

Divorce 1121

Chapter 1121 Not Even a Phone Call

My eyes welled up with tears, and everything became blurry.

"Don't be afraid. You're safe now. No one will dare to torture or hurt you again," I reassured her.

As soon as she heard the word 'hurt,' her body suddenly trembled, and she let out a sharp scream.

The nurses rushed over, trying to restrain her.

I quickly told them, "No, let go!"

I immediately bent down and embraced her emaciated body, patting her gently. "Don't be afraid. It's okay now. Everything is over."

My voice choked. "Beatrice, you have to get better quickly so we can be together again. Do you know how much I blame myself? I neglected you all these years. Otherwise, you wouldn't have suffered for so long." She wailed loudly, full of anguish.

Doctors also hurried in. After all, this was a direct order from the highest-ranking official in the province, a patient requiring special attention. No one dared to slack off.

But seeing her in this state, the doctors quietly stopped the nurses from intervening.

She needed to vent to release the accumulated frustration in her heart. Only then might she speak normally.

Beatrice cried for a full two hours until she was utterly exhausted, suddenly becoming unconscious.

I felt the limp body in my arms and exclaimed. The doctor rushed over to examine her and then reassured me, "Don't worry, this time she fell asleep on her own. It will take about four hours before she wakes up. By then, she should be able to speak." Atlas told me to rest a bit. I suddenly felt overwhelmed and almost drifted off to sleep.

I asked Lauren to sleep with me in the hospital room that Atlas arranged for me. We both lay down and immediately fell asleep.

This nap turned into a solid four-hour sleep. My body clock was remarkably accurate.

I quickly got up, seeing Lauren still in deep slumber. I went straight to Beatrice's hospital room. I found Finn still sitting by her bedside, having also dozed off.

I didn't disturb them. I just watched these two people. Honestly, it warmed my heart. If they had a chance in the future, it could indeed be a good ending.

After looking around, I didn't see Atlas. He must have gotten busy with something.

The phone on my person kept buzzing, and I tiptoed out of the hospital room. Glancing at the caller ID, it was my mom.

I stepped a bit farther away and answered, "Mom."

"Chlo, what's going on over there? Why haven't you come back yet?" My mom asked, realizing that I hadn't called her for a few days.

I knew they had already returned to Foswood, so I confidently stayed in Gerby without even making a call.

"We rescued Beatrice, and she hasn't woken up yet," I whispered.

"Oh, that's good. At least it wasn't a waste of time." My mom's tone softened.

"How's Ava?" I asked. With my mom and the others back, I felt much more at ease about Ava.

"She's doing well. Ava keeps asking when you guys will be back. It's been almost half a month since you left, and not a single phone call!" My mom scolded me.

I chuckled. With things getting so

intense over here, who had the time to make a call? Byron was probably about to be arrested. Only then can I go back. I can't abandon everything at this crucial moment.

"I'll come back as soon as the key figures are arrested," I promised my mom. "How's Grandma Rose?"

"She's been at Pleca Park and is doing well! Don't worry!" My mom reassured me. Then, she added, "Um... Matthew has left."

"Huh? I know about that," I said. "Did he see Ava before he left?"

"He did. He just met Ava. That's how

I found out he left. It was Johnson

who brought the news, saying he went abroad and told Ava to behave herself until he comes back.

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I could imagine his demeanor, but honestly, mentioning this man still made my heart ache. After all, had lived with him for many years, and despite the not-so-good memories, they were unforgettable.

Chapter 1122 Tell Him to Get Lost

"That's good. Out of sight, out of mind," my mom grumbled.

"Did you receive any mail for the house over there?" I intentionally changed the subject.

"Mike called last night and told us not to worry. He said there have been quite a few people interested in the house lately. It might be sold soon. Anyway, we've set the price high, so if it sells, great. If not, it can wait. You'll always have a place to stay if you go back."

I chuckled. "You're always worried about not having a place to stay when you already have houses everywhere. Last night, Atlas even mentioned investing here in Gerby. He plans to buy a house for us to stay in when we come for inspections. He also said you guys can travel around and stay in different places! Why are you still worried about having nowhere to stay?"

"Did he really invest in Gerby? Is that place even worthy?" My mom asked.

I laughed. Any place was worth investing in. Projects done by Atlas were bound to be prosperous. He tackled things others couldn't.

Before I could answer, Finn called my name, so I quickly said goodbye to my mom. I was sure Beatrice had awakened.

When I rushed back, indeed, she was awake.

I grabbed her hand. "Beatrice, you're up!"

