

Divorce 1051

Chapter 1051 Successfully Attracting Attention

I glanced at Eleanor and whispered, "They're talking about Sautoir Fine Jewelry."

The two ladies beside me commented, "Young people nowadays are so materialistic. They don't even look at who's wearing the jewelry. Is that girl a princess?"

It seemed these two individuals harbored deep-seated resentment toward the Chandler family.

Just as I was about to inquire further, there was a sudden commotion behind us.

"Oh, Ms. Hazelyn, your gown is gorgeous! I've been admiring it for quite some time."

"I love your jewelry! Is it from Sautoir? It looks quite expensive."

"Haha. It's not expensive at all. Just a little over a million dollars. After all, our family collaborates with Sautoir, so I always get to choose from the latest release."

I found her words amusing. Collaborating with Sautoir? The Chandler family? This was news to me.

I discreetly listened to their conversation, and the two middle-aged ladies beside me scoffed, casting a sidelong glance at Hazelyn.

"I heard the Chandler family is making big moves again. Hazelyn, you're fortunate!"

"Yeah. My father said our business wasn't suitable for girls, so he forced me to manage high-end malls. That's why I wanted to take over Grand Tribeca." Hazelyn proudly explained, her tone sounding somewhat helpless.

Her flaunting was well-practiced, but I wondered how much truth was behind her words.

Suddenly, a girl exclaimed excitedly, "Really? Oh my. So, does that mean we'll have a high-end mall in Gerby in the future? That's fantastic. We won't have to go elsewhere to buy luxury goods anymore. My favorite mall is Arkadia Plaza in Foswood."

"Arkadia Plaza is nothing. After acquiring Grand Tribeca, I plan to operate it following foreign management practices. My father said the next step is to acquire Arkadia Plaza, hoping that all the first-tier cities in the country will have our luxury malls." Hazelyn's tone was assertive.

"What? Does your family want to acquire Arkadia Plaza? I heard Arkadia Plaza's owner has a background." a girl countered.

I almost burst into laughter.

Even Eleanor looked at me

wide-eyed and whispered, "Did I hear

correctly? They want to acquire Arkadia Plaza? That takes some

nerve. Where did she get that confidence?"

I barely held back my laughter. Finally, I couldn't contain it and burst into a chuckle.

My laughter attracted quite a bit of attention, even from the two ladies beside me, who looked at me with confusion.

I quickly suppressed my amusement, but I successfully drew Hazelyn's attention even with that small chuckle.

Hazelyn walked over to me

gracefully while narrowing her eyes. The gleam in her eyes suddenly turned cold as she stared at me.

"You're the young lady I saw anet

the

hospital this morning, right? What, are you here to find clients for investment?"

Her tone was full of disdain and mockery.

Then she scrutinized me up and down, sarcastically saying, "I really can't tell. With such a cheap-looking outfit, how dare you say you've come to invest in Gerby? Aren't you underestimating people in Gerby?"

Her sharp voice immediately drew surprised glances, and many people turned to look at me.

Their gazes were like spotlights, scanning me from head to toe and scrutinizing my appearance. In their eyes, my clothes were considered "cheap." Some had already started whispering.

For a moment, I regretted praising the people here for not being judgmental. This was a reality check for me.

Hazelyn, satisfied with the attention she garnered, continued with even more enthusiasm.

Chapter 1052 His Sudden Arrival

"I think you better tell me exactly what you were doing at the hospital," Hazelyn said arrogantly with her arms crossed over her chest.

I smiled and softly said, "Ms. Hazelyn, right? Who says you can't discuss investments while wearing a simple outfit?"

Hazelyn exaggeratedly laughed. "Look at you. You're dressed so shabbily yet dare to be so confident."

"Ms. Hazelyn, do you place so much importance on money? What kind of attire, in your opinion, would make someone look like an investor?" I pressed on with a challenging tone.

She snorted dismissively, rolling her eyes. "Certainly not like you. Just tell me. What exactly are you doing in Gerby?"

The people around us shifted their attention to me, and their gazes now carried suspicion, as if I were some dubious character.

I calmly said, "What? Is it necessary to inform the Chandler family whenever someone comes to Gerby?"

"It depends on the matter. I think it's necessary for your case," Hazelyn said unapologetically.

Gabriel, by her side, had yet to say a word. He gazed at me indifferently, not intervening. I instantly lost any favorable impression I might have had of him.

