dark mass beside us Rainwater cascaded down the car and the window remained obscured, but a shadow indicated a large vehicle behind us, intermittently colliding with us. "Damn, what's going on? Ah..." Lauren seemed distressed.

"Hold on!" I shouted, suddenly afraid. This impact wasn't accidental. It was deliberate.

The intent was clear. They wanted to force our car off the steep slope on the left.

Lauren clutched the steering wheel et so hard that her knuckles turned white. She stared fixedly ahead, realizing that the trees on our left were scraping against the car, The clattering sound sent shivers down my spine, and I felt a sense of deja vu. The noise indicated that our car was close to the edge, right on the brink of the slope.

"Chlo, they're coming for us." Lauren tried to step on the gas and glanced anxiously to the right. "It's my fault... I shouldn't have cout here today..." Content belongs to ŚwHer voice quivered strangely.

"Focus! Don't say that!" Bang! Lauren screamed again. The car shook violently after another strong impact. She desperately turned the steering wheel to the right, but it was futile.

In an instant, the car leaned to the left.

I watched as Lauren's side of the car tilted outwards.

At that moment, I felt another impact. Instinctively, I reached out to grab Lauren.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 660-When I grabbed Lauren, she used all her strength to shield me. My body uncontrollably plummeted to the left and I experienced a dizzying spin.

Lauren heldtightly in her embrace as the car violently tumbled. A horrible crashing sound drowned out our screams.

It seemed like everything had finally cto a halt. I felt dazed as if my consciousness had slipped away.

Suddenly, I sensed icy water splashing over me, and my senses sharpened. My arm throbbled with piercing pain.

"Lauren..." My voice was weak. I felt Lauren under me, and she didn't let go.

“Lauren...” I called again, receiving no response. The air carried a faint smell of blood mixed with the scent of rain and the bitter aroma of the plants.

“Lauren, are you okay? Lauren...” I adjusted my body, attempting to check on Lauren.

Suddenly, a sense of terror overwhelmed me. The silence was eerie. Raindrops drummed against the cracked car window, creating a constant tapping sound. But Lauren still did not say a word.

I shifted my body. I could move, but our entire car was tilted to the left.

Lauren was beneath me, and I used my hands to support the car seat on her side, freeing myself from her grip. I wanted to lift my body out, but the car plummeted downward again. I screamed and quickly stopped moving.

“Lauren, can you hear me?” I shouted.

A profound fear engulfed me. I tried to look down to see her, but my movements were severely restricted. I was trapped and unable to budge. “Lauren, wake up! Answer me!” The smell of blood grew stronger. She lay motionless, still shielding me.

“Help... Help!” I screamed at the top of my lungs. Rain splattered into the car through the shattered window, hitting my face. “Help...” I roared with all my might, “Atlas... Help! Someone, please, help Lauren!” My shouts echoed inside the car, drowned out by the rain. I dared not move.

Suddenly, I remembered the phone I had dropped mid-call with Atlas before the car had rolled over. I fervently hoped that the call hadn't been disconnected and the phone was still in the car. Maybe he could hear my cries for help. I heard the faint sound of his voice. “Chlo... Tell what's going on!” “Help, Atlas...” “Don't be afraid... Hold on...” I didn't know how much had passed. It felt like an excruciatingly long time.

Finally, I heard shouts around me, accompanied by loud, commanding voices and someone calling my name. Not long after, I felt the car slowly moving downward.

Overjoyed, my vision became increasingly blurred, rain still relentlessly splashing onto my face. I finally lost consciousness...

It felt like I was in a dream. I was in a narrow space inside a dilapidated car, desperately moving forward. Someone held tightly onto my body, and another voice shouted, “Don't be afraid. Hold on to me.” “Mr. Atlas, don't move...” Another voice pleaded, “Lean over here!” The car continued to shake, and the branches rattled against it. After another intense shake, the car suddenly changed direction. I felt like a bird as I flew out of the half-open window. I heard a very heart-rending cry. “Stella... Stella!” “Mr. Atlas, no...” My body fell rapidly...

Ah!

## Beyond the Divorce Chapter 661

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 661-A terrifying scream jolted awake. I sat up, and a comforting arm wrapped around me. "Chlo, don't be afraid..." I gasped for air and stared at the refined features before me. Still shaken, I looked at him and murmured, "Atlas, a car hit us, and I flew out of the car window..." His eyes were fixed on me. "Chlo, did you remember something?" I was unsure how to respond, considering it was just a dream.

"Don't be scared. It's all over now. Look!" Atlas reassured tenderly.

I scanned the surroundings and suddenly remembered Lauren. I looked down at the bed, and a sudden realization hit me. "Lauren... Where is she?" Atlas patted my back and softly whispered, "They're still resuscitating her." My whole body stiffened. "Resuscitation?" I quickly pushed Atlas away.

"I need to see her. Why do they need to resuscitate her? Is she seriously injured? She saved me..." My voice choked as tears welled up. "Take her. I need to wait for her. Nothing can happen to her!" Seeing my distressed state, Atlas struggled to contain his emotions. He quickly helped put on my shoes and then lifted gently. Striding out of the ward, he headed toward the emergency room.

I noticed my left arm was bandaged, indicating an injury. But I could still move, and there were no injuries elsewhere other than the severe headache.

Before reaching the emergency room, I saw Oliver standing silently in the hallway.

"How long has it been?" I inquired.

Atlas gently placed down and checked the time. "Almost two hours." Staring at the door, I thought, 'Everything will be fine. She'll be okay!' At that moment, hurried footsteps echoed down the corridor. I turned to see Ivanna.

Her face was pale as she reached me, inspecting from top to bottom. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?" "I'm fine! It's Lauren. She shielded me..." I touched Ivanna's hand, but I lost control of my shivering at Ivanna helplessly. "She'll be okay, right?" Then I said, "Atlas, nothing can happen to her!" Atlas nodded solemnly. "Trust me. They have the best doctors with her. She'll be okay." "What happened?" Ivanna asked anxiously. "We planned to arrive by noon. If only we knew this would happen..." "We were already on the way..." I rubbed my throbbing head, then said, "A car chased us and kept ramming into us..." Ivanna looked at Atlas. "Any leads?" Atlas replied with a cold tone, "Dylan is handling it." Ivanna turned to me. "Did you see what kind of car it was?" I shook my head, agitated. "No, it was raining too heavily, and we couldn't see anything. The impact was intense. It was probably a large vehicle. Content belongs to Św" But we only decided to go to Un today! How did we meet no I I wiped my eyes. "There is this is



intentional. There were no other cars on that road.” Suddenly, the lights in the emergency room went out. I nervously watched the door, unable to move. My heart raced.

Oliver immediately rushed to the entrance.

After a while, the door to the emergency room swung open. A doctor walked out, looking at us. Atlas gently guided to the door. “Doctor!”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 662-“Mr. Atlas, the patient is stable for now. She suffered multiple fractured ribs and a ruptured spleen. She’s currently unconscious and needs further observation.” This news shocked us all. Her injuries sounded severe, like she had been on the brink of death.

“Doctor, is she still in danger?” Oliver muttered.

“The patient will be transferred to the ICU shortly for continued observation. If her vital signs remain stable within the next 24 hours and she regains consciousness, she can be moved back to a regular ward.” The doctor turned back to the emergency room.

I involuntarily swayed, muttering, “This is all my fault. She wouldn’t have suffered such severe injuries if it weren’t for me!” Ivanna comforted me, “Chlo, it’s not your fault. Let’s go to the ICU and check on her.” Two days later, Lauren was finally transferred to a regular ward.

My arm had a fracture, restricting my movement. Atlas had arranged for the best care.

Oliver silently stayed by Lauren’s side when she was unconscious, a sight that tugged at our heartstrings.

I understood then that Oliver’s heart belonged to Lauren. I had no idea how Oliver found out about our accident, and their relationship was something we should not meddle with.

Fortunately, Lauren’s condition gradually stabilized.

While things improved on our end, Dylan’s investigation wasn’t going smoothly.

Although they identified the large dump truck, the road had blind spots. Combined with heavy rain and sparse traffic, they couldn’t gather more information about the vehicle.

At this critical juncture, however, I received sbad news.

Matthew was arrested.

His shareholders and project managers reported him for alleged construction quality issues. Melanie even backed it up, claiming everything was orchestrated by Matthew, and she merely followed his orders.

Matthew getting caught signaled the end of Ardora's ongoing projects.

I warned Johnson a few days ago, advising him to caution Matthew about those plotting against him. My words had come true.

With the lack of a leader in Ardora, it all fell into Liora's hands. She confidently took over without any objections.

The news of Matthew's arrest spread like wildfire. Johnson, unable to contain his anger, rushed to the hospital to see me.

Hearing this news left me speechless. I couldn't comprehend why Melanie would make such a damning accusation against her husband.

Melanie's testimony was extremely foolish and condemned him to a dire fate.

"Chloe, although I've never approved of Matthew's past methods, this is more about emotions than intellect and reasoning. These are purely false accusations. Ardora was established with Matthew's hard work. We can't just watch this woman take over everything, right?" Johnson was visibly agitated.

I didn't express my opinion, but I didn't anticipate Liora's actions to be so swift and sinister. She was probably afraid that Melanie might retract her statement. "Ardora belongs to the Murphy family. If you took over, I'm sure neither I nor the outside world would have any objections. Yet, this woman is openly flaunting it with no outrage, right?" Johnson spoke anxiously, "Chloe, you can't stand idly by, can you?" I thought it was time to give her a little push.

I gathered myself and looked at Johnson, instructing him, "Gather the documents and hand them to Adrian. We're going to file a lawsuit." Johnson was taken aback, then excitedly said, "Okay, Chloe! I knew you wouldn't stand by and do nothing!" Johnson left. Lying weakly on the hospital bed, Lauren said, "It starts now. Don't hold back." "Don't worry. Rest. I'll drop by the company," I said.

I turned and left the ward, heading down to the parking lot. Unexpectedly, as soon as I left the emergency hall, I saw Liora strolling into the lobby.

We locked eyes for a moment. Then she gave a rare smile as her eyes darted to my arm.

“Hey, what are you doing here, Ms. Chloe? I haven’t seen you for a few days. What happened?” I smiled and calmly replied, “It’s nothing.” “Aren’t you like a little cat?” Liora asked, smiling happily.

I stepped forward and whispered, “We found the car.” Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 663-Then, I leaned back and smiled at her, scrutinizing her expression. She paled for a moment but quickly returned to normal.

Still smiling, she reminded me, “Be careful on the road.” That was audacious of her! However, just this subtle change was enough for to understand. I calmly replied, “Thanks. I’ll take your words to heart. I’m just like a cat, after all.” Then, I got into the car and told the driver, “Takeback to the office.” Since I got injured, Atlas didn’t allow to drive independently and assigned a driver for me.

I dialed Grayson, “Check why Liora cto the hospital.” Before I could hang up, another call cin from Trinity. “Where are you?” “On my way back to the office.” “Is it urgent?” “Yeah, I have sthings to do.” I didn’t hide anything, and she knew about my injury. “Do you need anything?” “Callback when you’re done,” she said, then hung up.

Back at the office, I called Adrian and explained Ardora’s situation in detail. After pondering for a while, Adrian asked, “Are you suggesting I take on this case?” “I don’t trust anyone else, and they won’t win,” I stated. Our communication has becmore direct over the past year. There was an understanding between us.

“What do you want from this?” he inquired, and I knew what he was asking.

“Grant him freedom,” I said blatantly. That was my obligation to the deceased Grace.

“Okay.” Adrian didn’t hesitate.

“I’ll have Johnson work with you. He can help you gather the necessary materials.” I added. “Alright.” I hung up and breathed a sigh of relief.

The reason for taking on this lawsuit. wasn’t just to give Grace closure It was also to ensure Melanie would not have it easy. This leech could not be allowed to be comfortable. Her rightful place is behind bars. Also, I wanted to shake Matthew awake completely. I wondered how to handle the little Charlie. With that in mind, I suddenly wanted to see him.

I had a quick exchange with Chloe and Ryan. Then, I went downstairs and bought food, drinks, clothes. I also got toys for Myra’s son and Charlie.

Then, I called Myra and went straight to Johnson’s house.

Myra was delighted to see me. Seeing the driver bring in bags of stuff, she said, "Chlo, what are you doing? I've got everything here. You don't have to spend money like this next time." "I'm just buying formula for him to save you the trouble. Taking care of him is hard enough, and I understand the challenges of caring for a child," I said while walking in.

I saw that Charlie was lying on the sofa, kicking and squirming. He seemed pretty well-behaved.

Myra followed behind me. "Chlo, you're too kind. How can I thank you?" I walked over, looking at the little guy. It was my second time seeing him, and I played with him. Unexpectedly, he giggled and said, "Mommy." To be honest, I didn't feel great. I sat down, grabbed his tiny feet, and he stared at me.

"He's been much better these past few days. When he first arrived, he cried and fussed a lot. My son couldn't sleep well. I guess he's gotten used to me. He's quite frail, though. Look, he's smaller than the average child," Myra said, lifting him and sitting down. He looked at me with his little eyes, giving a small smile.

"Mommy!" he said, blowing raspberries.

I had to admit, compared to the first time I caught him at the hospital, he looked much more lively now. Back then, he was thin, like a little older man with almost no hair.

Now, his hair had grown, and his complexion had improved.

Myra sighed. "He's a good kid. How did he end up with such a mom? You'd think Melanie would at least care for him. What's going to happen to Charlie?" Privacy

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 664-"Like mother, like daughter! How could Melanie turn out good with a mother like Abby?" I said lightly.

I couldn't help but wonder what kind of person this little one would grow into. He could be a good kid if he had a good influence. Without proper guidance, he might turn out crooked.

While I was pondering, his little hand grabbed my hair and brought it toward his mouth.

"Chlo, what if Matthew doesn't want him? What will we do then? This kid's pitiful and I've grown attached to him after caring for him. He's a small life, after all." Myra looked at me with concern. "But... I..." I understood what Myra meant. She couldn't keep Charlie with her even if she liked him. After all, his origins were unclear. "Don't overthink it. We just have to pull through. I'll find a way to have the police investigate and look for his biological father. Having him recognized by his own family is the best outcome." I looked at the little one in my arms. He didn't feel unfamiliar.

I couldn't carry him with my left hand, so I could only hold him with my right. He kept touching my hanging left hand, looking curious.

"That's not a problem. It's just heartbreaking for Charlie to have such a poor excuse for a mom..." Myra's words were only half-said, but I understood what she meant.

My phone in my bag started ringing. Myra took Charlie in her arms, and I took out my phone to check. It was Trinity.

I had forgotten about her. It seemed she had something urgent. I quickly picked up and said, "Trinity, I'm just wrapping up." "Cto Vanderberg Palace," she said.

"All right, I'll cright away." After saying that, I hung up and apologized. "Myra, I have to go. I'll cagain another day. If there's anything, just givea call. Oh, I'll cto pick you and your son up this weekend. We'll go to Pleca Park to play with Ava." "That's great!" Myra said it happily. "Ava is so well-behaved. She even took care of my son the last time. My son is lonely at home. Otherwise, I wouldn't have sent him to the nursery so early." It was clear that Myra was pleased. She hugged Charlie and sentoff.