What pleasantly surprised me this time was that Beatrice's eyes showed signs of vitality. Though she stared at me straight-faced, her eyes were no longer vacant.

She held my hand, feeling secure. "Chlo!"

However, her voice sounded strange, notably hoarse, as if her throat was damaged.

"Your throat?" I asked in astonishment.

With a stiff expression, she replied, "Damaged. Poisoned."

"Poisoned?" I exclaimed, "Did Hazelyn do this?"

"B-B-Byron." She struggled to utter Byron's name.

My grip tightened, and my other hand gently touched her face. My nose tingled, and I lowered my gaze. It was only at this moment that I noticed her hand in mine. She was thin to the point where only bones remained, and two fingers were already deformed.

I lifted her hand, eyes wide and speechless, staring at her hand. Quickly, I reached for the other one, finding it in the same condition

These hands, how familiar they used to be. We held hands countless times... But now, this pair of hands resembles chicken claws.

I couldn't speak anymore. I pressed her hands against my face, tears streaming down uncontrollably. I couldn't manage my emotions.

She just stared at my expression, quietly, motionless.

After a while, she finally said, "... It doesn't hurt anymore."

With just that sentence, I completely broke down. I threw myself onto her frail body. How much suffering had this body endured?

Finn turned away and left. I knew he, too, couldn't control his emotions.

Beatrice spoke again after a long time, "Chlo... you're the best."

I lifted my tear-stained face, but she seemed to have cried all her tears, remaining quiet and serene.

"Beatrice, it's all my fault. Not

staying in touch with you all these years was my mistake. If I had kept an eye on you, you wouldn't have suffered so much. At the very least, I could have given you advice I said, looking at her pale face.

She shook her head repeatedly. "...There's no use. All dead. She... They harmed them. They've all been killed."

"Hazelyn has been arrested. She can't escape anymore," I happily informed her.

However,

she continued to shake

her head, "She... is not important. It's Jocelyn and Byron who harmed me... Grandpa, Grandma, my mom. They are all dead. The Keller family are alt dead. Byron killed them.

I looked at Beatrice. She wasn't crazy. She was clear-minded.

"I want revenge..." She spoke her innermost thoughts, word by word.

I nodded vigorously. "I'll help you. We've already found many clues that can incriminate Byron."

Just then, Finn walked in, whispering to me, "Byron is causing a scene outside, demanding to see his daughter."

With just that sentence, Beatrice suddenly screamed, "Tell him to get lost!"

Chapter 1123 Taking a Bite

She looked terrifying, emanating a fierce aura like a recently awakened beast. Her eyes were red, her face even paler, trembling all over. She roared, "Tell him to get lost!" Finn immediately reached out to comfort her. "Beatrice, calm down. I'll make him leave..."

"Get him out! Get him out! I want to kill him..." she said, attempting to rise, ready to storm out.

Finn quickly reached out to restrain her. Now she became even more agitated, "Don't hit me... Let go of me. Don't hit me! Leave!"

After her outburst, her hands uncontrollably scratched at the air, clearly a reflex, the aftermath of prolonged abuse. This was the most undeniable proof.

Seeing her like this made my heart ache even more.

After her shout, she bit down on Finn's shoulder, her expression grim as she sank her teeth in fiercely.

Finn grunted but kept his eyes closed, refusing to let go of her.

I was surprised and hurriedly patted her back. "Beatrice... Beatrice, don't bite him. He's your lifesaver. He won't harm you, Beatrice..."

Several nurses rushed in to help, one preparing a syringe. Finn roared, "Don't touch her, don't give her a shot."

But Beatrice continued biting down on Finn's shoulder. His white shirt was instantly stained red.

Finn, in pain, had veins bulging in his neck, but he still didn't let go of her.

"Beatrice, I'm Chlo, listen to me," I called out to her.

She gradually loosened her bite, and Finn's face turned purple.

I looked at Finn. "Do you need help?"

Finn shook his head lightly. "As long as she can let it out, I'm fine."

Beatrice stared blankly at Finn, took a deep breath, and said, "... Make him leave! I'm not his daughter... He's not worthy!"

Finn nodded, looking at her. "Okay, I'll go chase him away. Don't be angry. Be good."

Beatrice gazed at Finn, her expression softened, her voice quieter, "Make him leave."

"Yeah! I'll go now." Finn had a face full of smiles as if he saw a glimmer of hope.

At this moment, Lauren rushed in, looking at the situation before her, and asked me, "What's going on?"

"Byron showed up. Beatrice doesn't want to see him," I informed her.