I felt sad for Beatrice for having a boyfriend like this back then.

"So, every outsider here needs your family's permission?"

"Since when did the threshold for Gerby's business event become so low? Can anyone of this caliber enter this place? You're dressed in such a low-class manner, yet you dare stand here and confront me? Gerby is not a place for people like you!"

"Who do you think you are?" A penetrating voice came from behind the crowd.

As soon as this statement was made, the gathering crowd became restless, turning their heads to look behind them.

What caught everyone's eyes was a tall and sturdy figure, exuding a powerful aura. Crystal lights illuminated his stunningly handsome face, giving him a golden halo that accentuated his nobility.

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seemed divine.

The man exuded a cold aura and an imposing presence that warned strangers to keep their distance. He walked like a ruler surveying his kingdom, and his head was held

high as he approached.

Wherever he went, there were subdued gasps.

I was stunned by the spectacle. Like all the women around me, I was mesmerized and had a silly smile.

How could my husband be so handsome? It was just unreasonable.

Ignoring all the gasps and praises, he walked directly to my side and embraced me. Then he turned around, facing Hazelyn, "My wife doesn't need your scrutiny. Who do you think you are?"

With this casual remark, everyone was bewildered, casting disdainful glances at Hazelyn.

I saw Hazelyn already petrified, her eyes unable to shift away from Atlas's handsome face.

As for Gabriel, his eyes were fixed on Atlas's figure. The imposing aura emanating from him left Gabriel dumbfounded.

Just then, a man recognized Atlas and exclaimed, "Mr. Atlas, it's you!"

Someone asked the man, "Who is he?"

"This is Mr. Atlas Pierce, CEO of ATL Empire." The man joyfully exclaimed, clearly pleased to have recognized him. "What? Mr. Atlas?"

"The richest man in the world?"

"I-Is he really Atlas? Atlas is in Gerby? Oh my. Is he here to discuss a project?"

Chapter 1053 Modesty is the Best Policy

Atlas nodded slightly at the man with a cold expression.

His icy gaze swept over Hazelyn's face, leaving her somewhat trembling.

She stared at me. "You..."

Some people seemed to have understood the situation and approached us. Just then, Nick, accompanied by several city officials, walked through the crowd and said, "Mr. Atlas, great to see you here! We've been waiting for you."

After shaking hands with several important figures, Atlas calmly stated, "I had my wife come to Gerby for a survey first."

Whispers filled the crowd instantly.

"It's really Atlas from ATL Empire. Is he coming here to invest?"

Some voices criticized Hazelyn for her earlier arrogance.

"Oh my, just now, someone said they came looking so shabby. Haha. Saying that the world's largest financial group is shabby? She's just too arrogant and doesn't know her place."

"That's right. Other people are just low-key. Look at him, topping the wealth rankings, and he's not flaunting it."

Everyone turned disdainful glances toward Hazelyn.

The high-ranking officials hastily apologized, "Mr. Atlas, they're just ignorant. Please don't mind them."

Hazelyn paled upon hearing that. Beside her, Gabriel's face turned red, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

At that moment, several well-known businessmen gathered around, paying their respects to Atlas.

"Hello, Mr. Atlas. I'm Byron Chandler, and it's a pleasure to meet you."

I immediately looked over and saw a tall middle-aged man. At first glance, you could tell that he bore some resemblance to Beatrice.

However, behind his smiling face, his eyes seemed to hide a trace of darkness.

He walked up to Atlas with a full smile, extending his hand.

Atlas gave the man a cold and distant look, then said, "Mr. Byron, I just heard that you were considering acquiring Arkadia Plaza. Is that right?" Byron clicked his tongue twice, speechless.

"I wonder, Mr. Byron, which store

you have your eyes on, or are you planning an overall acquisition? Under A

Empire, Arkadia Plaza is

only open in 22 domestic locations. When would you like to negotiate? I can consider selling them all over to you."

As Atlas spoke, he shocked everyone. Many understood the concept. Even if it were just one of those 22 stores or even one in Foswood, it would likely be enough to buy the entire Gerby.

I couldn't help but smile at Hazelyn's terrible expression.

She looked at her father with a panicked expression and said, "I..."

Byron, frozen in place, looked at Hazelyn with sinister eyes.

Now, I noticed the intense hostility in Byron's eyes. He even exuded a hint of ruthlessness toward his daughter.

That must be why he could personally send his daughter to a psychiatric hospital.

