

## **Divorce 1111**

### **Chapter 1111 A Betraying Boyfriend**

After introducing his family, everyone finally took their seats.

Atlas remained aloof, his demeanor exuding an air of nobility that kept others at a distance.

Byron pulled out all the stops today, exhibiting seamless cooperation with Gabriel. I kept a close eye on Gabriel, wondering why he would betray Beatrice without hesitation and even add insult to injury. Beatrice's mental health certification bore his signature, attesting to her supposed mental issues.

It was evident how despicable this man was. If I were to say that the individuals in front of us were a bunch of beasts, it wouldn't be an exaggeration at all.

I heard Byron ask Atlas, "Mr. Atlas, it seems you're making a substantial investment in Gerby."

Atlas gave a faint smile. "Gerby has always been my investment target. It's just business."

"Mr. Atlas, do you have any thoughts on collaboration?" Byron couldn't contain his excitement.

"We have our partners in every region. Of course, it depends on the nature of the project. Not every project requires collaboration. My principle is that I won't seek a partnership if I can handle it myself.

"But some projects require collective effort. After all, local partners are more familiar with the region, especially in dealing with local authorities. They often have superior conditions compared to us." Atlas's response was clever and ambiguous, making it hard for others to pin him down.

"So, Mr. Atlas, any thoughts on our turf in Gerby? I hope to collaborate with a major conglomerate like yours! The Chandler Group does have a significant presence in Gerby." Byron began his self-promotion, showcasing his skills as a savvy businessman.

"The dairy and cable industries are relatively mature and stable. I hope for breakthroughs in new projects Well... Mr. Atlas, you know that I am very interested in acquiring Grand Tribeca. It seems you and I share similar vision."

Byron subtly pointed out that Atlas might have preempted him and owed him a favor.

With a faint smile, Atlas remarked, "It's not impossible, but the cooperation terms of the ATL Empire are always stringent. The advantage lies in the fact that partners need not worry about the

projects. However, having

Solid

foundation is a prerequisite, as you understand."

Byron looked at Atlas with anticipation. "And the next project, Mr. Atlas?"

"Mineral resources," Atlas replied straightforwardly.

This unexpected answer caused Byron and Gabriel's expressions to freeze, clearly caught off guard.

In the current regulated environment, not just anyone could maneuver in the field of mineral resources.

Seeing the gleam of ambition in Byron's eyes, it was evident that this was every man's desire.

Sensing that the conversation had reached a critical point, Jocelyn intervened, Byron, you're always so immersed in work. Business discussions are best accompanied by a meal. Our guests must be hungry by now. We can continue over dinner!"

Byron quickly stood up, gesturing to me and Atlas. "Haha... I was so excited to meet Mr. Atlas that I forgot. Mr. Atlas, please. Today, I invited both of you to dine here to taste Gerby's distinctive home-cooked dishes." We all stood up, following Byron into the dining room.

Hazelyn, who had been silent, trailed behind. She harbored resentment toward me, and I disdained associating with her. I was only waiting to find a gap in their stories and tear her apart.

Chapter 1112 Whet the Appetite

boundaries."

Byron noticed the distance between me and Hazelyn when we finally took our seats. "Mrs. Chloe, there was a bit of a misunderstanding between you and my daughter earlier. As adults, let's not dwell on trivial matters. I may have spoiled her a bit, and she lacks I simply smiled, neither taking his lead nor being overly polite.

He continued somewhat awkwardly, "My wife and I have always turned a blind eye to certain things. We believe in giving our daughter a comfortable upbringing. So, you see, she is a bit...spoiled."

Byron chuckled sheepishly. "There's a saying that you don't really know someone until you've had a disagreement. I hope you two can become good friends. In the future, when Mr. Atlas invests in Gerby, you must come here often. "Please don't judge her too harshly. You've seen the world, Mrs. Chloe, while she's just a spoiled child. I hope you can guide her a bit."

Byron's words were skillfully crafted, leaving me somewhat impressed.

I smiled and glanced at Hazelyn sitting across from me, "Mr. Byron, you're being too humble. Ms. Hazelyn must have her own way of doing things. It's just a difference in personalities. No need for guidance, really."

Hazelyn remained stoic, not engaging with my response, only occasionally glancing at Atlas.

Seeing that I wasn't actively participating, Byron engaged in a conversation with Gabriel and Atlas. He was particularly interested in the topic of mineral resources that Atlas had brought up.

