

Divorce 1041

Chapter 1041 Something Is Fishy

The police officer looked at Finn and smiled. "Since we're sitting at the same table today, we're like family. There's nothing we can't talk about!" He gestured toward Arnold as he said, "We are particularly good friends-we're classmates!"

I smiled and told Mr. Cameron, "This is my younger brother, Arnold. He came to help me figure out how to visit Beatrice at the psychiatric hospital."

The police officer said, "Anyone who pays attention to the Chandler family knows that something is amiss, but no one wants to expose it. Moreover, Byron Chandler has become overly confident since he took over Keller's Dairy!

"He continues to grow his network and enjoys better benefits now that the Keller family has disintegrated. He'd dare to do anything!"

The police officer's words resonated with all of us.

Mr. Cameron shook his head, "Ordinary people can't get close to Byron now. It's not the same old Bryon who used to pretend to be humble."

After remaining silent, Eleanor lost her composure and spoke up. "But he can't harm his daughter, can he?"

"I don't think it's impossible. This can only mean that Beatrice knows something. He ruthlessly took action to protect his interests. There is no other explanation!" the police officer said.

I felt that this speculation was plausible.

"What do you think, Finn?" I asked, "What were you saying just now?"

Finn glanced at the police officer, "May I ask for your name?"

"Sean Manning!"

"Mr. Sean, I don't think the car accident involving Eric Rogers is that simple!"

Finn, who came across as reticent, seemed very worried about this. He struck me as being quite careful.

"Alvin Rogers, who is Eric's younger son and my ex-classmate, is investigating this matter. However, he is investigating alone without many connections. Also, many years have passed which makes it challenging."

"That's for sure. Even as a police officer, I find it challenging. You can imagine how difficult it is for him!" Sean said.

Finn helplessly continued, "He believes that his father's car accident is related to Byron!"

Sean immediately sat up straight. "There are suspicions of this. Some people had raised objections at the time, but there was insufficient evidence. The family had no objections, so it was left alone. "Apparently the case file of the car accident was lost when the archives were moved from the storage room!"

"Why does he have such a feeling? There must be some reason, right?" I asked Finn.

"When the car accident happened, everyone in the family could not understand anything. Both he and his brother were young, so they listened to the official explanation and moved on!

"But Alvin said that it was his

said th

birthday. His father had no plans to

go out, but Byron came to their

house at night and said there was a big project in Grand Staty. Byron insisted that his father go and negotiate.

"Eric wanted to postpone it, but Byron mentioned that another out-of-province cable factory was competing, and he feared the loss of a large contract,"

"Eric was convinced. Before leaving,

Eric told the kids that he would

come back soon. He adored his two sons and would celebrate their.

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birthdays and other special days properly. However, this incident occurred!"

After Finn finished speaking, we all fell silent.

"It seems that there is a clue here!" Sean said. "Can I meet Alvin?"

"Sure!" Finn nodded in agreement.

Arnold said, "Sean, our time is too tight this time. Let's first figure out if we can gather information from the psychiatric hospital, and check if Beatrice is there. We can then come up with a plan to meet her.

"I've already arranged for someone to take care of that. Let's wait for updates from their end!" Sean said.

At that moment, Sean's phone rang, and his eyes lit up. He said, "Speak of the devil. "

He gestured to everyone, then answered the phone.

Chapter 1042 Psychiatric Hospital Exploration

We all watched as he answered the phone.

He listened briefly before saying, "How aboutHow about we don't mention we're visiting Beatrice? Just for a tour, inspection, or as a potential investment. Whatever reasonworks, as long as we can get in!" I felt relieved to hear Sean's words.

"Yes, yes... Okay, we'll wait for the information. The sooner, the better. Yes, it has to be tomorrow! We'll leave after the visit." Sean said into the phone.

After hanging up, Sean looked at Arnold and said, "Beatrice is there, but her situation is unique. They forbade anyone from seeing and contacting her except the Chandler family. I asked them to figure something out, so I think of the rest when we are inside, alright?"

Arnold glanced at me, and I could only nod.

"As long as we know she's there, that's good! However, assessing her condition is tough when we can't see her! How do we know if she's sane or not?" Arnold said.

"We'll figure it out once we're inside!" I stated, "I'm sure we can find a breakthrough. Is Byron really that domineering?"