His hand hung mid-air as Atlas showed no intention of shaking hands with him. Ultimately, he had no choice but to retract his hand awkwardly.

He looked at Atlas and said in a low voice, "My daughter is young and knows nothing. She's just spouting nonsense because of her admiration for you."

Gabriel hurriedly added, "Mr. Atlas, please forgive us. Hazel was just joking."

Atlas didn't even look at Gabriel and continued questioning Byron, "Mr. Byron, as far as I know, Sautoir Fine Jewelry under ATL Empire has not cooperated with anyone in Torado. Currently, it is available only in Arkadia Plaza.

"May I ask when Ms. Hazelyn began this collaboration with us? As for the latest release, only my wife has the right to choose them!"

Byron paused, seemingly not understanding Atlas's words. He stared blankly at Atlas towering above him. He suddenly seemed to comprehend something before looking at Hazelyn. Hazelyn gulped and questioned with doubt, "Sautoir Fine Jewelry is... yours?"

Chapter 1054 Talking Nonsense

Someone in the crowd chuckled and mocked, "You don't even know who owns Sautoir Fine Jewelry. Who in the world did she collaborate with?"

This statement stirred the crowd, leading to a chorus of hisses.

"Even if you're boasting, do some research in advance. You've shown your ignorance and got embarrassed, right? How can the Chandler family be so shameless?" I recognized the voice-it was Arnold.

Sure enough, he strolled out of the crowd with his hands in his pockets, staring straight at Hazelyn. "Where did you get your confidence from?"

Atlas calmly added, "Ignorance is forgivable. I'll make sure she deeply understands what being poor and shabby truly means."

Afterward, Atlas embraced me and turned to Nick, saying, "Is Mr. Nathan here? Let's talk business."

The high-level executives nodded and bowed, "Mr. Nathan has been waiting for you, Mr. Atlas. This way, please."

As our group was about to leave, Arnold said, "Ms. Hazelyn, here's a piece of advice for you. Be careful with your boasting. It's risky, and you might end up in a tough spot."

"Oh, and you might want to reconsider wearing that necklace. A set from Sautoir costs no less than tens of millions, and even the fakes aren't worth less than a million. Next time, if you're going for a fake, be more discreet about it, and don't brag too much."

He turned and followed us away amidst the astonishment of the crowd,

A crisp slap echoed from behind.

Under the gaze of the crowd, we walked together toward the exit. I saw Finn in the crowd with a satisfied smile.

After leaving the banquet hall, we followed the local high-level officials downstairs to a meeting room.

While walking, I looked up at him and asked in a low voice, "Why did you suddenly come?"

Atlas smirked, looking quite pleased. "If you're here, I naturally have to come."

Then, leaning close to my ear, he said, "I missed you."

I knew he was just trying to make me happy, but one thing I was sure of was that if I weren't here, he wouldn't have plans to come to Gerby.

He kept his promises to me, and he

was probably concerned that I might be unable to handle the current situation, especially with the

Beatrice situation seeming a bit complicated.

I glanced at him, smiling contentedly.

No matter what, that slap just now was so satisfying. Hazelyn's arrogance was overbearing, and she had a knack for making things up. She needed a lesson.

The next moment, I looked at him curiously and whispered, "How did you know what Hazelyn said?"

Atlas raised an eyebrow and glanced at Arnold.

Arnold proudly said, "Do you think

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I'm far from you? When I saw you standing with that woman, I unlocked my phone, and let Atlas listen to the live broadcast

"Oh, you're so clever. I have to give you credit." I giggled.

Arnold scratched his head in frustration and said indignantly, "Am I really that foolish to you?"

"Are you not?" I teased, looking at him with a mischievous smile.

I was delighted. I didn't expect such a tacit understanding between him and Atlas.

Upon reaching the meeting room downstairs, I learned that the one receiving us was the highest official in this region.

As we entered, everyone in the room stood up warmly, coming toward us.

Atlas knew Nathan. He let go of me, shook hands warmly with Nathan, and the latter smiled. "Long time no see."

Atlas smiled and humbly replied, "I've been busy lately, so our communication has been sparse. My apologies."

Nathan grabbed Atlas's hand, patting his back repeatedly. "I've been eagerly awaiting your arrival. Your presence will boost my region's GDP." Everyone laughed heartily, but knew that what he said was a fact.

Chapter 1055 Thorough Investigation

Nathan didn't beat around the bush after everyone was seated. He expressed his hopes for Atlas in this region and the general direction they wanted to collaborate on.

