

## **Divorce 1001**

### Chapter 1001 Astonishing Turn of Events

Michelle was left stunned in such an unpredictable situation.

Suddenly hearing her name from Atlas, her face lit up, and she nodded frantically. "Yes, I'm Michelle. Chloe and I were college roommates and very close friends. It's an honor to meet you, Mr. Atlas. Actually... we've met before."

As she spoke, her face was adorned with a coy smile, her eyes full of affection as she gazed at Atlas.

Ignoring her nauseating expression, Atlas turned to look at Tyler.

Tyler approached him with a flattering smile. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Atlas."

Atlas cast a cold glance at him. His thin lips curled into a smile that was hard to decipher.

"Earlier, were you trying to force my wife to drink with you?"

Atlas sounded mad. He reached into his pocket, took out a handkerchief, and grabbed a bottle of clear water from the table. With a swift pour onto the handkerchief, he walked over to me.

He was delicately wiping my wrist that had been grabbed earlier. I allowed him to tend to me while Michelle watched with resentment.

After wiping my wrist, Atlas pulled me close and examined it. "Did it hurt when he grabbed you?"

"I'm in a hurry." I whispered to him.

"Don't worry, your dear husband will ensure you're not late. I'll take you there later." He spoke softly.

Everyone was left stunned. His cold tone from earlier suddenly turned into a warm one, and the tension in the room dissipated.

"It's just a joke. Mr. Atlas, I might have gone a bit too far."

Tyler wore a forced smile as he addressed Atlas. "Mr. Atlas, now that you're here, please have a seat. We are fortunate to have you join us, and it's something we couldn't even dream of. It's fate that brought us together today. Please, Mr. Atlas, let's share a glass of wine."

"Oh? You want to have a drink, huh?"

He fixed his gaze on Tyler, tossing the handkerchief he had just used to wipe my wrist onto Tyler's face,

saying, "Sure. Dylan, bring the drinks in

Tyler was unsure of how to react.

Benedict chuckled and took a step forward, but Atlas suddenly raised his head and cast a chilling glance at him.

Atlas grabbed a chair and gently assisted me in sitting down while he stood by my side.

Dylan had already instructed a waiter to bring vodka to the table.

"Come on. A toast to you, Mr. Tyler." Atlas said it icily.

Dylan signaled behind him, and two attendants swiftly approached, one reaching for a bottle of vodka and skillfully opening it.

Tyler sensed trouble and was about to react, but the other attendant quickly controlled him.

Just as he was about to speak, the one holding the wine firmly gripped Tyler's chin. With a forceful twist, a bone-chilling 'crack' echoed, forcing him to open his mouth wide. Holding the bottle, the attendant poured the liquor into his mouth.

After forcing down one bottle on Tyler, the attendant let go of his chin,

Tyler's face was deathly pale. With his mouth still agape and eyes wide in disbelief, he stared at Atlas.

"What's wrong? Not enough?" Atlas looked at him.

Tyler continued to stare at Atlas, unable to utter a word. His mouth was wide open, drool dripping from the corners, looking repulsive.

He looked at Michelle with a hint of

despair. She took a shaky step forward, attempting to touch me. Dylan swiftly kicked her away, sending her crashing into the table, which toppled over. As a result, the hot dishes spilled over her, making her roll on the floor.

Chapter 1002 Cheers!

Atlas completely ignored her cries, still focused on Tyler. "You want more? Go on."

In this manner, three bottles were emptied in succession. Tyler, with a 'gulp,' knelt on the ground. He looked like he was about to bow down to Atlas, but he passed out drunk.

Then, Atlas glanced meaningfully at Benedict, asking, "Benedict, care for a taste too?"

Benedict had already been frightened, retreating without the arrogance he displayed toward me earlier.

Seeing Atlas asking if he wanted to drink, he retreated further, nervously mumbling and not knowing what to say.

Atlas said indifferently, "Cheers to Benedict."

The attendant quickly opened another bottle of vodka. Benedict stammered, "I-I'll drink myself."

After saying that, he took the bottle and poured its contents down his throat. He was spilling it everywhere, but we wouldn't know if it was because he was nervous or doing it deliberately.

Atlas sneered, "How wasteful. Continue. Drink as much as you spilled."

