

Divorce 1311

Chapter 1311 Something's Strange

During dinner, Jared brought Ivanna back.

Atlas brought my father into the dining room, saying he insisted on dining with everyone.

He didn't look tired despite his paleness from a prolonged time in the basement. Now, due to excitement, his cheeks were slightly flushed. He was more accustomed to the night, as the ample sunlight during the day made him somewhat uncomfortable.

Ryan and Ivanna went up to greet him. He sat with Archie, as they had known each other for years.

My father was somewhat moved, and he said, "I never thought I'd have the chance to have a lively family dinner again."

Suddenly, I thought of Atlas's parents, who had both passed away. If they were still here, our family would be so happy together.

While the elders were chatting happily, I quietly asked Ivanna, "Did Jared persuade Anson about this?"

Ivanna glanced at Anson and whispered to me, "I suppose he agreed. But I wanted to tell you about this too. I have a feeling that this whole situation might be related to Trinity."

"Trinity?" I was a bit puzzled and skeptical.

"Don't you think Trinity has been gone for too long?" Ivanna said. "I asked Jared for details, but he told me not to worry about these matters. I feel there must be a reason."

"Are you suggesting something is up with Trinity?" I guessed.

"She wouldn't have let go of Jared so easily otherwise. Even if she couldn't control Jared, he would still consider what Anson thought about this. But Anson didn't intervene or make things difficult for him."

Ivanna added, "And the projects Jared partnered with him on weren't hindered."

"Trinity's current situation is indeed a mystery." I nodded. "I've been busy with many things lately and haven't paid much attention to this, but it's strange that she hasn't returned after so long."

Trinity had been gone for quite a while, and even I didn't know the real reason.

"She was texting me at first. But

there hasn't been any news from her recently." said, "I was planning on visiting the Huffman family home but Anson came to see my father, so it doesn't seem appropriate to bring up this matter today."

I kept an eye on the elders' demeanor, and they were still chatting happily.

Ivanna looked at my father and said to me, "Your dad seems to be in good spirits, and not as bad as we imagined."

"Atlas said he's excited to be back

home." I smiled at my father and t

said, "To be honest, I'm really

relieved to see him like this. No

matter what, he's still alive Content

"But he's so frail. What did the doctor say? Is there hope for his legs?" Ivanna asked in concern.

"It's hard to say for now. The doctor only said we needed to look at his overall health. After all, being locked in the basement for so long has weakened his immune system. We can only wait for now."

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"Yes, don't worry too much. The fact that he's alive is a blessing," Ivanna comforted me. "Just trust that Atlas will have a plan."

"Yeah. He has hired top specialists and said they'll perform surgery as soon as possible."

"Your dad's been through too much." Ivanna glanced at my father and sighed involuntarily. "But he's back safely."

Atlas, Jared, and Ryan were constantly discussing project matters during dinner. After dinner, Anson came to me to ask about Millard's situation.

I quickly took Anson to the living room, sat down, and told him about Millard.

After hearing the story, he sighed, "Ah, what a tragedy. But at least he had a good ending. He did a good deed before he died."

"He joined the Huffman family at the age of ten?" I boldly asked Anson.

I was quite curious about Millard. I wanted to know how he had turned into such a cold-blooded demon who killed without hesitation.

His feelings of resentment and guilt at the moment of his death were something I wanted to learn more about as well.

Chapter 1312 The History of the Huffman family

Anson let out a bitter smile and sighed. "To be precise, he became part of the Huffman family when he was only eight.

"They were from out of town. We didn't even know where their hometown was. I rescued him from a car accident, which was truly horrific."

I was surprised. "A car accident?"

Anson nodded. "Yes. The other party was in a car, and they were a family of three on a motorcycle. The force of the collision caused the child to fall into the river below the bridge.

"I quickly had my men jump in and rescue him. His parents, however, died on the spot. The scene was simply unbearable."

As Anson spoke, he sighed weakly.

"If he hadn't been rescued in time, his life might not have been spared. After he woke up, he couldn't remember anything and just cried incessantly.

