

## **Divorce 1071**

### **Chapter 1071 A Quick Rescue**

Before I could even speak, Arton had already noticed me. He seemed a bit surprised, his eyes avoiding mine. "M-Ms. Chloe."

I shot him a stern look, my gaze piercing as I asked, "What are you doing here?"

The tall and sturdy Arton lowered his head, muttering, "I-I just wanted to check on her condition."

"And?" I pressed on.

At that moment, one of the policemen who had retreated into the room earlier ran out. He shouted for a doctor, his voice filled with urgency.

Alarmed, I had a sudden premonition that something was wrong. I rushed toward the room.

Lauren, the remaining police officer, and Arton all followed suit. Simultaneously, a group of medical staff hurried toward Melanie's room.

Upon entering, they checked the instruments, and the doctor shouted, "Quick, initiate resuscitation."

By now, I had also entered the room, witnessing Melanie continuously foaming at the mouth and her body convulsing.

After bending down to smell the expelled substance, the doctor declared, "She's been poisoned! Administer intravenous injection! Move her to the emergency room!"

The nurses acted swiftly, administering antidotes while pushing her toward the emergency room.

At that moment, plainclothed officers rushed in. I quickly instructed them, "Seal the exits."

Meanwhile, those police officers had already restrained Arton.

Just then, Cane entered the scene. I hurriedly informed him of the situation and said, "It must've been Liora. She's wearing a nurse's uniform."

Cane mumbled, "This is beyond our expectations. It seems like she was pushed to her limit. I didn't expect her to act in broad daylight."

Amidst this, a figure in black approached, holding a nurse's uniform. Handing it to Cane, the person stated, "We found this in the trash bin at the corner of the safe passage." Cane quickly said to him, "Hurry, check the surveillance and see if she left the hospital. It might be too late. She left in a hurry."

Just then, Atlas and another police officer walked in. He didn't expect me here.

I quickly walked to him and said, "I came to check on Melanie and ran into Liora when I came out. I didn't see her face, so I didn't know it was her."

"How is Melanie?" Atlas asked.

"She's in the emergency room. She has been poisoned," I said.

"Don't worry. Liora can't escape," Atlas reassured me.

Cane reported the situation in detail to him.

Atlas instructed the officer, "Go to the room."

Melanie had already been taken to the emergency room, and Arton was handcuffed to the bed in the ward. Seeing my return, he seemed anxious. "Ms. Chloe... I..."

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I gave him a withering look and said, "I warned you long ago to stay away from unnecessary trouble, for the sake of your son. You completely disregarded my advice."

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Atlas also gave him a cold glance but remained silent. The two officers guarding the room reported to their superior, suspecting collusion between Arton and the perpetrator. They claimed Arton was attempting to divert their attention.

Although Arton was red-faced with anger, he dared not offer any explanations and merely looked at me.

I sternly uttered, "He's not involved.

saw the suspect just before I left We brushed past each other at this door At the time, I didn't think that the nurse was fake."

Then, pointing at Arton, I continued, "I know him. He knows Melanie and wants to check on her. I only came back because I saw him."

Upon hearing my explanation, Arton listened with gratitude.

As soon as I spoke, the police officer with Atlas looked at him, seemingly seeking confirmation.

Chapter 1072 The Most Dangerous Place Is the Safest

Atlas glanced at Arton and nodded. "Let him go. He has no connection to the suspect!"

Arton was relieved and said, "Thank you."

The policeman guarding Melanie looked unwilling as he released Arton from the handcuffs.

I asked sternly, "Aren't you going back?"

Arton glanced at me hesitantly. Eventually, he walked away in a hurry.

I understood his feelings. He wanted to stay and wait for news about Melanie.

Cane walked in and reported to Atlas, "She must not have left. We checked all the exits, and no one matching her description had left. She couldn't have changed clothes in that short timeframe." "Check for Eugene's ward," Atlas immediately ordered.

Cane quickly left and soon returned, saying, "Special ward 1203."

Atlas's face lit up, and he said, "Come with me."

With Atlas's command, everyone followed him, walking briskly outside. Lauren and I also followed behind them.

I questioned Atlas, "Are you saying she might be in her father's room?"