Benedict reluctantly took another bottle that was being offered. He did not dare to disobey Atlas, nor did he dare to spill it anymore.

After two bottles, Benedict was already losing control, seemingly about to crumble. Indifferent to him, Atlas pulled me up from my seat, gently saying, "I've accompanied them to drink. Now let me take you to meet the client."

I glanced at the time. There were still ten minutes until 7 p.m., but it was enough time.

I smiled at him and said, "Let's go. There's still time."

"As promised by your dear husband." Atlas put his arm around my waist. As we turned around, there was a muffled thud from behind. I was sure it was Benedict falling to the ground.

Once we left the room, I asked, "How did you know I was here?"

He smiled faintly. "Telepathy."

"Be serious."

He looked at me and said, "When I came to the venue arranged by the client and saw your car, I had Dylan check it out. Sure enough,

something seemed strange. / .ne

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thought of coming to see it. That's it.

He shrugged dismissively and said, "Next time, don't entertain random people."

"Okay." I nodded. "I've learned my lesson this time. If you hadn't come, I was just about to find a way to call you. Their goal was to get to know you through me."

We got into the car, and headed to

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the hotel booked by Eleanor. When we got off, Atlas looked at me with a meaningful smile and asked if I wanted him to accompany me. [en.swhovels.net](http://en.swhovels.net)

After thinking for a moment, I nodded, "Sure. Then, sealing the deal would be even easier."

After saying that, I took his hand, intertwining our fingers.

Every time I was in danger, he could appear in time to ensure my safety. He was my guardian angel.

He glanced at me and asked, "What are you laughing at?"

I realized that he had discovered my suppressed laughter. Feeling embarrassed, I leaned against him. "I'm laughing at how timely you came. My husband is mighty, and I love how you made them drink."

I was hiding my true thoughts in my heart.

He chuckled, looking satisfied with my answer.

When the two of us appeared together in the private room, everyone, including Eleanor herself, was somewhat shocked.

I was confident that Jaxford Doors could put forth such effort in cooperating with us because they had done their homework, which was evident at this point.

Cameron, Jaxford's boss, quickly stood up and walked toward us with a warm smile.

"Ms. Chloe, Mr. Atlas, you're here."

Chapter 1003 How Impressive

Everyone exchanged pleasantries and walked together to the table to take their seats.

I carefully scrutinized Cameron.

He appeared to be in his forties, exuding an intellectual aura. His grip was firm when we shook hands earlier, and his fingers had faint calluses. It showed that he was heavily involved in hands-on tasks.

The dinner was delightful, and Atlas behaved modestly. Initially, the other people were nervous, but seeing that Atlas was down-to-earth, they relaxed. Our conversations mostly revolved around doors during the dinner.

Atlas was very satisfied with Jaxford. The dinner concluded with a formal agreement to sign the contract the next day.

On the way home, Atlas said, "This is how business should be done. This person is good."

"It's all thanks to Eleanor. She's outstanding."

My phone rang, and seeing it was from my parents, I glanced at the time and then at Atlas. I stuck out my tongue, and he chuckled, ruffling my hair. "Answer it."

Reluctantly, I answered the call. My mom's voice came through, "Why haven't you reached home yet?"

"We met with a major client today and discussed the contract we'll sign tomorrow. It took longer than expected. But we'll be home soon." I quickly explained, realizing it was indeed late. Especially since they left today and I hadn't returned home to take care of Ava.

"Try to come home earlier in the future. Although the kids are safe at home, your presence makes a difference."

My mom didn't criticize me directly, but the implied blame was clear. "Tomorrow, I should be relatively free. But in the next few days, clients from Solaris will be coming, and I can't confirm which day yet." "If we had known this would happen, we wouldn't have gone away! We'd only leave once you're less busy." My mom grumbled.

They genuinely cared about Ava.

"Hey. If you keep waiting like this, you'll never leave. Recently, everything has been piling up. How can you wait indefinitely?" I asked, trying to make them understand. "Are you doing well?"

"Everything is going smoothly. Ryan's father and the others picked us up, and we had dinner together. I feel like I'm troubling them." My mom sighed.