"He was terrified, seriously ill, and stayed in the hospital for a long time. He didn't like to talk, either. When he saw me, he suddenly grabbed my hand and wouldn't let go, looking like he wanted to cry. It was heartbreaking, so I relented."

"Indeed, he was a pitiful child." I couldn't help but picture Millard's face. What was it that changed him?

"When he recovered, I told him the truth, that his parents were gone. I asked if he had any other relatives, but he just shook his head. Seeing this, I had to ask if he wanted to come home with me.

"He nodded, holding onto me tightly. I had no choice but to take him home. Trinity was only two years old then."

Anson sighed and added, "Sometimes I wonder if I made a mistake."

"Anson, don't think like that. What happened next?"

"He stuck to me like glue for a month and finally got acquainted with the Huffman family. I took care of him until he was well enough to go to the nearest school. During that time he was only close to me."

Anson became emotional. "To be honest, the child was so tender and sweet. He was also quiet and reserved, but he could communicate with me. I quite liked him..

"I sent someone to investigate and found that his hometown was in a small county. The people there were poor, and it turned out his parents fled from something, and his relatives wouldn't take him

Anson looked angry and sorrowful.

"How heartless of them," I commented.

"I was furious and stopped looking for them. I decided to keep him by my side and never mentioned sending him back again. But

knowing that his last name was

Millard, I thought he might get bullied around here.gave him my last name and

first name to Millard." Content

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"Anson, you did it out of kindness. His first name is to honor his real family name, right?"

"Yes. One mustn't forget their roots. After all, he was eight years old and knew he was from the Millard family. But none of his family wanted him. All these years, no one has come looking for him."

Anson continued, "When we found his family address, we sent out our details to them, but no one came. It shows that his parents weren't well-regarded at home."

I nodded silently. "Perhaps that's Millard's true nature, and it was just hidden during his time at the Huffman family."

"You may be right. When he turned 18, after the coming-of-age ceremony, I sent him out to gain experience. Actually, I hoped he would study a bit. "Since I kept him by my side, he was practically a member of the Huffman family, so how could I not treat him like one of us?"

Chapter 1313 Trinity's Plan

I nodded in agreement.

"The Huffman family lacks culture," Anson admitted frankly.

It dawned on me why he regarded Jared differently. Jared was both scholarly and martially adept, yet also strong-willed.

Anson continued, "But I overestimated him. He picked up vulgar habits from those underlings but behaved obediently in front of me. Some of my trusted men saw through him, and though I was aware, I didn't allow them to gossip.

"He was never cut out for studying. He caused trouble at school and those around me, eager to curry favor, covered for him. Eventually, he became unruly.

"I lectured him several times when I caught him, and though he seemed repentant, he never truly changed his ways.

"So, I sent him to Bermuda to test him. The environment there is like a touchstone. If he couldn't control his desires here, he would be even more reckless elsewhere. Sure enough, it proved true."

Anson sighed heavily, shaking his head incessantly.

"What exactly happened?" I asked, curious about his mistakes.

"He raised private soldiers there, intercepted our family's business and funds, and colluded with Navi for his own gain by collecting commissions. He even dared to use the Huffman family's connections to cover for Navi. He became Navi's puppet."

"It's confusing." I shook my head helplessly. "By the time I saw him, I had already formed a negative opinion of him."

I carefully reviewed some details about Millard's behavior when I saw him with Anson. "To gain a foothold in Navi's eyes, he killed people from a remote village. But Navi didn't value him highly. He was just an outsider and never entered the inner circle."

"Well, it's better this way. Perhaps this is truly his redemption." Anson sighed, "At least he finally showed some value while alive. It's not in vain that I saved him once."

"Don't worry about it. I've had Dylan bury him already," I informed Anson.

"That's good. One less worry in the world. I still think of him occasionally, but each time, it's with regret and resentment. But now, I can finally let go completely." Anson looked at me, "You understand me."

I smiled, "Anson, this is the bond between us."

He nodded without saying anything.

"How is Trinity doing lately?" I couldn't help but ask, trying to probe further.

"She's still in Yare. We have our people there too. She wants to establish an alliance with Yare. So she might not be able to come back for a while." Anson said, "You know, after all, the Huffman family's business..."