"The most dangerous place is often the safest. Understand?" Atlas spoke in an indulgent tone, his eyes reflecting an affectionate light.

"Why didn't I think of that?" I couldn't help but sigh.

Soon, I validated Atlas's words. When we reached the door of room 1203, I couldn't resist picking up my pace and curiously peeking inside.

As expected, I saw Liora sitting calmly by her father's hospital bed, looking composed as she helped him drink water.

However, her eyes kept glancing toward the door, and she caught sight of me.

The moment she saw me through the small glass window on the door, her expression froze, and her hand trembled.

I couldn't help but scoff. I pushed the door open and confidently walked in.

Atlas said softly, "Wait."

Liora remained composed, looking at me with a nonchalant expression. "Oh! What brought you here, Ms.. Chloe? Coming to visit my father? I don't recall us having that kind of relationship."

As she spoke, she appeared calm. However, her face turned slightly pale, and she gulped involuntarily.

With his cloudy eyes, the old man in the hospital bed stared at me. He had become a skeletal figure, yet his eyes gleamed with malevolence.

I walked in gently, looking at Eugene

on the bed. "Truth be told, I'm not here to your father. As you said,

I don't think we have that kind of relationship. I'm just here for the show."

Liora's eyes instantly filled with hostility as she snarled, "What do you mean? Don't give me that ambiguous crap."

The old man in the bed also looked at me sternly, rebuking, "Who the hell are you? How dare you come into my room? Get out!"

Atlas confidently stepped into the room.

Standing tall and imposing by Eugene's bedside, Atlas looked down at him, his tone chilling as he said, "She is Mrs. Pierce. She's only here because your daughter has committed a crime. I brought her here to witness how your daughter Will face justice."

When Eugene's gaze met Atlas's aloof eyes, his arrogance toward me disappeared. After hearing Atlas's words, his body straightened even more.

He drawled, "You...are Atlas... Pierce?"

Atlas, standing at the head of his bed with an air of disdain, stared directly at the man in the bed. "Yes, I am Atlas Pierce."

Eugene's face showed a strange expression. "You're..."

"We finally meet, huh?"

Eugene's face turned pale in an instant.

## Chapter 1073 Suspected of Murder

As soon as I heard their conversation, I could tell there was some history between them.

Atlas's handsome face turned dark and icy, his voice penetrating even when spoken softly. He looked at Eugene and said, "I've said it before. One day, you'd witness your children being sent to prison. How about it, Mr. Eugene? Is my prediction accurate?"

"What are you saying? Y-You can't make baseless accusations. Atlas, don't push things too far!" Eugene trembled.

Despite being a frail old man, just by looking at his appearance, I knew this old guy wasn't a good person.

His eyes not only revealed a sinister nature but also a desperate struggle.

"Even if you manage to stand up again, you won't have a chance!" Atlas finished, then spoke to someone outside. "Come in."

As soon as Atlas spoke, Liora stood up and tried to rush toward me...

Before she could reach me, Atlas quickly pulled me to the other side. Without hesitation, he kicked Liora forcefully, sending her crashing to the ground.

Eugene roared, "Y-You scoundrel, what are you trying to do?"

Several police officers, led by the one beside Atlas, rushed into the ward.

An officer presented an arrest warrant and said sternly, "Eugene Thompson, you are suspected of participating in the murders of Glen Baker and Margaret Quip. You are under arrest.

"Considering your current health condition, you are allowed to stay in the hospital room, but we will take over. If your condition stabilizes, you will be transferred to the prison hospital for investigation."

"W-What are you talking about?" Eugene looked at the officer holding the arrest warrant. His face instantly drained of color.

Liora got up from the ground but was restrained by two police officers. She looked at me, struggling. "Chloe, I won't let you live in peace!"

I scornfully looked at her. "That's just a baseless dream of yours. Unfortunately, you'll never achieve it."

"Chloe, why are you always trying to pick a fight?!"

I chuckled. "Liora, I see you still don't understand where you've gone wrong. I won't answer your question. Reflect on it slowly when you end up where you belong."

"Chloe, not killing you was my

mistake! She glared at me in frustration, her expression truly terrifying. "Don't be too arrogant. I'm not the only one who wants to kill you. You better watch your back!"

I turned to her with a touch of arrogance. "You don't need to worry about that. The only result is that you'll have one more cellmate."