Atlas listened without offering too many opinions. Dylan was replaced by Cane, who listened attentively.

Atlas only mentioned that these projects needed a comprehensive assessment and that any investment must yield returns.

Nathan seemed aware of my identity, smiling as he looked at me, asking for my impression of this place.

As I was thinking about how to respond, Atlas gave me an affectionate smile and said, "My wife is mainly involved in a project with Jaxford Doors. Perhaps you've heard about it, Mr. Nathan.

"The construction project in Bourdamun is under her management, and she has decided to use the high-end doors from Gerby's Jaxford Doors as the flagship doors for the new area."

The mayor of Gerby immediately became enthusiastic. "Indeed, we have several large enterprises in Gerby doing very well. Jaxford Doors, Chandler's Dairy, Henderson Group, and others are outstanding companies."

When he mentioned Chandler's Dairy, I smiled subtly.

Atlas sat there lazily, glanced at the mayor, and said, "Actually, my wife has another important matter to attend to during this visit."

"If Mrs. Chloe needs us to do something, we will do our best to help." The mayor immediately pledged.

"I came to visit an ex-classmate," I spoke up.

"Oh, so you have an ex-classmate here?" Nathan asked with a smile.

Atlas smiled. "This classmate of hers is hard to meet. I also came for this matter."

Nathan became interested. "Why? What makes it so hard? Do you need our help?"

"Yes. Without your help, it would be hard to meet her," Atlas said with a hint of sarcasm.

"How so?"

Atlas glanced at everyone present, and Nathan immediately understood what he meant, leaving only the mayor behind while asking others to step out.

Atlas then recounted the entire story to Nathan and Gerby's mayor.

After listening, Nathan slammed the table. "Such audacity! I can't believe there's such a thing under my jurisdiction. It's outrageous.

Investigate thoroughly. I'll personally

handle it this time."

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His words shocked me. Now I understood why Atlas rushed to Gerby overnight. No wonder he confidently said there was no storm he couldn't shield me from. Arnold, who had been silent on the other side, suddenly said, "Mr. Nathan, may I make a request?"

Nathan nodded at Arnold and said, "Go ahead. It's rare to see you making a request."

With these words, it was evident they knew each other.

"I want to hand over this matter to my classmate, Sean Manning, a cop in Gerby. I trust no one else."
Arnold was straightforward in his request. The mayor was a little embarrassed.

Arnold continued, "I'm afraid

of

someone from their team might be within your management team, so must seek your approval. A special case requires special handling We'll investigate thoroughly. If there's a leak of information, we must not be the one who leaks the information!"

"Alright. I approve. Tomorrow, have Officer Sean report to my office."

"He's here." Arnold promptly added.

"Bring him to see me immediately." Nathan seemed genuinely angry now, pointing at the major and saying, "You have hidden some great people here!" The mayor, perhaps never expecting such a disaster, turned pale.

At that moment, Sean walked in, exuding an imposing aura. The discussion continued into the late night, while the networking had long ended.

Sean had done a lot of research on

the matter, but his decision was not to alert the enemy. He planned to conduct undercover work first to gather solid evidence before taking action.

Although I was still eager to rescue Beatrice, it wasn't the ideal time. The law required evidence.

Chapter 1056 Another Trip to the Mental Hospital

Back at the hotel, I was too tired to move. Atlas bent down, gave me a quick look, then gently removed my shoes.

I rolled onto the bed with a grumble, and Atlas softly suggested, "Go take a shower before you sleep, okay?"

"I don't want to," I replied with my eyes closed.

Ignoring my protests, he lifted me up, undressed me, and carried me into the bathroom. I had no strength to resist, so I quickly showered then hurried back to bed.

After finishing his own shower, Atlas came out with a hairdryer to dry my hair. Looking at him, I asked, "Can't we get Beatrice out first? I don't want her to suffer in there anymore."

"Don't get impatient. We need to plan this carefully. If we act hastily, it might lead to a chain reaction. We can't let them figure out what's going on. They won't stay calm for long. What happened today will put Byron on alert. I've arranged for someone to monitor him secretly and prevent him from doing anything desperate."

Atlas comforted me while blow-drying my hair. "You wouldn't want your classmate to get out and watch everyone else get away with what they did to her, right?"