"I understand what you mean. The Huffman family's business is niche, so naturally, you need your own support."

However, I didn't know how Yare could help the Huffman family. Perhaps I still don't understand that place.

"As long as she's safe, that's what matters." I didn't press further.

Seeing that I didn't continue to ask, Anson didn't say much either. He stood up and said to me, "It's late, and I'll leave now. Seeing your father

safely home, I can rest ass father

When he's stronger, I'll take him to the Huffman family's courtyard for a few days. He seems like,

thoughtful person."

"How about staying at Pleca Park for a few days?" I politely suggested.

"No, he still needs to rest well. There's plenty of time ahead." With that, he began to leave.

I hurried to catch up with him, and we returned to the main hall together.

Everyone was there. I glanced at my father, who was talking to Grandma Rose.

Seeing us return, everyone knew that Anson was about to leave, so they all got up to bid farewell and left Pleca Park. Atlas escorted my father back to the annex to rest, then went to the study with Archie.

I knew that my father's return had

his entire plan.

plan. It

seemed that ATL Empire was going to be a new move.

Chapter 1314 A Temporary Solution

It had been a while since I'd properly worked, so I arrived at the office early the next day.

To my surprise, Carol was already there, tidying up my office. When I entered, she exclaimed, "Chloe, you're back? I missed you so much!"

"Yeah, I'm back." I stepped in with a refreshing smile, feeling a weight lifted off my shoulders.

"Did everything go smoothly?" she asked, then chuckled. "I guess that's a redundant question. I can tell from your expression that things went well." "You're sharp. Bring me the proposal for old Bourdamun that Ryan prepared. I'm back to work properly this time."

As soon as I said that, I realized it might be too early for me to be sure of that.

"Oh..." I coughed awkwardly, trying to cover up, "Um... I'll have to leave again on Wednesday."

Carol looked at me with a knowing smile. "Do you have to go to Gerby again?"

"How do you know everything?" I glanced at her and nodded. "Yes, I have to go again. Good things must be seen through to the end."

Carol gave me a thumbs up and smiled, "That's right, it's your call. I'll get the documents for you right away."

With that, she turned and briskly walked out. I relaxed into my chair, enjoying the pleasant atmosphere.

The office was clean and fresh, inviting me to roll up my sleeves and get to work.

Suddenly, I remembered I needed to call Atticus to arrange a meeting as soon as possible to finalize some project details so I wouldn't have to postpone things again on Wednesday.

Just as I picked up the phone, it started ringing. It was Poppy calling. I wondered why she had taken an interest in me.

"Hello," I answered the call.

"Chloe, are you in your office?"

"Yeah, I'm here," I replied truthfully.

"How about lunch? I'm worried we won't be able to catch up due to your busy schedule. You see, I'm probably the earliest caller, right?" she teased

me.

I raised an eyebrow and said into the

phone with a smile, "You're actually late. Atticus already made plans. yesterday. We're having lunch together today to discuss some matters."

"Oh? Really?"

"Absolutely," I affirmed. "I must go out of town on Wednesday, so we need to finalize things today."

"What about tonight?" she asked immediately.

I couldn't believe it. Why was she clinging to me? It seemed like she couldn't bear to be without me.

"I have to accompany my father

tonight, and there are guests at

Pet

home. I'm afraid I won't be able to make it if you're not in a hurry to leave, you'll have to wait until I come back next week," I explained to her without any warmth.

"I've been away from Foswood for a while, and many things have piled up. I've scheduled everything tightly for today and tomorrow. Do you have something important totell me?"

I really didn't have time to deal with her.

"There's nothing major, but just a minor issue," she said, disappointed.

"What is it? Can you tell me over the phone?" I asked tentatively. "I'll do my best to help if it's something I can handle."

"I want to meet you in person," she said, then chuckled.

"Let's wait until I come back next week."

"Alright. You really are busy. I thought we could hang out since I came a couple of days early."

"I'd like to rest well too, but fate has other plans. Busy life and I have no choice." I joked with a self-deprecating tone. "Rain check?"