"Atlas, do you think you've found a

treasure in that woman? One day you'll regret it!" In her dying struggle, Liora was still trying to sow discord between Atlas and me.

Atlas smirked. "Think about your

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own situation. By the way, Melanie is still alive and has been successfully resuscitated. So, both you and Keegan won't have a chance." en.swhovels.net

He extended his arm to protect me, turned around, and left.

I heard a desperate wail behind me, followed by Liora's desperate cry for her father...

I didn't turn my head. Once we were out of that hospital room, it didn't take long for medical personnel to rush toward Room 1203.

I looked at Atlas and asked softly, "Did Eugene also commit murder?"

Atlas's long arm tightened around me, and he confidently said, "One of them is currently with the Huffmans, Lola. And the other one is the deceased Glen Baker." "Are you saying Lola's real name is Margaret Quip?" I asked Atlas.

Just then, from the direction of Room 1203, I suddenly heard Liora's hoarse and desperate cry...

Chapter 1074 A Notorious Family

Upon hearing Liora's heart-wrenching scream, I involuntarily paused for a moment, knowing full well that something had happened in that hospital room. However, for a murderous demon like her, I didn't feel much sympathy.

In the afternoon, the authorities officially announced the arrest of Liora and the news of Eugene's death at the arrest scene.

This caught me off guard. I never expected the authorities to act so swiftly.

The news outlets reported briefly on this father-daughter duo's involvement in multiple homicides, linking them to Melanie's escape and the entire case. It also stated that Eugene was suspected of conspiring to murder Glen and Margaret. The case was under further investigation.

The Thompson family was suddenly exposed to past grievances, starting from Liora's early misdeeds.

Gradually, layer by layer, the truth emerged. It revealed the fact that the Thompson family had suppressed the Cole family due to the wine party incident. Many pieces of evidence were provided.

This momentum also pointed directly at the originator of the scandal that caused the event years ago, the Sunny family. Suddenly, the long-buried events resurfaced and became a hot topic again. Naturally, this led to the death of the young girl involved in the event years ago, ultimately placing the blame on Liora. At that moment, the Thompson family became an almost demonic household. The Sunny family also found themselves in a precarious situation, despite having already migrated overseas. The power of the Internet was terrifying.

I suddenly realized that Melvern, who had been frequently seen in Foswood, had disappeared without a trace. Even the design project in Rivendell, where we were collaborating, had no takers. I tried calling Melvern's phone number twice, only for it to reach voicemail.

This gave me a strange sense of delight. It seemed like the project had been abandoned. If we couldn't find the client, we couldn't proceed.

The netizens truly had incredible abilities, and they successfully cleared my scandal.

Of course, these netizens had a leader.

He presented evidence, immediately rallying a group of righteous supporters.

Before long, the true circumstances of the matter were exposed clearly and transparently. My rumored boyfriends were confirmed to be relatives, friends, and business partners in my work and life.

Then, everything was made public, and everyone could see the truth. There was an uproar.

A photographer publicly disclosed the evidence of being bribed, the times of surveillance, and the amount of each payment received.

After investigating the transferred account, it was proven that all accounts belonged to Liora.

It was crystal clear. These were all Liora's malicious actions. Some even analyzed the fact that the initial spark for targeting me was simply because the Thompson family was kicked out of Echelon Group.

Of course, Keegan's failed negotiation dinner was also exposed, making the entire incident even clearer. It was the cause of Liora's dissatisfaction and the subsequent consequences.

Evidence of Liqra's crimes to take

over Ardora Construction was also exposed. In the end, the general public realized that the mastermind behind the sensational real estate

event in Foswood over the

months was this crazy

past

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woman-Liora Thompson.

This incident directly led to the halt of several construction sites, the bankruptcy of Ardora, and incalculable losses. The societal impact was extremely negative.

In this entire event, there was one person who quietly became the biggest beneficiary.

That person was none other than Atticus. After the situation gradually cleared up, he called me and Atlas to invite us out for a get-together.

However, Atlas declined the invitation. I didn't express my stance. I would go with the flow.

He then called me on my phone. I happened to be outside, on my way back to the company.