Evidently, Byron's appetite had been piqued. Gabriel also looked flushed, appearing somewhat excited.

I, on the other hand, silently ate my food. Truth be told, I wasn't interested in their family's cuisine. Sitting here in what used to be Beatrice's grandfather's home was unsettling. It was occupied by a pack of wolves pretending to be noble hosts. It made me uncomfortable just thinking about it, let alone having an appetite.

If Beatrice were here, the situation would undoubtedly be different. I was confident that a collaboration with the Chandler family would be a done deal. There would be nothing to discuss.

Jocelyn looked at me, wearing a smile, and asked, "Mrs. Chloe, are you not a fan of these flavors?"

Her smile seemed insincere. I knew she was putting on a show for Atlas. They were only entertaining me for Atlas's sake.

I casually replied, "I usually eat very little and am not picky about food."

I noticed that Atlas also ate sparingly.

"Where are you from, Mrs. Chloe?" Jocelyn scrutinized me.

"I was born in Nocturnia but grew up in the northern part of the Zydan," I answered truthfully.

"Oh, a Northern girl? No wonder you're not used to the flavors here. It's a bit too sweet." She was good at small talk, seeming like someone who spoke sweet words to anyone and everyone.

"There's not much difference. I've lived in the South for too long, so I've adapted," I said, suddenly asking, "This house is truly grand. It's a rare sight in Gerby."

Jocelyn immediately responded with

a beaming smile, "Yes, our ancestral home is indeed a rare sight in Gerby. This location is also the highest in Gerby, offering a panoramic view of the entire city!"

"Mr. Byron has excellent taste," I complimented.

Jocelyn was pleased. "Yes! All men care about ancestral homes."

"Is this the Chandler family's ancestral home?" I followed up.

Suddenly, Jocelyn looked like she had swallowed a fly. She smiled awkwardly, not knowing how to respond.

Byron took the lead, "This isn't the Chandler family's ancestral home To make a long story short, it used to be my father-in-law's ancestral home. Unfortunately, they're no

longer with us."

It was evident that Byron's mood was somewhat heavy as he spoke these words. I silently cursed him. What a damn good actor. How did Beatrice end up with such a father?

I stared at him, calmly saying, "Oh, I apologize. I didn't know."

Jocelyn forced a smile and quickly added, "It's okay. It's not your fault that you didn't know."

They were acting as if no one would know. What a bunch of nonsense. They occupied something forcibly obtained and still felt righteous about it.

I saw Hazelyn casting a dark look at me, carrying a hint of hostility. I faced her directly, "Ms. Hazelyn, did I say something wrong? It seems you've always had a prejudice against me."

Chapter 1113 Caught Off Guard

Byron immediately turned his gaze toward Hazelyn, his eyes sharp and slightly threatening. Hazelyn seemed to sense the pressure emanating from her father's gaze, twitching the corner of her mouth reluctantly. She forced a smile at me, saying, "Oh no, don't take it to heart."

Gabriel quickly intervened, "Mrs. Chloe, do you like Gerby?"

"It's hard to say I like it. I had a classmate here before, so I had some impressions of Gerby earlier," I replied casually.

Byron immediately followed up, "Oh? You had a classmate here? What do they do?"

"We haven't been in touch for many years. I don't even know if they're still here or not," I said with an air of indifference.

Byron softly exclaimed, "What's their name? I can help you check."

"Oh? Do you have connections in the police station? That could really help me out. I've been searching for a long time with no luck," I deliberately inquired.

Byron smiled. "Certainly, they must be a local in Gerby, doing business perhaps? You need a certain foundation for that."

I wasn't sure if his words were intentional hints to Atlas or just casual remarks. Nevertheless, I was highly intrigued by what he said.

With a pleasant expression, I said, "That would be wonderful! Mr. Byron, could you introduce me to him? I'd like to find my classmate, and your help would mean a lot."

Byron, shrewd as ever, asked, "Mrs. Chloe, who are you looking for exactly?"

"A guy, we lost touch after graduation. He mentioned wanting to immigrate at the time, but I haven't heard from him since. It's been a mystery," I casually explained. "So, only someone in the police department can help me find out."

"Oh! In that case, you can reach out to Raymond Bolt at the city police department. Raymond is an old classmate of mine, and we have a good relationship," Byron suggested directly.

Finally, it seemed I had hooked a big fish.

Atlas looked at me, and I was sure he was quite pleased as well.