"Okay. Just don't brush me off," Poppy teased me.

But for me, her words were just a joke.

Chapter 1315 Meeting with the Cunning Man

I hung up the call, and at this time, Carol walked in, holding a stack of documents. I thought they were piled-up files, so I asked her, "So many? Didn't Ryan handle them?"

Carol looked at me and asked, "Don't you need the development plan for old Bourdamun?"

I nodded. "Yes."

She waved the stack of documents in her hand and said, "These are it."

"Oh?" I exclaimed in surprise at the documents in Carol's hand.

Seeing my expression, Carol chuckled, "I've reviewed this plan. Chloe, it's incredibly creative. The plan and budget are precise and reasonable. This is what a plan should be. You'll know once you take a look."

I took the documents and said, "Hold a mid-level management meeting in an hour. I've been away from the company for so long, and I want to know the current status and progress."

Most importantly, I needed to study the recruitment plan, bring in those people as soon as possible, and ensure everything was in order.

I asked Carol to call Atticus and arrange lunch together later. Then, I eagerly got into work mode.

I was immediately drawn into the details. Carol informed me it was time for the meeting, but I was reluctant to let go of the documents. How could I digest them in just one hour? Although it was my idea, their meticulous work made me eager to dive in.

Reluctantly, I put down the documents and went directly to the meeting room with Carol.

I didn't have a moment's rest all morning. The meeting lasted until noon, and I headed straight to Vanderberg Palace after that.

Engaging in work mode after a long break was truly enjoyable. It seemed that I liked to be busy.

As I drove, I contemplated the development plan. I had to admit experts were called experts for some reason. Although I only glanced at it briefly, I was already impressed. It seemed necessary for me to meet with this planning team again.

Then I had to negotiate with Noah as soon as possible.

When I arrived at Vanderberg Palace, the receptionist told me Atticus was already there. I quickly went to the private room he had booked. Atticus was on the phone when I entered. He gestured to me as I came in, and I sat on the sofa, planning my schedule.

Just then, Ivanna's call came in. I quickly excused myself to take the call, not wanting to disturb Atticus, as I could tell his call was important.

I picked up Ivanna's call, and she asked where I was. I told her I was having lunch with Atticus.

"I forgot to ask you yesterday. When are you going to Gerby?"

"I'm planning to go on Wednesday."

"Alright, got it. Are you still going to the hospital later?"

"I can't say for sure now. It depends on the situation." I felt like time was slipping away, and I was considering whether I should make a trip to Bourdamun later.

"Then send Theo's phone number to me later." Ivanna reminded me, "Don't forget."

"Sure, I'll do it right away." I hung up without asking why she needed Theo's number. I flipped through my contacts and sent his number to her.

Back in the room, Atticus had finished his call, and the dishes we ordered had arrived.

The aroma of the food wafted over, making me feel a bit uncomfortable. I took a deep breath to suppress the nausea.

Atticus noticed something was off with me and asked, "What's wrong?"

I quickly covered up, "Nothing, just feeling a bit unwell these past few days."

Just then, the lemon water I ordered arrived. I took a sip, feeling refreshed by its light acidity.

"You didn't go to Solaris?" Atticus asked casually.

"Yeah, but the seasons changed. I wanted to visit Archie, but it turns out he came back, so I saved myself the trip back and forth. But I still

have to go to Gerby on Wednesday."

I put down my glass. It had been a long time since I had seen Atticus. We hadn't met formally since he ended things with Liora.

"Feeling on top of the world lately?" I asked him teasingly, then smiled at him. "That liberated feeling must be nice."

The man in front of me indeed seemed more joyful and refreshed than before.

"Yeah. You don't know about my situation yet. I've been burdened for too long, and I finally got rid of her." He didn't deny his contentment.

"Any news about Liora? What did the cops say?" I asked Atticus, as I had been interested in this issue. After all, Liora had run away, and she hadn't been caught yet.

Chapter 1316 Well Done

"The police are pretty certain she's still in the country and hasn't surfaced yet," Atticus said when I inquired about Liora.