There had been so much chaos going on the past few days. In Bourdamun, there was an issue with Fred's factory that also kept me busy. When I entered the office, I saw Adelaide crouched on the ground, tidying up the office. Carol was standing there, organizing as well. My office was a mess.

Chapter 1075 A Monster in Disguise

When I saw the state of my office, I told Atticus, "I'll call you back later."

"Sure," Atticus said, and he hung up the phone.

I looked at Carol, who seemed furious, and asked, "What's going on?"

Adelaide immediately jumped in. "Ms. Chloe, it's all my fault. When you and Ms. Carol weren't in the office, I was so busy that I forgot to tidy up your office."

Her explanation sounded reasonable, but the current situation told a different story. Was my office really in such a mess just because I wasn't around?

She was eloquent, but I wasn't buying it. It was evident that someone had messed with my office while I was away.

Carol looked at me, intending to explain, "Ms. Chloe-"

"Ms. Chloe, don't blame Ms. Carol. It's my fault. Ms. Carol wasn't here, and I should have taken more responsibility. It's all my negligence."

Adelaide humbly apologized and glanced at Carol, speaking cautiously, "Ms. Carol, I'm not trying to complain. I understand that you might have had something to attend to. I'm just explaining."

Then, she turned to me again. "Ms. Chloe, please wait a moment. I'll fix it right away!"

After saying that, she swiftly started cleaning up. My gaze met Carol's, and I calmly said, "You can leave."

Carol, taken aback by my attitude, stared at me for a moment. I remained composed. She turned and walked out of the office.

I walked back to my desk and noticed some grease stains on it. It seemed someone had been eating or doing something messy here.

The cushion on the chair, originally a clean white linen, was now wrinkled and disheveled.

I picked it up and tossed it across the desk, then reached for a few alcohol wipes. I wiped down the desk, removing any traces, before finally taking a seat.

I kept a steady gaze on Adelaide, who efficiently cleaned up my office.

She picked up the cushion I had thrown away and looked at me with a questioning expression.

I coldly remarked, "I don't want something others have sat on. I'm a germaphobe."

Then, I pressed the intercom button and called Carol back in, instructing, "Arrange for someone to disinfect my office!"

Carol raised her eyebrows slightly and left the room.

Adelaide's face paled slightly and she avoided direct eye contact with me.

During the afternoon meeting, I had Adelaide compile and distribute various reports. This month, the sales figures for the marketing department reached a new high,

which naturally made me ecstatic.

I wanted them to share the good news with everyone, so I prepared some comparative data to find out the reasons for the success.

I looked at Eleanor, ready to speak,

but Adelaide let go of the report

stack k when handing it to Carolee

caused the papers to scatter on the floor.

Carol couldn't hold back her frustration. "You-"

"Oh dear! Ms. Carol, I'm sorry. Let me pick those up!" She pretended to be careful and diligent, bending down to collect the scattered reports.

Carol glanced at me, and I remained expressionless, saying nothing.

Everyone in the room was watching the scene unfold, making Carol feel a bit uncomfortable.

After all, she had never kept everyone waiting before, especially not in front of all the executives.

Grayson just stared at her blankly.

Carol looked a bit uneasy and glanced at Adelaide, who remained calm and neatly organized the documents.

She handed them to Carol again, adding, "Ms. Carol, if there's any issue, please tell me in private. We shouldn't waste people's time."

This statement immediately raised questions from everyone present. They all looked at Carol, somewhat puzzled. Clearly, there was an underlying meaning in her words. [en.swhovels.net](http://en.swhovels.net)

I observed everything silently, not making much of a reaction.

Then, I spoke up. "Alright, let's proceed with the meeting."

Everyone shifted their focus away from Carol, but I knew she must be feeling quite frustrated, given my ambiguous attitude.

## Chapter 1076 An Upset Girl

After the meeting, I asked Grayson to come to my office to inquire about the progress in Solaris. He reported everything truthfully, and it seemed that things were going smoothly there. "What about the situation with Fred I asked you to keep an eye on?" I asked.

I had asked Grayson to keep an eye on Fred and the Myers family. I had my reasons for not asking Fred about it directly. Some things were clearer from a third person's point of view.

"I've got Fred under close watch now. He's learned to behave, but there are subtle movements happening behind the scenes. The old man still leans toward Fred, so the next steps shouldn't be a problem," Grayson reported.