"You can't underestimate him. The Chandler family is now one of the top families in Gerby. There are only a few that can compete with them. They have made significant achievements in the cable industry, not to mention the dairy industry!" Sean said.

"By the way, you mentioned an incident involving poisoning in the dairy industry. Why weren't they impacted by it?" I asked.

"It was a big deal at the time, and two children died. They poured out the milk they had in stock. After the chairman of Keller's company passed away, his daughter guided Byron in taking over the business. Despite his hard work every day, there was no progress. However, after the old chairman passed away, things settled down. I doubt it was just a coincidence!" Mr. Cameron said.

"Rumour has it they caught the person who poisoned it. That person apparently had an antisocial personality disorder." Finn added.

Soon, Sean received news. He said we could go in as potential investors, and everything had been arranged. However, it had to be in the morning.

I felt more at ease. At least we could see what the hospital was like. Even if we couldn't see Beatrice, we could gather some information and plan our next steps.

Finn volunteered to drive us there the next morning.

Arnold told Finn, "We don't need your car. I have a way. You just need to drive us there. We must be cautious about the Chandler family, and it's better not to get Jaxford involved!"

Mr. Cameron appreciated our thoughts but insisted, "It's okay. Since it's Ms. Chloe's matter, it's also Jaxford's matter!"

Finn also expressed, "I hope someone can find the truth. Don't let this villain get away with it! Ms. Chloe, you may not know, but the Chandler family is formidable and very domineering! "As long as we can find the truth, I promise many people will be willing to help!"

After sorting things out, the Bullocks escorted us back to the hotel, and we quickly seized the time to rest.

I was genuinely exhausted. After a

detailed phone call with Atlas, explaining the situation and the plans for tomorrow, he said, "You get some rest early! I'll come pick you up tomorrow!"

After saying that, he reluctantly hung up the phone.

To my surprise, early the next morning, I saw Nick Wright. He mentioned that he came to coordinate with me for the hospital visit.

I felt a bit embarrassed. However, with his refined manners and affluent appearance, Nick had the demeanor of a wealthy individual. It would make him look more impressive.

Finn arrived early to wait for us, showing he was concerned about this matter.

I didn't know where Arnold got two high-end cars with Foswood license plates. Sean and Finn each drove one, and we set off on time.

The drive from here to the psychiatric hospital was only a 40-minute journey.

The hospital looked quite ordinary, with just two rows of two-story buildings serving as patient wards. The doctor's offices, however, were in a well-constructed five-story building.

As soon as we arrived, the hospital

staff in charge hurriedly greeted us. Nick exuded an impression of affluence, and his entire demeanor

carried a certain dignity. Arnold and I

followed closely behind him.

Both Sean and the other tall, powerful man he brought with were bodyguards because they were both clothed in black suits.

Eleanor held my bag, and for safety

reasons, Arnold didn't let Finn get out of the car, so he waited inside, Arnold didn't want to bring unnecessary trouble to the Bullocks family since he was a resident and a business owner.

The enthusiastic hospital staff led our group to the hospital director's office.

Chapter 1043 Special Management

The hospital's director, Wilbur Valencia, was very polite since our visit was facilitated by elite connections. It seemed that Sean's plan was well thought out.

Nick discussed the purpose of this visit with Wilbur, and what surprised me was that he came to represent the ATL Empire.

Of course, this approach provided more credibility, as the ATL Empire possessed substantial financial resources and could find the information needed with a few clicks.

After the discussion, Nick requested a comprehensive tour of the hospital. Wilbur was naturally cooperative, seeing this as a scarce opportunity for them.

We stood up and followed Wilbur to the ward area. I felt a bit nervous.

The condition inside the small building was quite good, with spacious, clean corridors much better than they appeared from the outside.

Before examining the patient wards, we looked into the medical staff's credentials and the equipment used in the hospital.

Wilbur reported that there were 206 patients in the ward overall.

I carefully observed the patients inside. Some were in such severe condition that they were even chained up.

While inspecting, Arnold raised various questions. "Are there any special wards or private rooms for premium patients?"

"Yes!" Mr. Wilbur answered, and suddenly, I felt him stiffen.

An assistant doctor beside Mr. Wilbur immediately added, "It's not exactly special, just relatively severe cases, so they are individually managed."

It was evident that he had just spilled the beans.

I suddenly understood why Arnold was so noisy. He was diverting the director's attention.