"Then it's a deal. I'll pick you up on Saturday. Take Charlie to relax. Being cooped up at hcan be stifling." I patted Charlie.

He was reaching out to me, wantingto hold him. I could only smile and kiss his little face. "I can't hold you now. I'll cto see you next time." swn I went downstairs and quickly got into the car, instructing the driver to hurry to Vanderberg Palace.

It had been a while since I had been here. As I entered, the receptionist said, "Ms. Trinity is waiting for you in Mr. Jared's room." ㄹ I nodded and went straight to the fourth floor. Jared's room was indeed quieter. I pushed the door open, and Trinity greeted me, Chlo, you've been really busy! It's not easy to meet you." She looked atand pointed at my injured arm. "Is it still the same?" "Yes, but it's a bit better than last time," I said while walking over. I sat beside Trinity and asked, "What's the matter?" "Can't I invite you over without a reason?" I smile. "Don't tease me. You're not the type. Did you urgently seekout just to meet up?" She glanced at me, chuckling. Today, she was dressed more normally. Her makeup was light, making her look pleasing.

"You knowtoo well. Indeed, there's something." Trinity looked atand said, "I accidentally discovered something." "Oh?" I looked at her curiously. "About who?" "You!"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 665-Trinity's response leftbewildered. I looked at her suspiciously. "About... me?" "Yes." Her deep gaze scrutinized me.

"What's going on?" From her expression, I could tell that this news aboutcarried sweight.

She withdrew her gaze, not answering my question, but seemed lost in thought.

“What’s happening? Why is it so difficult to say?” I looked at Trinity with confusion. Her expression grew somewhat heavy.

“It’s not that it’s difficult to explain. It’s just that this... is a bit peculiar.” She seemed conflicted, and it was the first I had seen Trinity hesitate so much.

“Have you not considered whether you want to tell or not before calling here?” “That’s not the case.” Trinity gave a sidelong glance. “We were discussing a business deal when we stumbled upon this. Take a look.” Trinity finished speaking and hesitantly handed her phone.

“Look closely!” I quickly took the phone, eager to see the screen.

It was a high-definition photo capturing a luxurious garden. A young woman in exotic attire stood behind a wealthy old lady. She had a gentle smile. However, that face left me dumbfounded.

I stared at that face with exquisitely beautiful features. She had arched eyebrows, bright eyes, a straight and regal nose, and full lips. I looked at Trinity, unsettled, and asked, “Where did you get this? Who is the person in the photo?” “It’s like two peas in a pod!” Trinity did not answer my question. “If you don’t look closely, people may have mistaken her as you. Do you have a twin sister?” I picked up the phone again and scrutinized the photo when she said this. I was baffled as to why there was another me.

“We found it, but...” She looked at me. “She has already entered the Avila family in the Yare!” My head buzzed, and I immediately thought of Lucille.

“The Avila family in Yare?” I was a bit uneasy. Was she part of that family? It seemed to be closely related to since my mother was an Avila.

“When did this happen?” I asked urgently.

I didn’t know much about the Avila family’s affairs, just a few remarks from Grayson when investigating Rory and cryptic comments from Rose. I had no idea how the Avilas established themselves. However, a woman with my face complicated things.

“This was just two months ago. Strangely, even our people couldn’t trace her origins.” Trinity looked at me, her gaze deep. “Chlo, I feel there’s something fishy here.” I felt nervous and looked back at the screen. “Who is the old lady?” “The Avila family’s matriarch, likely your grandmother,” Trinity said with certainty, “There is no trace of her. Don’t you find it strange?” “I need to understand the family thoroughly from within.” My eyes were fixed on the older woman in the photo.

“The Huffmans have many things that can’t be disclosed to the outside world. That’s why my father didn’t publicly acknowledge your relationship with my family. However, her appearance in our business negotiations is quite interesting.” “So, you mean

someone from your family..." I looked at Trinity, not finishing the sentence, as this was the Huffmans' internal matter.

I didn't want to delve too deep. At the moment, I couldn't determine the origin of this woman.

Trinity wasn't a simpleton. It showed that despite her seemingly rough personality, she had a keen and meticulous side. At this point, even wondered if mentioning Rory to her was saying too much. Moreover, who was this person in the photo, and why did she suddenly appear in the Avila family? This discovery was a significant threat to me.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 666-Trinity sensed my concern and refocused her attention. She said, "I've already gotten someone to monitor her. They'll notify immediately if anything unusual happens." I asked, "Are they reliable?" "Of course," Trinity assured me, "I'm investigating her background now. That's our priority." I glanced at Trinity's phone, asking, "Can you send that photo?" "Sure thing," she agreed, "I have a lead, Chlo." "Are you referring to this person?" I raised my gaze and looked at Trinity.

She sought my opinion. "I received a call from Stella yesterday inviting to meet. I'm stringing her along. I think there's something fishy going on. She's trying to manipulate me, so I want to get close to her. What do you think?" I understood that Trinity did not want to be suspicious. After saving the photo, I returned her phone and said, "Do you still doubt our trust?" "Not at all. I just wanted to hear your thoughts. Stella isn't smart but seems mysterious. I want to dig into her background," Trinity sounded playful, "I won't object if she's playing tricks with me. I'll play along instead." I reminded her, "That's fine. Still, as you said, there's probably something amiss about her. Be cautious since it was her people who made a move last and caused you to get hurt. The organization she's with is likely from Jitador." Trinity snapped her fingers. "That's the plan. I'll probe Stella and see how deep I can get." I cautioned her, "Be careful with everything. You know how deep the waters run in the organization. Safety first, all right?" Trinity disdainfully said, "Stella isn't that capable yet. Last time was purely an accident." However, I had a frightening thought. If that were the case, so far Atlas's investigations might be heading in the wrong direction. I glanced at Trinity and asked, "Do you have any news about Rory? Here, I can give you his photo." "I already have it," Trinity said, "There's still no news about him. It seems the information about whether or not he's alive may be inaccurate. Otherwise, my people would've found something." My heart was in my throat as I asked, "What do you mean? Are you saying he..." Trinity said matter-of-factly, "Don't be disheartened. We'll keep looking, okay? There will be traces of him if he's still alive." I then informed her about the current situation with Matthew's company, "By the way, could you help spread the news through Liora?" "Hah! That's interesting. There's a celebrity gathering the day after tomorrow join Stella there and give Liora a hard time before dropping a hint. I want her to stew in frustration." Trinity revealed Liora's misfortune. "Liora is so unpleasant to be around." I asked, "What do you plan to do?" She playfully said, "You'll know when the time comes." I chuckled at that. Although Trinity seemed younger than me, her experiences surpassed mine. Indeed,

she was a Huffman. I thought her approach was wild enough. Since she wanted to enjoy the show, I would happily oblige. While we talked, my phone rang. When I lowered my head to check, I saw Ivanna's hand quickly answered, "What's up?" "Chlo, where are you?" Her tone sounded odd.

I glanced at Trinity and replied, "I'm out. Did something happen?" "Go to the police station if you're free." Ivanna sounded a little irritated.

I was surprised, asking, "What are you doing there?" "I need you to bail out," Ivanna said, losing her patience.

I bolted upright from the sofa. "What happened?! How'd you end up needing bail?!" "Oh, you'll find out once you're here. Hurry to the station on Ladbroke Road." Ivanna hung up immediately after.

I looked at the smug Trinity. I knew Pel she had guessed who the caller was. Still, I didn't tell her that it was, Ivanna. "Um, I have to leave for a bit. It's an urgent matter." S Trinity said disdainfully, "Ha! Your friend is something else, huh?" I didn't appreciate her mocking tone. "Don't gloat, Trinity. Everyone has their moments. All right, I'm off." I then rushed out of Vanderberg Palace and headed straight to Ladbroke Road.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 667-I entered the police station and explained the situation to the officer. He then led to a room where I saw a few people.

Ivanna sat with a striking young man with a gloomy expression. He was probably their company's newbie. Ivanna, being protective, didn't involve the company to avoid implicating the new guy. After all, she always went all out for those she believed in. Meanwhile, an arrogant-looking man sat opposite them.

A girl stared at the young man and threatened, "Do you think this is over? You can't leave before giving a clear answer. Imagine what will happen to you if I upload the video." She then turned to maliciously. "Get out! I'm still talking." I was shocked as I examined the girl. Judging by her expensive attire and the bag on the table, she was from a wealthy family. I knew her bag was extravagant, even if I wasn't familiar with brand names.

The girl's behavior suggested she wasn't established but someone who had recently struck gold.

I casually glanced at her and asked, "Were you talking to me?" She became defensive and slammed the table. She then stood up, saying, "Yes, I was! What's it to you, huh? I told you to leave." "How bold of you to chase out. Why don't you show the door?" I then asked Ivanna, "What's going on?" Before she could answer, the girl cut in, "I just wanted Austin to have dinner with me. Is there something wrong with that? I didn't disrespect him, either. Still, he dared to bring an old lady to cover for him."



“He must not want attention. Well, then, he can say goodbye to his future. He’ll regret it when I expose the video online.” The girl’s reasoning for her outburst made me laugh. I shrugged at Ivanna and said, “Are girls these days that out of control? How did a meat invite escalate to this? It seems the police have it rough.” The girl lost her temper and slammed the table. She stood up and roared, “Who are you?! Why are you even here? Why are you acting so righteous? You must be a cougar that has her eyes set on him.”

“You don’t have a chance with him. Take a number, you old hag. Gosh, look at those wrinkles on your face.” She looked at me disdainfully.

I simply observed her and couldn’t help but roll my eyes, wondering who raised such an insolent little brat.

Ivanna grimaced with anger and lost her patience at the girl berating me.

“You better watch it, little girl! Your parents should take you to a psychiatrist. Didn’t your mother teach you any manners?” She retorted, “What did you say?! I dare you to repeat it!” Immediately after, she pounced toward Ivanna. However, the officer in the room shouted, “Sit down!” The girl was unfazed as she shouted back, “Get out of my way! Did I ask for your opinion? Didn’t you hear her shouting at me? Are you looking to get fired? I’ll skin you alive if you don’t back off!” The officer reddened with anger. He swallowed his anger and growled, “Sit down.” The girl snapped, “You’re the first one I’ll deal with once I’m out!” Then she turned to Austin and said, “Don’t even think about leaving if you don’t have dinner with me.” The girl wouldn’t back down, and Austin could no longer take it. He abruptly stood up and then grabbed the girl by the hair. Immediately after, he slammed her against the wall behind her.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 668-Everything happened so fast that we could barely react. Austin was surprisingly agile. Still, there wasn’t much room to begin with. By the time we realized what had happened, Austin had already seized the girl’s neck.

He roared, “I’d rather die! I’ll take you with me!” Ivanna exclaimed, “Austin, stop!” I ran over with Ivanna, desperately trying to pry Austin’s hands off the girl’s neck.

“Let go of her!” The girl had turned blue, and her eyes widened as she frantically grabbed Austin’s hands. At that moment, two more officers entered to pull Austin away. When they restrained him, the girl slumped to the floor and gasped for air.

She glared at the enraged Austin fearfully.

“You’re obsessed!” Austin scolded, wanting to kick her as she struggled to breathe. However, the officers intervened.

Suddenly, footsteps approached from outside. A middle-aged man rushed in with a few burly bodyguards. The man gasped as he took in the scene, “Callie, what’s going on here?!” Callie showed her weakness as she burst into tears, wailing, “Dad!” The man

picked her up and glared at the three of us. "Who's responsible for all this?" We exchanged glances and realized the man was Callie's reinforcement. She pointed at Ivanna and Austin, screaming hoarsely, "Those two ordered him to kill me. Make them pay!" Callie revealed her malicious demeanor as she gestured toward Ivanna, seemingly eager to tear her apart. One of the officers held el.ne Austin, but when he saw Callie threatening Ivanna, he lunged forward. I thought he was probably trying to defend Ivanna. "I caused all this! Cat me! Your daughter is a thug-" Before he could finish, the man shouted, "Punch him!" A tough-looking bodyguard punched Austin. Since the officer held both Austin's hands behind him, he could not defend himself. Austin paled as blood dripped from his lips.

Ivanna stepped forward protectively and yelled, "Stop it! How dare you assault him in a police station?!" Suddenly, the bodyguard threw a second punch, which hit Ivanna's shoulder. It caused her to stagger back and wince in pain. Austin went berserk when he saw that. He screamed and struggled to break free, but it was futile. I quickly stood before Ivanna to prevent the bodyguard from striking her again. I assumed they wouldn't dare harmsince one of my arms was in a cast.

"Why are you assaulting us in a police station without knowing what happened? This is outrageous!" I confronted the hesitant bodyguard, who glanced back at his boss.

I then turned to the officers and scolded them, "Why are you still holding him?! Didn't you see them attacking us? Are you their accomplices?" At that moment, a voice echoed at the doorway, "Who's making such bold claims? What's this about being accomplices?" We all turned to look as a middle-aged officer entered with his hands behind his back. He looked around sternly, then stopped at me.

"You can't throw such baseless accusations around. You have snerve, accusing the officers like that. We resolve all issues effectively here. How can three adults end up spouting nonsense when dealing with a young girl?" He focused on the term "accomplices," makingthink he might be the real accomplice.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 669-The middle-aged officer hinted that we were bullying Callie, making the father-daughter duo feel more justified. It was no wonder she was so defiant, even in a police station. It seemed she had a powerful supporter.

The middle-aged officer didn't greet the duo. Instead, he maintained an upright demeanor. However, anyone could sense that his words were off.

Callie's dad pointed at us accusingly, saying, "No one has ever challenged the Barkers. You must've lost your mind. It's an honor that Callie chose to date you, young man. Still, you dared to lay your hands on her?" Frank Barker stormed over and shovedaside. I was unprepared and couldn't keep my balance with a casted arm. I stumbled backward and was about to fall, and Ivanna rushed to grab me, but it was too late.

I closed my eyes and protected my left arm to brace for impact. Suddenly, I landed in someone's arms. The person then gently lifted and stabilized me. I was terrified as I turned to look at who had caught me. Surprisingly, I saw Jared.

He didn't say a word and glared at Frank.

The latter couldn't help but gulp nervously. Despite Frank's previous arrogance, he glanced at the middle-aged officer.

The officer looked puzzled and was about to speak when Jared's intimidating voice sounded, "Mr. Frank, it's pretty impressive of you to use your family's within the precinct. Is that appropriate?" My heart raced. It was no wonder Frank and Callie were so bold. It seemed the duo treated public resources as their private domain, and Frank seemed to consider this precinct his.

Frank turned and eyed Jared's refined appearance from head to toe. He was about to retort when a young officer entered. The latter's eyes widened as he stuttered, "M-Mr. Jared!" Unhappy, Frank asked, "Who is he?" "H-He's Jarod Attwood," the young officer replied, "I was just about to inform you..." He saw Frank turning pale as his voice dwindled.