"Keep monitoring him. If he starts to lose control, give him a little push," I instructed Grayson.

"Understood! You can trust me on this one." Grayson nodded. "But there's one thing bothering me."

"What is it?" I asked.

"The situation in Yare is too tightly sealed. We can't dig anything out, and it's hard to monitor anything clearly," Grayson said.

"Speaking of Yare, did you know that our designer, Hana, is from there?" I asked Grayson.

"I heard. Yare has its fair share of people with the Avila surname," Grayson replied casually. "Are you suspicious of her?"

"Take a closer look into it. She's almost back from her vacation," I told Grayson.

"Alright, I'll figure something out. I'll get going now," he said, preparing to leave.

Suddenly, he turned back to me, pointing outside. "What's going on out there, Chlo? That young girl seemed a bit upset."

I chuckled. "You noticed too?"

"How could I miss it? I'm not blind," Grayson said teasingly. His tone had a hint of banter, but I was pleased that he was taking notice.

Most companies discouraged office romances, but I didn't mind some romance in my workplace. My subordinates were all loyal and reliable. What was there to worry about? "Don't worry. I can handle her just fine," I assured him.

Grayson grinned and gave me a thumbs up. "OK! I'll be on my way."

"Why the rush?" I questioned.

"I need to go to Bourdamun. There's a group tour for upcoming projects in the city tomorrow. Some important people are involved, and it's crucial to get an early look to

make

sure there are no oversights,"

Grayson explained.

To be honest, my subordinates were all meticulous in their work. But when he mentioned a 'tour,' it reminded me of the Old Bourdamun redevelopment. I had almost forgotten about it. "Alright, go ahead." I waved him off and hurried to Ryan's office.

As I entered, Ryan didn't even look up from his files and nonchalantly asked, "Is something up?"

His eyes never left the documents in front of him.

"I have an idea that requires a comprehensive plan," I said bluntly. There was already an unspoken understanding between us.

When he heard my words, he immediately closed the file. He lifted his gaze to meet mine and said, "Okay, I'm all ears!"

I took a seat in front of him and explained in detail the impromptu idea I had when Dominic and the others visited last time.

Then I looked at Ryan and asked,

"Do you think this project is feasible? We shouldn't just focus on building skyscrapers. If Bourdamun is supposed to be a model, we should cover everything, not just construct one place and abandon another. That would be counterproductive. We need to make efficient use of everything, even with official support."

Ryan listened attentively without interruption. After I finished, his eyes lit up, and he said, "Your idea is worth exploring. I'll have someone conduct a comprehensive

assessment immediately./el

get

everyone together for a discussion."

"That would be fantastic!" I exclaimed, feeling elated.

It was incredible how people just understood each other. There was someone available to analyze and evaluate my idea. I started to see Ryan in a new light. We definitely had a unique understanding.

"I'll be waiting for you to get back to me!" I stood up to leave, noticing that he seemed busy.

When Ryan saw me leaving, he quickly stopped me.

Chapter 1077 Real Estate Agent

I stopped, turning back to face him. "Is there something else? Aren't you busy?"

"Aren't your parents home yet?" Ryan inquired about the situation in the small town.

"Yeah, it's been almost a month. I guess they can't agree on the price. They don't want to compromise. Otherwise, I feel like it would have been settled by now," I said, frustrated. "I'm so used to having them around, and I'm getting uneasy not having them at home. Rose is always the one holding down the fort. We have plenty of maids, and the little girl doesn't even want to kiss me anymore."

I sighed. "But Rose is getting up there in age, and it worries me."

"I'll ask my dad about it," Ryan said. He pulled out his phone and dialed his father to inquire about our house.

As Ryan kept saying "uh-huh" on the phone, my eyes stayed fixed on him. By the time he hung up, I had a pretty good idea of what had transpired.

After a lengthy conversation, he finally ended the call. "Your speculation was right."

I thought for a moment. "How about this, Ryan? Your uncle can help us find a reputable real estate agency. They can negotiate the price according to their terms and take it slow. We can let your uncle handle it. That way, I can bring them back.