"No way. Everything that belongs to her must be returned. Why does Hazelyn deserve to enjoy the Keller family's fortune? I won't agree to it, even if Beatrice does. I've seen Beatrice's condition. She's suffering inside, chained up like a dog. Those measures are supposed to be reserved for severely ill patients, but she's just a normal person." I couldn't contain my emotions.

"Don't worry. I came here to make the authorities take this seriously and investigate it thoroughly. We can't let someone like Byron go unpunished. That would be unfair. He has no reason to be so arrogant. I believe in the impartiality of the law."

I calmed myself and said, "Speaking of which, we really have to thank Michelle. If it weren't for her and Theo's persistence in organizing a reunion, Beatrice would have been in complete darkness. She would have died in that asylum."

I mumbled to myself, then sat up abruptly. "We need to find a way for me to see Beatrice again. I need to give her hope, something to look forward to."

When I saw Atlas's lack of response, I grabbed his hand, "She's in complete darkness in there. She probably feels so helpless right now! I need to give her hope and a reason to hold on."

Atlas embraced me and gave me a kiss. "We'll figure something out. Right now, you need to rest."

I looked at him stubbornly, saying, "This is top priority. Forget about resting."

"Okay, I'll come up with a plan." Atlas had to compromise.

He put the hairdryer back in the bathroom and got into bed, where willingly nestled into his arms. I rambled on, "Why does she have a father like that? He's insane! can't believe someone like him exists..."

Soon, I drifted into dreamland.

The next day, I woke up after 8 a.m. and was surprised when I saw the time. I quickly sat up. "Why didn't you wake me?" I looked at Atlas, who was in the room looking at his laptop.

"You were exhausted, and you were sleeping so soundly," he explained, closing his laptop and turning toward me. "Freshen up. We're going for breakfast."

"What about that thing I mentioned?" I asked Atlas anxiously, afraid he wouldn't agree to let me visit Beatrice again.

"At ten o'clock, there will be a comprehensive inspection by the health department at the hospital," Atlas said confidently. "You'll go with them."

I jumped up, hugged his neck, and exclaimed, "Baby, you're amazing! I knew you'd find a way."

He smiled charmingly, patted my buttocks, and said, "You little troublemaker. If I hadn't agreed to this, would you have willingly gone back to Foswood?"

I laughed, flirtatiously swaying in his arms.

He continued in an indulgent tone, "If you don't freshen up, we won't have time for breakfast."

I quickly released him and rushed

into the bathroom to wash up. While

I was freshening up, I teased, "Fortunately, your wife is a natural beauty and doesn't need makeup. She can go out without any fuss. Otherwise, how could she enchant everyone around her?"

He approached, looking at me. "Really? Why don't you show me just how enchanting you are?"

I giggled, dodging his gaze, and quickly finished freshening up. Then we went downstairs for breakfast.

Atlas and Arnold would draw too much attention, so they couldn't come with me. I went with Eleanor instead.

Worried that I might wander off, Atlas repeatedly reminded me to be cautious, find an alternative if I couldn't get close, and not to act recklessly or alert anyone.

I nodded solemnly and put on the white coat that had been prepared in advance before heading downstairs.

Chapter 1057 Routine Inspection

Eleanor and I followed the health department's vehicle straight to the mental hospital.

During the journey, I learned that this was in fact the day for a comprehensive inspection by the health department. I was surprised that so many people had been mobilized for my idea. If it weren't for Atlas, this wouldn't have been possible.

What surprised me even more was that Tommy McGrath was leading the team. He was the one who had posed as another bodyguard to come with us to the mental hospital yesterday. It seemed he was Sean's assistant for this case.

When we arrived at the hospital, I felt a sense of familiarity since I had been here before. Before we left the car, Eleanor and I tied up our hair and put on surgical masks. I was confident that no one would recognize me in this disguise.

As we entered the courtyard, I noticed Hazelyn's Maserati.

Quietly, I whispered to Tommy, "This is bad. Looks like Hazelyn is here."

Tommy noticed the car too and furrowed his brows. He whispered back, "Stay calm. Let's play it by ear."

Wilbur hurriedly came out to deal with us and instructed the assistant doctor from yesterday to accompany us during the inspection. My heart sank; what I feared most was coming true. We were suspicious of him, and he must have some connection to the Chandler family. Otherwise, Hazelyn wouldn't have rushed here so quickly yesterday.

I started to suspect why Hazelyn had come today. I had a bad feeling about this.

The inspection covered not only hygiene, medical equipment, and medical staff, but it was also a comprehensive check of all patients.

