

## Beyond The Divorce Chapter 726 -730

Beyond The Divorce Chapter 726-Atticus smiled, saying, "Indeed, I won't engage in a battle without preparing for it. Of course, I can't be shameless either because it would be too greedy. I wouldn't have a favorable outcome if I made a move on Bourd amun without assurance."

"It looks like you're the crafty one," I said straightforwardly, "So, you traded a stagnant pond for a vast ocean? You're winning with a clear conscience."

I had to admit I felt a little uncomfortable. Atticus was extremely cunning.

He chuckled somewhat embarrassedly, "It's like that for me, but Atlas also obtained a boundless opportunity. Do you think he's easy to shake? Perhaps he

wouldn't have let go if he hadn't had you back then. I admit it was an unsportsmanlike victory."

It was apparent Atticus was sincere and seemed to hold Atlas in high regard.

"Muborough is reaching saturation while Bourdamun has excellent potential.

You've also acquired a piece of valuable land. How could Atlas lose?

"That way, we can dominate our specific territories or merge with more opportunities for collaboration. Isn't that great?"

"How so?"

Atticus explained matter-of-factly, "Think about it. You can focus on branding, and I'll lead in construction. There's no conflict there. We can join forces if I take on future high-standard projects. If you lack strength, I can make up for it. We complement each other perfectly, I think."

I immediately responded, "Calling you a sly fox is fitting."

Atticus smiled. "Business is business, right? It's mutually beneficial, and we're a formidable alliance." He sipped his tea and leaned into the sofa. "On the contrary, we're friends in private. I considered you one since you approached me during that material incident.

“Honestly, I have immense respect for Atlas, especially because he’s young, talented, and highly ambitious. Although we have yet to collaborate, I believe it won’t be long before we do.”

“Are you that confident?” I teased. In my mind, Atlas wouldn’t focus much on real estate development but would undoubtedly be my behind-the-scenes supporter.

The chances of Atticus and Atlas cooperating were slim unless the former wanted to venture into other industries.

“There will be opportunities,” Atticus asserted, “Cooperation isn’t limited to business.”

His statement gave me a new impression of him. It seemed my speculations had some merit, but I didn’t pry.

As the dishes arrived, I excused myself and went to the restroom. When I reached the corridor, I brushed shoulders with a man in a cap. I hadn’t seen his face, but felt something strange about him when he passed me.

I couldn’t help but turn back to take another look. However, the man strode away as if nothing had happened. However, I felt a sense of familiarity with him. I raised a brow, thinking it was unlikely to encounter someone I knew here.

When I returned to the private room, Atticus pointed at my bag and said, “You have a call.”

I removed my phone from the bag and glanced at the screen. When I saw it was Johnson who called, I returned his call. When the call connected, he urgently said, “Chlo, where are you? Let’s meet!” “When?” I asked, sensing he had something important to discuss.

“The sooner, the better! Tell me where you are, and I’ll come over,” Johnson responded.

“I’m in Rivendell and won’t be able to return until evening. It might be pretty late when I get home, too. Is it urgent? We can talk on the phone.” I was worried it might be something crucial.

Johnson heard that I was in Rivendell and said, “Oh, it’s nothing too important. Adrian secured a meeting with Matthew. We’re going to see him tomorrow. I just wanted to know if you were busy. The trial is approaching, and I heard Liora is up to no good again.”

Beyond The Divorce Chapter 727-I couldn't help but frown at Johnson's words. I asked, "She's at it again?"

"Yeah," Johnson affirmed.

I cautioned, "I don't have much to say to Matthew. I'll let Adrian handle everything since he knows my stance. My only concern is Charlie. If possible, ask Matthew how he feels about it. You can tell him that we found Charlie's family, but don't tell him I found them."

I didn't want Matthew to think about me because his thoughts were quite unpredictable. If he knew I found Charlie's family, he might misinterpret it.

"Got it," Johnson replied.

"If Matthew doesn't want to be responsible, we'll return Charlie to his family as soon as possible. We shouldn't burden Myra any longer," I clarified my thoughts.

After all, we couldn't let Myra be responsible for Charlie indefinitely.

Johnson sounded helpless as he reported, "Chlo, the developers are suing all the halted projects. The situation isn't looking good. Liora orchestrated all of it."

Indeed, it seemed graver than before.

Johnson noticed my lack of response and added, "That's why Adrian fought for this chance to ask Matthew if there are any witnesses who can testify."

I asked, "When's the meeting?"

"Tomorrow morning."

After some thought, I told Johnson, "Got it. I'll call Adrian later."

I pondered our conversation after hanging up. I didn't expect Liora to be so ruthless. It seemed she put in much effort to resort to more underhanded tactics.

When I sat down, the waiter had already laid out the dishes and then excused themselves.

Atticus remarked, "It sounds like a complicated case. Matthew's in real trouble this time. She doesn't want him to come out at all."

I glanced at Atticus and nodded. "Indeed, it seems Matthew will suffer significant losses this time."