Bet "Jared..." It was apparent the name startled Frank. He could not help but gulp nervously, seemingly recognizing the name. Content belongs to Susan Still, Callie boldly stepped forward and said, "So what? Who are you to question us?!" "Shut the fuck up!" Frank snapped, startling her.

Callie felt humiliated as she scratched the back of her neck, saying, "But he strangled and-" A crisp sound echoed through the air as Frank slapped Callie. "I told you to shut it!" Frank then quickly switched to a fawning smile and addressed Jared, "Please excuse my daughter's rudeness. How disrespectful of us. Please can you join us in my office." Jared replied, "That's okay. I'd like to see how you handle cases here." Frank smiled and asked, "Is there a misunderstanding, Mr. Jared? Did we offend you?" "How is hurting someone a misunderstanding?" Jared looked directly at Frank.

Frank's eyes darted toward and then at Ivanna before looking at the still-restrained Austin. The former seemed confused but quickly barked, "Release him!" The two officers immediately let go of Austin.

Ivanna exclaimed, "Austin, are you okay?!" Pale, Austin forced a smile at Ivanna, saying, "I'm fine. Did he hurt you?" Jared's eyes darkened, and his jaw tightened when he heard that. Then, he reached for a chair.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 670-Everyone was fearful and uncertain about what would happen next. Frank even instinctively back-paddled.

When Jared pulled over a chair, he set it down and gently led Ivanna to it, asking, "Are you hurt?" Ivanna casually replied, "I'm okay." "Where were you hurt?" Jared patiently asked again, but everyone who heard that question shivered.

Ivanna reluctantly reached for her left shoulder. Although she didn't make a sound, she grimaced, indicating the injury wasn't minor. The guy who punched her was burly, so the impact must've been significant.

Jared softly asked, "Who hit you?" His voice was calm, yet it sent chills down everyone's spine. The bodyguard who threw the punch shifted his heel involuntarily. Jared gazed at Ivanna's face for a while before turning to Frank, "You said it was a misunderstanding. Now I want to know how it became." Frank helplessly looked at his subordinates, but no one dared to step forward. He was at a loss and stammered several times without uttering a coherent sentence.

Jared looked at Austin and asked, "So, tell what happened." Austin gritted his teeth and recounted the incident in detail, growing increasingly agitated as he spoke. Then, he pointed at Frank and accused him, "He ordered his men to attack." After listening to Austin, Jared turned and said, "Frank, is there a misunderstanding? Does setting up a private court here allow any of your family members to act recklessly and still devise a reasonable excuse? "It's impressive, but I must ask, who gave you such authority," Jared's tone was unwavering. He then instructed his assistant, "Make a call." Ten minutes after the assistant made the call, a group of people squeezed into the small room. Frank panicked and said respectfully, "Mr. Lawrence, I've been negligent!" Jared pointed at one of the officers and said, "Tell what happened." The officer he called out was the one Callie had threatened to skin alive. He eloquently recounted the entire incident and left nothing out. Jared admired the young officer's courage. When he finished, Jared addressed the newcomers, "Mr. Lawrence, I won't interfere with your official matters. Can we leave now?" Lawrence nodded solemnly. "Thank you for your clarification, Mr. Jared." He then asked the young officer, "Have you prepared the papers?" "Yes, I have, sir. However, they insisted on pressing charges, so we've been unable to release them." The young officer took the opportunity to vent his frustration.

Lawrence looked at Jared and said, "You can go now, Mr. Jared." Jared helped Ivanna to her feet, saying, "As a taxpayer, I look forward to the resolution." He then glanced coldly at the guy who punched Ivanna, which sent shivers down the bodyguard's spine.

The bodyguard stepped forward and knelt, saying, "Mr. Jared, please forgive me. We only do this for the money to make ends meet, I swear. I was just following Mr. Frank's orders. He has done these things countless times." Jared casually responded with a, "Hmm?" The bodyguard then stood up and took a cautious step forward. He added, "They're up to all sorts of things. I can testify." Jared stroked his chin and then turned to Lawrence. "It seems we have a witness, Mr. Lawrence. I'll submit the rest to you as soon as possible. I'll leave that scum in your capable hands. You should clean up your staff members, too." Immediately after, Jared led the three of us out with an air of indifference.

## Beyond the Divorce Chapter 671

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 671-As we stepped out of the doorway, we ran into Atlas, who hurried over. He quickly took my arm and asked, "What's going on?" "Let's talk about it when we get back." I turned to Ivanna and asked in a hushed tone, "Are you okay?" "I'm fine... It just really hurts!" She held her shoulder, grimacing, "He went all out. It serves him right." I saw Jared's face darken again. Seizing the moment, I gave Ivanna a gentle push. "Go on, now. Stop twisting it. Go have a proper chat." Ivanna and Jared had been in a silent conflict. It was clear that both were holding back, making this the perfect opportunity for reconciliation.

Austin rushed forward to express his gratitude to Jared.

After bidding farewell to Ivanna, he asked, "How are you doing? Are you injured? Go to the hospital if you need to. Don't tough it out." Austin then gave a radiant smile. "Dealing with those guys made feel a little better!" Atlas and I drove away without paying attention to the two still standing at the door.

In the car, I asked Atlas, "How'd you get here?" "I noticed your location had been the sfor a while and felt something was off, so I cto check," he explained. "What exactly happened?" I briefed Atlas on the situation, recounting how young girls had beco audacious lately.

Atlas embracedand said disapprovingly, "That's just because you're not crazy enough." I looked at him disdainfully. "As if you've encountered so many wild girls! Have you met women like that? Is that why you're so indifferent?" Atlas snorted, "That girl is looking for trouble. In my eyes, besides you, every other woman is invisible." I almost burst out laughing. I didn't know who he considered invisible, but for someone as sought after as him, he was every woman's heartthrob.

Unlike Jared, Atlas's low-key demeanor was more of a personal choice.

After dinner that evening, I went to Atlas's study. I took the photos Trinity had found and showed them to him.

Atlas zoomed in on one photo, his deep eyes growing darker. Finally, he looked atand said, "It seems we were deceived by her. That girl didn't die!" My heart sank at Atlas's speculation. It was precisely what I feared. "Are you talking about Kylie? You also think she didn't die?" Atlas nodded, confidently stating, "The girl in this photo is Kylie." I looked at him incredulously and asked, "Why are you so sure she's Kylie?" Atlas glanced at his phone screen. "I know her. When I found her back then, I carefully examined her before concluding she wasn't you." Chapter 671 Fool 1 I carefully examined the areas he pointed out in the photo. Indeed, her teeth were different when she smiled.

Even though I couldn't see these lcritical details, Atlas effortlessly identified them. It

showed his familiarity with and how deeply these details were etched in his heart. "I looked very carefully to distinguish her from you. I'm way too familiar with you." He smiled knowingly and kissed me.

"We've lived together since we were young and often shared a bed. When I opened my eyes, your face was the first thing I saw. How could I not know every inch of your face?" He gazed attentively, with a hint of pride. I blushed, and my heart raced.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 672-His incredibly handsome features were right before my eyes. I felt guilty, wondering if I could match his confidence.

However, I was sure that if I lost him, I could find my way back to him.

His presence, his voice, the unique coldness in his gaze-I would sense it all.

Seeing that I was staring at him intently, he softly asked, "What are you thinking about?" I leaned in, kissing him on the lips. "Thank you for never giving up on finding me." He kissed back gently. "Silly girl. Destiny has marked you mine. No matter what happens, my heart will remain unchanged." As he spoke, he gently stroked my eyebrows. "There's no mole between your eyebrows..." He enlarged the photo and pointed at the corner of Kylie's eyebrows in the picture. "Right here, you see..."

"With just this detail, I concluded that she wasn't you." I also zoomed in on the photo. The tiny dot above the eyebrows was nearly indiscernible to someone unfamiliar with the details. After he pointed it out, there was indeed a tiny flaw. If seen in person, this imperfection wouldn't be very noticeable.

"When I saw this photo, I also had this thought, but I couldn't be sure. Now that you've said it, it confirms that Kylie is alive." An uneasiness crept into my heart. I didn't know if this was a good or bad thing.

I looked at Atlas with concern. "So, the news back then might not be true. It was probably fabricated to mislead. What was Celine's purpose in doing this? As we analyzed it the last time, was it to provide a plausible excuse for the fake Stella? But that seems too elaborate, doesn't it?" Atlas was silent for a moment. Then he said regretfully, "I should have looked into this. My bad." "Nobody's perfect. It's normal to overlook things. After all, you were less than 13 years old then." "But my negligence almost cost you your life! It's terrifying when you think about it." "Why do you say that? Where do you think you went wrong?" I asked, looking at him.

"My mistake was that I didn't show up when the news of Kylie dying came out. After all, she died under the name Annalise. I should have confirmed it," he murmured.

"But Stella said you saw it and were devastated!" I recalled the fake Stella's expression when she mentioned this.

“She’s trying to confuse you,” Atlas said coldly. “That’s Stella messing with your head.” I sneered and said, “She’s indeed a good actress. What a waste of talent.” “They probably used this news to set a trap for me, but I didn’t show up,” Atlas said, looking atregetfully “Celine then concluded that what Kylie said was true because she always insisted she wasn’t Annalise!” et With Atlas’s explanation, I suddenly understood, get it now! You’re right. If that were Annalise, you would have rushed out regardless How could you have stayed in the shadows? So, she’s not Annatise. That’s why she intensified her efforts to track you down “That’s right.” Atlas nodded seriously. “How could I have overlooked this? If I hadn’t, you wouldn’t have been injured, and I wouldn’t have lost you.” I looked at Atlas and gently touched his face. “Stop blaming yourself. Haven’t already returned to you? If you had shown up back then and she had targeted you, we would still be in danger. Maybe this is destiny.” “But I missed 18 years of your life and left you suffering.” He buried his head in my neck.

Atlas was right. I was luckier than him because I forgot everything, freeing myself from the pain of yearning.

Even though I felt resentful and helpless at this moment, he had endured the torment of losinevery day, as if it were a slow execution. This was something an ordinary person couldn’t bear.

I couldn’t imagine what kind of torment it was.

An indescribable pain surged into my heart when I thought of this. 18 years was a long tto be missing from someone’s life. It was the best years of a person’s life as well.

“From now on, let’s never be apart,” I whispered to him and myself.

“Yes, never again.” He huggedtightly, showeringwith endless kisses.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 673-We agreed to always depend on each other once things calmed down.

I looked at Atlas, questioning, “Did she really plan so far ahead? Did she keep this girl around all this time? Who is she? Do you think she might be connected to my parents back home?” Atlas shook his head. “She may not have planned so far ahead, but this may be something she has prepared for.

“You mean sending Kylie to the Avilas?” I asked, feeling a bit anxious.

Atlas nodded. “After all, the connection between Rory and Lucille is an indelible mark, and Lucille’s foundation is profound. There was no way she didn’t take precautions. Knowing that she has someone in her hands is her leverage.

“Perhaps that’s what prevented us from discovering this woman’s origin. As for whether Kylie has any connection to your current parents, that can only be revealed when you

recover your memories.” Atlas comforted me, “But don’t worry. I’ll arrange for someone to investigate Kylie. She won’t stir up any big waves. When the tis right, I’ll contact the Avila family.” “Do you know them well?” I sensed the implication in Atlas’s words. He was not unfamiliar with the Avila family.

Sure enough, Atlas said, “I’m not unfamiliar with them. I dealt with them when I was looking for you and sought help from them.” “Help?” I was a little surprised.

“Yes, I contacted them in secret twice. I met your uncle,” Atlas said. “But at the time, I was still young.” “Can you tellmore about the Avilas?” I stared at Atlas.

“They’re quite special. I’ll provide you with all their information tomorrow and lock it in the office.” Atlas did not refuse me, and his response was reasonable.

“Are you sure I am my parents’-oh, I mean Rory and Lucille’s-only child? They didn’t have twins?” I boldly guessed.

“Definitely not twins. Otherwise, I would’ve known. Don’t forget, we’ve been together since we were children, and they only had you,” Atlas said with certainty.

“With Kylie joining the Avillas, they will face sturmoil. Her arrival is not as simple as a family reunion.” This madeanxious, and I added, “I’m afraid many things will change with her influence.” “Don’t worry for now. I will verify this information,” Atlas reassured me.

“Do you mean verifying it with the Huffmans?” I stared at Atlas. “It seems we’re thinking the sthing. I also wanted to do this.” Atlas smiled and hugged me. “Great minds think alike!” “Atlas, do you think letting the Huffmans know about us could be a mistake?” I asked, a bit worried about Atlas’s idea.

He shook his head, saying, “We can’t hide it from them. The fact that they want to be acquainted with you means they already know something about you.

“With how the Huffmans operate, it’s an early bird-catches-the-worm situation. It much they know. Opening your heart to them isn’t bad. Just remember one thing. When interacting with Trinity, don’t make her feel like you’re betraying her.” know depends on how I nodded, keeping Atlas’s advice in mind.

“According to Trinity, the Huffmans haven’t discovered where she cfrom. It seems like they planned this very meticulously.” I told Atlas about the results Trinity found, feeling a bit disheartened. I didn’t expect that Kylie’s being alive would turn out to be a threat to me.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 674-Celine wouldn’t have kept her for so many years without a reason. She must have wanted to use her as a weapon against Atlas.



“She even appeared at the Huffman family’s business negotiations, which caught their attention. My relationship with them is undisclosed, but she has already participated in activities with them. Doesn’t that say a lot?” Atlas pondered, looking profound.

“So, Trinity feels something is off. Recently, Stella reached out to Trinity, so Trinity plans to get close to her and find out more.” Then I wondered, “Do you think Celine would’ve known about my relationship with the Huffmans if they were unreliable? Why is Stella still trying to get Trinity involved?” “Perhaps they’re giving us a false impression. We can be sure this person is working for Celine. She’s not sure about the Huffman family’s real motives!” Atlas analyzed.

“So, do you think Trinity reaching out to them is the right move?” I was concerned about this. “I’m afraid we won’t be able to control the Huffmans later. I never intended to form a deep bond with them.” “It’s fine. Let’s test the Huffmans,” Atlas said casually, as if contemplating something.

“But we still don’t know Celine’s motives! I’m worried they must have new plans, or they wouldn’t have brought out such a hidden chess piece.” I looked up at him. He was my rock.

“Don’t worry about that. I’ll handle it,” Atlas said confidently.

I knew that he was a meticulous strategist.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you something!” Atlas seemed to want to change the subject, and his tone beclighter.

“What is it?” I asked.

“We found Melanie’s lover. He should be Charlie’s real father.” Atlas looked atexcitedly.

“Oh? That’s good news.” Excited, I moved out of his embrace, accidentally bumping my arm into something. I let out a groan.

He nervously held my arm. “Are you okay? Does it hurt a lot?” “You better tellhow you found him!” I was pretty interested in this. After all, I felt sorry for Charlie after seeing him today.

No matter what, I was a mother. He had such a fragile life, innocent and fearless, without any means of defense, still have that scar on my arm, thanks to him. This time, my injury also happened to be in the splace. “Our people found him. Melanie didn’t cooperate, but we found clues in her interrogation. We have Jared to thank for this. The man is the thug at the Midnight Bar.” “So, they’ve known each other for a long time?” I was curious.