"Mom, don't keep saying that. We're all friends, and that's how we should get along. Besides, they'll also come to Foswood in the future. They're practically family by then."

I comforted her, but their overly independent nature wasn't something I fully endorsed.

"Yeah. They mentioned that Ryan wanted them to move over." My mom shared the details with me.

"What did they say?" I asked for more details.

"They said they were considering it."

"Considering what? They'll figure it out soon." I chuckled. "Hurry back, okay?"

"Yeah. We really need to return soon. Otherwise, I'm worried about

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kids being at home by themse

Leaving them alone at home isn't ideal," she nagged.

"Don't forget, I used to take care of Ava alone."

"That was in the past. You didn't have a job and could always be with her. Now that you're busy, I haven't seen you for days. How can that work?"

"Then let's quickly handle it." I seized the opportunity to say, "I'm home now. I need to check if Ava is asleep. I'll hang up. Hurry back, Mom."

I hung up the phone, got out of the car with Atlas, and went straight to Ava's room.

When I opened the door, I saw that

the two little ones hadn't slept yet. They were playing on one bed, chatting away. As soon as they saw me, Ava cheered, "Mommy! You're finally back."

She jumped from the bed into my arms. I smiled at her and asked, "Why aren't you asleep yet? Hmm? Did you take a bath?"

"I did," she said sweetly, "I can only

sleep when I see Mommy and Daddy come back. Otherwise I'll get insomnia. Mommy, when will Grandpa and Grandma be back?"

"They just left. How can they be back so soon?" I hugged her and said, "Why don't you and Jenny go to sleep soon? Hmm?"

I laughed, finding it amusing that the little one mentioned insomnia. She was becoming more and more dramatic.

"Okay." She agreed and ran back to the bed, lying down next to Jenny. "Good night, Mommy."

I smiled and kissed their foreheads. "Goodnight, girls."

After turning off the lights, I checked on them again. They had both closed their eyes. I was confident they would be in dreamland in less than five minutes.

Back in the room, I quickly took a shower. Atlas wasn't there, and he must have gone to the study.

Chapter 1004 Destined for Stardom

While showering, my mind wandered. There had been no news from Johnson regarding Matthew's current situation, and I wondered if they had met with Adrian. Then there was Liora. Despite the constant online buzz about her misdeeds and Melvern coming to discuss cooperation, she seemed to have disappeared. However, I knew she was doing something in the dark.

After I came out of the shower, I dried my hair and sent a message to Ivanna.

Ivanna had been quite elusive ever since Jared returned. They seemed to have vanished into thin air, leaving things calm. Still, I worried about Trinity.

I couldn't find any information about Trinity's situation in Yare. After contemplating for a long time, I realized I wasn't sure what I was thinking about. It was just a chaotic mess. As I pondered these issues, Ivanna called.

"Why aren't you asleep yet?" she asked bluntly.

"Why ask me? Aren't you the one who should be getting more rest? I only sent a message to avoid disturbing your rest. It looks like I was overly concerned," I complained. "I'm waiting for Jared to come back. He has something to deal with tonight," Ivanna said.

I chuckled, "Is it to the point where you can't sleep until he's back?"

"Don't just blame me. Aren't you still awake too?" She retorted disdainfully.

"We just got back not too long ago, and we got a deal for another contract. That's why we're here. How have you been these past few days?" I asked.

"I'm still a bit restless. When will this get better? I'm really struggling. I can't keep anything down," she expressed her frustration weakly.

"It varies from person to person. Some get over it in a few days, while it lasts the entire pregnancy for others. Everyone's different. Don't worry; it'll pass eventually," I reassured her.

"Oh my god. If I had known it would be so difficult, I wouldn't have..." she started.

"Don't say that. Every woman faces this challenge. Do you think babies fall from the sky? Lauren and I bought some clothes for you. I'll bring them over one of these days. Did you see her today, by the way?" I inquired, realizing I hadn't seen her today.

"No, I haven't seen her for several days," Ivanna said casually.

"Well then, you should go to bed early. Let's stop chatting. Get plenty of rest." I advised.

"I'll turn into a pig by sleeping so much." She chuckled. "He doesn't want me to go back to Bourdamun. The next season of the show is about to start filming, and I'm still lying low."