"Since we're here, we want to see how you manage such patients," Arnold said. "The one we saw in Bertsbal Bay has great promotional value." Wilbur immediately asked, "Mr. Arnold, did you also visit the hospital in Bertsbal Bay?"

The psychiatric hospital in Bertsbal Bay was quite famous.

"We can't throw money around blindly! We need to see which one is more valuable!" Arnold said calmly, leading the way.

"But we don't have many patients like this, just one or two occasionally! It's not commonly used!" Mr. Wilbur said, seemingly avoiding something. "Since we're here, we'll look at how you manage these patients!" Nick spoke up.

Hearing the director's words, I

concluded there would be no chance of finding Beatrice in regular wards. I also observed that several people shared one regular ward for patients with better conditions.

The severe cases had only two people, and the most serious cases had individual rooms. However, none of them were Beatrice.

Not knowing her current condition, I felt anxious. But I knew she was here.

After inspecting the ward, Nick offered many suggestions, appearing entirely professional. Then he turned to Mr. Wilbur, "Now, let's look at the special ward you mentioned!"

Mr. Wilbur's face showed a hint of difficulty. That... Currently, the special ward only has one or two patients, and there's not much to see. It's similar to the conditions here. It's just individual rooms.

"Oh?" Nick's brow furrowed slightly. "Is there a problem?"

"Not really... it's just that, based on the requests of the patients' families, we don't allow visitors!" Mr. Wilbur hesitated.

"Does your hospital have such a regulation? Isn't it uniformly managed?" Nick said, "Perhaps it's also 'special'?"

The director's face looked somewhat unpleasant. "No, it's not special; it's just that..."

"In that case, forget it. We can't invest in such an enterprise. We despise these kinds of underhanded tactics! The institutions we invest in will be uniformly managed.

"Any private agreements you have won't be within our consideration," Nick said, expressing displeasure and walking out.

I felt a burning urgency, my heart almost reaching my throat.

"Well, that's it, all gone! I thought I could leave for Nocturnia after checking out this place. It seems we have to go to the next one. Sis, can I not go? I want to return to Solaris!" Arnold said.

"Shut up!" I said, seemingly displeased.

Chapter 1044 Not To Get Any Closer

Arnold looked frustrated, glancing back at Wilbur with a smirk, "Penny wise and pound-foolish!"

Wilbur quickly caught up with Nick. "Mr. Nick, please calm down! I didn't say you couldn't see... but."

"Never mind, I have the least confidence in troublesome situations like yours! Eleanor, contact the next one!" Nick said as he walked out.

Brilliant as always, Eleanor immediately responded, "Yes!"

She took out her phone and deliberately scrolled through the contacts.

Seeing this, Wilbur said, "Mr. Nick, let me take you on a tour immediately!"

Finally, I relaxed a bit. My palms were sweating with anxiety, and I could feel my face heating.

"Such enterprises are challenging to supervise. Let's forget it!" Nick remained stiff.

I hadn't spoken all this time and quickly said, "Why don't we look first? I feel that the conditions here are quite favorable, especially as one of the few well-established psychiatric hospitals in the province." Nick paused and asked me, "Do you think it has some value? Planning for such an enterprise might be a bit difficult. Are you sure you want to see?"

I nodded, "Yes!"

Mr. Wilbur immediately nodded. "Exactly! Our conditions are indeed excellent. Other matters can be discussed later! If necessary, we can communicate with the family in advance."

Nick pondered, and Wilbur kept persuading him. In the end, Nick reluctantly nodded. "Let's take a look first!"

Wilbur was overjoyed and gestured, "This way, please!"

Behind him, an assistant doctor stepped forward to intercept. "...Mr. Wilbur!"

Wilbur glared at him, and Nick gave him an unfriendly look. In the end, the assistant doctor didn't dare to speak again.

We followed Wilbur, walking through

a narrow path between two rows of buildings. I only noticed several bungalows, forming an independent little courtyard behind the building. I saw security cameras in the area.

Inside these bungalows were four or five small rooms, and it was said that only two of them were occupied in one room, faint noises were coming from behind the closed door. Feeling a bit nervous,

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quickened my pace. "Is there

anything different here?"

I eagerly arrived at the door of one of the empty rooms and peered inside. Unfortunately, my disappointment grew. It was occupied by a man standing by the window and muttering something.

I scrutinized the room, "I don't see any difference."

Wilbur awkwardly smiled, "I told you there's no difference."

I turned around and walked towards the next empty room. Only the room above had an occupant.