"That would be great. If I go to him, can I mention your name?" I asked, knowing this could be a significant breakthrough.

"We're on good terms, but we don't interact much outside of formal occasions. However, you can still look for him."

Byron was crafty.

Atlas picked up on this and said, "It's a small matter. Let's not bother him."

Hazelyn seemed to catch the hidden meaning in Atlas's words, revealing the first genuine smile of the evening. "It seems Mr. Atlas doesn't indulge in Mrs. Chloe too much."

"It's not a big deal. My wife has

many friends. I just didn't want to

cause any inconvenience for Mr. Byron," Atlas responded calmly, glancing at me. "We've been searching for quite a while now.

Let's forget about it."

"But this time is different. Having someone from the police department would be better," I deliberately argued with Atlas.

"It's fine. You can also go to the state government and look for Melissa Marrow. She's a deputy director in charge of citizen registration." Byron seemed to have let down his guard. I turned to Atlas. "See, this time we might really find him!"

Atlas looked at me indulgently, gave a faint smile, and said, "You're so stubborn."

Byron and Gabriel both chuckled.

Then, I turned to Hazelyn and intentionally asked, "By the way, Ms. Hazelyn, you were visiting family at the psychiatric hospital? You must be quite familiar with the place."

As soon as I said this, the expressions of everyone from the Chandler family turned a bit odd, and each of them looked at me with unclear and dim eyes.

Hazelyn immediately looked at me and said, "I don't know what you mean."

I deliberately showed a surprised expression, "Huh? Didn't you often go there?"

Then I looked at the others, pretending to be lost, and asked, "Did I say something wrong?"

Byron was quick to react,

immediately regaining his composure. "No! It's just an

unfortunate situation for our family. My other daughter is in the psychiatric hospital. Hazelyn often visits her sister. Originally, their relationship was very good! Well,

let's not dwell on it."

"Oh! I'm sorry. We're planning to invest in a psychiatric hospital. We're thinking of selecting a good location in the city we plan to collaborate with and build a large hospital.

"Mental health is not given enough

attention domestically, so we've been wanting to establish the most authoritative psychiatric hospital. During our last inspection, we saw Ms. Hazelyn. We thought you might have insights so I'd like to ask you for more details." Content, belongs to

I secretly smirked since I got them all feeling uncomfortable!

Chapter 1114 Can't Wait Anymore

I looked at their expressions with a bit of schadenfreude and continued speaking. "We have the best experts in the field of mental health. Mr. Byron, if you need, I can introduce them to you. They are globally top-notch specialists. "With our experts taking charge, I believe a quick recovery is possible. Do you want me to check for you? We can bring the experts over."

"Oh... Well, not for now. Her condition has been stable recently. If needed, I'll contact you, Mrs. Chloe," Byron politely declined, sounding quite firm.

I wanted to say more, but Atlas quickly interrupted, "Let's leave it at that. Mr. Byron can contact us if needed."

Then, he changed the topic and quickly moved on to discussing mining matters.

Byron enthusiastically discussed his network of connections, boasting about how he could help Atlas open doors in every aspect of Gerby.

Atlas humbly inquired about Byron's connections, delving into various aspects. I heard Byron say, "Mr. Atlas, you can consider cooperating with us."

Atlas followed his line of thought, discussing further. He eventually stopped, asking Byron to provide a feasibility report. He mentioned that his team is very professional, and every collaboration undergoes strict evaluation. Byron and Gabriel seemed to see hope in Atlas's words.

Atlas barely touched his dinner, and after a while, we bid farewell.

In the car on the way back to the hotel, I asked Atlas, "Did I say something wrong? Was I too impatient?"

Atlas hugged me gently, saying, "You did great. This way, it pushed him to showcase his connections, which is what we needed. Another thing, we need to take action tonight."

Feeling a bit unsettled, I asked, "Aren't you waiting for his feasibility report?"

"I've figured out his circle. What do we need his report for?"

Atlas then called Sean. "Prepare for tonight's operation. If Hazelyn appears at the villa, catch her in the act."

As soon as I heard Atlas's words, I immediately understood his meaning. He was afraid that Hazelyn would attempt another attack on the villa tonight.

He then called Grayson and instructed everyone to get ready.

When our car arrived at the hotel, we

went straight to Arnold's room. Upon entering, was startled. The room had undergone significant changes. These days, we have been in the old factory area of Jaxford. I had no idea when Arnold's room had turned into a computer room.

In the outer room of his suite, there were several computers.