"If it's not possible, just quit," I suggested. "This is a crucial time, and you should focus entirely on caring for yourself and your baby."

"No, I can't have to persist. This is equally important. The show is like my child as well. Even though thought about finding a guest fole during this period, I must see this

show through.

"It holds a special meaning to me. Who else would I give this huge opportunity to?" Ivanna shared her thoughts with me. I knew she valued her career more than anything else.

Moreover, she was justified as this documentary was crucial, It shows the development of Bourdamun, especially the construction of the new area in Bourdamun, which was

of national importance.

As long as the construction of the new area was successful, this documentary would become a tribute, undoubtedly skyrocketing in popularity.

In that case, Ivanna would also rise to fame.

"Then you must take good care of yourself."

After hanging up the phone, I sent a message to Lauren, making a tentative inquiry.

She didn't reply after a long time. It seemed she was asleep.

I climbed into bed, intending to lie down. But just as I did, Atlas walked in. He looked like he had already showered.

Seeing I was just getting into bed, he asked gently, "Why haven't you slept yet? You're not waiting for me, are you?"

I disdainfully gave him a glance. "Narcissist."

He chuckled and walked over, leaning down to look at me from a higher vantage point. "Is that so? I behaved so well today. Shouldn't there be a reward for me?"

I chuckled. Everything had to involve rewards.

He walked over, kissed me, and then got into the bed while pulling me into his arms.

"Grandpa called again to urge us to visit him." He casually mentioned.

I immediately looked at him and asked, "What should we do? Should we go back?"

"Yeah, let's wait for my parents to return first. Tomorrow, let Dylan handle your applications and be prepared."

Indeed, I had a passport, but there were no records of me leaving the country yet.

Chapter 1005 An Unexpected Decision

After waiting several days, I finally received news about Matthew.

But what surprised me was his astonishing decision, which truly made me see him in a new light.

He decided to abandon Ardora and filed for bankruptcy.

All ongoing construction projects would enter the auction process to alleviate the burden of high debts, helping him eliminate this baggage. I had not expected him to be so decisive in letting go of Ardora. This meant he was giving up everything from the past, returning to square one. It didn't seem like his usual style-he always wanted to be successful.

However, his haste often led to failure, and this time he dug himself into a pit.

Having lived with him for over a decade, I knew him too well. Since the day he first put on a suit, he had sworn to me that he would become successful in the future.

But now, by giving up Ardora and returning to the starting point, he was even worse off than before.

Back then, the Murphy family was still together and had a house for shelter. But now, he had nothing.

It was said that his application for the small house we once lived in had been rejected. At least until Melanie's case was resolved, it couldn't be settled.

But the fact that Matthew made such a decision indicated that he had faced reality. At least he wasn't behaving like a madman, throwing tantrums everywhere.

After a few days of quiet contemplation, he suddenly made this decision. I wondered if someone knowledgeable guided him because I had asked Johnson to introduce him to Adrian.

Carol switched on the TV in my office, displaying real-time news. It was the footage of Matthew announcing the news.

This was his first public appearance since being released in court. Johnson was standing by his side, and he looked reasonably well, albeit thinner.

Facing a crowd of reporters, he

remained composed. He solemnly stated, "Abandoning Ardora is to give everyone an explanation. I want more capable companies to quickly complete Ardora's unfinished projects and allow homeowners to move in as soon as possible. This is my responsibility. I apologize for everything that happened before. Thank you."

Then, accompanied by Johnson and several former company employees, he left.

I stared at the screen, lost in thought. It seemed that Matthew wasn't foolish.

I wasn't sure if someone wise had guided him or if he had come to this realization himself. Even if someone guided him, it still required courage on his part. This time, he fell pretty hard. Upon closer consideration, perhaps I bore some responsibility for it.

I thought I would feel satisfied seeing him face such

consequences, but deep down, I knew I wasn't happy. After all, this man had been a part of my life for a

decade and was my daughter's father.

Seeing me silent, Carol quietly turned off the TV.

The next moment, my phone rang, and I saw it was Atticus calling. I guessed he called at this time because he was also surprised by the news.

"Mr. Atticus," I answered.