Wilbur quickly said, "It's the same inside. Miss, you better not get too close! The patient in there might attack people!"

"It's okay. I'm a professional!" I said, walking straight toward it.

The assistant doctor following me called from behind, "Miss, you're not allowed to get close to this room!"

But I couldn't care less. It was as if I hadn't heard him at all. I went directly to the door of that room, eager to look inside.

Inside was only a bed with a

frail-looking figure sitting on it. I

couldn't tell if it was a man or a woman. They wore a faded striped

patient gown, with messy long hair

covering their face as they sat

cross-legged on the bed.

I noticed a chain winding from a certain point on the floor, binding their feet. Even in the room, their movement wasn't free.

"Mr. Wilbur, is there anything special about this room?" I asked loudly, trying to convey my voice inside. If she were Beatrice, she would recognise my voice. The assistant doctor reached my side. "Miss, you're not allowed to get close to this room!"

"What do you mean? It's just a hospital room, isn't it? Why are you so nervous? What's different about this place?" I looked at the doctor with some anger. "The patient's family specifically told us not to approach!" he emphasized, signaling me not to get any closer.

Chapter 1045 Two Distinct People

Arnold immediately said, "Are you sincere? We're here to invest money, not ask you for money. It's just a hospital room, right?"

The assistant doctor looked conflicted, hesitating to speak.

Arnold glanced inside and disdainfully said, "What's the big deal? We've seen mentally ill patients. Why is your situation so special? Open it! I must see who's so important inside."

At this point, Wilbur also needed help to handle it. "Mr. Nick, it's indeed a bit challenging for us. This person is somewhat special. We can negotiate if there are objections, but we can't breach the contract. At least, not for now."

"It's okay. We just want to see the interior conditions. If there's nothing special, then forget it!" Nick said.

While they were talking, I kept my eyes on the person on the bed. She was unaffected by the external disturbances, motionless, with her hair covering her entire face. She might be asleep.

I was so anxious that I almost shouted out Beatrice's name. But at a time like this, I knew calling her name would ruin everything.

My mind was spinning rapidly, trying to figure out a way to confirm if it was Beatrice inside.

Suddenly, I remembered a phrase, something she would understand. We used to say this phrase to each other when we joked around in the dormitory.

"If you don't want to see, fine. I'll just stay on the upper bunk. That's it!" As I said this, I suddenly saw the person lifting her head, looking toward the door.

Fortunately, the assistant doctor's phone rang, and he walked outside. In that instant, I saw her face, clearly presented before my eyes.

I was stunned, my eyes wide open. If that wasn't Beatrice, who else could it be? But her face was slightly smaller, and she was extremely pale. Her eyes were hollow and wide open, like two black holes.

She had lost her original shape, and only the general appearance remained. But those two dark, curved eyebrows were familiar. Back then, when we lay on the bed whispering secrets, I often praised her beautiful eyebrows.

She looked completely different from the Beatrice I knew without these features-like two distinct people.

She stared intently at my face, and I held back the urge to call her name, afraid of revealing my emotions.

However, Beatrice showed no emotions, no surprise or joy. She just kept staring at me.

I was anxious beyond words, afraid

that Wilbur would notice something

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strange. So, I asked, "Mr. W

her condition severe? I can't look very peaceful!"

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Then, I added, "Your eyebrows are the best! You can save on eyebrow pencils!"

This sentence was also something I used to say to her in the past. With my words, I noticed that Beatrice's eyes light up slightly.

Mr. Wilbur didn't understand the meaning of my words and thought I was praising her. He said, "Indeed, she's very beautiful! What a pity!"

"You said she's severely ill?" I asked, still looking at Beatrice.

"Yes, it varies. That's why the family specifically said not to let strangers get close to her, fearing it might affect her emotions." Mr. Wilbur replied, and I could judge his distance from me without turning

around.

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The assistant doctor who had answered the phone rushed over. "Mr. Wilbur, Miss Chandler will be here soon! Quickly leave this place!"

Mr. Wilbur immediately said, "Mr.

Nick, let me

end it here! It's not

appropriate if the family sees me

We

can continue our discussion later."

I quickly turned and glanced at Mr. Wilbur, seeing him looking at Nick. The assistant, however, kept looking at me. "Alright, let's discuss it in more detail later!" I emphasized the word 'later' and looked again at Beatrice inside. "Let's go!" When I said these two words, I saw her body move slightly, and her upper and lower lips opened and closed twice. The assistant doctor glanced inside, and Beatrice instantly resumed her original appearance.