Of

Seeing us come in, Arnold directly said to Atlas, It's confirmed. Beatrice must be in that villa. It seems there must be some kind- basement there. If there's only an old lady and nothing else, it means that the surveillance equipment there is very comprehensive."

"Be prepared at all times. Once Hazelyn appears, rescue Beatrice immediately," Atlas said to Arnold.  
"We can't wait any longer. I've already grasped Byron's background. I believe we can dig out the truth once we investigate.

"Besides, we have another excuse.

We can use Hazelyn's wrongdoing as the reason for her prosecution. Then, release the news of the milk incident to make Byron anxious. Beatrice must have some leverage on him. It's time to rescue her."

Atlas's words excited everyone. After all, they had waited so long, and now they were finally going to set someone free.

I was a bit nervous, and my heart rate was abnormal.

Atlas called Nathan and asked him to help arrange the best doctors. Beatrice's physical and mental injuries were likely severe and required treatment.

I hadn't expected this, but Atlas had already made arrangements.

Another person who was just as nervous as me was Finn, who had secretly admired Beatrice. He seemed calm, but his fidgety actions revealed his anxiety. Everything was ready, and we quietly switched to a car with Gerby license plates, infiltrating the small neighborhood.

#### Chapter 1115 Prepare For Action

In the car, Arnold's computer displayed various surveillance angles, keeping an eye on the movements around the small villa.

As the night grew deeper, it had been over an hour since we left the Chandler residence, yet there was no sign of activity. Feeling a bit impatient, I looked at Atlas. He was calmly staring at the road leading to the villa.

"What if she doesn't show up?" I asked Atlas softly.

"She won't. That's her weakness. Right now, the only outlet for her frustration is Beatrice, especially after the provocation she received from us today. She's eager to vent the anger in her," Atlas confidently explained. Lauren also reassured me, "Don't worry, punishing her is just a matter of time."

I took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. Just as I was about to speak, Arnold excitedly exclaimed, "She's here."

I quickly looked at his computer screen. Simultaneously, lights suddenly illuminated the area not far from the small villa. On the computer screen, a car slowly entered through the gate, swiftly approaching.

Arnold quickly closed the computer since its light was visible from outside. At that moment, we saw a dazzling light approaching, passing by at high speed with a swift braking sound, piercing the silent night. We witnessed a slender figure stepping out of the car. Even from the back, it was clear-it was Hazelyn.

With a forceful swing, she slammed the car door shut and strode toward the entrance of the small villa.

The door swung open as she reached the doorstep, and the figure walked straight in.

From her consistent actions, it was clear she was agitated.

Upon entering the courtyard, the light inside the house illuminated her. Yes, it was unmistakably Hazelyn. At this moment, she moved like a ghost, swiftly entering the villa.

I heard a radio in our car. "Prepare for action!"

Arnold opened the computer again, and then another command came through the radio. "Move!"

I looked outside. Many police officers suddenly appeared, rapidly approaching the villa's entrance. In the next moment, someone somersaulted into the yard, opened the gate, and a group of police officers swiftly entered.

Atlas opened the car door, and I eagerly followed suit. He pulled me close and we strode toward the villa.

The lights in the room were dim, and our people were on both sides of the villa. We followed where they were standing and entered into the small room behind the kitchen.

There was indeed an entrance to the

basement. A rather young woman was shivering in the room, repeatedly saying, "It's none of my business. Don't arrest me. I don't know anything. It's her... It's all her fault." .

Suddenly, I heard a roar. It was obvious that it was Hazelyn. "Who let you in? Get out of here!"

I glanced at Atlas and quickly descended the stairs, with Lauren closely following behind me.

It was dark inside, and the basement was empty. A musty smell mixed with hint of a foul odor made it cold and damp.

Two policemen had already

restrained the furious Hazelyn. I

glanced at her. Her face seemed a bit swollen. It appeared that after we left the Chandler residence, Byron had hit her.

Her face bore the marks of a slap, suggesting that he had struck her with considerable force. It seemed that Byron was exceptionally ruthless, and he had laid a heavy hand.

Hazelyn turned her head and saw me descending. She was stunned for a moment and cursed loudly, "Bitch! I knew you were not a good person. Who are you?! Why are you targeting me?!" Lauren walked over to give her a hard slap. "How dare you scream at us?! You're a beast!"

I got used to the darkness and looked toward a corner. I saw Finn squatting at the corner as if talking to someone.