Lauren was speechless, commenting, "What nerve he has."

Beatrice seemed somewhat

exhausted. I quickly laid her down on the bed Her hands still tightly clung to my clothes, seemingly finding safety only in doing so. She

resembled a child in need.

I had no choice but to sit by her side, watching her. She continued gripping onto me, refusing to let go.

I wanted to say something to her, but she remained silent.

In the evening, when Atlas arrived, Beatrice had just fallen asleep. The light reflected on her pallid face. She looked frail in her curled-up state, devoid of any sense of security.

I informed Atlas that Byron had appeared at the hospital, wanting to see Beatrice.

Atlas's gaze was deep, calmly saying, "He's on the move, trying to free Hazelyn, but he's quite disappointed today. He didn't find out where Hazelyn is being held."

"He wants to free Hazelyn?" I was somewhat infuriated. "Is he still putting up a fight?"

At this point, Finn walked over, looking at us. "Gabriel is here."

"Hah!" I snorted disdainfully. "The Chandler family is taking turns bombarding us. Gabriel also provided evidence confirming Beatrice's mental issues back then. I want to know why?" Atlas decisively stated, "No one can see her before the assessment. We need to stabilize her emotions. On the contrary, we must keep those outside on high alert."

I looked at Atlas. "Keep them on edge. That's when they'll completely break down, right?"

Atlas embraced me with concern,

saying, "The key is taking down

those supporting them. There's also

the case of the poisoned milk. There's no complete chain of

evidence yet. That's stcrucial

thing."

"But time is running out." I had to admit. I understood that we couldn't stay in Gerby all the time.

It worried me because there were many things to deal with back in Foswood, and we might have to return at any time.

Chapter 1124 Overnight Relocation

Although Ryan was handling the company, I was still worried that there might be news from Dylan. I must save my father. Moreover, David has been urging me to visit him. Atlas understood my concerns.

"Indeed, this matter can't be rushed. Such a significant issue can't be resolved without a puppet master. Once he took over the Keller family's power, the old president died under suspicious circumstances. This matter can't be left unresolved." "Unacceptable!" I angrily declared.

"The operations behind this can't be carried out by one person alone. There's an entire chain involved. This is Byron's true puppet master and the invisible hand behind profiting. If we don't expose him, even if we return everything to Beatrice, there will still be hidden dangers."

Hearing Atlas's words was truly shocking. This was something I had not expected. No wonder Atlas didn't rush to have Nathan close the net. It turned out the key lay here.

Finn was filled with admiration. "Mr. Atlas, I'll drive away Gabriel."

"It looks like we need to make them a bit more anxious," Atlas said, then picked up the phone, dialing a number.

I heard Atlas instructing over the phone. "Spread the news, arrange for the police to start the investigation without revealing Sean's team. Include the Russell family in this. Investigate them together, and don't let them off easily."

I couldn't tell who he was talking to.

Then, he hung up the phone and glanced at Beatrice. He said, "Once the news is out, they'll all be on the edge. Some won't be able to sit still. It's not suitable for her to recuperate here. We need to find a place for her to quietly recover, both physically and emotionally." Just then, Finn came back after sending Gabriel away. He heard Atlas's words and quickly added, "Mr. Atlas, we have a villa at Glasslake Manor that's been vacant all along. How about="

"Okay, let's move there later. You should arrange for someone to clean up. We may need two medical staff members as well!" Atlas looked at Finn and added, "Be sure to inform them."

"No problem. There's always someone cleaning up there. We can go now. I'll notify them later," Finn said excitedly, "It has three floors. Don't worry."

In the dead of night, we moved

Beatrice to the new location. It was already early morning when we were done. Beatrice's condition was still stable. Everything was done quietly, without using the hospital's vehicle.

After arriving, we settled Beatrice, and everyone went back to rest.

It was quite quiet here. Perhaps after the commotion, everyone was tired. All of us slept exceptionally well.. This was the best sleep I had since coming to Gerby, and it seemed that Atlas slept soundly, too.

When I stirred, he also woke up. Still a bit drowsy with traces of sleepiness in his voice, he asked, "Are you awake?"

"What time is it? It's so quiet." I stretched lazily and snuggled into his embrace. His hands embraced my waist, and he kissed me. Then he suddenly rolled over, pressing me beneath him.

He passionately deepened our kiss. I

missed him too. After coming here,

every day was filled with intense mental activity, thinking about how Beatrice would be. There was no

time for intimacy. We were too busy.