"Melanie had an affair with this man many years ago. She often went to Midnight Bar, and that's how it started," Atlas said. "It should have been before she got involved with Matthew." "It seems that Melanie wasn't devoted to Matthew from the very beginning!" I sounded smug when I said this.

I couldn't help but chuckle and say, "It's no wonder she invited to Midnight Bar back then. It must be because she knew she had this guy's support." I finally understood the relationships involved. She had swiped that guy's money, and her relationship with Matthew was just a part-time gig. What a strange situation. It turned out that fate was unpredictable. The money she had accumulated was the debt she owed to this man. It was using one to pay off another. That was life.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 675-I suddenly understood one thing. It seemed like the wisest person was Grace. She had learned to be savvy after being deceived throughout her life.

"How can we let Charlie end up in his hands?" I shook my head, feeling somewhat distressed. "We'll be ruining that child's life!" I couldn't help but think of Charlie's innocent face.

"Don't worry. Listen to me," Atlas said.

He got up, poured a glass of water for me, and had a sip himself before continuing. "The man's parents are alive and well. The family is in decent shape, and he has a sister who's seven years older. There was a middle brother between them, but unfortunately, he died at the age of three." I listened attentively to Atlas.

"Later, that man was born. So, being the only son in the family for three generations, his parents spoiled him. Over time, he developed a fearlessness because his parents would stand up for him whenever something happened.

"Stirring up trouble became a common occurrence. He dropped out of school early, hanging out with a group of delinquents and neglecting his studies. His parents regretted their indulgence." It seemed this person was indeed a typical troublemaker. It wasn't a surprise that Melanie would be suitable for someone like him.

"His sister was already married to a decent man who loved her deeply. Unfortunately, when he got into a fight with someone, his sister's husband found out and rushed to save him. He got stabbed on the spot while trying to protect him." I was stunned. "He dragged down his sister's entire life." "Not only did his sister lose her beloved, but she also suffered physical abuse from her in-laws because of this incident. This fact deeply affected him, and ever since, he has protected his sister as if she were a treasure." "But that can't replace his sister's true happiness!" "This guy is quite respectful to his parents. Moreover, he gives all the money he earns to his sister. He even sold their big house and lives with his parents. His sister never had children after getting married, and this guy even promised that if he had children in the future, he would let his sister raise

them as her own.” My eyes lit up. I eagerly asked, “Did you look into his sister? How is she now?” Seeing my anxious appearance, Atlas chuckled and pinched my nose. “Keep listening. His sister is hardworking and kind, but this sudden change turned her life from heaven into hell.” Atlas told the story vividly and engagingly. I listened with lingering fear.

“Afterward, this younger brother spared no expense to cure his et sister’s illness. Now, she’s an average person. Initially, she had a decent job as an accountant for a company, but she stopped working after the incident. “After she recovered, her younger brother didn’t let her go out to work. It wasn’t until three years ago that she found a cashier job.” I couldn’t wait and asked, “Where?” With his charming smile, Atlas said, “On the fourth floor of Arkadia Plaza.” “Arkadia Plaza?” I exclaimed in disbelief. “Is it that easy? That’s great! I must see this woman. Quickly, tellher name!” “Annika Reese.” “What about her brother?” I asked eagerly.

“Arton Reese, everyone calls him Big A. The most important point is that he still doesn’t know he has a child Atlas said thoughtfully. “It seems that Melanie was afraid he’d take Charlie away and expose herto the Murphys.” “He doesn’t know yet? How can you be sure the child is his?” I felt frustrated after talking for so long without confirmation.

Atlas smirked. Then he reached for his phone, opened the photo album, and handedhis phone. I took a look, and at that moment, I was speechless.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 676-My confidence grew because Charlie and Arton looked alike. Everything from their dark skin, eyes, and so on matched almost perfectly. I had also seen Arton before, but I couldn’t recall where. I carefully examined his photo, covered his face, and shook my head.

Atlas noticed my intense gaze at the photo and asked, “What’s wrong?” I shook my head again and said, “I think I’ve seen him before but can’t remember where.” After a while, I gave up and turned to Atlas, saying, “Never mind. You haven’t seen Charlie, but he’s a spitting image of Arton. It seems Arton can’t escape his responsibility.” Atlas swiped the phone screen and revealed the following picture. Indeed, it was a photo of Charlie smiling with two tiny teeth. He looked like an updated version of Arton.

“Yeah, Charlie is indeed Big A’s son.” I looked at Atlas and teased him.

I was delighted to have found Charlie’s father. After all, he was the child’s biological father. Though Charlie’s parents were troubled people, he was still an innocent child.

I returned the phone to Atlas and said, “I’ll have Johnson ask Matthew if Matthew still wants Charlie. If Matthew doesn’t, I’ll contact Annika to meet the child and return him to Arton as soon as possible. We shouldn’t trouble Myra for too long.” Atlas was pleased to seesmiling so brightly. He nibbled my cheek and asked, “Do I deserve a reward?” I blushed, knowing what he meant by “reward.” I pushed him lightly, saying, “You’re such a sly fox. You never miss an opportunity, do you?” He laughed provocatively. “I’ve been

waiting for eighteen years. Shouldn't we make up for lost time?" I was speechless and felt an overwhelming heartbreak. I could only hug Atlas and say, "Well, then." He embraced and kissed until I was breathless. After a while, he let go and whispered, "There's no rush. We have a life together, so let's savor each other." I emotionally replied, "I won't waste a single second with you." He looked at indulgently. "I'm so happy I found you. I feel like my nightmare is finally over." Suddenly, I thought of Abby and asked, "By the way, how did you deal with Abby?" I knew she hadn't escaped because Atlas's men had caught her. He casually said, "She stole too many things, so I handed her over to the police." "Well, that's where she deserves to go." Abby deserved to be in prison. After all, she was the mastermind behind the Murphys' misfortune.

Atlas looked at and sarcastically said, "No wonder Grace called you the family's guardian angel. You treated them generously." I smiled and was about to explain myself, but his phone rang. He let go to answer his phone when noticed his expression turning solemn. I gestured toward the door and stepped out of his study it seemed he had serious matters to discuss. Later, I went to Rose's room and discussed the Huffmans. I liked hearing Rose's opinions on them. After all, she was more experienced than in dealing with such high-stakes conflicts. I knew her advice would benefit significantly. The Huffmans' matter couldn't deviate from the Beringers' opinions. If there were any changes in the future, that would be my way out.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 677-I didn't disturb Rose for too long since older folks typically went to bed early. I left her room and returned to my own. I then called Lauren since I hadn't had the chance to visit her tonight. She told Oliver had been to the hospital again and stayed for a long while before leaving.

I asked, "What did he say?" She wasn't enthusiastic when she replied, "I didn't talk to him. I pretended to be asleep the whole time." I sighed. "Maybe you should have a good talk. It's clear Oliver still cares about you." I cautiously advised Lauren, believing she could see the changes in Oliver. He had become more silent and reserved after his wife's death. There were also various public opinions about their relationship.

Lauren stubbornly told me, "I've said whatever I needed to when I returned. I don't want to get entangled in meaningless things because I don't have the energy for it. I can't dwell on things that weigh down." I could tell Lauren had grown cold and distant from her tone. It seemed Oliver's recent actions had wounded her deeply.

She noticed my silence and continued, "You should rest. You don't have to visit tomorrow if you have things to deal with. Watching over won't help, either. Prioritize yourself." "Ivanna didn't visit you tonight, did she?" I was worried because I didn't know how things were between her and Jared. After all, all relationships had to go through hardships. Their situation seemed complex, especially for Ivanna, since it included Jared and Trinity.

I felt a little relieved as I considered these things. I hoped my friends could find peace for themselves.

As I was in my thoughts, Lauren answered, "She hasn't visited yet She probably has something going on." She then chuckled and said, "Speak of the devil. Here she comes. Alright, I'll hang up now." So I was about to call Myra immediately after when Atlas walked in, saying, "Chlo, let's go out. I want you to meet someone." I was surprised as I instinctively glanced out the window, realizing it was already late. I wondered why Atlas wanted to go out so suddenly. I asked in confusion, "Now?" He nodded. "Get change, and we'll leave immediately." He seemed serious, so I didn't pry. I quickly entered the dressing room, but before closing the door, I asked, "What should I wear?" "Something you can move around in," he replied.

I turned back and pondered momentarily guessing it wasn't a formal occasion. Since that was the case, I changed into dark.

sportswear. Atlas took my hand, and we rode the elevator to the underground garage. So He opened the car door for and settled in before getting behind the wheel. Strangely, we didn't leave the garage. Instead, he drove along the extended parking lot until we reached a hidden door. Atlas pressed a button on a remote, the hidden door opened, and then he drove inside.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 678-I was amazed and felt like I was in an action movie. I turned to the composed Atlas and asked, "Is this the...way out?" Atlas smiled mysteriously, saying, "Yes, it is. I've been cautious about this since I witnessed them taking you away right before my eyes. It's like an obsession for me. I vowed to protect you and never let something like that happen again." He held my hand tightly and continued, "All the places I live in have secret passages leading outside. Still, I don't use them unless necessary. Only Dylan and Nigel know about these, too. It's a precautionary measure." I realized the truth and asked, "So, you used this secret passage when I visited you after the car accident?" It was no wonder the security at Pleca Park was so tight. I could still see him at Quail Creeks even then. At that time, Celine's people controlled Pleca Park. I even thought I was hallucinating.

"That means even those in the compound won't know we left?" I looked at Atlas, feeling incredulous.

Atlas explained while driving, "That's correct. I'm not concerned about people inside the compound. I've carefully selected them, and they're loyal to me. I'm just guarding against external threats now." We were on a two-lane wide tunnel that seemed even more modern than those on the road. The lighting inside responded to the sound and had voice-controlled technology.

I grew curious and turned to look back. When the car passed, the lights turned off automatically, making feel like we were traveling through a space-tunnel. The road also seemed to extend endlessly.

I asked, "Where does this road lead to?" "Our storage area," he replied.

“You mean there might be spies outside our compound?” I cautiously asked.

“I can’t rule that out, but they can’t get close to the estate either way. I’m just being cautious,” Atlas explained.

His cautious approach surprised me. He then told me, “I don’t want anyone monitoring my movements. Also, the controller for the door is in my study. If I’m not around, use this road to leave during an emergency.

“Our secret storage area is on the other side, and the people there are n reliable,” he continued after a pause, “The storage area will receive a signal when this door opens.

prepare the others for assists to It’s just to ensure everything goes smoothly.” I took the controller from him and felt how delicate it was. I wouldn’t have known what it was if he didn’t tellabout it. The controller’s design resembled a toy, likely to guard against someone finding it.

Moreover, I didn’t even notice the secret door before Atlas opened it. It looked just like a wall.

He said, “This place has an air defense design. It’s the most advanced tunnel in the world. There will be no harm to the car, even if it hits the wall.” I never expected such a vast hidden tunnel to be under Pleca Park.

“There are three more hidden passages relatively nearby. One leads to the garage near Fremont Bay, but no one knows about it. It’s a quicker way to Pleca Park from there Another goes to the mountains, leading into the forest.” Atlas pointed to the controller, explaining its secrets. “If you accidentally click on the buttons, it can automatically turn off within a minute if no one’s around. No one will find you as long as you’re within the vicinity.” I just kept nodding as he spoke, “I made three identical controllers. One is with Nigel, one’s with me, and the other is in my study. However, not just anyone can enter my study it will remain hidden if there are outsiders. “Otherwise, we’re free to cand go as we please. That controller is in the left drawer below the bookshelf behind my desk. Remember that, okay?” I nodded attentively, thinking Atlas was the most cautious person I knew. However, his instructions madea little uneasy for sreason.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 679-Soon, Atlas and I arrived at the warehouse area he mentioned. It was more of a concealed complex situated ten miles from Foswood’s southern mountains. The place was more extensive and organized than I had imagined. No wonder Atlas referred to it as the storage area.

Although it was late at night, the place was as bright as day and resembled a tiny city. Even a Foswood native wouldn’t know about such a massive warehouse. Atlas wasn’t exaggerating when he described the place as heavily guarded.

As he got out of the car, he explained, "This is the central hub for all ATL Empire goods. We distribute our products from here to various regions in Torado, making this place of utmost importance." I understood this place's significance. I looked around and then exclaimed, "It subverts my understanding of warehouses!" Then, I noticed small private planes and helicopters in the distance under the soft glow of streetlights. I finally realized why there were helicopters during our mission to rescue Ava.

Atlas tightened his grip on my hand and said, "Con, I'll take you to meet that person first." I followed him toward one of the warehouses and saw Dylan approaching, not surprised to see us. It seemed he and Atlas had been in contact. Atlas asked with a hint of indifference, "Where is he?" I finally realized I had forgotten our initial purpose of visiting. I had no idea who Atlas wanted to meet.

Dylan nodded at me. "Ms. Chloe." Atlas then continued striding toward a warehouse nestled against the mountain. It looked like a row of warehouses built into the hillside. However, I discovered there was much more to it when we entered.

I never expected it to be a concealed cave. The deeper we went, the larger and more astonishing the scale became. I was in awe as the night was full of unbelievable sights.

From this perspective, Atlas's power and influence was probably beyond my imagination. We walked for a long while, and the echoing footsteps showed how deep the cave was. Even the air grew cooler.

Finally, Atlas stopped at an iron door and signaled something to Dylan. Immediately after, the followers behind Dylan opened the door.

Atlas led inside and into a spacious room. However, it was empty, without furniture or supplies. Then, I noticed a huddled figure in one corner of the room. When the door closed, the figure abruptly raised his head. I was shocked when I saw him. The terrified look in his eyes frightened me. The man was almost skeletal with a yellowish complexion. His eyes even protruded due to emaciation. He immediately gazed at fearfully. I shivered, and Atlas clenched my hand. Then, he softly comforted me, "Don't be afraid. I'm here." I instinctively leaned into him, and he embraced me.

Meanwhile, the man trembled after seeing us enter. Even he shivered as he crouched in the corner. However, he seemed to want to shrink further. At that moment, Atlas exuded a cold demeanor.

I could feel his cold presence that caused the entire room to tense. I couldn't stop looking at the man suspiciously as I asked, "Who is he?"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 680-I could see the man trembling and gulping. Deep down, I had a hunch that this person had something to do with me. Otherwise, Atlas wouldn't have brought to meet him in the middle of the night.

Atlas didn't answer but looked at the man and asked, "Clark, do you know who she is?" The man gulped and knelt before us. He looked pitiful as he pleaded, "Please spare me, sir. I deserve all the punishments you give me." "I'm asking you a question. Do you know who this is?" Atlas asked sternly.

Clark moved backward and looked at again, stammering, "Y-You're Ms. Stella." I tensed when he spoke my name. I stared at him and wondered about his frightened and helpless gaze. I then turned to Atlas, wanting to confirm who Clark was.

"Clark is the man who poisoned Hailey. He's also the one behind the car accident that led to our separation," every word Atlas spoke shocked me.