"I watched the news. Matthew did the only right thing and the most justifiable thing for you. Matthew has cut his losses on time, preventing you from getting involved. It's his awakening. "Only when Ardora disappears, and everything becomes calm will we find peace. Moreover, Liora has completely given up. It seems Melanie is now the most useless pawn." "Yes, her mission is accomplished," I said casually.

I understood the meaning behind Atticus's words but didn't express my stance. I couldn't let Atticus lead me around by the nose.

"The next step is to start the settlement. Once all of this is handled, everyone will be relieved," Atticus said. "The auction of those projects is a big highlight. Are you interested?" I knew Atticus's question had another meaning. I disdainfully gave him an answer.

Chapter 1006 Predicting the Unpredictable

"If I were interested, I could have taken over Ardora long ago," I scoffed. "I have better things to do."

Atticus chuckled. "Looks like Matthew has woken up. This is a good thing, at least for you."

"Yes, you're right," I said calmly, suddenly remembering something. I smiled and told Atticus, "I want to tell you something. The follow-up design for San Cosbech is in progress!" Atticus laughed. "I was right."

"It seems you understand your opponent well. I can rest easy now."

After chatting for a while, we hung up. Carol walked in again and poured me a cup of coffee.

"Don't forget about the cocktail party today, Chloe."

"What cocktail party?"

"The business networking event for the second half of the year," Carol reminded me.

"Oh," I replied unenthusiastically. "I won't go. It won't benefit us. It's a waste of time, and I need to go home and spend time with Ava tonight."

"But I have news that Liora will be attending," Carol said.

I suddenly perked up. "She's going?"

"Yes," Carol informed me. "Someone around her said that."

"Haha. What is she doing? Is she up to something now after being quiet for a few days?"

Lauren walked in and asked, "Who's up to something?"

"Liora. There's a business networking cocktail party today, and I gave news that she's attending." Carol explained to Lauren.

Lauren looked at me. "There are two invites, right? We'll go together."

I looked at Lauren. "Are you sure?"

After all, she had been 'quiet' for a long time. Since the death of Oliver's wife, she hadn't publicly appeared at any events like this. It surprised me that she wanted to go. "Sure." She nodded firmly. "What's the big deal? I can't keep hiding forever."

I chuckled. "Alright. We'll go."

In the evening, Lauren and I left work early and went to a salon for a makeover, where she tidied up her short hair. After that, we headed back to Amethyst Apartments.

In the car, Lauren teased me, saying, "It's a good thing I saw a nice dress a few days ago and bought it."

I knew she had gotten rid of all the clothes and accessories Oliver had gotten her. Not a single item was left.

"Why don't we wear suits? To be honest, a pantsuit would suit your current hairstyle and temperament so well!" I suggested. Since it was a business networking event, suits were appropriate. And we were real businesswomen, not just women looking to mingle.

She looked at me. "Do you think that'll be okay?"

"It's more than okay," I replied.

"Alright. Let's go with that, then," Lauren immediately agreed.

Coincidentally, I had some suits at home. They had all been chosen for me by Atlas back then. Many of them were still there.

I put on a light blue dress suit. The perfectly designed cut emphasized my charm, and the outfit showcased my great figure.

The outfit instantly lifted my spirits.

My posture naturally straightened,

and the short top with a slightly flared belt and the mid-length skirt complimented my curves. Ever was fascinated by my own appearance.

The color suited me well. Most people couldn't handle a color like this, but fortunately, my glossy skin made it look very elegant on me.

As I looked at myself in the mirror, I couldn't help but raise an eyebrow and give a slight smile. The feeling was getting stronger. I seemed different from the version of me who dared to head out to the market in pajamas.

I went downstairs to Lauren's place. As soon as she opened the door, her eyes widened, and she examined me up and down. "Wow! No wonder Atlas is so fascinated by you Your figure is incredible."

I confidently smiled and lifted my chest a little, jokingly saying, "Is this okay?"

Chapter 1007 A Style Like No Other

My appearance made Lauren burst into laughter. "You'd better tone it down. You're already every woman's enemy. Be careful!" "I'm not afraid. They can stare at me all they want," I declared confidently.

My words made Lauren laugh again, and she pulled me to her wardrobe, wanting to ask my advice on which outfit to choose.