But now, Beatrice had finally been successfully rescued, and everything was developing in the right direction. Naturally, we felt a sense of relief.

That yearning arose spontaneously. We didn't know how long it lasted, but I felt like the most wonderful day began right here.

After we finished getting ready, I eagerly rushed out of the room and down to Beatrice's room.

Pushing the door open, I found that she was already awake.

Beatrice's room was on the second floor, the master bedroom. It was large and luxuriously decorated.

A special nurse accompanied her to sleep in this room.

When Beatrice saw me enter, she actually smiled at me.

At that moment, I felt happier than if I had seen the most beautiful scenery. "Beatrice, you're awake."

She looked at me, somewhat surprised, and asked, "Where are we?"

Chapter 1125 A Joyous Day

I looked at her bewildered expression and couldn't help but smile. This was a symbol of her recovery.

"This is a friend's home. We were worried about disturbances in the hospital, so we moved you here," I explained to her.

However, I didn't reveal the news about her yet. I wanted to gradually tell her about the Chandler family's situation.

In truth, I had many unresolved mysteries I wanted to ask her about. There was Gabriel and also the real reason she was sent to the mental institution.

I also wanted to share with her the upheavals in my life over the past ten years. I sensed that she looked at me and Atlas with questioning eyes. She knew I had married Matthew, but now I was inseparable from Atlas.

"Are you okay? Is there any lingering pain?" I asked with concern, gazing at her pale face.

"Chlo... Is this real? Am I not dreaming?" she asked, still somewhat skeptical about the reality of it all.

I looked at her and said solemnly, "Beatrice, all the nightmares are over. Nothing from the past will happen again. Everything is real. Many people participated in rescuing you, not just us. And orders from above have been issued to thoroughly investigate your case." She blinked at me, seemingly confused.

"You can rest and recover. And, I've consulted with the doctor. Your hands can be restored through surgery. Don't worry. You'll still be the beautiful Beatrice," I assured her.

She lay quietly, seemingly unexcited by my words. She stared blankly at the ceiling and softly said, "Chlo... I have no mother now, no grandmother, no grandfather. In this world, there's only me left. Everyone who loved me is gone."

"No! People who love you still exist, including me and many others. In the future, there will be a group of babies who love you. You should look forward to it. Don't you want revenge? Don't you want to reclaim everything that rightfully belongs to the Keller family, to you?" I encouraged her.

After hearing my words, she withdrew her gaze from the ceiling. Suddenly, the light in her eyes softened, and it seemed to have more substance than before.

She tightly grasped my hand. "Chlo, I'm so glad to have you. Otherwise, I'm afraid I would have come to this world for nothing. I just wanted to avenge my grandfather, grandmother, and mother one day.

"That's why I survived. I couldn't die. If I died, everything would have gone as they wished. Then, I would be too powerless! But without you, it was just wishful thinking. If you hadn't come, I probably would have died..."

She spoke slowly, each word punctuated, and seemed a bit breathless.

I knew deep down that it was all thanks to Michelle. If she hadn't found me, if there hadn't been the investigation by Theo, I believe Beatrice would have died.

The two of us tightly held hands. I asked her, "Beatrice, do you still remember someone named Michelle and Theo?"

"Michelle?" she murmured. "That annoying woman."

Hearing her describe Michelle like that, I chuckled. "Exactly! Annoying, always taking advantage of people, and always greedy. What about Theo?" Beatrice stared for a moment, then said, "Tall guy, heavy body hair."

I grinned with excitement. "That's him! Your memory is amazing!"

I was so excited because if Beatrice could remember them, it meant her consciousness was perfectly fine, completely normal. I had been worried that the years of inhuman torture might have blurred her consciousness. If she couldn't pass the mental examination, it would complicate matters.

However, seeing her like this was truly a cause for celebration. I believed we could proceed with the psychiatric evaluation.

Once the results came out, Hazelyn

would be unable to escape legal consequences. And when Byron's hidden agenda crumbled, the milk poisoning case would be successfully closed.

My mood suddenly brightened.

Beatrice looked at me with a smile and asked, "Why did you ask about those two?"

I was thrilled that she asked that and quickly pulled up a chair beside her bed, ready to explain why I brought up these two individuals.

Chapter 1126 A Heartbreaking Obedience

She listened attentively until I finished and said, "Thank them for me."

"Forget about Michelle. Thanking her would be as useful as jumping into a pool of mud. But you need to thank Theo. You have no idea what he did. He got beaten up by the Chandler family's servants many times just to find out exactly where you were." "The Chandler family?" Beatrice looked at me, her gaze wandering. I knew she was thinking about something.