Chapter 1046 Unexpected Encounter

I followed the group outside, feeling a little reluctant. I reflected on the glimpse of Beatrice I had just witnessed.

As we walked out of the building toward the front of the main one, a Maserati entered the courtyard, casually parking without any regard for rules. A glamorous woman stepped out of the car. After getting out, she removed the sunglasses from her face and looked at us arrogantly with an air of superiority. This must be the legendary Hazelyn Marrow, daughter of the Chandler family. My anger surged, but I

had to endure it for Beatrice's safety. After all, the Chandler family still had some influence in Gerby, and we couldn't confirm whether Beatrice was truly ill.

We also lacked concrete evidence to prove that any wrongdoing had been done, and we couldn't take Beatrice away. If the Chandler family intervened, we wouldn't be able to take Beatrice with us, and we might put her in danger.

Byron definitely had issues. It seemed we had to bring down Byron if we wanted to rescue Beatrice. Otherwise, he would never release Beatrice.

It was clear that Beatrice probably knew some secret of his.

"It looks like you're busy, Mr. Wilbur." Hazelyn addressed Wilbur, but her eyes coldly swept over us.

Mr. Wilbur chuckled. "Yes, Ms. Hazelyn. What brings you here today?"

I looked at the woman in front of me, trying to understand the situation. It only took about 40 minutes to travel from downtown to here. We had arrived in less than an hour, which suggested that someone had tipped her off. Otherwise, she wouldn't have gotten here so quickly.

"I came to see Beatrice. The doctor said she hasn't been doing well these past few days, right?" Her tone was ambiguous. She looked at us and asked, "Who are these guests?" "They're investors from Foswood. They're here for a visit," Wilbur replied.

Nick also understood that there was no need to linger any longer. He calmly said, "Let's call it a day, Mr. Wilbur. We'll go back to evaluate this case and take the documents with us. After our review, we'll sit down for a detailed discussion."

Wilbur quickly and obsequiously shook hands with Nick, "I'll be waiting for the good news. If there's anything you need, we'll cooperate to the best of our ability."

"Good. We'll leave now."

After saying that, we turned to leave, but Hazelyn's cold voice suddenly interrupted us. "Hold on...."

We all abruptly stopped and turned to look at her. Arnold looked impatient.

Hazelyn seemed a little stunned as everyone's attention turned to her. But it was clear that she was used to being arrogant and quickly resumed her haughty demeanor. In a clear and cool tone, she asked, "Where are you from? Investment? Hah. You're investing here? What are you investing in?"

Arnold immediately snorted, interrupting anyone else's attempt to speak. "You'd better introduce yourself first. Tell us who the hell you are." "You don't need to know that," Hazelyn said coldly.

"Well, then whether we invest or not

has nothing to do with you, right? Just go visit whoever it is you're here to see, and stop being so insufferable. It's annoying." Arnold's tone, although mischievous, was determined.

"And what if I insist on asking?" Hazelyn seemed to think very highly of herself.

"Are you in charge here?" Arnold

retorted. He looked at Wilbur, asking

aggressively, "This place seems very unorthodox, Mr. Wilbur. Is it

controlled by the family of a patient? Do they have the final say?

Wilbur immediately looked embarrassed. He quickly smiled and said to Arnold, "Of course not. Let me introduce her. This is Ms. Hazelyn, and her family own the Chandler Group."

"I don't care who she is. Is the Chandler Group famous or something?" Arnold looked at Hazelyn disdainfully. "No matter what, she still needs to follow the rules."

Wilbur suddenly looked awkward. He immediately tried to smooth things over, "Maybe you've heard of Chandler Dairy?"

Arnold's response to that was something none of us expected.

Chapter 1047 She's Definitely Not Crazy

Arnold dismissed him. "So what? A milk seller can act all arrogant now? You'd better tone it down, got that?"

"Don't be unreasonable, Arnold. Let's go." Nick said sternly as he cast a faint glance at Hazelyn. It was just a fleeting look, but it was enough to make Hazelyn guess what he meant. The cold aura emanating from him was intimidating.

In the end, Hazelyn didn't dare pick a fight.

Arnold remained silent and followed Nick, who walked confidently toward the exit.