"But didn't they say someone else took her? Could they still be in Foswood? Why haven't they been caught after all this time?" I asked skeptically.

"Her follow-up case hasn't been closed yet, and they're still investigating. It's tough." Atticus gestured to the food. "Let's talk while we eat."

I picked up the cutlery and asked, "You mean the prison situation?"

"The kid belongs to Felix. How could he run away with his brother? Franklin has been in court for many years, and Liora has given him plenty of opportunities. Their relationship has become an important chain, so how could they escape?" Atticus scoffed. "I'll make sure my people find something on them. Besides, they have a deep bond, so there's definitely something fishy going on between them."

"Have you done your research?" I asked.

He smirked. "I won't let anyone who offended me off the hook."

I gave him a thumbs up, teasingly saying, "Nicely done."

My words brought a relaxed chuckle from Atticus. His laughter was truly infectious.

"I didn't expect you to be so mischievous," he complimented.

I nodded with a smile. Atticus was definitely capable of enduring any hardships. The fact that he had known the results in advance and hidden it for so many years showed his depth of thought.

"You knew about their relationship all along?" I asked, referring to Felix and Liora's child.

"We're only married on paper, so how could we have a child?" Atticus said truthfully. "And besides, how do you think I collected the evidence?"

I was speechless for a moment, forgetting to eat. Finally, I blurted out a few words, "You're a really cunning man."

"The Thompson family treated me like a fool from the start and even dragged my family into it. How could I just let it go?" Atticus asked indifferently.

I was surprised by this revelation and nearly choked on my food. "She really takes people for granted."

"It's not that she takes people for granted. It's that I refuse to yield," Atticus said bluntly. "I'm responsible for my actions, but I have no regrets. It would be better not to catch her. As long as she's outside, she'll suffer every day."

"This is her own fault. Since Melvern ditched her, it's really safer for her to just be in prison," I said.

"Melvern doesn't dare interfere anymore, or he'll be caught too."

"Are you saying everything is within your control?" I stopped eating.

"Plenty of people want to kill Liora, including those who were affected by her actions years ago and have been released from prison," Atticus explained.

"She's getting attacked from both sides?" I asked.

"Definitely. But their karma is reflecting on the kid."

"How so?" I inquired.

"He's been studying abroad, but apparently he hasn't been behaving well." Atticus's expression showed a touch of helplessness.

"Well, he's still innocent. After all, he didn't have a choice," I said. "It's unfortunate that he has parents like that. You shouldn't hold a grudge against

him."

"I won't. I'm not going to lay a finger

on someone without the ability to fight back. That's not my style," Atticus said firmly. "But I'm helpless too. After he was born, they sent him away."

"It seems like they've been wary of you since then."

"You always have to be cautious when you're suspicious. Her family always thought I was a fool for bringing their schemes to my family. I won't let them do that to me. without getting back at them!" Atticus said confidently.

"Now that everything's settled, why don't you find someone you like and settle down?" I comforted him before changing the subject. "When will construction for phase two begin?"

Chapter 1317 The Utmost Priority

"Everything's ready. We've ironed out the details, signed the contract, and we'll start construction next week," Atticus said happily.

"Why are you in such a rush?" I looked at him. "No wonder you were in a hurry to find me."

"Once construction starts, I'll have to go to Celestis Island. The project there is also important to me. Competition on Celestis Island is fierce, and there's no room for mistakes." Atticus emphasized the importance of the project on Celestis Island.

"Looks like you have a major project every year," I praised him sincerely.

"You're not bad either. You've risen to the top. Has the project in Solaris been finalized?"

I was surprised by his question and realized he knew everything, even about the project in Solaris.

"Yeah. The preliminary work has been finalized." I didn't hide anything from him. Since he had asked a question like that, it meant he knew the details.

We discussed some details of phase two of the project in San Cosbech. Since it wasn't our first time working together, we had a good understanding of each other, and our communication was smooth and efficient.

"Let's sign the contract as soon as possible. I need to arrange the start date for construction on my end," he urged. "Once that's done, I can leave." "Why don't you just come back to the company with me this afternoon? Bring your team, and we'll have a meeting right away. Let's do it today or tomorrow. I won't be in Foswood on Wednesday," I suggested.