"What?!" I exclaimed in disbelief.

"We later discovered that he switched Rory's briefcase. It led to the bidding proposal getting leaked, which forced my parents and Rory to plan a last-minute business trip to Estrana. That was on my birthday. My parents intended to cover their losses, but Clark kidnapped Rory just before they returned." I was dumbfounded. I couldn't believe that the man before was the prominent figure who tempered with Atlas and my fate. Atlas's voice carried a frigid tone that pressured Clark. "Did you ever think the truth would come to light one day?" "I...I deserve to die. I know I won't fare well as long as you're alive. I'll die here sooner or later." Clark stood up fearfully as he looked at Atlas.

"Did you think you could succeed without ever getting caught?" Atlas asked.

"Sir, I've paid for what I've done. I'm barely alive, and my family is in a terrible condition. What more do you want? I've lived in fear for the last few years. I don't have many days left, even if you spare me. Just let me die on my own," Clark cried. "Leave you to die alone, huh? So, tell me. Where is Rory White?" I was shocked and stared at Clark as Atlas uttered those words. I also wanted to know if he knew Rory and if the latter was still alive. I felt uneasy as I gazed at Atlas. I even feared missing the address Clark was about to reveal. Since Atlas had asked about Rory, the latter must be alive.

"I... Rory has been dead for so many years. Why are you still asking about his whereabouts?" Clark's bulging eyes flashed with a hint of cunning, and then it instantly disappeared. I knew he was trying to evade the issue.

"Fine! Dylan, take Jarvis to the Pierces' residence!" Atlas ordered, then turned to leave with me.

However, I felt a sense of reluctance and stood there stiffly. I couldn't just let Atlas leave. Before I could object, I noticed Clark wavering.

"No, please... you can't do this, sir! Don't hurt my son!" Clark hysterically crawled toward us. "Sir, I beg you!" Atlas turned and glared at Clark, "Don't you dare bargain



with me!" Then, Atlas looked at Dylan and said, "Before you take him away, show him the consequences of what he did to Rory." "Understood," Dylan promptly responded.

Suddenly, Clark blurted out, "N-No, wait! I'll tell you where Rory is hiding!"

## **Beyond the Divorce Chapter 681**

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 681-I suddenly froze in place, my heart pounding. I urgently looked up at Atlas and asked, "Is he alive?" Atlas tightened his grip around my waist, subtly signaling to remain calm. He turned his gaze toward Clark, silently urging him to continue.

Clark, noticing our pause, spoke, "Sir, before I tell you, you must promise to release my son. As long as he's safe, I assure you, I will reveal Rory's current hiding place. If it's too late, I can't guarantee..." "You have no right to bargain with me," Atlas said, ready to turn away.

I was nervous, unable to breathe. What would happen if we were too late? He's alive, but what if...

Atlas's hand signaled again, his expression conveying an air of invincibility.

"Sir... Let Jarvis go. Sir, please..." Clark became anxious, crawling forward.

He stretched out his skinny hands, tugging at Atlas's pants. Atlas glared at him, and Clark froze.

"Back then, did you ever think our families would end like this?" Atlas's voice dripped with menace, as if he spoke through gritted teeth.

"Do you think I let you live until today because of your luck or intelligence? Do you think I couldn't find Rory?" Atlas took a step forward, a chilling aura surrounding him.

Clark looked up at Atlas, his eyes filled with conflict and helplessness.

"Dylan!" Dylan stepped forward, taking a tablet from a subordinate. He turned it on and held it up in front of Clark. "I can show you immediately how his Achilles tendons were severed!" I was shocked. Severed Achilles tendons? Atlas's earlier words echoed in my mind. "Let him taste the consequences of what he did to Rory!" I suddenly felt a piercing pain spreading throughout my body. Stepping forward, I looked at.

"What have you done to let me be slow, but I could grasp the hidden meaning behind Atlas's words.

"They feared Rory might escape again," Atlas explained. A sharp pain pierced my heart.

I rushed at Clark, lifting my foot with all my strength, and kicked him squarely in the face. He toppled backward.

"Tell me. Where is he?" I shouted, my heart screaming, "My poor dad..." Atlas quickly reached out, pulling into his arms.

"Chlo, don't agitated. Someone will talk," Atlas said coldly, casting a fierce gaze at Clark, who struggled to get up. "Dylan!" to english belongs SWK Dylan promptly raised the tablet and issued a command, "Left!" He then directed the tablet toward Clark, and the screen emitted a sound reminiscent of a pig being slaughtered. Clark screamed, "Don't!" Dylan had a sinister look on his face. "It's too late. I don't mind severing the right as well." At first, I didn't understand why it had to go to this extent, but now I could see that the father and son were not innocent. Otherwise, Atlas would not have captured them at all. I believed that he would never harm innocent people. At this moment, there was a fire burning in my chest. I wish I could do it myself. Clark crawled toward Dylan like a madman, pleading, "Don't... I'll tell you! I'll tell you!"

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 682-I held my breath and looked at him. His eyes remained fixed on the tablet screen, where the agonizing screams continued.

Clark sat dejectedly on the floor, looking at Atlas in shock, finally revealing an address.

Atlas glanced at Dylan, who promptly left the room.

Clark, seemingly resigned, lacked any spirit. He muttered, "I deserve this. I'm sorry, Mr. Atlas. I'm sorry for betraying Rory's trust." In a moment of desperation, his gaze focused on Atlas. "None of this is under my control. It was one wrong step after another. She only asked to switch that bag, but I didn't expect her to force me..." His eyes looked helplessly at Atlas. "She coerced me..." "If you hadn't been greedy, reaching out for things you shouldn't have, how could the Pierce and White families end up like this? How dare you pretend to be innocent?" Atlas's tone was intimidating.

"Sir, I was wrong! She caught my mother and threatened me. I dared not refuse... But I didn't expect her to later..." He trailed off. "Why did you kill my mother?" My eyes burned, flames of anger swirling within as I glared at Clark. "How did you poison her?" Images of my mother, beautiful and affectionate, flashed through my mind. She embraced and Atlas with love, a memory now painfully haunting me.

"She shouldn't have spoken about what she saw. I didn't want to kill her, Stella. I didn't want to, but she was too clever. She found out I switched the briefcase..." Clark, in hysterics, said, "It was her insistence! She forced me!" Atlas pulled away and said, "Chlo, don't dirty your hands. He deserves a fate worse than death." Just then, Dylan briskly entered, nodding to Atlas.

Atlas cast an indifferent glance at Clark.

"Dying is easy. Remember, you will only take your last breath when your son loses his limbs. So, I hope you live a long life." "Atlas!" Clark suddenly lunged at Our bold swiftly kicked him et away, and he crashed into the wall, coughing up blood. SW Atlas turned away and spoke softly, "It's too late. Let's go!" He held as he led us out.

Behind us, Clark yelled hoarsely, "Sir, please don't harm my son! I beg you!" Atlas glanced back coldly. "You don't have to beg me. It all depends on you." "Sir..." As we left the room, the door was closed, drowning out his pleas.

The corridor revealed many closed.

doors, and I wondered who was lthem. The tight! sent shivers down spine.

I looked up at him doubtfully. "Atlas..." He lowered his gaze, meeting mine.

Understanding my thoughts, he tightened his grip on my arm. Although his face still looked cold, his tone softened.

"Rest assured, I won't wrongly capture an innocent person. All I do to him are things he deserves. He must be punished!" I held my breath, uncertain why, but the chill lingered in my spine.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 683-The echoing footsteps reverberated through the tunnel-like corridor, each step pounding on my heart. Anxiously, I replayed the address Clark had mentioned, sensing it wasn't a location within our borders.

I couldn't discern whether it was the cave-like environment, the doors we encountered, or perhaps everything we had experienced. There were still many questions I wanted to ask the man we just encountered, but those were now facts of the past. There was no way to change everything.

After we emerged, Atlas gave Dylan sinstructions. I had lost the excitement I felt coming in.

My mind was filled with the news that Rory was still alive. My emotions were in an exhilarated state, bordering on impatience.

On the way back, I asked Atlas, "Atlas, do you think the address he provided is real? Can we really find my father?" While saying this, my hands clenched tightly.

Atlas reached over, holding my hand. "It's a small town on the border of a small country. The place is quite complicated. It's at the intersection of three countries and is currently the most dangerous place in the world." Finally hearing what I least wanted to hear, I knew from the address that it must be a rough place.

“All the industries there are shady dealings, not places normal people can casually enter. So, we must develop a meticulous plan to enter that place and save him.” Atlas’s words left no room for doubt. It seemed like he was not hiding anything from me.

“Rest assured, I’ll set out tomorrow and personally go to get him.” “You’re going by yourself?” I asked in surprise, as it was unexpected.

Earlier, I had seen him instruct Dylan on details, and I thought he was arranging for Dylan to go.

Atlas nodded decisively. “Yes, I’m going. Moreover, the organizations in Jitador are also searching for him. If they get there first, they won’t leave anyone alive.” “In that case, we must be quick.” I felt unsettled.

Atlas’s expression was extremely grave. “All his later hardships resulted from the father and son’s sinister actions. They wanted to use Rory as a hostage to ensure their safety.” “But now, both of them are in our hands, right? Aren’t they unattended?” I looked at Atlas, seeking clarification.

“However, we suspect Jarvis has allied with the criminal forces in the triangular area, intending to use Rory as a bigger bargaining chip. So, even though they are minor players in this whole event, they deserve severe punishment. “There might be deeper secrets behind them that we don’t know about. Dylan just sent someone into that area to gather information so we can smoothly get him out.” Hearing his words, I breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed that Atlas was well-prepared.

The car sped through the dark passage, and Atlas glanced at me, squeezing my hand. He spoke softly, “Chlo, I’ve been waiting for this day for a long time.

“Over these years, I’ve been working on multiple fronts. We have many people on the outside! Bringing you to see Clark today shatters any hope he might have. His defenses would completely collapse upon seeing you.” When I looked at him, somewhat puzzled, and asked in a hushed voice, “Why?” “Because he has consistently refused to admit everything, especially the fact that he took you away-after you were injured. He refuses to acknowledge that he took you away and later lost you on the way. “He harbored a slim hope that as long as you vanished without a trace, I wouldn’t have any evidence against him, and he could continue denying it.” “He took away the injured me?” I asked Atlas, finding it hard to believe.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 684-The news left me utterly flabbergasted. How did he take me away?

“Yes, we finally located the only eyewitness, an elderly man gathering herbs on that mountain back then. Fate played its part, taking so many years to trace the one witness who saw the entire tragic incident.” “Did he really witness the whole thing?” I found it hard to believe.

Atlas and his team must have put in tremendous effort to find the needle in a haystack after so many years.

“According to the old man, he was descending the mountain at the time, taking a break on a flat terrace. Then, he witnessed the scene on the road below. You should know that, abroad, very few people engage in herb picking.”

Atlas sounded proud. “Our brothers worked tirelessly, year after year, investigating the incident site. They left no trace unexplored.”

I nodded, acknowledging the challenging nature of their work.

“The old man said the situation was dangerous back then. The crashed car was on the verge of tumbling down, then it exploded. After our car exploded, he distinctly saw a tall, thin man getting out of that car, running down the slope on the side of the road, searching for something.”

Atlas vividly described the scene, and as I strained to imagine it, a stabbing pain shot through my head. I dared not speak, fearing Atlas would stop narrating.

The events of that year held an immense fascination for me, and I longed to piece together the scattered fragments of information to form a complete picture. What exactly happened back then? “What then?” I asked, “How did he confirm it was a girl?”

“Not long after, that man was seen carrying a child. The child wore a pink dress, so he suspected it was a little girl. The child’s limbs hung limply, indicating serious injuries.”

My heart ached intensely.

“He took a photo from a distance using his phone. As the photo resolution back then was poor, it couldn’t clearly capture the face,” Atlas explained.

“But at that time, we didn’t suspect it was Clark. Clark was Rory’s classmate, and Rory had even helped him in the past, introducing him to ATL Empire. Then he became Rory’s assistant, handling various tasks.”

“How sneaky and despicable!” I spat out, gritting my teeth.

Seeing my indignant reaction, Atlas squeezed my hand. The car silently moved forward, and my heart was racing.

“We didn’t suspect him because he stayed at AT Empire, working hard without a complaint for years. It wasn’t until we found this eyewitness, and from the elder net man’s description and the few preserved images, we identified Clark.”

“He couldn’t run away forever,” I said through gritted teeth.

“Fate is inevitable. Just when we found you, we also found Grandma. We discovered the day Lucille died, who visited the Pierce home, and the video of him poisoning her. The entire thing was documented.”

Atlas’s words immediately reminded me of the grandmother who had preserved the childhood photos of Atlas and me.

“Are you talking about Chelsea?” I looked at Atlas and asked.

When Grayson showed me the childhood photo of us, he mentioned Chelsea before.

I gazed at Atlas with a questioning look. “Grayson says that she hadn’t already left the Pierce residence long ago?”

“No, she left after Lucille’s death!” Atlas corrected me.

I frowned slightly. Could I have misheard?

“Grayson said that to you because, at that time, he couldn’t reveal too much to you. He was afraid you would get trapped and face danger,”

Atlas explained apologetically. “So, you mean Chelsea provided the video of him poisoning Lucille?”

Welcome to Naijdate.com, your ultimate destination for a world of books, ebooks, and novels—all available to you completely free of charge. If anything, please contact us via email at [admin@naijdate.com](mailto:admin@naijdate.com)

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 686-I looked at Atlas’s expression with some concern.

He frowned and continued, “Later, when we found the elderly witness and investigated Clark in detail, we discovered that Clark left ATL Empire after all these events took place. As you know, ATL Empire was still under Celine’s control at that time.”

“Are you suggesting that he might have had a fallout with Celine, and no one got what they wanted in the end?” I speculated.

“We found some strange clues during our investigation. At one point, Celine was actively looking for him and even issued a killing order against him. That was

strange. Why would Celine want Clark killed? “Clark must have known something or been involved in something,” I replied.

Atlas nodded. “There must be some kind of secret here. It’s just like when Ian was killed. Our people followed these clues and discovered that Clark was acting suspiciously. His son, Jarvis, also escaped with him.”

“It seems there’s another factor at play here,” I said, sinking into thought.

“That led us to think that Clark is connected to this. During their escape, it became evident that father and son were not in the same place from how often they communicated with each other.

“And when Clark was on the run, his mother and sister inexplicably disappeared. Now, it’s likely they’re no longer alive, which made Clark flee like a startled bird. That explains his current condition. He wasn’t like this before.”

As I listened to Atlas, I couldn’t help but think of the Clark I had just seen. He must be tormented by extreme fear, or found no other ways to support his mental state. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be so emaciated.

“Also, Jarvis has been spotted around Cirencester. His strange appearances indicate that he must have support there. Your father, who disappeared at that time, is probably unable to act for some reason or is being held captive.”

The car had reached its destination, and I knew we were back in the underground garage of Pleca Park.

Atlas didn’t rush to open the door. He sat silently in the car then said, “When I interrogated them today, it was clear that he had fallen into Jarvis’s hands. But he must still be alive. If he were dead, Jarvis would have left that area.”