"I've had this idea for a while now. It'll be less of a hassle. Worst case, we'll finalize the deal and handle the paperwork when they come back. That way, everything can be done on the same day. It's a win-win," I suggested decisively.

Ryan grinned. "That sounds like a plan. Otherwise, these old folks won't be selling anything this winter."

"That's settled then! Tell your dad, and I'll give them a call tonight to let them know," I decided.

"Um... Your family wasn't originally from the small town, were they?" Ryan asked cautiously.

I looked at him. "How did you know?"

"Just a feeling," Ryan said casually.

"What do you mean?" I asked, curious.

"Have you noticed that your family doesn't have many relatives in that small town?" Ryan pointed out, looking at me with probing eyes.

"You know I had amnesia for some time. I don't remember anything before high school. Why are you asking?" I said frankly. "Why did it suddenly cross your mind?"

"It was just a casual question." Ryan quickly changed the subject. "Melvern has gone into seclusion again. About our previous design—"

"Don't worry about it. Even if he has

disappeared other people are eyeing the follow-up projects in Rivendell. Everyone wants a piece of this lucrative opportunity. Besides, do

you think Atticus is so naive?net

He's

been subtly manipulating things behind the scenes all this time. He's the one reaping the real benefits," I assured Ryan.

Reluctantly, Ryan nodded. "Business can be very ruthless."

I chuckled. Ryan was right. I had long known that Atticus was a cunning fox.

"When are you heading back to Solaris? The initial draft of the designs should be ready soon," Ryan informed me. "Once they're out, you should come over and take a look."

"Soon, before the weather gets too cold. I need to make a trip to check on Archie's seasonal clothes. I have no idea how he managed before me. I want to make sure Archie

experiences the perks of having a daughter for a day since I'm around."

Ryan smiled. "You're an angel."

"Are you still calling me an angel? Speaking of which, I might just leave a bit early." I playfully flashed a smile at him. "Having you around really does brighten my day." "Hey! You say that, but you almost never visit me," he complained.

I laughed, my eyes sparkling. "Well, just be patient and wait. I came by myself today, you see."

"Why are you leaving early again?" he asked, displeased.

"I need to check on Archie. Since Trinity's not at home, I haven't visited him in a while," I declared confidently.

Ryan nodded resignedly.

"I'll be off then." I headed back to my office. I felt a little thirsty, so I picked up my water bottle, and as I

approached the pantry, the ongoing conversation inside took me by surprise.

Chapter 1078 Bitch

I had just reached the doorway of the pantry when I heard voices inside. The one speaking was none other than Adelaide. Her tone carried a peculiar mix of sarcasm.

"What's wrong? I've made myself quite clear, haven't I? It seems like you have some issues with me, Ms. Carol. You've been making things difficult ever since I arrived. Do you think I can't see it?" Her voice was arrogant, exuding baseless confidence.

"You'd better watch your manners, Adelaide," Carol warned firmly.

"What do you mean, 'manners'?" Adelaide's laughter carried a hint of disdain.

"Don't think you're above me, Carol. I can take your place if I want to. Do you believe that?" Adelaide continued.

"Adelaide McClain, you're in over your head! Do you really think this is a place for your tricks?" Carol was becoming agitated.

"What are you talking about? Stop acting like a lapdog."

Adelaide's voice disgusted me.

I took a step forward to enter, but what happened next shocked me even more.

As I stepped into their line of sight, Adelaide suddenly grabbed Carol's hand and swiftly let go. But she stumbled unexpectedly and ended up on the floor, looking up at Carol woefully

"What are you doing, Ms. Carol? I haven't said anything wrong. Why would you do this? I've said it before. If I've done something wrong, just tell me. It's "

Carol was momentarily stunned. She stared at the helpless Adelaide, who seemed to be taken aback. "You..."

It wasn't just Carol. Even I was taken aback by this unexpected turn of events.

This was totally out of character.

Adelaide turned her gaze toward me with a sorry look on her face. "Ms. Chloe..."

I took a step forward, raised my

hand, and violently splashed the cold tea in my cup onto Adelaide's face with a swift movement. The tea sprayed on her face, and she let out a startled scream, drawing the attention of many.

Even Carol looked at me in astonishment.