Just then, a soft knock on the door interrupted us. I quickly got up to answer and saw Finn standing outside. He looked especially spirited today, well-groomed, cleanly shaved, and handsome.

"Is she awake?" he asked gently.

I nodded. "Yes, she's awake!"

I glanced at the spot where he had been bitten yesterday, asking, "Are you okay? Did the doctor take care of it?"

He nodded quickly. "No problem. It's been taken care of. It's just a scratch."

I thought that he definitely wasn't telling the whole truth. He had been lucky to avoid a bad injury given what happened yesterday.

He didn't seem to want to come in and asked, "Do you guys want something to eat? I asked my aunt to make some soup. You should all have some. Also... I...I arranged for a traditional medicine doctor. It was my mom's idea. She said traditional medicine is better for situations like this."

I was genuinely grateful for the Bullock family's hospitality.

"Come in then. Why have you suddenly become so shy in your own home?" I laughed.

Finn blushed again and scratched his head. I pulled him inside, saying, "Come on, stop being so shy."

I dragged Finn inside and we walked in together. Beatrice stared at Finn, seeming a little skeptical.

Seeing him around after she had left the hospital surprised her.

Finn looked at Beatrice lying on the bed. She seemed much better today, and he was visibly relieved. He awkwardly said to Beatrice, "You look much better today. Um... I came to ask if you guys wanted to eat together."

I quickly said, "This is his home, Beatrice. Finn arranged all this."

Beatrice scrutinized Finn for a long time before saying, "I know you. I saw you at my mother's funeral."

Finn was excited and nodded vigorously. "Yes, I attended Mrs. Helen's funeral. I regret not being able to help you back then."

Beatrice's state of mind made me increasingly happy. It seemed she could remember events from many years ago, which indicated that her mind was very clear.

"Is your shoulder better now? I'm sorry for hurting you," Beatrice apologized softly. "And thank you for letting me stay here."

Her speech had also become faster and more coherent, although her voice still sounded hoarse, making it a little hard to listen to.

Finn was overjoyed and waved her gratitude away. "Don't say that! I'm fine. It doesn't hurt at all. Don't

worry! Uh... If you like it here, you can stay as long as you want."

I watched the two of them, smiling. Stay as long as she wanted? I hoped Beatrice could stay here for good. Finn might have a chance then.

Maybe proximity would make the heart grow fonder.

"Are you hungry? Well... Get up and have something to eat, okay?" Finn said gently as he looked at Beatrice, who was still pale. Beatrice glanced at me, and I stepped forward, saying, "Can you walk down?"

Finn quickly added, "If you don't want to move, I'll bring the food to you."

Beatrice continued to look at me, seeming contemplative. Then she moved slightly, saying, "I remember now!"

I hurriedly helped her up. She sat up and asked, "Can I take a bath?"

I looked at Finn with some concern. "Her legs..."

"I can manage. I just want to wash away the dirt, shame, and bad luck of all these years," she said, looking down at herself.

In fact, I had wanted to help her take a bath a long time ago.

"Check with the doctor. If it's okay, I'll get the water ready for you," Finn said, "But first, let's eat. You need some strength." She nodded obediently, making everyone's hearts ache.

Chapter 1127 Washing Away the Bad Luck

I supported her, since she still seemed fragile. Finn quickly stepped forward, stooped down, and lifted her. She was startled and looked at me in panic, shouting, "Chlo..."

I hurriedly approached and held her hand, "Don't be nervous. He carried you out to save you. Don't worry. You can trust him!"

Beatrice seemed a little reluctant to look at Finn. He had already started to step outside.

The dishes were set in the dining room, and Atlas came downstairs.

When Atlas saw Finn place Beatrice at the dining table, he walked over slowly, looked at me, and gently said, "Not bad. I believe you'll recover soon."

Beatrice stared at Atlas, but it was with a kind of unfamiliarity and speculation, not the usual greed and longing that women had when looking at Atlas.

I quickly smiled at Beatrice and said, "Beatrice, this is my husband, Atlas. A lot has happened in my life during these ten years. I'll slowly tell you what happened. You need to get well soon."

Beatrice nodded, then smiled slightly at Atlas. "Alright. You tell me everything."

We all quickly took our seats and called over the doctors and nurses to eat together.

Lauren was probably still asleep. I didn't get anyone to wake her up. She had been tired these days, and it was rare for her to have a quiet and good night's sleep.

I felt content as I watched Atlas dine elegantly with everyone.