"Okay, I'll notify the legal and project teams," Atticus agreed promptly. After I nodded, he made a call to his subordinates. Then, we finished our meal and returned to Tanum from Vanderberg Palace.

I didn't go to Boudamun because we had to sign the contract, and we did it in a flash without any hassle.

Before we said goodbye, Atticus half-jokingly said, "Why don't we continue working together like this? You handle the external affairs, and I'll handle any internal business. I'm serious about this."

I laughed. "I'm glad you trust me. If you call on me, I won't refuse."

I said that because I knew Atticus handled all the big projects.

After the meeting, I checked the time and realized it was time to leave work. I thought for a moment and decided to make a detour to the hospital to see Oliver before heading home.

The next two days were busy for me.

On Tuesday night, I finally told Atlas I needed to go to Tarantino tomorrow for Byron's public trial.

Atlas wasn't surprised at all and calmly said, "I'll go with you tomorrow."

"What?" I was surprised. I leaned over and scrutinized his face, cautiously asking, "What's wrong? Are you mad at me?"

"Is there a problem?" he countered.

"Well... if you're busy, you can do

your own thing. I can handle it myself. Besides, Arnold will be there right? This trial is different for Beatrice. I..." I looked at him, trailing off. Leven felt a little self-centered, as if I always had my reasons for everything.

To be honest, I knew he would understand those reasons.

He wiped his just-washed hair, the jet-black strands gleaming and moist. Then he sat on the edge of the bed, put down the towel in his hand, and looked at me.

I looked into his eyes and leaned against him.

He hugged me. "I'll go with you. I need to be with you. I won't feel at ease otherwise. Your people are my people. Naturally, I'm responsible for taking care of you and protecting you, rather than passing the

responsibility on to mine.

else. I

can't do that to your parents, let

alone your siblings." Content

I understood what he meant, of course. He was saying he wouldn't pass on the responsibility of protecting me to Arnold.

I certainly understood him. He

wouldn't slack off when it came to me, especially since everything that had happened to me. Those were unexpected major events, so

wouldn't be anything but ca femm

But my guilt stemmed from the feeling that my affairs were too much of a drain on his energy. The BZ plan was top priority for us right now, after all.

Chapter 1318 Harsh Criticism

I nestled in his arms, pouting. "I don't want to burden you too much."

"But this is a special time for us. Our little one is on the way. That makes my responsibility even heavier. I won't shy away from it. Plus, I'll support whatever decision you make."

When Atlas said that, he was serious, leaving no room for doubt.

"We've been handling the Chandler family business from start to finish, so we can't miss this final trial. It's not just about supporting Beatrice. We also need to wrap up our affairs properly. That's how we can achieve a perfect ending to this chapter."

His words moved me deeply. He spoke not only to relieve my burden but also to ensure I knew about his unwavering support.

"And there's a third reason too. I've already confirmed the grand opening ceremony for Arkadia Plaza in Gerby on Saturday. We can't miss it, no matter what." His reasons were undeniably compelling.

I was overjoyed and threw myself into his arms. "I knew it. You'd never blame me. You're the best husband ever."

It might have sounded like flattery to anyone listening, but Atlas wasn't one to fall for that.

He held me closer, kissing me on the lips before speaking. "I actually do blame you, and I'm not happy about that. Because in some ways, you don't trust me, and you lack confidence in me. That really bothers me."

Sitting on his lap, I gazed at his strikingly handsome face, which was as serious as ever.

"Me? I trust you!" I protested, trying to sound playful.

"Do you? You underestimate my love for you. You often don't trust my support for you. You doubt whether I understand certain things. You don't know me well enough."

As he spoke, his gaze bore into mine, and in that moment, I understood his innermost thoughts. I realized I hadn't truly understood him.

After all, he had pursued me relentlessly for eighteen years. How could I question that resilience?

"I know you know everything I think about. I always felt like I was stretching things a little wherever I tried to explain things to you." I felt slightly guilty.