Adelaide, caught off guard by the sudden splash, gasped and closed her eyes. After a moment, she frantically wiped her face, looking at me in horror. "Ms. Chloe! What are you—"

I gave her a stern look. "That was one of the best green teas I serve to people who bully my staff. Do you really think you can behave so audaciously? I think you should drop the act."

Then, I turned to Carol, who was still staring at the shocked Adelaide. "Carol, call the police."

Terrified, Adelaide looked at me. "What... What do you mean? What are you doing?"

"What am doing? You're the one who confessed to stealing. Did you really think you could run wild here? Your accomplice is in jail already, and you still dare act so arrogantly?!" I glared at her with piercing eyes.

A pleasant smile appeared on Carol's face. She immediately picked up the phone and called the police.

"Why are you calling the cops?" Adelaide looked up at me from the floor with tea leaves stuck in her hair.

"Why? Why did you hide a camera in my office? Why did you take the company's file out of the office? You should go to jail and reflect on your mistakes with your boss." "How could you accuse me of putting those cameras here?" Adelaide was acting indignant.

"You have no right to question me. Explain yourself to the police." I dismissed her with a contemptuous glance.

The onlookers were infuriated and condemned her. "How shameless. How dare she try to pull off a trick like that here. She tried to steal from Tanum? We knew you were up to no good. Did you think no one would find out?"

Sydney, who had remained silent until now, finally straightened up. "Do you think you can bully everyone here? You bitch!"

"Shut up, all of you! You're all terrible people! Why are you accusing me of stealing information from the company, Chloe?" she exclaimed in desperation.

"That word is perfect! 'Stealing,' you said it yourself! So, was I wrong to make a police report?" I looked at her with a sneer, causing her face to turn deathly pale.

#### Chapter 1079 Please Spare Me

Just as we were talking, the police arrived surprisingly quickly. I exchanged glances with Carol, who promptly explained the situation to the police. She handed a small USB drive to the officer and personally removed a pinhole camera right in front of them.

Adelaide started to panic. She hurriedly approached me, grabbing my hand. "Please spare me, Ms. Chloe! I know I was wrong! I won't do it again next time..."

"Next time? There won't be a next time!"

I shook off her hand and sternly said, "Don't play your tricks where you shouldn't. I knew what you were up to the day you stepped into Tanum. If it weren't for you, we wouldn't have captured your master so quickly."

"What are you talking about?" Adelaide looked at me with a despairing gaze.

"Evil deeds will bring about self-destruction. Get that?" Carol looked at her. "Just stay inside, Liora's accomplice."

Her words made everyone understand what was going on.

The police, indifferent to her pleas, only recognized evidence in front of the law.

As we watched the police escort Adelaide out of our office, Carol hugged my arm. "I thought you changed, Chlo."

I glanced at her. "Look what you've become. You really need proper training to deal with someone like her."

Everyone laughed when they heard my words and quickly cleaned up the water stains on the floor.

After finishing my water, I told Carol, "I need to go out for a bit."

But before I could leave, Johnson walked in.

I sat back down and looked at Johnson, asking with a smile, "Why are you here? How's everything?"

Johnson smiled as he sat at my desk. "Things have mostly been settled. Thanks to Liora's case, those companies haven't sued Matthew. It's a good thing, so they didn't go all out."

"That is good news." I breathed a sigh of relief, thinking that we should be grateful for Adelaide's timely actions in handling Liora. Without her, we wouldn't have been able to deal with Liora so quickly.

"As for the house you used to live in, the bank was lenient, and I worked hard on it. It's now outside the debt, so he can move back," Johnson said proudly.

I nodded approvingly. "Thank you."

"Hey, Chlo, don't thank me. About the child's household registration, Matthew was angry about the child when he first returned. He claimed. he never said he wouldn't support the child, but reality was different. In the end, I managed to move the child's registration, and it's now under the Reese family's household. He's filed for divorce from Melanie, and that should be finalized soon. Everything seems to be going smoothly."

"Where is he planning to go?" I asked Johnson. It was something I had been curious about.

To be honest, I didn't want him to leave Foswood. His relationship with Ava had just improved, and I didn't want her to be disappointed in him.

"He wants to go abroad, experience

life out there," Johnson said bluntly. "When we drink a lot these days, he keeps talking to me about his regrets. He cries a lot too."

I smiled. I had no words.