Honestly, this was the first time I had seen Atlas with so many outsiders all sitting at the same table for breakfast.

Fortunately, he appeared relaxed.

During the meal, I asked the doctor if Beatrice could have a bath. The doctor thought for a moment and nodded, "Not for too long. After all, her body is still very weak, and bathing consumes a lot of energy." "Is the wound okay?" I asked with some concern.

"Avoid excessive contact and avoid prolonged exposure to water. I'll change Ms. Chandler's dressing right after she's done bathing," the doctor said. "Use warm water for the bath."

I quickly nodded. We would let her use the bathtub and keep her feet elevated.

"Um... Could you all please stop calling me Beatrice Chandler from now on?" Beatrice said determinedly. "I'm not & Chandler. I'm a Keller. The Chandler surname is a disgrace. I'm going to apply for a name change to Beatrice Keller. Just call me Beatrice, okay?"

Beatrice looked at everyone, saying, "Please understand."

"Great! I'm all for it," Finn agreed. "I'll help you figure out a way to change that surname."

Beatrice's eyes carried a hint of gratitude.

After breakfast, Atlas left for work, and Finn took care of the bathing arrangements before leaving the villa.

Lauren had just woken up. Stretching lazily, she said, "I slept so well..."

When her gaze fell on Beatrice sitting on the bed, she visibly brightened and walked in. "Beatrice, you look great today." Surprisingly, Beatrice smiled. "Thank you!"

"Lauren, go have something to eat then help me give Beatrice a bath. She wants to freshen up."

Lauren nodded quickly. "She needs to wash away all the bad luck. From now on, Beatrice's life will be smooth sailing."

After saying that, she swiftly disappeared. Beatrice looked at Lauren's departing figure, then at me. "Well... I like her!"

I nodded happily. "Lauren is my best friend. She's really wonderful."

The bath took almost an hour. After

we finished, Beatrice looked very refreshed. A hint of rosy color appeared on her pale face, bringing joy to my heart.

She seemed to be feeling very comfortable. Even her hair had become much smoother.

The doctor quickly changed the dressing on her ankle. The wound had improved, but the bone-white scar was still visible.

Beatrice must have been very

comfortable, because she fell asleep before the dressing was finished. She slept for a full eight hours

without any seizures, proba net'

sensing an unprecedented sense of security. She slept until the evening.

Atlas and Finn had returned by then.

Chapter 1128 The Overwhelming Condemnation

During dinner, Sean and Arnold arrived together. It seemed that headquarters was wherever we were.

Beatrice seemed much more spirited after waking up from her nap. Lauren had braided her long hair into a fishtail braid, giving her a delicate appearance that exuded a hint of fairy-like charm. When Finn returned and saw her, his eyes lit up.

I had also gotten some rest, having had a nap while Beatrice slept.

We were relaxed and at ease.

Outside, the world was in chaos. That morning, news of Hazelyn's arrest spread like wildfire on the internet, exploding in Gerby like a heavyweight bomb.

The details had all been exposed, including the medical examination report.

Suddenly, searching for keywords like "asylum," "imprisonment," "torture," "brutality," and others yielded a plethora of related reports. The click rates skyrocketed, and major websites kept reposting the news.

The accompanying images were horrifying, but none of our related personnel's photos had leaked, showing the skillful photography involved.

Gerby was in an uproar. Public opinion surged, condemning the Chandler family as beasts, especially Hazelyn.

Many reporters and citizens flocked to the hospital, wanting to see Beatrice, who had been abused for a staggering nine years. The hospital was surrounded, and hardly anyone could get through.

I secretly admired Atlas's foresight. If we hadn't been prepared so early, it would have been impossible to calm everyone down and recover from everything.

Both the Chandler and Russell families had unquestionably been drawn into the vortex of public opinion. Byron was target of public criticism now. It didn't matter where he went. Whether it was where he lived or worked, everywhere he could possibly appear was surrounded by reporters.

Byron had initially made a public appearance and irrationally explained to the media that Beatrice had a mental problem, which had led to her being sent to a psychiatric hospital for treatment.

He had also claimed ignorance of the abuse by Hazelyn, expressing shock and regret. He even admitted to his failure to educate his daughter.

That statement from Byron immediately triggered another wave of anger, with many pointing out the loopholes in his words. He was becoming more and more implicated.

His attitude couldn't calm the

people. The citizens were out for justice, especially since this had happened in Gerby. The people were uncontrollable and gathered at the doors of both the Chandler and Ketter residences to condemn them.