"Since you know that, you should

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trust me even more. You don't need to be so cautious in front of me. I'll always support you no matter what you want to do."

When he said that, he was dominant yet alluring, and I didn't know how to respond.

"No matter what happens, just tell

me about it right away. If I disagree,

I'll tell you my reasons. I'd be a horrible husband if I couldn't protect you from the dangers out there."

I nestled closer into his arms and stopped retorting. "Okay, I'll do that next time."

It seemed Atlas had already considered and planned for whatever I could think of. My attempts at secrecy or overthinking were all in vain.

"Let's sleep, then." He lifted me up and placed me on the bed before wrapping his arms around me.

He softly asked, "Did you feel okay today?"

"Yeah. When we went to

Bourdamun, felt a little queasy after napping in Carol's car. I felt like Iè was going to throw up at lunch, but

the noodles I had were tangy and sweet. It was surprisingly tasty."

His large hand patted my back reassuringly. "That's good. Seems like the baby's behaving." "Have you read the proposal for Old Bourdamun?" I asked as I suddenly remembered it.

Chapter 1319 Full Team Support

"I've gone through it, and I've reaffirmed a few points with them. It's a solid plan that's worth investing in." He confidently endorsed the proposal. His assurance took me by surprise, and I looked up at him. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah. It's a promising project with a long-term strategy and considerable returns, so it's definitely worth the investment. It's not often I come across such innovative ideas. I've even increased the investment by five times and expanded the scope of the plan," he confirmed.

"So you're not just investing in Bourdamun but expanding to the neighboring cities as well?" I probed further, feeling a surge of excitement and determination.

I wanted to delve deeper into the conversation, but he interrupted by pinching my nose gently. "Exactly. But for now, we need to get some sleep." With that, he guided me back into his arms and turned off the lights.

Although the idea of increasing the investment by five times, as suggested by Atlas, had me excited, the thought of traveling to Gerby tomorrow, combined with my current drowsiness, made me quickly drift off to sleep.

I woke up in the morning to the sound of light rain outside. The temperature had dropped a little.

Atlas had already been up for a while and had thoughtfully prepared long pants and a coat for me.

Honestly, I really didn't want to get out of bed in this weather. It would have been nice to keep sleeping like this.

But I couldn't. When I thought about Beatrice eagerly anticipating my return, I had no choice but to grit my teeth and get up.

When Atlas saw my lazy appearance, he lifted me up. "You can take a break after we come back. Get some rest and sleep in for a few days." "No." I pouted and gave him a sidelong glance. "Don't spoil me like this. If I get into the habit of being lazy, getting back on track will be hard. I'm lazy enough already, and I don't want to become a full-time housewife."

My days with Matthew had left me a little traumatized. The seemingly glamorous life of a "full-time housewife" made me shudder.

As I got out of bed, I said, "Ryan has enough on his plate already. I can't just keep pushing things on him, right? Plus, you need to focus on what's important now. I can't help you with that, and I don't want to burden you with anything else either."

"You're not burdening me. I'm not asking you to take a break forever, but you're pregnant right now, and you really do need to get enough rest. If you do, you'll be in a good mood and have the energy to do other things. It'll be better for our baby too."

I looked at him in disbelief. "How do you know that?"

"I need to be responsible for my wife and kids."

"You seem to know a lot about this," I teased as I brushed my teeth. "Are you experienced, or did you do your research?"

"You're right. I did my own reading on this. The parenting guide states all this clearly. Do you think I'm a fool? This is a lesson all fathers need to learn, so what made you think I would miss it?"

"You actually read the parenting guide?" I looked at him in disbelief.

He was always so busy every day, dealing with affairs at home and abroad. And now, since my father was back, the BZ plan had become his top priority. And he still had time to study up on parenting?

I suddenly felt warm inside. He was

truly the perfect man. Why had the heavens granted me such a man? I quickly spat out the toothpaste foam and hastily rinsed my mouth before throwing myself into his arms.

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"It's wonderful having you by my side, darling. How many good deeds did I do in my past life to deserve you?" I murmured to myself.

Atlas hugged me, his tone gentle. "Let's eat."