Suddenly, there was a frightening scream. The voice was shrill and hoarse. I even detected a hint of fear in it.

Chapter 1116 I'll Avenge You

I hurriedly ran over, spotting a small figure curled up in the corner. I crouched down and softly called out to her. "Beatrice, don't be afraid. I'm Chloe Hartz. It's Chlo. I've come to rescue you, Beatrice." I saw the trembling figure in the corner pause, and I knew she had understood me.

"Beatrice... It's Chloe! I know I'm late, but look at me! It's me, I'm Chlo!"

I heard Hazelyn's arrogant laughter behind me. "Hahaha, she's just a lunatic! You can't save her. She's lost her mind."

Lauren couldn't bear it. She walked up to Hazelyn and slapped her again. "I told you to shut up! You're the crazy one!"

I slowly reached out to Beatrice. "Beatrice, don't be afraid. Come on, look at me! I'm Chlo!"

The frail figure continued to tremble but slowly raised her head.

Only then did I see that she was still wearing a patient gown that was stained with blood all over. Some parts were torn, revealing her body. She clutched herself.

The chains on her feet were still locked, and her exposed calves and ankles were wounded. Some of them were festering. There was a foul smell.

I pressed a hand on her shoulder, and she jerked away. I quickly increased the pressure on my hand. "Don't be afraid, it's me!"

She looked up, her hay-like disheveled hair covering her face. I heard Finn's breath becoming rapid beside me.

I gently brushed away the hair covering her eyes. "Beatrice, I'm here to save you! From now on, no one will dare torment you."

Her stunned gaze gradually changed to a softer one.. Her lips moved, but no words came out, and her body still trembled. "Beatrice, don't be afraid." I tried to get closer again. "Beatrice, we're getting out of here! I'll avenge you."

Suddenly, a hysterical roar came from behind me, "Who the hell are you? You want to avenge her? You must have a death wish..."

Beatrice, who had been calming down, suddenly curled up again when she heard the shouting. She clutched her head and screamed... When Finn saw that, he couldn't stay calm anymore. He leapt up with a roar. "You're a devil! How could you treat her like this?!"

Before he could finish his sentence,

he pounced in front of Hazelyn and delivered a resounding slap. Only

Hazelyn could feel how ruthless itet

was. Finn continued to curse.

didn't want to hit a woman, but are you even human, Hazelyn? You're a devil! I'll make you taste some of the humiliation you caused her!"

Everyone in the basement was resentful at how Beatrice had been treated and the two police officers guarding Hazelyn pretended not to see what was going on, letting Finn punish Hazelyn. en

Someone reminded him, "Don't hit her face."

The person in charge of recording had already moved the camera away, not wanting to film this.

"I'll avenge you, Beatrice. Don't be afraid. I'll make her taste the pain she inflicted on you."

I reached out to hug Beatrice, who was still frightened. She tried to resist me, but gradually pulled me closer, burying her head in my chest. "Just you wait, Finn. I'll make you pay for hitting me today... Ah..."

Finn continued to pummel Hazelyn.

Sean shouted, "Finn!"

Finn continued as if he were mad, mechanically hitting Hazelyn. Alvin and Sean pulled him away, but he continued to try to hit her.

Even though two men were holding

him, he still tried to aim a kick at Hazelyn. Anyone would find it

u;

unable to see their beloved girl

tortured like this.

When his rage was finally suppressed, he returned to Beatrice's side.

Chapter 1117 Too Cruel

I continued to gently stroke Beatrice's back, and her trembling seemed to calm down.

Finn quickly removed his jacket and wrapped it around Beatrice, looking at me. "Ms. Chloe, what do we do now?"

I whispered to Beatrice nestled in my arms, trying to comfort her. "Don't be afraid. It's okay now. Nothing will happen. We're going to the hospital.

"Don't be scared, Beatrice. This is Finn, my friend from Gerby. He's been working hard to save you. Don't be afraid. Let's leave now, okay?"

Beatrice just clung tightly to me. Someone came over and forced open the iron chains on her feet.

Finn reached out, wrapping Beatrice closely in his jacket. He lifted her up, tightly embracing her in his broad arms. Beatrice's head was tucked against his chest, and I continued to gently caress her body to comfort her.

We quickly left the basement and the villa without a moment's pause, got into the car, and headed straight to the hospital.

The entire process had been recorded. I didn't know when Atlas had arranged for that to happen. It was the best way to document the situation at the time, and it would be useful evidence.