As I heard Atlas’s speculation, I felt like there was a huge hole in my heart. It felt painful and empty.

Atlas turned and tried to reassure me. “Don’t be sad. We still have hope as long as he’s alive. Once we bring him back I’ll do everything I can to treat him. He will get better. I’ve already started contacting the best experts.”

His words comforted me a little.

Without Atlas, I might never get the chance to see my father again. He was my only blood relation left in this world.

“Thank you, Atlas.” I looked at his sharply defined, handsome face. I didn’t think he would ever give up, even if we were worlds apart.

“You silly girl, we’re family.” He gazed affectionately at me, then suddenly cupped the back of my head and pulled me toward him. Then he kissed me greedily for a while.

After our passionate moment, I asked him, “Wasn’t anyone suspicious when Chelsea left the Pierce family residence?”

His recounting of events was thrilling, but the justice system worked meticulously, leaving no room for escape.

I did not expect Chelsea to have escaped their watchful eye alive with such crucial evidence.

“How did she manage to escape from the devil’s lair?”

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 687-“She managed to escape that ordeal thanks to a major illness she had at the time. I think she probably faked half of it. After resigning voluntarily, she cleverly didn’t rush to leave Nocturnia.” “Oh?” I was surprised.

Atlas nodded. “She stayed there for a long time and observed the Pierce family until the bizarre rumors about them completely disappeared. Only then did she quietly leave Nocturnia.”

“I was not in a good situation at that time. She was alone and powerless, and could not find out where I was. So, she kept her secret. When my people found her, she still continued to act confused and senile,” Atlas chuckled helplessly.

“She did not take those things out until she saw me herself.”

I couldn’t help but admire Chelsea.

Atlas glanced at me. He looked exhausted as he opened the door.

We drove back to Pleca Park following the same route. It was midnight when we arrived. After parking the car, we took the elevator to the top floor and returned to our room.

I could not believe what had happened tonight. How could a conniving villain have shattered the happiness of two families?

After a quick shower, I sat on the bed with a heavy heart. I felt an inexplicable tension as I didn’t know if the father I had never met was safe.

After all, Clark and Jarvis had been captured. What about my father? How was he doing?

If they just wanted to use my father as a bargaining chip to ensure their safety, why did Atlas say the situation was complicated?

It wasn’t hard to imagine that someone else wanted to use my father as bait. But who did they want to lure? Atlas, or Celine?

The more I thought about it, the more nervous I became.



My father had already faced many hardships in his life. He had fallen in love with my mother, only to be rejected by her family. They had depended on each other their whole lives but ended up facing this tragedy. I didn't even know if he was aware that my mother was no longer alive.

He had been dedicated to his career, assisting Louis like a true friend. But due to his mistakes, we had ended up separated by life and death. Both families had been destroyed, and we had wandered alone for more than a decade.

If he was really being controlled by someone else, could his life be in danger? If he was still in there, what kind of situation was he in?

There must be a problem. Why would Clark say those things otherwise?

While I was lost in my chaotic thoughts, Atlas returned to the room after his shower.

His hair was still damp. I got out of bed and picked up a clean towel, gently saying to him, "Bend down. I'll dry your hair for you. It'll be faster that way."

"Sure." Atlas obediently bent down, and I dried his hair.

"When are you leaving? Tomorrow? Can I go with you?" I asked, "I want to go pick up my father.

After a moment of silence, Atlas straightened up, grabbed my hand, and looked at me seriously. "I can't take you with me this time, Chlo. It's too dangerous. I don't want you to take any risks."

He held my hand and said, "Besides, you being there would distract me.

Every extra minute I spend at that place would mean more danger. you have to understand me and listen, okay? Trust me, I'll bring you father back."

I looked into his eyes and found no reason to continue talking. He sensed the frustration lingering in my gaze. He set aside the towel in his hands and carried me back to bed, where he held me close.

"Don't worry, Chlo. We'll definitely see each other again. Just trust me and wait for my return," he reassured me with his arms wrapped around me.

I was a bit displeased, but deep down, I understood his reasoning.

My presence would distract him.

That was something I couldn't deny.

But this was my biological father we were talking about. How could possibly just sit here and wait? Every minute that passed without knowing how he was felt like torture.

With my mother no longer alive, I couldn't bear the thought of not seeing my father again.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 688-When Atlas saw my melancholy expression, he spoke again. "Besides, we can't abandon business at the company and the final struggle for Avalon Hills while I'm away. And there's also the situation with Ardora. Oh, and you should watch out for Liora's comeback. See, those are all important too."

"Nothing is as important as my father! He's been hunted for so many years. He must be experiencing so much pain and guilt. Nobody knows how he's doing now. I'm his daughter... I should..." I expressed my inner turmoil.

Atlas lay me down on the bed, embraced me tightly, and tried to compromise, "Let's wait for the updates tomorrow. We'll see what information Dylan finds, then we'll decide what to do."

He patted my shoulder with his large hand. "Go to sleep now. You should finish your business and get ready to leave tomorrow. If the situation permits, I'll take you with me. I know how you're feeling right now."

I knew he was accommodating my request as he could not stand to see me unhappy. I felt relieved. I snuggled closer to him and closed my eyes, thinking about the tasks I needed to handle the next day. But suddenly, I opened my eyes and looked at Atlas, who was still awake.

"Atlas... will you let me see the surveillance footage that Chelsea saved?" I really wanted to see that video, to understand how my mother...

"Sure, but go to sleep now," he said, patting my shoulder. It was clear that he was trying to divert my attention. I knew he didn't want me to see that footage.

It was getting late. Rain started to fall softly. I lay in his arms and gradually drifted off to sleep.

The following day, the weather remained gloomy, and Atlas was no longer by my side. I touched the spot where he had slept beside me, which had already cooled. It seemed like he had gotten up some time ago.

Was there any news from Dylan?

I hastily got out of bed and went downstairs. My mother and Grandma Rose were chatting and enjoying breakfast.

When she saw me hurry downstairs, my mom asked, "Why didn't you sleep a little longer?"

"I have some things to do today. Did you sleep okay, Grandma?" I asked as I sat down beside her.

"It's quiet here, so I slept well. The air here is much better than in the city," she replied gracefully, her eyes shining with wisdom. I knew she was keenly observing everything. Nothing escaped her notice.

But since my mom was there, there were some things we couldn't discuss.

I didn't want my mom to sense that I had a lot on my plate right now. After all, I was afraid it might hurt her.

She had always been my closest relative, even though she did not give birth to me. Anyone facing a situation like this would definitely feel a burden.

I was not sure who they were and how I had become their child. These were all questions I desperately wanted answers to, but could never ask.

I wanted to keep this secret forever. I wanted to continue being their daughter until they grew old.

"Where's Dad, Mom? Isn't he up yet?" I tried to hide my internal struggle.

My mom chuckled. "You know that's not going to happen. He's been working since early in the morning. Since we moved here, he's been so busy that he doesn't even have time for a nap. Atlas brought him a friend, Jay. They've been working together seamlessly, and they're full of anap energy."

I laughed. "Let him work then, but he shouldn't overwork himself. Remind him to take a nap. You need a healthy body to be productive."

"You're right. I tell him that. He always had his nose in books and now he's reading again, studying landscape design. Atlas has transformed him from a PhD holder in chemistry into a landscape designer," Mom teased with a smile.

I was skeptical about my mother's words because I did not know that my dad was a PhD holder in chemistry.

"Dad has a PhD in chemistry? Why didn't I know about this?" I only knew that my dad was a teacher at the Ideal college. How did he become a PhD holder?

As soon as I asked, my mom's smile froze, then she quickly recovered and explained, "He used to teach chemistry, and his students gave him the nickname 'Dr. Chemistry.'"

He's not a real PhD holder." "Oh," I responded, but I could sense a momentary slyness in my mom's eyes.

I felt like my mom had just told me a lie.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 689-The spontaneous remark from earlier might actually be the truth.

It seemed like my mom was hiding something from me.

I finished my meal calmly, spoke briefly to Grandma Rose, and went upstairs to change. I planned to check on Lauren and examine my arm later.

I tried calling Atlas on the way, but he didn't answer. I was puzzled. What could he be doing so early in the morning? I was worried that there might be news from Dylan. But it was unlikely, since only a short time had passed.

When I arrived at the hospital, I saw Lauren losing her temper. Only Lauren and Oliver were present in the ward. As I entered, I sensed an uncomfortable tension in the air.

A thermos was on the bedside table. Oliver had probably brought it here for Lauren.

Oliver stood by the bed, and Lauren seemed distant and cold. When she saw me, she seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

I walked over, said hello to Oliver, and turned to Lauren. "How are you feeling today?"

"Not great," she replied coldly. "Help me see my guest out, Chlo."

I felt a little awkward. She was clearly giving Oliver the boot, and I was caught in the middle.

I gave him an apologetic look, but he ignored me and said, "Do you really have to be like this, Lauren?"

"Yes. Oliver, I've made things clear to you. I don't want to repeat myself."

I chuckled, trying to ease the tension. "Don't be mad, Lauren. I know you're anxious, but it'll get better with time. Talk to Mr. Oliver properly while I'll go check on my arm."

I wanted to make an excuse to leave and allow them to talk things out again.

"You don't need to make excuses, Chlo. You should stay here today. Don't go anywhere." Lauren called me back, not giving me any leeway. I knew her personality. Once she made a decision, no one could sway her.

It was just like when she wanted to stay by Oliver's side back then. Even though it meant facing criticism from the entire city, she never once wavered.

She turned to Oliver and declared, "We can't go back to what we used to be.

Please don't waste any more time on me. I've done what I needed to do. From now on, I won't follow you on your journey anymore. I felt a little awkward and gulped nervously, avoiding eye contact with Oliver.

The atmosphere in the ward was oppressive, and I could feel Oliver's embarrassment and regret.

"I know I messed up, Lauren. Please give me another chance. Let me take care of you from now on. I owe it to you," Oliver pleaded, his tone humble and his voice hoarse.

"Just let it go! The past is in the past.

I don't want to think about it, and I certainly don't want anyone bringing it up.

Nobody owes anyone anything. I chose to spend that time together, but now I want a different life I'm tired and I don't want to walk the same old path!"

Her breath was weak, but her determination was evident.

"I don't need anyone to look after me, especially not you, because you can't.

You know that I was the one taking care of you before this. You weren't born to care for others You're up there, asserting your dominance... Let me go. That would be the best way for you to care for me! Please respect my wishes."

Her words were firm, creating an awkward situation for me as I was caught between them.

"Don't do this, Lauren. I made mistakes, but..."

You weren't wrong, Oliver. You're a man, and you should fulfill your promises. I believe you said what you were really feeling. You don't need to go back on your word, especially since it was a promise to the dead! I totally understand."

As soon as Lauren finished, I saw Oliver's face turn deathly pale, and I felt a shiver go down my spine.

It seemed Lauren would never get over what Oliver had done.

Oliver's wife was brilliant. She set up a dead end for both of them before she passed away. Unfortunately, Oliver was playing along.

I couldn't understand Oliver's emotions and thoughts at that moment. Did he feel guilty toward his wife? Was that what had led him to sacrifice the feelings of a woman who was still living to keep his promise? He had said such hurtful words and broke Lauren's heart.

The atmosphere in the room grew heavy. Lauren was breathing weakly, but her resolve was firm. Oliver clenched his hands at his sides, and he seemed to be undergoing a painful internal struggle as he looked at her.

How could Lauren endure such torment?

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 690 Lauren did not give him a chance to speak and continued in a weak voice, "You don't need to feel guilty or anything. You don't have to take a woman like me to heart."

Her words were self-deprecating.

"Lauren..."

"Even if you do want to break your promise to your wife, you can easily find someone more suitable for you since you're an important man. I'm sure it won't be me. In the eyes of you and your wife, I'm just a shameless, lowly socialite.

I'm not good enough to step into your home, let alone be your wife."

"It's not like that. Please don't misunderstand me," Oliver seemed anxious, and took a step forward to explain.

Lauren raised her hand to stop him, "You don't need to explain anything. Your words and actions have already said it all. I'm sure that I'm still smart enough to figure out what you want. Your wife is formidable. She triumphed over me even in death. She's looking down on me from beyond the grave. I have to admit defeat."

As Lauren spoke, a sad smile appeared on her lips. It was heartbreaking to watch.

"I was driven by vanity in the past, but I've grown up. I knew I had no value to you back then. I was just a tool, just an accessory, but I have no complaints."

She took a breath and her face grew even paler. "But now, I want to live for myself. I want to live with dignity, and I don't want to depend on anyone else. I used to be just trash, but now I want to change."

Oliver watched as Lauren's face turned colder and more desolate. "I've never looked down on you, Lauren. I just thought you would understand me no matter what I did."

Lauren suddenly burst into laughter. “Understand you? No matter what you say or do? You overestimate me! I don’t understand you, and I don’t want to understand your game with your wife.” “Chlo, please escort Mr. Oliver out. I need some rest,” she said, looking at me.

“Give me a chance to take care of you. You’ve always been the one who took care of me. Don’t treat me like this. You might hate me, but give me a chance.”

Oliver looked at Lauren determinedly. He seemed concerned, but his eyes also held a hint of self-pity. Search the FindNOvel.net website on Gøøgle to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

It was hard to imagine that Oliver, who was a prominent figure that many people admired, would be so humble at this moment.

The Oliver I knew had always been aloof and would look down on everyone else with cold detachment. In the business world, everyone saw him as a chance to increase their wealth. He rarely spoke and merely observed those who fawned over him in disdain.

## **“Don’t put me on the spot. Why**

### **WOBeyond the Divorce Chapter 691**

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 691-| couldn’t tell if he knew what he was saying.

“The car accident was my fault, and she ended up like that because of me. | wasn’t a good husband. She becparalyzed, yet I fell in love with another woman...” Oliver admitted it with remorse.

“When | faced her, | felt guilty and conflicted. | struggled, and she tolerated my mistakes. | felt truly sorry toward her, but | can’t deny that | love you—”

“Oliver!” Lauren interrupted sternly. “There’s a higher power watching over us. Your wife is watching you, too. Don’t try to redeem yourself with me. I’m not a savior. I’m just an ordinary woman trying to live her life. Spare me.”

As Lauren spoke, she becincreasingly agitated, suddenly sitting up from the bed. Her pale face twisted, and she clutched her chest.

Alarmed, | rushed forward. “Lauren, don’t move. It’s dangerous...”

Considering her fractured ribs and concussion, such sudden movements were undoubtedly risky.

“Haven’t | made myself clear?” she said, raising her hand to stop from getting closer. “My life doesn’t revolve around you, and | won’t be your accessory again. | have dignity, and | don’t want to live as repressed as you.”

“I won’t let you remind of my past actions. When | see you, it brings back the memories of my shand the mockery from Just fulfill your promise to your wife since you wanted that.”

She paused and was gasping heavily, visibly in pain.

| stepped forward now, holding her other hand. It seemed like she found a pillar of support, so she continued, “Don’t pull into this shameful situation, where | have to face society’s mockery again. | could take it from them but not from you, Oliver!”