This man, who was so aloof and domineering to others, always revealed his true side to me.

Before I could say anything else, he held my hand and led me downstairs to the dining room.

It was drizzling outside, and it seemed like it wouldn't stop for a while.

After breakfast, we set off for the airport.

When we arrived, we went to the boarding gate through the VIP channel. When we got there, I was stunned.

A large group of people I knew, including my classmates, were waiting at the boarding gate. That included Ivanna, who was also pregnant.

"You guys..." I was a little touched. I understood why they were here.

When Ivanna saw my surprised expression, she laughed heartily and quickly came over, pulling me into a hug. "Haha, looks like you're surprised. I suppose Beatrice will be even more surprised. It seems our plan was a success!"

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?" I scolded Ivanna.

Chapter 1320 Beware of the Evil Spirits

Theo walked over with a smile. "We're all Beatrice's classmates, so we wanted to be here for her at a moment like this. We need to show her that she's not alone and we're here to back her up.

"If Ivanna hadn't told us about this, we might have missed it. Everyone I could call is here."

Ivanna looked at me proudly and said, "We missed out on rescuing her, but we can't miss out on supporting her now."

As I was about to say something about Jared, Ivanna interrupted me.

"Are you only going to let your husband take the high ground?" she protested disdainfully. "We have to step up too."

Everyone looked at the two of us. They knew that our marriages weren't completely public, but at the last reunion, everyone had met Atlas and knew

he was my husband. But even though they knew Ivanna was pregnant, nobody knew who her husband was.

Ivanna didn't care, and she had no plans to make her relationship public, but she couldn't escape scrutiny this time.

Sure enough, as we were talking, Jared strolled over in a casual outfit. He stood beside Ivanna and casually wrapped his arm around her waist.

Jared had a noble air about him. He was refined and extraordinary, so people had only heard of him, but they didn't really know him. Ivanna held onto Jared confidently, looking at everyone with a smile. She glanced up at him helplessly and introduced him to everyone. "This is my husband."

Everyone waited for more, but she stopped there, showing no intention of mentioning his name.

I knew what she meant and quickly interjected, "It's almost time. Let's get ready to board."

Atlas softly asked Ivanna, "Is everyone here?"

Ivanna glanced at Theo, who immediately checked with everyone. "Everyone who received the message is mostly here."

Atlas nodded and exchanged a glance with Cane, who then communicated with the staff at the boarding gate, and they began the boarding process.

But I suddenly realized it seemed that only our people were boarding the plane.

Once we were aboard, I realized it was a private jet, with facilities entirely different from those of commercial flights.

I looked at Atlas in confusion, and he whispered, "This is our family's plane. We're flying by ourselves to ensure your and Ivanna's safety."

I was speechless.

Atlas always managed to surprise me.

I looked at his handsome face uneasily and whispered, "What else do you have?"

He had never mentioned to me that our family had their own private jet.

I knew about the mines, but he had kept many other things under wraps.

"One step at a time," he joked.

I was filled with a mixture of warmth and anger, but he quickly explained, "I arranged it last night, so I didn't have time to tell you." He always knew what I was thinking.

But it delighted my classmates. Flying on a private jet like this was definitely a first for them. Even I felt the same way.

Thankfully, Michelle wasn't with us, so nobody tried to ask us any more about it, which made me feel a little more at ease.

During the journey, we all chatted

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excitedly, feeling like we were at a gathering. Of course, most of the discussion revolved around Beatrice's situation. We also talked about Michelle.

After she had been beaten up and detained for a while, she hadn't been as ostentatious. But recently, heard that she had hooked up with a seventy-year-old nouveau riche man and moved into a villa.

Now, she was living the life of a rich wife and there were signs of her getting back on her feet. She'd. occasionally make a few calls to some of my classmates to brag about her wealth.

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Someone suggested, "Let's persuade her to buy us a celebratory dinner when we get back to Foswood."

Theo quickly said, "Stop it. We've finally had some peace for a few days. Let's not stir up any trouble."

"Yeah, I wouldn't dare eat any food she buys for us. The evil spirits might come after me."

That remark caused everyone to burst into laughter.