Byron and the Russell family hid like frightened turtles, retreating into their homes and avoiding public appearances altogether.

Despite attempts by official media to downplay the reports and deliberately create diversionary plots, no one was buying it.

Byron couldn't even begin to apologize as he faced this public condemnation. Some people began to dig into his past, blocking the entrance to the Keller residence and angrily cursing Byron and Jocelyn. They couldn't believe the audacity of them to live in the Keller residence while abusing the kin of the Keller family.

People shouted and demanded that he leave the Keller residence. If anyone were to live in that house, it should be the Keller family's only granddaughter, Beatrice. They shouted from outside, "Give it back to Beatrice! Get out of the Keller residence!"

Faced with this condemnation, Byron and the Russell family had nowhere to hide.

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Reporters chased after Gabriel, berating him for pretending to be Beatrice's boyfriend while committing atrocities against her. They questioned his morality, asking why he married Beatrice's sister, further tormenting Beatrice. It was one thing to marry her sister, but to harm Beatrice as well was

hypocritical and deceptive.

Confronted with accusations of colluding with Byron and sending Beatrice to a psychiatric hospital, the Russell family closed their doors tightly, refusing to show their faces.

The public was relentless in demanding answers from the Russell family about their collaboration with Byron. They wanted to know what the Russell family had done to consign Beatrice to a mental institution.

All these inquiries left the Russell family in complete seclusion, not daring to show even a glimpse of themselves.

Chapter 1129 A Man Hunt

Sean had brought back information revealing that Deputy Director Raymond Holt and the head of citizen data, Melissa Marrow, had supported Byron. However, the real mastermind remained elusive.

Deep in thought, Atlas told Sean, "Start investigating from the prison. There's something fishy about Pierre Keller's sudden death there. I don't think his death is that simple, considering what happened to Pierre's wife and daughter." "I've already started looking into all the prison guards who had contact with Pierre," Sean informed Atlas. "I'm checking them one by one."

Atlas nodded and advised Sean, "Keep a close eye on Byron's contacts. Pay attention to every phone call he makes."

I felt that the situation had reached its climax. The truth was about to be unveiled.

Sean added, "We've been monitoring the situation online. Byron seems to be trying to suppress those reports."

"Let it continue to ferment. Intensify the pressure on him," Atlas determinedly instructed. "The more he tries to suppress it, the more we expose him."

Sean grinned wickedly. "Got it. Just watch! I'm heading out..."

"Hold on. Leave the official hotline and reporting mailbox. Keep pushing them constantly and make him nervous!" Atlas added.

Sean whistled and walked out. After a few steps, he noticed that Arnold had no intention of following him. Turning back, he looked at Arnold. "Are you coming or not?"

"You go ahead. I'm staying here with my sister." Arnold playfully leaned into the sofa. "Besides, Finn isn't there anymore, and the food's not good anyway."

I couldn't help but chuckle at Arnold's banter. As I was about to speak, Atlas shot him a stern look. "Don't you have any backbone at all? Get out of here!"

"Why should I leave? I'm staying here with my sister," Arnold retorted defiantly.

"Immediately. Right now!" Atlas ordered sternly.

Arnold had no choice but to get up reluctantly, leaving behind resentment directed at Finn.

"Finn, you're all wrapped up in love, personal relationships, and family. Once the case is solved, who stands to benefit the most? It's you. You'll have a wife, and it'll be a win-win situation. Can't you read the situation and make a strategic move?" Finn blushed at his words and quickly stood up. "I'm leaving! I'll go back with you guys, alright?"

After saying that, he informed Atlas, "I'm going back to the other side. Let me know if there's any update."

Then, he cast a worried glance upstairs and walked out with Arnold.

Even Lauren couldn't help but burst into laughter at Arnold's antics.

The online scrutiny intensified, launching a full-scale investigation. It started from Byron's sales role at the cable factory, then delved into his connections with Jocelyn and how he met Helen. The unfolding narrative was like an invisible hand untangling the web, revealing each layer.

When I read it, even I felt a twinge of sympathy for Byron's nerve-wracking situation.

People began digging into the details of Eric's car accident.

Everything was unfolding, and I could sense that tonight would be a sleepless night for Gerby.

Beatrice's mental state seemed to be in good shape. She ate a hearty dinner. But every time I saw her hands and heard her voice, my heart would tighten.

Despite her apparent well-being, she remained pretty silent. She would occasionally stare blankly at nothing as if she was carrying a heavy burden.

It wasn't until Ava finished her call with me that Beatrice took a keen interest. "Is she all grown up now?"