She took a deep breath and clutched my hand, clearly supporting herself.

“| can’t tolerate your disrespect for anymore. Let go! I’ve given you the best years of my life, and I’m no longer in my prime. If you want someone as a trophy wife, there are plenty of young women flocking to you. Find them. I’m... not worthy of you.”

Lauren looked defeated, like she had exhausted all her strength. Suddenly, streak a of blood trickled down from the corner of her mouth.

“Lauren...” Oliver sounded panicked.

| exclaimed, “Lauren, please don’t do this! Lie down... Oliver, call the doctor...”

Before | could finish, she suddenly went limp, collapsing into my arms.

Oliver immediately pressed the call button, and Lauren fainted.

“Lauren!”

We gently faid her back on the hospital bed with Oliver’s assistance. Her face was deathly pale, and the vivid streak of red beceven more conspicuous.

The doctor rushed in, examined her briefly, and said, “Take her for a chest X-ray immediately.” In a flurry, they wheeled Lauren away for the X-ray. | looked at Oliver, his rigid figure appearing even more isolated.

Lauren returned to the ward two hours later. Her condition was poor.

Her once stylish short hair was now messy, and her face was ERYPac snow, seesuasiohirk ty. The pErddn eforeseemed entirely different from the elegant woman |

first met.



I couldn't help but recall the moment when the car overrode Shep 1M's engine in her arms, protecting her with her own body.

Oliver remained standing by the bedside, watching the still-unconscious Lauren. With the (Bibi)

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 692-I reluctantly looked at Oliver, whispering, "Mr. Oliver, why don't you go to avoid agitating her again when she wakes up? Her recovery is the most important." Before potentially hurting him, I added, "Let's take things slowly. Give her time to think things through." Oliver stood motionless, gazing at the sleeping Lauren for a long time. Finally, he said toreluctantly, "Thank you for your effort." "This is what I should do," I replied lightly. "Give her time. Perhaps she needs time to heal." When I mentioned healing, Oliver understood what I was referring to. It was a wound in Lauren's heart. From her behavior today, I knew that the wound hadn't healed. At the slightest touch, it would still bleed. Oliver stepped back, but his eyes were unwilling to leave Lauren's face. I didn't know what kind of storm might be raging beneath his calm exterior.

Lauren's words had reflected her inner thoughts, pointing at Oliver's vulnerability. Only he knew how much pain he was in at this moment. Lauren's lashes trembled slightly, indicating that she was waking up, and Oliver turned and walked out of the hospital room. He did not say a word. I grabbed Lauren's hand as I let out a soft sigh.

Only then did I remember that Atlas still hadn't returned my call. I didn't know the situation on his end or if there was any news from Dylan.

Glancing at Lauren, who hadn't woken up yet, I quietly released her hand. She suddenly gripped mine. In a feeble voice, she said, "Don't... go."

I was startled and quickly looked at her. There was a hint of pain on her pale face, and tears welled up in the corners of her eyes.

"I'm not leaving. I'm here." I quickly sat back down, wiping away her tears. "Why are you torturing yourself like this?" "I can't live like that forever. I don't want to see him again." She still had her eyes closed as she murmured.

"The doctor said your ribs have fractured again. Why put yourself through this?" I comforted her softly.

"Things can't be forgotten. As you said, those were your best moments. Take good care of yourself, heal, and start a new life." "Okay," she obediently mumbled.

I chatted with her longer, but she seemed too weak and soon drifted back to sleep.

Quietly, I left the hospital room, intending to call Atlas. I couldn't leave with the current situation because I was worried about Lauren. Plus, I didn't want to leave her with a random caretaker.

As I stepped out, I realized that Oliver hadn't left. His lonely figure leaned against the wall near the room, looking despondent. He heard coming out. It startled him, but he soon straightened up. "How is she?" I glanced back at the slender figure on the bed, closed the door, and faced Oliver. "Go home, and don't disturb her. She's at her weakest, so let her rest well. We'll be here for her. Don't worry"

The corner of Oliver's mouth twitched. After a while he said "Please take care of her. But... I won't let her go."

Then he turned and strode away. While watching Oliver's rigid back, I felt a profound sense of helplessness. I couldn't help but think, if he had known this would happen, why did he still hurt her? X

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 693-I snapped out of my thoughts, took out my phone and dialed Atlas's number. However, the call went straight to voicemail.

A tight knot formed in my chest, and a suspicion immediately flashed through my mind.

This suspicion made me uneasy. I quickly tried Dylan's number, only to discover that his phone had also been turned off. My palms became sweaty instantly, and a thought crossed my mind. Could Atlas have already set out? Just as I was pondering this, my phone rang. Glancing at the screen, I saw that it was a call from Johnson. I worried that receiving a call at this hour couldn't be good news.

"Chloe, we lost Ardora." Johnson sounded disheartened.

My grip on the phone tightened. It happened too soon.

"We just finished the meeting. Liora has completely taken over Ardora and will not be responsible for any of Ardora's previous projects. She has taken over all the new projects, though." "Got it." Although everything was within my expectations, I had to admit Liora's actions were swift and efficient.

"She has received a substantial investment from an overseas investor, and she seems determined to succeed," Johnson reminded me. "Once she kicks off the project, she'll be unstoppable." "Got it." I still repeated the exact words.

Seeing my response, Johnson seemed a bit disheartened.

"I have a plan, so you can rest assured. Focus on collecting the information and consult Adrian about it. You need to be prepared to defend our case." I instructed Johnson. "I'm

afraid she might change the entire team anytime.” After taking over Ardora, Liora would likely target Johnson, whom Matthew had transferred from Tanum to Ardora.

“I know. I’m prepared for it.” Johnson’s response satisfied me. After hanging up the phone, I paced back and forth in the room. Finally, I decided to call Trinity. After conveying my intentions to her, she said, “Don’t worry. I’ll make her restless after tomorrow’s banquet.”

“Hurry up and get her hooked! I no longer want to deal with her to avoid further changes in our plans.” I instructed Trinity over the phone. “Just trust me,” Trinity confidently replied.

I knew Trinity was always a strategic thinker.

I didn’t elaborate much on the phone and ended the call. Then, I returned to the hospital room, facing the dilemma of staying with the ailing Lauren or leaving. At times like these, I couldn’t leave her like get side, considering the severity of her injuries.

However, thoughts of Atlas made uneasy. He had already arranged everything last night when he went to the study.

The words he said were purely a diversion from my attention.

But he was rescuing my biological father, and that was a great concern of mine. He was the only family had left in this world, and his safety naturally weighed heavily on my mind.

Moreover, Atlas mentioned that the situation there was complicated and dangerous.

my mother to the hospital around noon. I entrusted Lauren to her care and headed straight to ATL Empire.

As expected, Atlas’s secretary informed that he hadn’t shown up at the company.

I was sure he had already set out, and an inexplicable nervousness washed over me. I could do was silently pray for everything to go smoothly. On my way back to the company, I passed by Arkadia Plaza. I suddenly remembered Annika and decided to meet with her.

So, I drove my car into the underground parking lot and went to the fourth floor.

Instead of going directly to the cashier’s desk, I wandered around the women’s clothing section. I needed a reason to approach the cashier without raising suspicions. A light purple dress caught my eye.

It was a light shade of lavender, elegantly simple, with a uniquely designed neckline and impeccable craftsmanship. Excitement bubbled within as I reached for the dress. However, when I was taking it down, another hand gripped the hanger too.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 694-I instinctively looked up and found the woman holding the hanger glaring arrogantly. "I saw this dress first." "But I got it first," I replied calmly.

"So what?" she sneered. I saw it, so others can only take it if I don't want it anymore." I assessed the woman before me. Her long, wavy hair gathered on one side, and her face was dolled in makeup. Her features were defined, proving that she had gotten something done on her face in the past. Her slightly upturned eyes suggested a cunning personality.

She wore a long yellow dress, had a limited edition designer bag on her arm, and carried a strong scent of perfume that lacked taste despite her stylish appearance. The light purple dress would not match her dull skin tone at all.

Behind her stood a tall man with his eyes fixed on my face, and when our eyes met, he quickly offered a slight smile.

I withdrew my gaze, looked at the woman before me, and casually asked, "Are you sure you want this dress?" Noticing my scrutiny, she asked, "What are you looking at? Let go." The man stepped forward at this time. "Vicky, why don't we look at other styles?" "Why? I want this one." The stubborn woman showed no intention of backing down, and she tightened her grip on the hanger.

I instantly let go.

Perhaps due to her excessive force, she stumbled backward when I let go without warning. Fortunately, the man behind her caught her to stop her from falling. "Hey" I shrugged, saying casually, "It's all yours." Then I turned away coldly.

The woman snuggled comfortably into the man's arms, seemingly seizing the opportunity as she complained, "Melvern, she did it on purpose." The man paid no attention to her but immediately stopped me. "Miss, thank you. Or... you can ask the sales assistant for other options." "Sorry, I don't like wearing the outfit as others," I said casually and walked away.

The sales assistant followed with regret, smiling and suggesting, "Miss, how about looking at other styles in the color series? They all have creative designs." "Thank you, but it's fine." I politely declined and was about to leave, but the stubborn woman muttered without politeness, "The clothes here are all limited edition. I don't think she can afford them.

Look at her outfit, so tacky I turned around and glanced at her theatrically annoyed face, and I noticed that she was now rolling her eyes at me.

"I don't want to wear anything from the sbrand as someone with no taste," I said, finally walking out of the store.

Why did I encounter people like her everywhere? After looking aroundh different stores and finding no styles that caught my eye, I reluctantly settled for a few scarves and headed to the checkout counter.

What I bought didn't matter. What mattered was that I needed to make the payment.

At the checkout counter, several customers were waiting to pay. I quietly stood by, observing the cashier inside.

There, efficiently handling payments, was a woman in her thirties. I wasn't sure if she was Annika at first, but when she looked up, I was convinced I I had the right person. She had beautiful eyes that could charm anyone.

As she took another bill and swiftly collected payment, I observed hen I interactions with the customers. I handed over my bill when no one was behind me. However, another arm appeared before me, passing a piece of paper to Annika.

X

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 695-I was taken aback and instinctively looked at the owner of this hand. It was Vicky, the person I encountered at the clothing store earlier.

She confidently handed the receipt to Annika, saying, "Take mine, I'm in a hurry." Annika glanced at her, wearing a gentle smile. "Miss, please wait a moment. She only has one bill, and she's been waiting for a while. I'll finish her payment immediately and deal with yours. Hers will take a shorter time." "Why should I wait? So what if she only has one bill? That's because she can't afford the things here!" Vicky's face turned cold, her eyes looking even more disdainful. "I said I'm in a hurry. I'm a major customer of your store, so why can't I be prioritized? "She's just buying a few cheap scarves, and I have to wait here for her to be done. Doesn't she feel embarrassed?" I had been silently observing her, not getting angry, even though she deliberately belittled me. I wanted to see how Annika would handle the situation.

"Miss, please be patient. It will only take two minutes. We treat all customers equally, regardless of how much you've purchased. I'll be with you shortly." Annika said, taking my bill and card to start the transaction.

However, Vicky suddenly slammed her own bills and card in front of Annika. "I said I'm in a hurry. Don't you understand English? Why does a stinky cashier like you get to decide things here?" My anger rose. When I saw Annika calmly cleaning up the woman's bills and putting them away, my anger subsided.

"I'm Vicky Mahone, a member of this store! Why don't I have priority? Why can everyone else pay before me? She can wait, can't she? It's just a few scarves. What's wrong with making her wait a bit?" Annika looked somewhat embarrassed. "Ms. Vicky, this is a bit unreasonable. With your quarreling-" "Who's being unreasonable? I dare you to say that again!" Vicky wagged a finger at Annika and shouted, "Get your manager." "No matter who you call, I'm still the one handling payments and have the authority to decide how I do my work. Waiting in line is every customer's..." Before Annika could finish her sentence, Vicky raised her hand, wanting to slap Annika. The latter instinctively recoiled.

I quickly grabbed Vicky's wrist, stopping her.

Then, I sternly looked at her. "Aren't you have going too far? Do you yield to you every you to be like an "You" Who At that moment, the man who cwith her exclaimed, "Vicky!" I glanced at Vicky, and her expression froze for a moment.

When she turned to the man, her demeanor immediately changed. "Melvern, they teamed up to bully me." I gave her a cold look, not bothering to respond. She was not worth my time.

The man's gaze was fixed on my there was no sign of face, but t especially as his gaze lingered feet my suspended left arm.

Ignoring our conversation, Annika efficiently completed my payment. "Miss, thank you for your purchase." She then continued to collect Vicky's payment without paying attention to our discussion.

I felt relieved, as it seemed Charlie was in od hands with her. At least Annika à's moral compass appeared to be intact. C Ms. Vicky, your payment is complete. You're welcbackm anytAnnika smiled calmly and handed her the receipts.

Vicky seemed displeased, snatching the receipts with a ith a disdainful thas eye-roll at me. "What are you looking at?" I gave her a cold stare, silently cursing her in my mind. She was simply insufferable.

The man diverted his gaze from me, addressing Vicky, "Don't make a scene here."

Then, he turned back to me, offering a polite and friendly smile. I'm sorry for the e disturbance, Miss." He appeared courteous, but something about his scrutinizing eyes was slightly off-putting.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 696-I smiled and nodded at Annika, saying gently, "Thank you for the excellent work." She looked up atgratefully and nodded politely. "Take care, Miss." I smiled warmly and walked away. I didn't bother looking back at the pair of them.

Someone suddenly called out to me as I headed downstairs to leave Arkadia Plaza. "Miss, please wait." I turned around to see the man who had been with Vicky. He was walking toward me with a bag in his hand. I raised an eyebrow as I asked, "You called me?" "Yes, Miss. I apologize for what happened today." He smiled, but there was a mysterious glint in his eyes. He handed me the bag, saying, "This dress was originally something you liked. A gentleman does not take away what someone loves. Take this as my apology to you." I was a bit surprised. A gentleman? That was unlikely.

"Thank you, but I'm sorry. I've lost interest in this dress. Besides, I don't have a habit of accepting things from strangers," I said straightforwardly. "I don't know you." He extended his hand and insisted, "I don't mean anything by it. Vicky was being impulsive just now and offended you. I sincerely want to apologize. Please accept this, Miss." I remained unmoved and looked at him coldly. "I'll accept your apology, but you can keep the gift. We're not acquainted." "We can get acquainted after meeting a few more times. Foswood isn't that big of a place," he said daringly. "May I know your name?" I looked at him disdainfully. "I'm sorry, sir. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave." I didn't bother to continue awkwardly talking to him and went down the escalator indifferently.

That man was being generous. The dress he gave me must have been very expensive. Arkadia Plaza was a luxury shopping mall, and the women's clothing section on the fourth floor featured globally renowned brands. I had casually glanced at the price tag of that dress, and it was astonishingly high. I could afford it, but the cost would pinch.

That man was extravagant, he wanted to give something worth tens of thousands of dollars to a stranger. Did he think I was a shallow woman? What a joke.