"I don't think he can stay in Foswood any longer. He doesn't have a foothold anywhere. He's a man who cares about his pride," Johnson said regretfully. "I actually think going abroad will be good for him. He wants to make a fresh start. There's no way he can rise again in Foswood with no money and no connections. You know him. He can't work for anyone else."

"Has he decided where he wants to go?" I asked Johnson.

"He wants to go to Pharica."

"Pharica?" I was a little surprised.

"He wants to join a mining venture," Johnson said. "That shows he's still not giving up."

Yeah! How could he give up?

They say that going from simplicity to luxury is easy, but going from luxury to simplicity is difficult.

He had nothing, then possessed everything, but had now fallen into the abyss. I wasn't surprised that he couldn't accept it.

I couldn't describe the feeling in my heart, but I didn't express my thoughts.

After some contemplation, I spoke up...

Chapter 1080 Pulled Back at the Last Minute

I looked at Johnson, taking a minute before I spoke.

"Tell me when he's leaving. When his mother passed away, she left some money. I'll give him some," I told Johnson.

"Isn't that money for Ava?" Johnson asked. "I've already taken care of his travel expenses. That should be enough."

"I can't just leave it to you all. Ava has me, and she doesn't need that money. I didn't even want it. I planned to return this money to him if he really turned over a new leaf and started doing honest work." I had only discussed this with Atlas, and he completely supported my decision. That money was just a drop in the bucket to him.

For Matthew, it was a significant sum.

Besides, Atlas wouldn't let me spend someone else's money.

Continuing, I said, "I won't give it to him now. I don't know what he's up to. Also, all of Melanie's assets, even those her mother stole, are currently in my custody. I'll return them to him in the future, but on the condition that he follows the right path. I'm telling you this now so you can be a witness later on."

"You've really put a lot of thought into this, Chlo! He's really... Oh, it's a shame," Johnson said with a bitter smile.

I looked at Johnson again, thinking for a moment. "What about you? Do you have any plans?"

When Johnson heard my question, his expression stiffened. He had probably misunderstood my intentions.

I had only asked to see if he had any of his own plans.

"I... We'll talk about it some other day," Johnson replied, a little perfunctorily.

"You've misunderstood me. I was trying to ask if you've made any new plans of your own recently. Are you looking to take a break and spend time with your child?" I clarified. "If you don't have any plans like that, I have something for you to do."

Johnson immediately looked at me with gratitude. Obviously, my previous question had made him think I would stop caring about him.

I knew why he had come here today.

"I don't have any other plans," Johnson replied hurriedly. "I'm used to being busy."

"Then report to me after you see Matthew off," I said confidently.

Johnson's spirits seemed to lift as he looked at me.

I could tell he was a little nervous.

"I want you to be director of quality control at Tanum. Keep the quality in check for me. Actually, I've reserved this position for you all along. After all, you're familiar with these procedures, and you're someone I trust. But the work might be tough, travel

and you might have to tough,

frequently," I told Johnson.

He immediately declared, "I'll take it, Chlo! I like being able to work with you! I'm happy to do it. Rest assured, I'll take good care of Matthew. I'll come and report to you then."

"Drop by for a visit tomorrow. I'll give you some money to take to him, but don't tell him it's from me."

"Alright!" Johnson seemed very excited.

Maybe he hadn't expected me to offer him the job. It was perfect for him. He understood quality standards, and he also knew about materials.

After this experience, I was even more convinced that he was trustworthy.

Most importantly, I had always kept this position for him. I had considered many other people for it, but none were as suitable as him.

Besides, I had to show those people that I was someone who valued old connections. Those who betrayed Matthew and picked Liora's side had reaped what they sowed. They couldn't get a foothold in this industry anymore.

Some people had been trying to establish connections and networks to return to Tanum during this time. My response to them was, "I'm too scared to hire just anyone."

They say killing one can serve as a warning to a hundred, but I just wanted to use Johnson's case as a benchmark. I wanted everyone to know that I was sentimental and loyal. Johnson and I walked out of the office together. I could see that Johnson was overjoyed. He probably felt like he had found his organization.

He was a very clever man.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have turned

his life around and genuinely repented when I discovered his shortcomings. That was precisely why I had high hopes for him.