In the car, Beatrice stayed in the fetal position, curled up motionlessly in Finn's embrace. Alvin drove swiftly, and Atlas's car followed us.

When we arrived at the hospital, a group of doctors was already waiting. To my surprise, Nathan and several high-ranking officials from Gerby were there, too.

Finn reluctantly handed the woman in his arms to the doctors. She continued to grip my hand tightly. I followed them as they rushed toward the emergency room.

At the entrance, she refused to let go, no matter what. I pleaded with the doctor to let me follow, and he made an exception and allowed me to enter. Then, they gave her some medication, and she gradually fell asleep, finally releasing her tight grip on my hand. I stepped out of the emergency room.

I could no longer restrain my emotions. Atlas quickly walked over and hugged me tight. "Don't cry! You did it. It's all over! Let's focus on her treatment now. I believe she'll recover soon."

"But what about her memories?" I looked up at Atlas, teary-eyed. "Her past experiences... How can she forget that? It's so cruel!"

The people waiting outside were all heartbroken too.

Lauren tried to comfort me too. "Don't worry too much, Chlo. She'll be okay now that we're all here."

I tried to calm myself down and anxiously awaited the examination results and from the doctors inside.

The doctor came out after two hours. He removed his mask, his expression filled with complexity. Even at this moment, he wore an expression of disbelief.

After contemplating for a moment, he detailed the injuries on Beatrice's body to the highest official waiting outside and to all of us who had been anxiously awaiting news.

"The victim has almost no intact

parts on her body. Skull, ribs, nose,

arms, legs, fingers... There are

multiple fractures of varying

degrees. Some fingers are

vene

deformed, and there are new fractures in the legs, likely fresh injuries. Her soft tissues have been extensively damaged, bladder, spleen, with old injuries...

The doctor continued, "This is the most unbelievable mutilation I'vez ever seen in my 35 years of practice. I can't believe there could be such a brutal person in our city! I can't

believe it..."

The elderly doctor shook his head. "Each department will produce a detailed forensic report."

I found it difficult to accept this reality. I struggled to contain my emotions, not wanting to lose my composure.

How could this have happened to the once lively and cheerful Beatrice?

It was unbelievable.

Finn's face was also very grim. Alvin had stood by his side all this time.

"We need to punish those who did this to her. "Nathan gave some orders to his subordinates and spoke to the hospital director. "Assign the best doctors to her We

must expedite her recovery net

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Atlas suggested, "Nathan, we need to quickly bring in the best psychiatrists to conduct a mental assessment on her. It'll add more credibility to our case."

Nathan looked at the hospital director. "Do you know any experts in this field?"

"No," Atlas hastily interrupted Nathan.

## Chapter 1118 Midnight Interrogation

Atlas continued, "We can't use this hospital's experts. The last diagnostic report was suspected to be forged, and all the doctors involved were from here. We need more authoritative and convincing opinions. The local doctors can only observe. We'll invite a team of specialists to consult."

Nathan nodded immediately. "Got it!"

When Beatrice was brought back to the hospital room, she was still unconscious, but she was now in a clean hospital gown.

Her hair had been attended to and looked much neater. Thick bandages were wrapped around her ankles, and her delicate face was pale without a trace of color. She appeared frail and petite in the hospital bed, beautiful even in her emaciation.

I couldn't control the welling tears as my gaze fell upon her.

Was this still the Beatrice I knew?

I knew Finn was wondering the same thing.

Mr. and Mrs. Bullock rushed to the hospital when they heard that we had successfully rescued Beatrice.

It was early morning by then.

When they saw Beatrice, they sighed, shaking their heads repeatedly.

The entire process had been recorded for evidence.

Hazelyn had been arrested.

Nathan instructed someone to call Byron. He wanted to ask him about his daughter personally.

I wanted to hear what Byron had to say too, so I joined Nathan and headed to the police station.

Nathan agreed, but did not allow us to see Byron in person. The interrogation took place in an interrogation room at the police station.

Peering through a dimly lit glass window, I observed the situation inside. No one else could see us from within.

Nathan wanted to keep us hidden, since we were his crucial business partners.

Byron arrived swiftly, but it was evident that he was not in good shape. His face was deathly pale, and he was evidently on edge. Being called to the police station after 2 AM was definitely bad news for someone with a guilty conscience.

And hearing that the highest official

in the cit

have

wanted to see him must made him feel like a startled

bird, especially since he harbored dark secret.