The assistant doctor was evasive, resisting the check. When we finally finished inspecting the two buildings and came out, I noticed that Hazelyn's car was gone. It seemed she had already left.

Anxiety overwhelmed me. I looked at Tommy, signaling that we should head to the back quickly.

However, the assistant doctor declared to Tommy, "This is how our hospital operates. You've seen it all."

I could tell they were trying to hide something.

Tommy glanced at him, then checked his notebook and pointed to the back. "I was here for the last inspection, and there's an intensive care unit at the back. How can we be done without checking that? The inspection is more stringent this time. Don't try to cause any trouble."

After saying that, he walked toward the small path leading to the back, and we quickly followed.

Our group consisted of about eight

on

people, making quite a spectacle. The assistant doctor hurriedly approached him. "Mr. Tommy, there's only one patient left at back, and her situation is very

serious. The family has inter-

us, not to let outsiders get into

contact with her. Please don't make

things difficult for me."

"Why do you say I'm making things difficult for you? This is a strict order from the superiors. We need to conduct a comprehensive and thorough inspection. If you don't let me check everything, how can I explain it to them?" Tommy said without hesitation. "Zach, go call the hospital director."

A young man behind him promptly responded, turning around and leaving.

The assistant doctor looked displeased. "It's the same thing every time. Why are you so serious about this? You should try to help us. Why are you making a fuss?"

Tommy immediately retorted, "Why are you so serious then? We each have our responsibilities. If I don't inspect that room, it's negligence on my part. I've brought a lot of people here. How can I justify it if I don't carry out the inspection?"

Tommy's attitude was firm, and he

refused to budge an inch. "This is different from last time! It's a requirement from the provincial authorities. What can I do about it? If you want, you can call the higher-ups. If they agree, I'll leave immediately. Do you think I enjoy doing this? I still need to check another hospital later. If you keep wasting my time, how will I have enough time for that? Will you

inspect the next hospital for me?"

At that moment, Wilbur walked over and looked at Tommy. "You're Mr. Tommy, right? We don't mean to obstruct you. It's just that the patient in there is a little special."

"But Mr. Wilbur, here in my area,

there are no special treatments for

anyone. It's just a routine inspection

I need to carry out. If I don't inspect

this hospital thoroughly, what

Will

happen if a superior performs an audit? How will I explain?" Tommy's reasoning was solid, and truly

admired his quick thinking.

"We're here to check the hygiene, environment, personnel matching... What does that have to do with whether this person is special or not?" Wilbur looked displeased, and he glared at the assistant doctor. "Let them check the back! Stop causing trouble."

When the assistant doctor saw Wilbur speaking up, he had to step aside.

I intentionally glanced at him and noticed his face was tense. My heart sank instantly.

Chapter 1058 Recently Assaulted

Tommy didn't say a word and walked into the room with an annoyed expression, saying, "Open all the room doors, quick. I still need to go to the next hospital. I can't waste too much time here."

When we entered the building, my apprehension grew. I glanced at Tommy, who was commanding, "Speed up, check every room thoroughly, and don't leave any spots unchecked! Hurry up. The sooner we finish, the sooner we can wrap up. We need to go to the next hospital."

Then he directed his subordinates from a distance, "Open the rooms. Every single one. This... that room over there."

I signaled to Eleanor, and she quickly pretended to walk toward the inside. "Hurry up."

With my white gloves on, I felt around every corner. The assistant doctor immediately ordered us to open all the rooms. When it came to the one inside, he stood at the doorway, "I think we can skip this one. The person inside just had an episode, and we haven't cleaned up yet."

"Open it," Tommy said without hesitation. He walked over and repeated, "Open it!"

The assistant doctor glanced at Wilbur, who had also followed us, and he raised his hand. "Open the door."

The assistant doctor had no choice but to find the key and reluctantly open the room. Tommy strode in, and I followed closely.

The moment I entered that room, I was stunned. The floor was a mess. It was scattered with food, vegetable leaves, soup, and a steamed bun smashed to pieces, with footprints still visible.

There were also small spots of blood.

My heart sank instantly.

There was no one on the bed. I carefully looked around, and in a corner, a small and frail figure was curled up, still convulsing.

Tommy glanced around and said, "Why is the room like this?"

The assistant doctor quickly explained, "She just had an episode, and we haven't cleaned up yet."