I knew she was referring to my

daughter so I quickly sat beside her

on the bed. After her bath, she no longer had that peculiar smell. Instead, she smelled like fresh

flowers.

I opened my phone and showed her the photos of Ava in my album.

She was immediately captivated, and warmth filled her eyes. Lauren watched her attentively from her chair.

"Beautiful! I like her. She looks wonderful!" she exclaimed, gazing at Ava's little face.

"Do you want to be her godmother?" I suggested.

She nodded vigorously then looked at me, asking, "Is this... Matthew's daughter?"

I nodded. "Yes, she's Matthew's daughter."

Chapter 1130 There's More to This

She flipped through the next photo and an unusually gentle smile appeared on her face.

I proceeded to tell her why I had separated from Matthew. When I reached the crucial part, she trembled angrily, her eyes red. I sensed her anger brewing and quickly comforted her. "It's all better now. I have Atlas who loves me. I don't have to suffer anymore. Whenever things seem bad, it's a sign that good luck is on the way."

Surprisingly, she hugged me, reminiscent of how she had protected me during our school days.

My nose tingled, and I told Lauren, "Back then, Beatrice used to protect me like this and make sure I wasn't being bullied."

Lauren, who was a very sensitive person, wiped a tear away and looked at Beatrice. "From now on, Beatrice, we won't let you suffer even a bit! Chlo's Mr. Atlas is out for revenge for you."

Beatrice was surprised when she heard Lauren's words. She looked at me and asked, "... Mr. Atlas, is he... really your husband?"

"Yes, it's exactly as you see. He's my husband, and he loves me. He also cares for everyone and everything I care about. He was the one who planned to save you," I explained.

"Tell me about Mr. Atlas," she requested.

I started from the very beginning, recounting every detail to Beatrice. Surprisingly, she didn't seem to grow tired or sleepy. We talked until late into the night.

She looked at me in disbelief, her emotions complex.

I held her hand and said, "Everyone goes through all kinds of difficulties, but we can overcome them. You will too, trust me. We'll definitely reclaim everything for you. We'll avenge your mother, grandfather, and grandmother." She nodded silently, and Lauren said, "It's getting late. Let's go to sleep! Beatrice needs rest."

Beatrice nodded, complying with Lauren's suggestion. I summoned the security detail, and we both returned to our rooms.

Atlas was still working. When he saw me return, he closed his laptop and looked at me. "How's the situation? Is she stable?"

"Everything's fine." I walked over to him, sitting on his lap. "But I can't shake the feeling that she has something on her mind."

"I suspect she's holding back some crucial information. That's why Byron didn't take drastic action initially. I believe there's a secret between him and her. Byron wanted to get whatever she had." Atlas held me in his arms, contemplating. "Why do you say that?" I asked him.

"I was thinking about the day Byron

saw the pictures of Beatrice being tortured. He was shocked, but he didn't display the emotions of a

concerned and compassionate.net

father Instead, he asked to talk to

her, not just to see her. It says a lot," he explained.

As I listened to Atlas's analysis, I pondered over Byron's behavior that day and agreed with Atlas's interpretation.

If he were a normal father and had been genuinely distressed by his daughter's suffering, seeing her subjected to such cruelty wouldn't have led to mere cursing. It would have broken his heart.

Even I had been shocked and moved to tears repeatedly when I saw Beatrice in that horrific state. Byron's indifference made him seem too detached.

"If Beatrice really has something against Byron, why hasn't she revealed it by now? It doesn't make sense, right? I'm sure she trusts me," I questioned Atlas skeptically.

"There's only one explanation. She still cares about Byron as her father, her only family in this world." Atlas analyzed. That reasoning left me speechless, but I found it convincing.

"So, what do we do?" I asked Atlas.

"If Beatrice doesn't say anything, we might not be able to bring him down anytime soon. We won't be able to retrieve what belongs to her either. I can sense Beatrice is conflicted.

Otherwise, she wouldn't be so lost in

thought. That suggests that she's struggling."

I shared Beatrice's recent behavior with Atlas.

He lifted me, returning to the bed, and we got into bed together.

He told me, "Let her recover first. Don't rush it. I have a way to make her make up her mind and speak up."

"People like Byron are irredeemable.

There's no room for leniency. Now that he's been pushed to the edge, he's capable of anything. He won't spare anyone, not even his daughter," I blurted out, startling even myself. Suddenly, I understood Atlas's implication. I looked at him urgently and asked, "Are you saying that Byron might..."