"If the developers win the lawsuit, Matthew will be bankrupt and face imprisonment. He might spend several years behind bars," Atticus said, "It's Liora's most effective move. Such incidents pose unpredictable challenges for developers, even after rectification."

ὅνε "If they can't retrieve their funds, it'll be a fatal loss for them. Hence, they'll respond when Liora makes a move."

I looked up at Atticus and testingly asked, "What's your take on her?"

Atticus fell silent momentarily, then looked at me. "Do you really want to help Matthew?"

I replied, "He might not be a good person, but he's my daughter's father. I also promised something to my late mother-in-law before she passed away. Her only wish was for me not to hurt Matthew."

Atticus seemed satisfied with my answer. He gestured, "Let's eat while chatting. The dishes won't taste as good when they're cold. I selected a few specialty dishes for you, so don't rush to leave today. The timing seems right for us to finally share a meal."

I knew he had something in mind. I feigned calmness while reaching for the utensils, saying, "It's long overdue."

I smiled contentedly and took a bite of the fish.

Atticus sighed. "Matthew is unfortunate to lose such an excellent wife. He never deserved you. The man lacks vision, so facing such a situation is only a matter of time. If you want to save him the only way is to bring Liora down."

I glanced at Atticus and casually asked, "Speaking of which, did you know about Melvern's return?"

Beyond The Divorce Chapter 728-Although my question seemed casual, it was an attempt to probe Atticus. Sure enough, he wasn't surprised. He nodded indifferently and said, "I know."

I asked with a hidden agenda, "What do you think about him? He seems pretty active lately." SEARCH The FindNOvel.net website on Gøøgle to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Since Atticus knew about Melvern's return to Foswood, it meant the former kept an eye on the latter. Atticus looked at me but didn't answer my question.

Instead, he asked, "I noticed a driver drop you off just now. Should we have a drink?"

I readily agreed.

Atticus looked excited as he fetched a bottle of low-proof white liquor. He then poured me a small glass and another for himself. He raised his glass and solemnly said, "Firstly, I appreciate you traveling all the way to Rivendell to share this meal with me.

"Secondly, it's our first solo meal together. Lastly, let's toast to our cooperation beyond business matters. I'm grateful to you."

Atticus downed his drink. I could tell he had something to share with me, so I took a big sip. After setting down the glass, he answered my question, "Melvorn has returned for revenge." "Revenge?" I was somewhat surprised at the unexpected answer. It seemed Lauren was right. Atticus was the only one in the know.

Atticus nodded. "Yes, Melvorn returned to seek revenge. The Sunnys migrated because Melvorn caused trouble. His past misdeeds involve me."

I was shocked as he poured another glass for himself, this time drinking it immediately. I suddenly understood Atticus's trust in me. Considering how well the Sunnys had hidden this matter, the gravity of the situation was evident.

Atticus, stating his involvement, showed determination and absolute trust in me.

Soon, he looked pale, and I thought alcohol was a strange thing. Some turned pale after drinking, while others turned red.

Atticus looked at me with slightly reddened eyes. After a brief hesitation, he explained everything in detail. As listened, my initial shock turned into silence. I didn't expect to hear about a deep-seated hatred between Atticus and Melvorn.

Additionally, the catalyst for everything was Liora. I finally understood why Atticus disdained the Thompsons.

"What a conspiracy." I couldn't help but sigh, unable to find a more fitting word to describe Atticus's story.

The mastermind behind this conspiracy was Atticus. I was so shocked that my mouth was agape for a while.

Atticus snorted. "My family was just upstarts back then. How could we compare to the prestigious Sunny family? The Thompsons manipulated us, and I could only swallow my pride when I discovered the truth."

I understood Atticus's feelings as they were somewhat similar to my experience.

I sipped my drink and poured another, saying, "I can relate."

Atticus smiled with a tinge of bitterness, poured another glass for himself, and motioned to down it.

quickly reached out to stop him. "That should be enough. Don't you have an important appointment tonight?"

Surprisingly, he revealed a foolish smile. His smiles always confused me. The more one got to know him, the more one found him charming.

Beyond The Divorce Chapter 729-Atticus exuded maturity and a hint of worldly experience, unlike Atlas. The former smiled at me, saying, "It's okay. I can handle my liquor. This issue has weighed on my heart for over a decade. I couldn't talk about it since I had no one to confide in. Chloe..."

He pointed to his chest and continued, "It hurts a lot. Did you ever expect the grand CEO of Echelon Group to be stepped on consistently for a decade? How can I swallow that humiliation?"

I didn't know how to console him.

"You stirred things up and gave me a helping hand. Although you always say it was accidental, you gave me an excuse to vent my frustrations. That's also why

Liora hates you."

I was in disbelief. "I thought Liora was just vindictive. I never thought..."

Atticus continued in a hushed tone, "It was too sudden at that time. Everything developed too quickly for them to respond. This time..."

I couldn't believe my ears. I felt uneasy as I asked, "Are you sure?"