Then, we each boarded two luxurious cars. Under their watchful eyes, we left with heads held high.

On the way back, I kept thinking about Beatrice's final gesture. Was she anxious for me to leave? But her vacant gaze and dull expression made me uncertain. Was she really sick? The way she looked at me sent shivers down my spine. It was not a gaze a normal person would give anyone.

Our group returned to the hotel we had stayed at last night, and I went back to my room.

Arnold immediately asked, "Did you see her, Chlo? Was the person in there your classmate?" "Yes, it's her. She's been locked up, and she's almost unrecognizable." I felt very distressed.

"Do you think she's really mentally ill?" Sean asked.

"I can't be sure... but something feels off," I replied.

Arnold pressed, "What's off about it?"

"Wait, let me think." I shook my head. "It's not right... She understood my coded message. If she's not in her right mind, would she be able to do that?"

I turned to face everyone and continued, "When I saw her, she kept her head down the entire time. She was motionless, like she was asleep. Her long hair covered her face, and I couldn't tell if it was really Beatrice. But I said a coded message we used to say back then to try and confirm that it was her."

Arnold immediately asked, "What coded message did you say? Why didn't I notice?"

"It was something we always said

when we argued back then. She would always start with "If you keep this up, I won't let you sleep on the lower bunk", to which I would respond, "So what? I'll sleep

upper bunk then! What's the big

deal?"

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I explained the anecdote behind that sentence so that everyone could understand.

"When I said that, she suddenly

looked up at me. But she remained motionless even as she looked at me. She said nothing and showed no expression. She was just staring with those eyes that looked like deep voids." I detailed the situation to them.

When Finn heard my words, his expression turned grim.

Feeling unsettled, I shook my head and muttered, "How could this happen? Why did Beatrice turn out like this?"

Everyone remained silent, and I couldn't stop thinking about her expression when she looked at me.

"But when we said we were leaving,

she leaned forward, and her lips

moved Her lips first formed an O

shape, then she pulled her lips into a line. What does that mean?"

mimicked what she did.

Suddenly, I froze in place, still holding that pose. Then, I turned abruptly to face everyone. They looked at me in surprise.

"No, Beatrice isn't mad!" I asserted. "She definitely isn't mad!"

Urgently, I told everyone, "When she heard we were leaving, she was anxious. Her body leaned forward, and she did that with her lips. Try to do what she did."

After I explained, they all mimicked the motion. Then, Arnold exclaimed, "Holy crap! She was calling you!"

"She recognizes me. She was calling my name!" I said excitedly.

Finn seemed to breathe a sigh of relief and said, "I told you she wasn't crazy."

Sean grew serious. "Looks like we really need to investigate this thoroughly."

The robust man who had come with him asked, "Should we apply to the bureau to file a case?"

As soon as he asked the question, everyone said, "No way!"

Chapter 1048 No Storm I Can't Shield You From

"What are you saying? Absolutely not! We need to handle this quietly ourselves. We can't make this public. If the news leaks, the investigation will fail, and it might lead to unforeseen complications." Sean quickly told the man, "Use your brain. I bet this involves higher-ups for sure."

Everyone agreed with Sean.

"I really want to meet this Byron guy," I said.

Finn immediately added, "There's a business networking party in Gerby tonight, and many local and foreign businessmen will attend. Byron should be there."

It was almost noon. If I wanted to return to Foswood by today, I needed to leave soon.

I looked at Nick, and he understood my meaning. After thinking for a moment, he said, "We should stay. I want to meet those important people in Gerby, and Arnold's here too. We can go together."

After finalizing the plan, Finn left, saying goodbye until the evening. The rest of us went downstairs for lunch.

Later, I went to explore the malls in Gerby with Eleanor. We were planning to check out some outfits for the event tonight.

Before reaching the mall, Atlas called. I quickly answered.

I couldn't stop smiling while talking to him. My plans had changed. I had promised to be back in Foswood today, but it seemed impossible now.

His gentle voice echoed in my ears, "What's going on? Why are you in such a good mood?"

"I can't come back tonight. You know already, right?" I knew he was pretending not to know. If Nick hadn't reported it to him, Arnold would have.

"Yeah," he replied nonchalantly. "Looks like someone's getting wild out there."

I chuckled. "Not at all. This is a special situation."

"What are you doing now?" he asked. I could hear that he wasn't in the office. He was probably in the car.