But I must say that Byron had remarkable mental fortitude.

My heart ached unbearably as I stood by the window, watching Byron and thinking about Beatrice in the hospital bed.

Atlas extended his long arm to pull me into an embrace, becoming my pillar of support.

Byron was visibly nervous and glanced at Nathan. Nathan scrutinized him briefly before asking coldly, "Mr. Byron, do you know why I called you here?"

Byron's Adam's apple bobbed up and down, his eyes fixed on Nathan's stern face.

I could sense his nerves reaching their breaking point.

"Mr... Nathan, tell me!" His voice wavered, revealing his attempt to conceal the panic within.

"I want to talk to you about your eldest daughter," Nathan said matter-of-factly.

Byron's legs trembled visibly, and he looked at Nathan, unable to speak.

Nathan continued scrutinizing him. "I've foregone sleep to discuss your daughter's situation here at this ungodly hour, which tells you just how serious this is. You'd better tell me the truth."

"Um... Mr. Nathan, it was a family tragedy. M-My eldest daughter, she has some mental issues and is undergoing treatment at a

psychiatric hospital." Byron tried to compose himself.

"For how long?" Nathan inquired.

"It's been 8 or 9 years." Byron seemed somewhat calmer.

"8 or 9 years? Have you visited her during this time?" Nathan pressed further.

"I-I have..." Byron stammered.

Nathan slammed his hand on the table. "You're lying! How did you manage to see her? How dare you lie to me?"

Byron's expression froze. Fear was etched across his face as he stared at Nathan. His hands, resting on the table, clenched involuntarily.

Chapter 1119 Hesitation

Nathan grabbed the documents from the staff member beside him and slammed them onto the table in front of Byron with a resounding thud. The papers contained photos depicting Beatrice's current condition and reports detailing her injuries. "Take a look... How did you see her? Look at these documents carefully before saying a word!" Nathan shouted at Byron.

Byron's tension escalated as he slowly reached out to grab the papers in front of him. When he saw the photos, his eyes widened in disbelief as he carefully studied each one.

"I..."

"You'd better tell me the truth. Does she really have mental issues?" Nathan's ominously stern eyes bore into Byron, his gaze intensely scrutinizing. "She's been enduring inhumane abuse and violence for an extended period of time in a psychiatric hospital. Did you know about this?"

Byron seemed on the verge of breaking down as he looked at the documents. "I... Who could have done such a thing? Who?"

He frantically picked up one photo after another. I didn't need to see them. I knew the images on those photos were gruesome. I had to admit that Byron's attitude, expression, and emotions seemed to be a real reaction to the situation.

The large hand on my shoulder tightened slightly, and Atlas softly comforted me. "Looks like he really had no idea."

I bit my lip and said vehemently, "He was the one who sent her to the psychiatric hospital. He personally delivered her to the gates of hell."

"And he keeps two demons by his side! No... I'm wrong. He's a demon himself. He was the one who came up with that malicious plan. It's unforgivable! He doesn't deserve to be called a father."

"Your daughter is responsible for this as well. Your allegedly sane daughter subjected Beatrice to cruel abuse for a whole 9 years. She's battered and bruised, and she's barely holding on. Tell me, Byron, is she mentally ill?" Nathan stared at Byron, aggressively pressing him with questions. Byron still had a pained expression on his face.

"She does have some mental issues... The doctor diagnosed her. But... how could that monster treat her own sister like this?" Byron gritted his teeth.

"Looks like you really didn't know, huh?" Nathan asked.

"Nathan, I swear on my conscience, I had no idea. My younger daughter has always been wild-" Byron was still trying to explain, but Nathan mercilessly interrupted him.

"Alright! Since you haven't been

disciplining her, we'll take charge.

Beatrice has been rescued, and the

abuser turned out to be your daughter, who was caught red-handed attempting violence

against her.

"Regardless of whether Beatrice has mental issues or not, Hazelyn has violated criminal law. She needs to pay the price for her actions," Nathan said sternly. Byron did not dare say a word.

"Hazelyn took Beatrice out of the psychiatric hospital and kept her captive in the basement of your mansion which allowed her to

abused at any time. Beatrice is e

undergoing treatment in the hospital now. You'd better pray she comes out okay."

"Impossible! I... impossible," Byron muttered to himself.

I had no idea what was going through Byron's mind right now.