I remembered Vicky calling him Melvern. Could he be Melvern Sunny? It couldn't be a coincidence.

Was he the mastermind behind Liora? My mind raced. Was he back in Foswood? He should be with Liora. What role did Vicky play in all of this? This was interesting.

If Melvern had returned to Foswood, there had to be a connection with Liora. He must have a reason. I couldn't believe he would casually invest large sums of money in Liora. There had to be a motive behind it.

, I absentmindedly called Grayson.

"Chloe."

"Do you have pictures of Melvern Sunny?" asked Grayson. "I want to confirm something about him, and help check his details and send a comprehensive report." "Sure." Grayson's response was prompt, and I could tell he already had what needed.

Before I reached the car, I received a file on my phone. I quickly found my car, got in, and told the driver, "Head to the company." I eagerly unlocked my phone. Grayson had sent the information.

When I opened the file, the first thing that greeted me was Melvern's picture. I raised an eyebrow at his face—it was the man from earlier.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 697—I smirked and locked my phone while the car smoothly left the mall's underground parking lot and headed straight back to the company.

When I returned to the office, I eagerly unlocked my phone again and carefully read the detailed information about Melvern.

The records were thorough, detailing the Sunny family's history, status, and influence in Foswood. But there was no information about what trouble Melvern had caused here.

It seemed like that incident was something they wanted to keep hidden, or they wouldn't have covered it up so thoroughly. That made me very curious.

I picked up the phone again and called Grayson. He answered promptly. "What's up, Chloe?" "Can you investigate Melvern's past?" I asked. I believed his return to Foswood must be related to that incident.

"That might require a special plan," Grayson replied. "I'll think of a way." His mention of a "special plan" implied he had something in mind.

"Okay. This is related to Liora. Melvern has invested a lot in her. I believe he must have a plan." I explained.

"Alright. I'll deal with it. I'll check his profitable projects overseas as well. I'll dig deep into his background since he's investing such a huge amount. There must be something behind this." "That would be great." I felt excited. Then, I asked Grayson, "Do you know anything about the situation in the Lido area?" "Aren't Mr. Atlas and Dylan there right now?" Grayson answered, giving me the information I needed.

I suppressed my inner dissatisfaction and I continued, "I know, but I wanted to ask if there were any new developments." I didn't want Grayson to know that Atlas had left without telling me. I was afraid he might hide things like this from the future. I understood that their intentions were for my own good, but this involved my father.

"The situation there is still unclear. Mr. Dylan went there in person because he wanted to act quickly. Our people have reported that the address exists, but we can't confirm if the person is there. Clark probably wouldn't dare lie to us, especially since Jarvis is already in our hands." Grayson's words added to my worries. What if my father wasn't around, and Atlas missed him? "Can we trust our people there?" I asked with concern.



“The ones most familiar with that place are the Huffman family’s people. But as far as I know, Mr. Pei didn’t contact anyone from the Huffman family for this trip,” Grayson informed honestly.

“Don’t worry, Chloe. I’m sure Mr. Atlas will take care of it. He wouldn’t take risks if he weren’t confident. After all, he cares a lot about your father’s safety.” “Alright, notify immediately if there’s any news,” I requested.

“Sure.” After hanging up, I thought over Grayson’s words. If the Huffman family was familiar with that place, why hadn’t Atlas informed them? That made question his decision.

But I quickly realized that the Huffman family’s familiarity was due to their business interests in that area. Considering Atlas’s disdain for that type of business, it made sense that he didn’t want the Huffman family to know too much. I understood Atlas’s perspective. Perhaps he didn’t want to get the Huffman family too involved in this.

But I had an odd feeling that this situation was more complicated than it seemed.

After work, I went straight to the hospital. I wasn’t sure if Lauren had gotten better.

I also scheduled a check-up for my injured arm. The doctor said by recovery was going well, and I could 上! now remove the cast. I felt relieved.

I was finally free to move.

Lauren wasn’t doing so well, and I had the driver take while I stayed take my mother hstayed with her at the hospital.

Suddenly, I remembered Melvern. I asked, “Lauren, do you know Melvern?” X

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 698-Lauren furrowed her brow. “Melvern, the second son of the Sunny family? Didn’t the Sunny family move overseas? Why are you suddenly asking about them?” I realized that Lauren did know him. I quickly explained, “Yes, they moved, but Melvern’s been active in Foswood recently. Do you know about his past relationship with Liora?” I looked at Lauren, holding onto a glimmer of hope that she might have insider information.

Lauren frowned. “I don’t really know much about Melvern. When I cto Foswood, the Sunny family was already showing signs of decline. I hadn’t met Oliver at the time, so I didn’t have any contact with the Sunny family. But everyone knew that they had to move. The Sunny family were still important in Foswood.” Her words left somewhat disappointed. It seemed that this matter with the Sunny family was a well-guarded secret. “As far as I know, Melvern was Liora’s first love, and she married Atticus later. I think something must have happened there.” “Oh, is that so? I had no idea,” Lauren said with a hint of surprise.

I continued, "I suspect that Atticus's rejection of the Thompson family must have hidden secrets. Apparently, after Liora married Atticus, she would still contact Melvern in private. Atticus definitely wouldn't tolerate that." Lauren nodded. "Atticus is a proud man; he wouldn't tolerate being cuckolded."

"So, I think that Melvern's return is related to the substantial sum of money he secretly invested in Liora's plan. I'm convinced he has an ulterior motive." I analyzed the details with Lauren, who frowned while she pondered the situation. Finally, she turned to and suggested, "I think you should ask Atticus about the Sunny family, Chlo. You might be able to find out something from him." Lauren's words enlightened me.

She was right. I could use this opportunity to get information and delve deeper into Atticus.

But...

I hesitated and looked at Lauren, "Lauren, do you think it might be too sudden to ask Atticus about this directly? He's quite..." Lauren chuckled weakly, "No." She interrupted before I could finish, clearly understanding my thoughts.

"There's nothing sudden about this. If Atticus has already spoken to you about his divorce, that means he doesn't have reservations about this topic with you. He may be cunning, but he's discerning about the people he keeps around him. I think he has a good impression of you. At the very least, he trusts you." "To be honest, I never expected to have such a rapport with Atticus admitted sincerely. "But when I first met him, things were quite tense because of the situation his subordinates caused." I mentioned the complications of my initial acquaintance with Atticus, which had left a lingering feeling of discomfort.

Lauren looked at with a weak smile and said, "Actually, it's the opposite, Chlo. Do you know why you've captivated him?" "Hmm?" I looked at Lauren.

"Men respect women like you who are ambitious in their careers." I smiled calmly. "I was pushed to the wall, to be honest." She shook her head and continued, "Your beauty gives you a favorable first impression. You might appear to be proud, but you're down-to-earth and honest in conversations, which creates a second positive impression. don't forget loyalty not forceful course for personal gain, you're genuine, and people feel comfortable with you. That's the third positive impression. You have a lot of self-respect as well. That's why men don't act rashly with you out of respect."

I was a little stunned by Lauren's analysis. Her understanding of men was something could never achieve, and her insights left in awe.

"That's why you've won the favor of a man like Atticus. He definitely has a favorable impression of you, and he can't resist you. That's what's most tempting to him."

“Enough, stop it. You’re givingchills.” I shot a glance at Lauren. “I never intended to tempt him.” X

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 699-Lauren burst into laughter but immediately clutched her chest, wincing.

I looked at her nervously, “What’s wrong? Does it hurt? You shouldn’t laugh too hard.” She waved it off. “Anyway, since he’s shared his thoughts about divorcing Liora with you and you two have a mutually beneficial agreement, it means he trusts you completely.” I acknowledged that. Atticus was a formidable figure in Foswood’s construction and development industry. He occupied the top position, at least for now.

Someone like that wouldn’t talk about their private business easily, especially when it was about family and marriage. When he first discussed his marital issues with me, I had sdoubts as well.

Lauren continued, “Because he trusts you, he chooses to work with you. It might just be a mutually beneficial cooperation, but you two should still communicate about the information on the shares and resources.” I nodded. “You make a valid point.” “You can already guess that Atticus’s desire for a divorce from Liora is related to Melvern. If you reveal this information to him, he should respond accordingly. After all, you two have mutual goals.” Lauren’s words shone a light on the situation. It seemed I needed to communicate with Atticus.

t I thought quickly, trying to form a plan in my head.

Suddenly, a thought crossed my mind. I looked at Lauren and asked cautiously, “Lauren, what if... Melvern is investing in Liora’s plan to change things in Foswood’s construction industry?” Even saying that out loud startled me.

Lauren looked atsuspiciously, “Are you suggesting that Liora and Melvern have their own motives? Liora wants to use Melvern to eliminate Matthew, and then, Melvern plans to enter the construction industry using this half-finished project to seek revenge against Atticus. Liora will gain a company for free and suppress a group of people, especially you. Is that what you’re saying?” “That’s exactly what I mean.” I enjoyed chatting with Lauren because of our special understanding of each other. Our thoughts always aligned.

This bold speculation left both of us silent.

After a while, I beceven more confident that if this were true, Melvern must have a reason for doing this.

That further indicated that there was skind of secret between him and Atticus.

“It seems that what you said was right, Lauren. I should talk to Atticus.” At this point, I was eagerly anticipating the gathering of the big shots tomorrow. I wanted to see what kind of show Trinity would put on.

It was tfor to set the stage for the next act.

In the evening, I finally received a message from Atlas, but it was disappointing news.

They were too late. The place was empty when they arrived.

I could sense Atlas’s heavy emotions, but he tried to comfort me, “Don’t worry. Now that we know he’s alive and around here, I’ll find him even if I have to turn this place upside down.” en. Find “I know you did your best, Atlas. Let’s figure out our next steps. When will CO you be back?” Despite my NO disappointment, I tried to console Atlas. “Very soon.” After a few more words of comfort, he hung up.

I slumped on the couch, hugging my head. The rescue mission had slipped through our fingers again.

e How was he doing? Was he safe? had no idea. At this moment, I felt aches and pains in every part of my body. en. Find QUMS The next day, Ivanna volunteered to accompany to the gala.

In the dressing room, I chose a light purple evening gown. It was part of a set of dresses that Atlas had ordered to be specially tailored for a While ago, designed by a renowned fashion designer from Cadrela. It was a series of nine dresses he had acquired from the designer brand “Miss G”. He would always spoil without reservation.

en. Find The stylist that Ivanna’s company hired finished our makeup. When I looked in the mirror, I almost didn’t recognize myself. As the nsuggested, the gala was extravagant.

It was my first treceiving an invitation to an event like this, and I was looking forward to it.

Beyond the Divorce Chapter 700-The atmosphere at the party was lively. Glasses were clinking and people were mingling in the splendid hall.

When Ivanna and I entered, it was already pretty late, and many guests had arrived.

I recognized sfaces at the gala, but I had to admit that I was not acquainted with most of the people here.

As we walked into the venue, I overheard people whispering, “What beautiful women.” “Who are those two? I don’t think I’ve seen them before.” “They’re gorgeous. They might be from a prestigious family, and they might have just returned to the country

recently.” I realized the whispers were talking about us. Of course they hadn’t seen us before since I had never attended events like this. But I wasn’t interested in their discussions and had no intention of drawing attention to myself. I simply smiled and ignored them.

I glanced around and looked for Trinity. It seemed she hadn’t arrived.

I asked Ivanna, “Will Jared be here today?” Ivanna shook her head. “He usually avoids things like this unless it’s necessary or if there’s someone special he must meet.” I nodded, realizing that Jared had always been low-key and wouldn’t attend events like this unless there was a compelling reason. Today’s gathering had been organized by several renowned companies, but it wasn’t significant enough to draw his attention.

Key individuals in the business and entertainment circles were present, and I exchanged greetings with familiar faces.

I spotted Liora unexpectedly. What surprised more was that she was accompanied by someone familiar-Vicky, the woman I met yesterday.

I found that puzzling. How was Vicky connected with Liora? They did seem like they were birds of a feather.

Ivanna noticed my gaze fixed on a particular spot and asked in a low voice, “Do you know any of those people around Liora?” I looked over at Liora. Apart from Vicky, who I met yesterday, I didn’t know any of the others.

I shook my head playfully, saying, “Her circle changes too quickly.” At that moment, Trinity finally made her entrance, capturing the attention of many attendees.

I turned to Ivanna, and we shared a knowing smile. “Yes, she’s very ambitious, and she has a lot of tricks up her sleeve.” We exchanged glances, acknowledging Liora’s approach in everything she did.

I could see her chatting animatedly with several gentlemen from a distance, exuding an air of pride. I was certain she felt that Ardora was securely within her grasp, and this was undoubtedly her moment of triumph.

Just then, a commotion near the entrance caught my attention. As I looked over, I noticed three glamorous women walking in side by side.

As soon as they entered the hall, they immediately attracted the attention of many eager male guests. It seemed that those three beauties had a considerable presence.

Ivanna snorted disdainfully. “These so-called upper class events are nothing special. Anyone can just show up. See the tall one in the middle? She’s not even a socialite. She’s just a celebrity.” “Oh, no wonder...” I squinted my eyes. “No wonder she’s so

popular.” “They’ve here with a stronger purpose than Liora. They’re trying to ‘hook up’ with the ‘big shots’ here, hoping to marry into a wealthy family. These gatherings are a feast. It’s the best place for them to showcase themselves.” en.Find”It’s also a shortcut.” That was the highlight of events like this.

“The tall one is the backbone of QM Entertainment.” Suddenly, it clicked in my mind. “Poppy Quinn?” “Yes. That’s her, She and Harmony were once fierce competitors from different companies. But that woman, is even more of a schemer than Harmony. Unfortunately, Harmony was ruined by Stella.” Ivanna looked at Poppy’s face with hint of helplessness.

en.Find “Otherwise, given her popularity at that time, she would have been In more famous than this woman. Now that Harmony has fallen, she’s m standing out on her own, riding a wave of good luck. Resources are flowing like water toward her.” As Ivanna delved into the intricacies of their industry, I couldn’t help but admire her knowledge.

While I was engrossed in observing the three beauties, a familiar voice greeted me, “Hey. Ms. Chloe, we meet again.

uld I possibly give you a chance? You’ve taken back everything I could ever have. Why are you here now, asking me this?” Lauren’s tone was resolute.

Lauren put away her sorrowful smile and looked up at the ceiling. She said softly, “I hope I’ll have my own home, a loving partner, and children.

Even if have to scrape by, I’m willing to accept my fate as long as no one controls my life.”

It sounded like she was making a wish for herself.

She turned to face Oliver. “I don’t want to be haunted by curses until I die, Oliver. I want to live my own life. I want true independence.”

Oliver’s jaw tightened, but still he said nothing and listened to Lauren’s accusations.

“I won’t live without dignity. I won’t be a puppet under your control. I refuse to live watching your every move and be gowed by your moods. I used to be cheap, but I want to live with pride for the rest of my life. Can you just let me go?”

“Lauren, I know I haven’t been good to you in the past, but when you left, it really made me think about my behavior I was Selfish, so i don’t blame you for anything that.

happened.” Oliver’s words surprised me. I couldn’t believe what he just said.