"I'm going to the mall. There's a

networking event here tonight, and I want to meet Byron. I didn't bring a lot of clothes here, let alone an outfit for the event. I can't show up looking like a mess. I'll go to the mall and find something last-minute.

"Hmm. What time does the party start?" he asked.

"It starts at 7 pm tonight," I said. "Don't worry about me. I'll definitely be back tomorrow. You can rest assured."

"You've learned how to lie to me, huh?" Atlas's tone was indulgent. "What if there's another special situation?"

I chuckled. "No way! How can there be so many special situations? Once I'm back, I'll tell you all about it, and you'll understand. I'm afraid Byron has a major problem." "Then investigate him," Atlas said firmly.

"Atlas, I need to save Beatrice from

this misery. In my memories of the past ten years, Beatrice was an important person in my life. She gave me many beautiful memories, and now she's in distress. If I didn't know, it would be one thing, but I saw the terrible situation she was in today.

"She looked emaciated, like a zombie. She used to be cheerful and animated, but now she's like this. She's a normal person locked up in a mental institution. Imagine how

helpless she must feel.

I can't even

bear to think about it, Atlas. Today, when we said we were leaving, she looked desperate and muttered my

name."

I choked up, and the surge of emotions I had been trying to hold back broke through.

"I'll definitely help you save her from this ordeal. Don't worry," Atlas assured me unequivocally.

"But it's not an easy task. To save her and give her freedom, we need to bring Byron down. It's challenging, and I...", I hesitated.

"I promised you I'd do it, and I'll keep my promise. We can do it. Remember, as long as I'm here, there's no storm I can't shield you from, and no problem I can't solve."

I stood still for a moment, then burst into tears and laughter, surprising Eleanor, who rushed to comfort me. Before she could speak, I expressed my gratitude to Atlas over the phone, "Thank you, my dear husband."

Eleanor awkwardly moved away.

Chapter 1049 The Business Networking Event

Even though I was already his wife, his words still moved me. We were destined to be together, and I was grateful to the heavens for giving me this perfect man to spend the rest of my life with. The party in Gerby was on the top floor of the Saint Eastin International, the most luxurious banquet hall in Gerby and the tallest landmark in the city.

Arnold, dressed in a tailored suit and leather shoes, accompanied me. His elegant demeanor attracted many admiring glances.

There were quite a few foreigners in attendance at the party.

Both Eleanor and I wore suits. Since there were no international brands at the shopping mall, we opted for local top-tier brands. But I didn't expect to find myself embroiled in an inexplicable situation with Hazelyn just because of my outfit.

The scene was bustling, with glasses clinking, lively conversations, and men laughing at every corner. On the other hand, women discussed and evaluated each other's appearances.

The women were mostly adorned in evening gowns, and they were clearly the wives and socialites of the city's business circle. Despite it being a business networking event, it felt more like a matchmaking party, with flirtatious glances being exchanged everywhere.

Of course, those present were all either rich or influential figures in Gerby.

Our outfits were professional and inconspicuous, so we didn't draw much attention, but our presence sparked some whispers, perhaps because no one had ever seen us before.

I overheard someone whispering, "They're clearly outsiders, and it looks like they're here on business. Just look at their outfits. They're probably white-collar workers from some company." "She is quite beautiful, and she's definitely not from Gerby."

Before long, I spotted the smartly dressed Finn in the crowd. In the past few days, I had seen his low-key side. He had been in paint-splattered work clothes or simple shirts. But now, he looked incredibly handsome in a well-tailored suit, which brought out his strong features and sturdy build.

I didn't greet him as I didn't want to involve the Bullock family in this. I just wanted them to handle things for me when needed.

Arnold said, "I'll go talk to those foreigners. Don't stray too far from me."

"Sure," I nodded.

Arnold turned and walked toward the group of foreign businessmen.

I was engaged in a lively

conversation with two middle-aged ladies when the crowd around us started looking in one direction.

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turned to see a dazzling.net

walking in. The man exuded

confidence, and the woman smiled charmingly.

Upon closer inspection, I recognized the woman. It was Hazelyn, who I had encountered earlier in the mental hospital that morning.

Tonight, she was dressed

extravagantly adorned with jewels in

a sapphire blue evening gown. It was conservative, suitable for a business networking event, but it was evident that the

s was f

a luxury brand, and it didn't come

cheap.

She wore a complete set of diamond jewelry, and her makeup was meticulous, enhancing her average looks and making her stand out.