"Then hurry up. Do you want me to mark this place as unsanitary? And besides, if someone's having an episode, should she really be left alone like this?" Tommy turned to Wilbur. "Where's the person in charge? It seems like you don't want to do this anymore."

Suddenly, I heard Eleanor shout from the corridor, "Could the person in charge come over for a moment?"

The assistant doctor immediately responded and went out without checking on the patient.

Tommy pointed at me. "You, go take a look."

Then he pulled Wilbur aside. "Mr. Wilbur, come out for a moment. I need to talk to you."

I approached Beatrice cautiously after hearing that.

The assistant doctor quickly rushed over a moment later. Beatrice was still convulsing in the corner. As he was about to pull her up by her hair, I roared, "What are you doing?!"

The doctor was startled. I knew I was a little out of line. Another male colleague who had come with us quickly said, "Is this how you treat patients? Even if she is mad, she's still human, isn't she?" The assistant doctor let go and someone shouted from outside again, "We need the person in charge here!"

My male colleague said, "They're calling you."

The assistant doctor reluctantly glanced at Beatrice before swiftly leaving the room.

I quickly pulled her up, but she struggled instinctively. I grabbed her, gently calling, "Beatrice."

She continued to resist, shouting incoherently, her voice hoarse and frightening. I quickly took off my mask and softly said, "Beatrice, I'm Chloe."

She seemed to pause for a moment.

I quickly hugged her and brushed away the hair on her face, which was covered in food. The sight made

cry. I hadn't expected he/1.1"

hidden beneath the messy hair, to be swollen like a pumpkin with her eyes barely visible. Her nose and mouth were bleeding too.

Suddenly, she seemed to regain some awareness. I tried to touch her, and she continued to struggle. I softly said, "Beatrice, I'm going to save you. Wait for me."

It was clear that she had just been assaulted.

I shook her a couple of times. She

seemed disoriented. She slowly opened her eyes, just a slit. When she saw me, she was startled and quickly pushed me away. She scooted backwards on the ground, but she locked her gaze onto me.

She had probably realized what was happening. She stared at me with a look of disbelief.

I whispered, "I'm Chloe, and I'm going to save you. Wait for me."

Her eyes, barely open, suddenly welled up with tears.

Swiftly, I handed her the note I had written earlier at the hotel. She

clenched it in her hand. At that moment, I heard hurried footsteps

approaching from outside. I guessed

it must be the assistant doctor.

I quickly pressed Beatrice back onto the floor, put my mask back on, and stood up just as the assistant doctor came closer.

Chapter 1059 Hanging by a Thread

I whispered, "Looks like she's been injured. At least get her cleaned up in bed."

The male colleague looked at me and asked, "Is she okay?"

"Based on her condition, she's fine now. She just looks exhausted," I replied. The male colleague lifted her back onto the bed.

Two people quickly tidied up the room, and we pretended to check it again before leaving.

Outside, everyone seemed relieved, as if a heavy burden had been lifted. We all headed out while talking. My mood was incredibly heavy.

Wilbur saw us off to the car, and as we left the compound, I couldn't control my emotions, and a sob escaped me.

Eleanor quickly embraced me, asking, "Chloe, are you okay?"

I looked at Tommy. "Hazelyn came and physically abused her. She's been beaten beyond recognition, but she's not insane, absolutely not. Tell Sean to speed up what he's doing." Tommy nodded seriously and said, "Got it."

Back at the hotel, I couldn't contain my emotions. I rushed into Atlas's waiting arms and cried, ignoring everyone else in the room.

Atlas was alarmed to see me in such a state. He held me tightly and patted my back. "What's going on? Don't cry. What happened? Hmm?"

But I couldn't control my tears. Eleanor cautiously said, "When we arrived at the hospital, Hazelyn's car was already parked in the courtyard. She physically abused Beatrice. Chloe saw her in a severely beaten state. I think it was very serious. But we didn't see when Hazelyn left."

"Don't cry, it's okay." Atlas stroked my head. "She'll be punished. Trust me. I'll make her pay for what she's done a hundred times, a thousand times over."

Only then did I slowly suppress my sobbing, took a deep breath, and adjusted my emotions. Then I noticed that Arnold, Nick, and the others were still in the room.

Blushing, I sat beside Atlas. "It looks like Beatrice didn't have it easy. She's enduring inhuman torment. She's definitely not crazy."