He nodded solemnly, and a chill ran down my spine. Suddenly, I recalled Rose calling Liora a troublemaker and telling me that we couldn't let her stay. Atticus and I talked for a long while before he escorted me out of the hotel and into a cab. We might have continued if he hadn't had an appointment.

My mind was a mess on the way back to Foswood. I couldn't stop thinking about what Atticus had told me. I thanked my lucky stars that Atlas had insisted on a driver to accompany me. After all, driving alone with a distracted mind would have been dangerous.

It was already late when I arrived in Foswood. I considered checking on Lauren but ultimately had to go straight home to Pleca Park, wanting to share everything with Atlas.

However, he was not around when I got home. When I called, he answered, "You're home? Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, it was a pretty smooth journey. Where are you?" I asked.

Atlas teasingly replied, "Why? Do you miss me?"

"Of course."

He sensed my urgency and said, "I'll be home right away."

After hanging up, I returned to the room and took a quick shower. I felt uncomfortable with all the sweat on my body considered visiting Rose's room, but I saw my mom leaving Ava's music room. She had asked, "Do you want something to eat?"

I shook my head. "No thanks. I ate a lot today. I'm going to see Grandma Rose."

My mom walked over and held my arm, saying, "She already left. She said she had something to handle in the city and would be back in a couple of days."

"She left?" I was disappointed because I wanted to discuss Atticus's situation with her. After all, she was sharp-witted and experienced. Rose was a part of the old families in Foswood and familiar with the relationship between the Thompsons, Sunnys, and Coles.

I knew she could provide a clear perspective on their dynamics.

I felt a little lost as I asked my mom, "Did Ava and the others finish their dinner?"

“They finished long ago. They’re practicing the piano with Jenny now.

The teacher says they’ve been making rapid progress lately my mom spoke with a proud smile.

I wanted to enter the music room, but she grabbed me and said, “You shouldn’t go in, or she’ll get nervous again.”

Beyond The Divorce Chapter 730-I chuckled, thinking Ava was indeed attached to me. However, I had been so busy that I hadn’t spent much quality time with her. Honestly, I felt guilty about it.

Since my mom told me not to enter the music room, I sat with her in the small living area upstairs instead. I leaned against her affectionately, as it had been a long time since I felt this close to my mom, especially after learning about my true identity.

I felt an unusual comfort as I rested against her. However, Atlas’s description of Lucille’s final moments flooded my mind, sending shivers down my spine. My mom glanced down at me and asked, “What’s wrong? Are you sick?”

She instinctively palmed my forehead to check for signs of illness. I quickly reassured her, “No, I’m just tired from today.”

“Then go to bed. You’ve been through a lot, dear,” my mom spoke softly.

I murmured, “I’m waiting for Atlas to get back. I have something to tell him.”

Suddenly, my nose tingled, and I silently uttered, “My poor mother died tragically.”

I involuntarily began to harbor resentment toward Clark, thinking I’d never let him off the hook. Meanwhile, my mom continued to stroke my hair, and I felt a lovely warmth. I wished everything was just a dream. There were no so-called truths in dreams, just a lifetime of love and companionship with Atlas. We’d share the joy of family life with our elders. After all, they treated me no differently than their own.

I then composed myself, fearing my mom might sense my inner turmoil. I changed the subject, “I sent Ryan back to Bibury for a two-week vacation. He has a girlfriend who’s an architect. She’s beautiful, and they love each other.

They went to Bibury together.”



My mom sounded genuinely delighted, “Oh, that’s perfect! You did well in handling that. I can finally feel at ease, or I’d always feel indebted to Ryan. He should have found a girlfriend years ago. He should already be married and had children. If he did, they would be around Ava’s age.

It seemed my mom had entirely regarded Atlas as her son-in-law, so she always felt a sense of guilt toward Ryan.

I saw how happy my mom was and continued, “I’m considering inviting them for the New Year. Since our old house is vacant, they can stay there. After all, it’s livelier when everyone gets together to celebrate.

“They can visit Pleca Park, too. It’s so big, so having more people over would be great. I’ll discuss it with Atlas and invite more people here to celebrate the New Year together.”

“That sounds wonderful. Time flies, doesn’t it? It felt like we just celebrated New Year’s just yesterday, but it’s already October now.” My mom sighed and then added, “Our house is nearing the end of its lease. I want to go and check it out.”

I then sat up and looked at her. “What’s there to check out? Let’s just sell that Bibury house.”

“No, let’s rent it out instead! We can’t sell it,” my mom sounded defensive.

Mom, you’ve seen how big this place is. You guys have plenty of room to stay.

Atlas’s parents passed away long ago, so he’s been alone for so many years.

Why go back when we’re all together?

“Sell the Bibury house, and I’ll figure out how to ship Dad’s books back here.

You don’t need to go back there anymore.”

As soon as I finished speaking, Atlas entered the small living area and chimed in, “Chlo’s right. You guys don’t have to go back there, especially since Dad has gotten used to things here.”

My mom stiffened momentarily. “But people always long to return to their roots.

We still hope to return to Bibury, you know.”