But what caught my attention more

was the man she was arm in arm with. He was tall and imposing. His features were not particularly outstanding, but he exuded a strong presence that wasn't commonly

seen in Gerby.

I wondered if this was the rumored boyfriend of Hazelyn who would later become her husband. Was that Gabriel Russell?

While I was lost in thought, I overheard the two middle-aged women beside me sneering. "Here comes Hazelyn again."

"She's becoming unbearable."

"The Chandler family have been flaunting their wealth these past few years. They even made Helen hand over Keller's Dairy to their family. I feel sorry for her. And now, her daughter's gone crazy."

"I heard Byron and Gabriel are planning to acquire Grand Tribeca together. Looks like the Russell family is on the prowl."

I glanced at Eleanor, thinking about Grand Tribeca. That name seemed familiar.

Chapter 1050 Bad Reputation

I could sense the disdain the two women behind me had for the Chandler family.

"Hmph. The Russell family is just as deceitful. They're cut from the same cloth as Byron. If you ask me, if Helen hadn't married Byron, she wouldn't have died so early."

"All her troubles were caused by her own mistakes. Our daughters should be careful when they look for a man. Gabriel isn't a good person either. Look at Hazelyn. She's only a little younger than her elder sister. It shows that there was definitely something between Byron and Jocelyn! Helen might have been driven to her death by those two." The two women chatted fervently.

I pretended to lose my balance and staggered backward, bumping into one of the ladies. I quickly bent down to apologize.

"Oops. I'm so sorry!" I smiled apologetically.

The woman turned to look at me and said gently, "No worries. It's okay."

I quickly continued, "You're both very kind. You have an air of prosperity, unlike those other women."

My words pleased them, and they looked at me, asking, "I don't think we've seen you before, Miss. Are you from around here?"

"I'm from Foswood. I happened to be in Gerby for some business and was invited to the event." I replied.

"No wonder. You don't seem like someone from Gerby." They exchanged glances and asked me, "What business are you here for?"

After a moment of thought, I said, "I'm interested in investing in the medical field. I'm mainly here to visit a mental hospital."

"Oh? Gerby does have a mental hospital, but it's small," one of them said. She glanced at the other woman. "That's where the Chandler family's eldest daughter is."

"I just saw her. There's an elder daughter? I thought they only had one daughter. Am I wrong?" I asked, pretending to be surprised.

The two women exchanged glances again, and one of them gestured toward Hazelyn, saying, "Her?"

They both snorted at the same time.

It seemed like the Chandler family wasn't highly regarded.

"We thought about working with the Chandler family, but there have been rumors about their questionable conduct. We're still in the evaluation process. Could you ladies give me some advice?" I asked humbly.

The slightly plump one immediately said, "It would be better to be cautious when dealing with them."

She looked at her companion, who also said, "That's right. It would be best to conduct a thorough evaluation."

"Who's the most powerful family in Gerby?" I asked curiously. "I heard that the Chandler family is very influential now."

"The Chandler family? In Gerby, the top four influential families are the Henderson, Cruz, Schwart and Olson families, with the Hendersons being the most powerful. However, the Olson family's influence has declined in recent years."

"Why is that?" I asked, wanting to dispel their wariness.

The two ladies smiled knowingly, "Looks like you really don't know what's going on in Gerby. There's no one left of the Olson family."

"Ah." I feigned surprise. "Is that so? I didn't know."

"They're all dead, so the Chandler family kind of took their spot."

"Is the Chandler family very influential right now?" I acted like a naive newcomer.

"Hmph. They're devious, but powerful," one of the ladies said. "You need to be careful if you want to work with them."

"Thank you for your advice. I'll remember that. It was nice to meet you. People in Gerby are really nice," I said sincerely.

"That's true. Most people in Gerby

are good, but you'll definitely find all

kinds of people in such a big city," one of them said. We all bro

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into a

I overheard some young women behind me commenting on Hazelyn's clothes.

"Did you see that? Apparently Hazelyn's dress was custom-made in Lexington by a top designer."

"That jewelry set she's wearing is the real deal. heard it's an exclusive design from Sautoir Fine Jewelry, and there's only one set in the whole world. The price is crazy!"

"Who can compare to Hazelyn? She's the princess of the Chandler family. Of course she has the best. She's the heir of the Chandler family, after all." Sautoir Fine Jewelry?

I smirked. So that was how it was.