I went through her clothes and recommended two sets. In the end, she chose a midnight blue pantsuit.

The pantsuit coupled with her stylish short hair gave her a completely different look. It was a far cry from the petite and delicate Lauren of the past. With some light makeup, she looked animated and radiant.

I stared at her, dumbfounded. "You're completely different from the old Lauren I used to know."

Lauren smirked and said, "The old Lauren is dead. The new Lauren is going to forge her own path."

When I heard what she said, I felt a great sense of relief.

I just hoped she could find her happily after soon, then our lives would be perfect.

But at times like these, I would suddenly think of Trinity. Of course, I also hoped Trinity would be able to find a suitable man for herself.

We went downstairs together and drove our own cars to the venue. After all, I had to go back to Pleca Park after the event.

My mom and the others were not at home, and I felt a bit overwhelmed. The freedom I once had was gone.

When we arrived at the venue, the parking lot was already full, so we had to park at the adjacent shopping mall.

We walked together into the hotel.

I had called Atlas in the car, and he said he might not come.

To be honest, I wasn't really interested in this kind of networking event at all. I was only here today because I heard that Liora was coming. I wanted to see what tricks she had up her sleeve.

These events were usually attended

by those who were trying to make connections and engage in some under-the-table deals, and I didn't like participating in things like that. [en.swhovels.net](http://en.swhovels.net)

There would be some legitimate businessmen exchanging business-related information too, but that didn't matter much to me.

When we entered the banquet hall, it was crowded.

I noticed that the guests today were important people.

I even spotted several high-ranking officials from the government.

It seemed like a

government-organized event. No

wonder Liora was here. This was an opportunity for her to extend her

influence.

I saw Atticus in the crowd, chatting with senior officials from the city.

I scanned the area, but I couldn't find Liora. However, I spotted Oliver not too far away.

This networking event might be of some significance, after all. I exchanged glances with Lauren. Looking around, it was clear that the attendees were prominent figures in the business world.

In the midst of it all, Oliver noticed us.

His eyes clearly brightened, locking onto Lauren.

Lauren sensed something and whispered to me, "Let's find somewhere to go."

I understood her message. I smiled and nodded, leading her away from Oliver's line of sight.

We attracted quite a few glances, as business networking events like this usually had more men than women. Naturally, women would draw

attention.

Wherever we went, eyes followed.

I happened to see some partners I collaborated with before and walked over to greet them, exchanging pleasantries.

Just then, Liora entered the hall with her niece, Vicky.

Chapter 1008 The Return of the Mysterious Woman

Liora's attire today was elegant, and the cast on her hand had been removed.

She appeared calm, as if the criticism online didn't bother her at all. Her face showed no signs of embarrassment or guilt, and she seemed to have treated the insults as if they were directed at someone else. On the other hand, Vicky carried herself with arrogance.

As she entered, she greeted the members of the socialite circle confidently.

Then, she headed straight for a tall and elegant woman. Her back was turned to me, but her graceful silhouette and well-defined curves were visible. She had neatly coiled black hair with a few pearl accessories interspersed among it, creating a charming look.

This hairstyle was not very common nowadays, but she managed to make it seem elegant and stylish, emphasizing her slender neck. Two pearl earrings dangled from her ears, adding a touch of charm to her overall appearance.

Unfortunately, I couldn't see her face, but judging by her figure, she seemed to be a beauty.

She was wearing a conservative apricot-colored dress, appropriate for a business networking event.

Judging by Liora's expression, it seemed like they were familiar with each other.

Liora headed straight for this woman. It seemed like they had planned to meet beforehand.

After exchanging pleasantries with my old friends, I turned to Lauren, asking her, "Who is that woman?"

Lauren shook her head slightly and replied, "I didn't see her face clearly, and I don't think I know her. But don't you think she's familiar?"

I stared at the silhouette. I did think she seemed familiar, but I couldn't recall who she was.

Lauren lowered her voice. "Doesn't she look like the woman from the clothing store?"

My eyes narrowed, still fixed on the woman.

I thought that being so close to Liora at a time like this probably meant they had a special relationship.

Just then, Nick approached me and said, "Please come with me, Ms. Chloe."