"As for Hazelyn, she's been implicated in several cases, and we've already arrested her. A team of experts is on their way to Gerby for a consultation to find out

whether Beatrice has mental issues or not. The results will be out soon, Byron. You'll need to wait for the news."

Nathan looked meaningfully at Byron, smiled faintly, and turned to leave.

As he was about to reach the door, Byron suddenly shouted, "Mr. Nathan, can... can I go see my daughter?"

I trembled when I heard those words.

Daughter?

He still called her his daughter?

Nathan turned to look at him, asking casually, "Which daughter do you want to see?"

"B-Beatrice!" Byron hesitated for a moment before answering.

A sharp pang pierced my heart. What did his hesitation mean?

Chapter 1120 A Father Only in Name

Nathan looked at the bewildered Byron with a disdainful smile, his voice cold as he said, "I'm afraid neither of your daughters will want to see you. Beatrice definitely wouldn't. As for Hazelyn, she's been involved in serious crimes, so chances are, you won't be seeing her."

With that, Nathan left the room with determined strides.

Byron was left in the chair, his face devoid of color.

His clenched fist on the table gradually tightened and the muscles in his jaw protruded. I wondered what was going through his mind.

After a long while, he stood up and left the room, leaving the documents on the table untouched. That disappointed me.

In a cold tone, Atlas remarked, "He doesn't deserve to be a father."

At that moment, Nathan pushed the door open and walked in, his face still dark.

"He's determined to resort to extreme measures," Atlas said.

"How so?" Nathan looked at Atlas inquiringly.

"He'll probably try to request custody of Beatrice and find a way to harm her before the psychiatric assessment. That would be the best way for him to save himself, Hazelyn, and Jocelyn. He's already done it once. He won't hesitate to do it again," Atlas explained. Sean looked at Atlas and asked, "What should we do?"

"If I'm right, he'll probably send a message to Hazelyn and ask her to stay quiet." Atlas thought for a moment, then said, "He'll do everything in his power to see Beatrice. He'll only be able to seize his opportunity then."

"We can't let Beatrice see him. I won't let her fall into danger again," I said resolutely, opposing the idea.

Atlas looked at me, then extended his arm to embrace me. He remained silent, not expressing his opinion.

Sean looked at Nathan, and Nathan ordered Beatrice to be moved to a secret ward to make Byron give up on the idea.

Atlas quickly reported the information he had obtained during dinner at Chandler residence to Nathan. He mentioned Byron's connections, and finally, Atlas said, "But I suspect this is not his true plan."

Nathan looked at Atlas and muttered, "Looks like I need to report this situation."

It was almost dawn when we left the police station. I wanted to return to the hospital, and Atlas didn't try to stop me. We went to the hospital together, and he arranged for a room next to Beatrice's ward for me to get some rest. But I couldn't sleep.

I wanted to be there the moment Beatrice woke up, to see her.

I couldn't help but think that she must be frightened right now.

Finn hadn't slept either. He and Lauren were waiting outside the ward. The ward had a large glass window, allowing a clear view of what went on inside. Conten belongs to

Beatrice was under special care, and no one else was allowed in to prevent her rest from being disturbed.

At 6 a.m. the next morning, Beatrice, who had been in a deep sleep, made a slight movement. We rushed in, and I softly said, "Beatrice."

A slight frown appeared on her pale face, then she gradually relaxed.

The doctor said it was the effect of the medication. She hadn't fully regained consciousness.

"Beatrice, are you awake?" I said gently, looking at her face.

Her eyelashes fluttered, and I continued to call her name. She finally opened her eyes, staring blankly at me. Her eyes were large, the black pupils appearing O somewhat unfocused.

"Beatrice, it's Chlo. I've rescued you. You're safe now," I said patiently.

She blinked and looked around. Her gaze fixed on my face, and her lips moved slightly.

"I'm Chlo. Do you recognize me?" I asked eagerly.

"...Chlo," she struggled to say.

Everyone smiled, and Lauren said, "That's great. She recognizes you."

Beatrice glanced at Lauren.

I quickly added, "This is a good friend of mine.

Then I turned to Finn. "Do you know him? He's the one who's been wanting to save you."

As soon as I spoke, I noticed that Finn's face turned red.

Beatrice looked at him unenthusiastically.

She kept staring at me. "...Chlo!"

"Yes, it's me. I'm Chlo, and I've rescued you." I nodded earnestly and gently stroked her head.

After contemplating for a long time, she suddenly cried and reached out to grab me. I moved to hold her hands, and she immediately held on tightly.