As I said that, my voice choked

again. "Her body is covered in

wounds. I could see it from her

neckline She was severely beaten

but she's definitely conscious. When I handed her the note, she

immediately took it and crumpled it up in her hand. She's absolutely normal."

I recounted the situation inside, leaving everyone in shock and anger.

"This is absolutely insane!" Arnold exclaimed.

"But the more sane she is, the more I... can't bear it." I continued, "She's a perfectly sane person." Arnold looked at Atlas. "Looks like I need to stay here for a while. You guys go back to Foswood." "But I..." I hesitated.

Arnold looked at me and said, "Listen, you go back. I'll call you if necessary. Don't you trust me?"

Atlas nodded. "This is the only thing we can do. We'll go back and handle Liora's situation, and we also got some news from Dylan."

I could only nod. Staying here longer

would serve no purpose. It was impossible for me to see her again. I hoped that Beatrice would see the note gave her, and that it would give her hope.

I had only written a few words, but it would definitely ignite her fighting spirit.

Meanwhile, Finn had successfully connected Alvin and Sean. Finn kept saying that he wanted to assist Sean in the investigation.

It seemed that Sean was already taking action, and with Arnold here, I felt assured.

Having arranged things here, the

rest of us took a flight back to

Foswood. As soon as we landed and turned on our phones, my notifications exploded. Apparently, Liora had caused trouble again during the three days I was away.

I realized that my 'scandal' in Foswood was making headlines.

Chapter 1060 Scandal in Foswood

The day I left Foswood, my alleged scandalous photos had suddenly flooded the internet.

Ivanna, Lauren, and Carol all knew about my return and called me to tell me what was going on.

I looked at Atlas. "You knew about this, didn't you? Why didn't you tell me?"

"What was the point of telling you? It was within my expectations, and the paparazzo behind this has already been caught." Atlas looked indifferent, continuing, "She can make all the fuss she wants." Scrolling through my phone, I saw the published pictures. They did seem carefully crafted.

There were some old photos from a long time ago-pictures of me meeting Atticus in Rivendell, me with Arnold, me and Ardie in Solaris, and me meeting Fred. This indicated that they had been monitoring me for a long time.

And the angles of these photos were highly questionable. They looked more intimate than they actually were. But among these photos, one drew my attention...

It was a recent picture taken in my office, capturing a very casual moment. But it had now become an intimate photo as the angle was very suggestive.

This photo was taken on the day I bumped into Ryan when he came into my office. He had been afraid I might fall, so he held me and asked if I was okay. The picture had been captured right at that moment. I showed it to Atlas and asked, "Atlas, what do you think about this picture?"

I asked him that because he was my husband, and he was well aware of Ryan's feelings for me. My question had another implication. I was asking him about the angle of the photo. Although I asked one question, it had two meanings.

He glanced at it and said without hesitation, "This photo was taken in your office. If there were no other people involved, it can only mean something fishy's going on in there. I'll send someone to thoroughly check your office tomorrow. It's been hard to do anything these past two days since you weren't here, and I wasn't sure what you would think."

I understood what he meant, but I was still surprised. It seemed my suspicions were correct. There was only one person capable of doing this, and it was Adelaide.

I was certain no one else would be involved in this. I firmly believed that.

I vividly remembered that this had occurred after Adelaide was hired.

When I bumped into Ryan, it was only the two of us in the office.

It seemed she really had been sent by Liora.

"Looking at these photos, I think she's been following me for a long time. She sure has some endurance. I have to say she's very impressive."

I looked at Atlas. "Any more thoughts?"

He looked at me and asked, "What else?"

I smiled playfully. "What about how you feel after seeing these photos, especially this one? Did you feel uncomfortable? Did you want to ask me what happened?"

He looked at me and pulled me

closer. I obediently moved into his

embrace. He held me as I sat in his lap and said seriously, "Yes, I felt uncomfortable. Seeing any man's hands touching you would make me furious. You are mine, my precious one. I've searched for you for eighteen years."

I was a little surprised and was about to explain myself, but he immediately stopped me and continued, "But I believe in you. I'm confident that I'm the best. I've been striving for this since the moment I left you all those years ago. I want to become the best man in the world for

you. I want to be the one who

can give you everything and make

you feel safe. That way, you'll never leave me."

His hand supported my back, and he said these words to me with a serious expression.

"I believe in my Stella. I know she's only had eyes for me since childhood. She knows I'm her Atlas, and she'll never fall in love with anyone else."

His words moved me, and my eyes became a little teary.