He spoke to me with the utmost respect, since I hadn't publicly disclosed my marriage to Atlas. That was why he still addressed me as "Ms. Chloe."

I quickly nodded and followed him. We walked over to a group of people near the front desk. Nick smiled and introduced me to them. They were official representatives from another city in the province responsible for a development project.

I learned that they were representatives from a neighboring city of Bourdamun.

We had a pleasant conversation, and I discovered that they wanted to understand more about the architectural philosophy of the Boudamun project.

Since they were interested in



learning about Bourdamun, which was my project, I felt confident that they were considering a partnership. I firmly believed that the experience gained from Bourdamun's construction process would be valuable, and currently, Bourdamun's project held significant weight in their minds.

I took the opportunity to invite them to our office for a more in-depth discussion, as we couldn't really talk here. They gladly accepted my invitation, and during our conversation, I learned that they

were not all from the same city,

Which surprised me.

I was pleasantly surprised that this social event had turned out to be a good one. I developed an even greater respect for Nick, who had efficiently handled official communications on behalf of Atlas. After Nick briefed me discreetly, emphasizing the need for a follow-up, I nodded solemnly. We scheduled a meeting time, and they bid us farewell.

As I turned around to look for

Lauren, I saw that she was engaged in conversation with a middle-aged man with a smile on her face. Just as I was about to walk toward her, I saw Liora with the woman whose beautiful back I had admired earlier. They were heading toward Oliver. I couldn't help but fix my gaze on them.

Chapter 1009 Met with a Slap in the Face

Liora greeted Oliver with a radiant smile, then pulled the beautiful woman over. The woman positioned herself beside Oliver, her back still turned to me.

I signaled a waiter, grabbed a glass of wine, and strolled toward them. I needed to get a closer look at this woman who seemed to be getting close to Oliver with some hidden intentions. Just then, Atticus approached me.

I smiled at Atticus and remarked, "It seems she has a purpose for being here today."

"Hmm," Atticus said nonchalantly.

After a moment, he added, "Looks like she's here for money."

I raised an eyebrow, looking at Atticus. That woman certainly had his attention.

At that moment, the mysterious woman laughed while talking to Oliver. Then, she subtly changed her position, giving me a full view of her face.

Lauren was right. It was the woman from the clothing store.

Curious, I asked Atticus, "What's her story?"

"She's an actress who was disfigured. Liora took her in when she was at her lowest after the incident. She just returned from undergoing plastic surgery in another country. She's only been back in Foswood for less than a month," Atticus whispered in my ear.

I was stunned. So, it was Harmony. But she was no longer the same Harmony. She seemed to have become more cunning, possibly due to Liora's influence.

Now, she was engaged in lively conversation with Oliver, displaying what seemed like 'affection'.

Just as I was processing this revelation, Liora noticed us. She smiled as she held her wine glass and walked confidently toward us.

I didn't avoid her, and neither did Atticus. We both watched her approach, finding the situation very amusing. It seemed like they had long since gone their separate ways and maintained the appearance of a regular couple only on the surface.

Liora reached us and boldly reached out to link arms with Atticus. She leaned against him and glanced at me with a slightly mocking smile.

"You seem to be in good spirits, Ms. Chloe. It appears you've taken quite an interest in my husband," she remarked, her tone carrying a hint of sarcasm.

I offered a faint smile, nodding. "Oh, yes. Mr. Atticus and I have known each other for quite some time now, and we're close friends who can talk about anything. But I've always had one unanswered question, something I've been wanting to ask."

"Oh?" Liora raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

I realized that Liora had fallen for it, so I said, "Why would a smart, stable, gentlemanly man like him marry a woman so morally corrupt and trashy like yourself? I really feel sorry for him."

Liora's face darkened for a moment, but she plastered on a fake smile and looked at Atticus, tilting her head toward him. "My husband has loved me for a decade. You're still loyal and no one can seduce you.

Isn't that right, honey?"

Her words almost made me throw the wine in her face. Only that would have satisfied my frustration.

Atticus chuckled and lowered his

gaze at her. Self-awareness is the most valuable quality a person can have. You don't even have that. Chloe is overestimating you, Liøra. You'll end up ruined one day without even knowing how you got there. Do you believe that?"

I commented, "Looks like you have a hard time as her husband, Mr. Atticus."

Atticus gently removed Liora's arm from around him, patting his sleeve lightly. Liora was clearly angry when he said, "Yeah, I don't mind loving you more."

Liora stared at Atticus in bewilderment, asking, "What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what you're thinking!" Atticus replied, looking at Liora. "I'll escort you out!"

With that, he turned and left.

I chuckled, watching Atticus's retreating figure. The phrase "I'll escort you out" caught me by surprise.

"Chloe! What does this mean?" Liora looked at me angrily.

I smiled and whispered to her, "Make a guess."

Then, I turned and walked away.

Lauren hurried over to me, asking, "What's going on?"

"Someone's provocation backfired," I replied briefly.

I quietly told her, "That mysterious woman is Harmony. It seems like Liora wanted her to get close to Oliver, and Atticus said she's after money!"

"With seduction?" Lauren sneered.

As she spoke, something unexpected occurred.

Chapter 10  
10 Without Any Warning

Suddenly, a figure appeared before us, swift as lightning. Before we could understand what was going on, a crisp sound resounded in our ears.

The next moment, I saw Lauren holding her face. She shouted angrily, "What are you doing?"

I quickly grasped the situation and stepped forward, challenging the woman. "Who do you think you are? How dare you hit someone like this? Are you out of your mind?"

I glanced at Lauren's face, which was already swollen.

Lauren pushed me aside and stepped forward, glaring at the woman who stood with hands on her hips.

"What are you doing? How dare you slap me?" Lauren questioned angrily.

"What's wrong with you?" The woman retorted arrogantly.

She appeared to be around forty, and she had a plump figure. The once stylish dress now looked like a lifebuoy on her, and despite her carefully done makeup, she couldn't hide the flaws on her face. She was clearly a troublemaker.

I looked at the woman. My patience was wearing thin. "Why are you causing a scene here for no reason?"

"Why don't you mind your own business? You're no good either, and you two are a pair of trashy women!" She glared at me as she said those disrespectful words.

I was taken aback by her audacity. Was this woman insane? Who did she think she was, insulting people like that?

"What are you staring at? I'm talking about you two. You've come here just to show off and seduce men. You're very bold." She continued with her twisted logic, glaring at both me and Lauren. "Why don't you get lost? How dare you try to seduce someone after being tossed aside. You really think you're something, huh? If I were you, I'd drown myself to death already. You're disgusting."

She attacked Lauren's weak spot directly, which showed that she was familiar with Lauren.

Lauren's face was still red from being slapped, and her lips trembled slightly.

I stepped forward, glaring at the woman. "What did you just say?"

As the woman was about to say something, Lauren pulled me back and stood in front of me. "What I do is none of your business. Even if I'm nothing, you're not good enough to challenge me! Who the hell do you think you are?"

I noticed Liora standing beside the woman. She was playing with the wine glass in her hand, observing us with a hint of a smile in her eyes.

The woman took a step forward.

"None of my business? You just tried

to seduce my husband a moment ago, and now you're trying to defend yourself. Do you think I'm dead or something?"

Her words echoed in my mind. A moment ago?

"You look slutty and cheap. I don't care if you seduce someone else, but you can forget about trying to seduce my husband!." The woman shouted at Lauren like a crazy dog.

I observed the unfolding scene, and saw Vicky raising her eyebrow and smirking. She seemed to be enjoying the situation.

It was clear that she had something to do with this incident.

As more people gathered around us, pointing and whispering, the situation became worse for Lauren. The wounds in her heart had not yet healed, and a humiliating scene like this would make it worse.

Suddenly, the man who had been chatting with Lauren squeezed through the crowd, shouting, "Evelyn, what are you doing?"

Lauren looked at the man, and her lips trembled slightly. She asked, "Philip, is this your wife?"

The man blushed, nodding apologetically. "I'm really sorry, Ms. Lauren. She doesn't understand anything. Please ignore her."

"How dare you say that to her, Philip? How dare you two flirt in front of me? I'm going to kill her!"

With that, she looked around her and swiftly snatched the wine glass in Liora's hand. It seemed she planned to splash the contents of the glass in Lauren's face.

