

Divorce 1321

Chapter 1321 Giving Her a Surprise

Upon arriving in Gerby, Arnold came to pick us up. Since our arrival time was uncertain, so I didn't notify Beatrice.

As we left the airport, Ivanna asked me, "Chlo, why don't you see Beatrice by yourself? Everyone's idea is that you accompany her tonight. After all, you must have a lot to talk about with her.

"Also, the trial is tomorrow, and she wouldn't be in the mood for socializing. We'll meet her at the court tomorrow and give her a surprise."

"Then I'll have Arnold arrange for someone to take care of you," I suggested to Ivanna.

Arnold immediately said, "Let Alvin handle it. He's from Gerby and knows his way around. Just tell him what you need."

Theo quickly added, "Don't bother. We're here to accompany Beatrice, not to cause her trouble. I can handle everything here since I'm quite familiar with this place."

"It's alright. It'll be convenient to communicate anytime too with Alvin around," Arnold said, then immediately called Alvin, who promptly agreed.

We got into the car and headed straight to Keller's Diary.

Sure enough, when we arrived, we saw her in her office.

We had been apart for almost a month, but she hadn't gained any weight. She was still thin, but her complexion had improved slightly. She no longer looked as pale as before, and there was a hint of rosiness on her cheeks.

But it was far from what I had imagined.

As soon as she saw me come in, she was startled, then immediately got up and ran over to hug me.

"Chlo, you're here! I thought you wouldn't arrive until tonight."

"I just wanted to see you sooner," I said truthfully, "I was a bit worried about you."

"Thank you. I'm fine."

She let go of me and looked at Atlas, "Mr. Atlas, thanks for the help."

"No problem." Atlas smiled slightly. "Don't mention it."

She gestured to Atlas. "Then please have a seat."

Atlas looked at me and said, "Since you've made the decision, I'll go to Arkadia Plaza and come back later to pick you up."

Beatrice immediately stood up again

and told Atlas, "Then come to the

Keller's residence later in the evening We'll have dinner at home. I'll ask everyone to come, and you can all stay at my place tonight. Don't stay in a hotel."

Atlas looked at me fondly. "You decide. I'm fine with anything."

"Then you should go," I said to Atlas.

He smiled at me affectionately. "I'll go now."

With that, he turned and strode away, disappearing from our sight.

Beatrice looked at me and said, "I'm glad to see you so happy."

"You'll be happy too." I held her hand and comforted her, "You've suffered enough in the past. From now on, everything will be great for you." She smiled bitterly and replied, "I hope so."

"Tell me, how have things been?"

"It's been okay. Thanks to Gavin and the others help, the group has been straightened out. Those remaining followers of Byron have been footed out, and some have been sent to jait

She added with a deadpan face, "Byron trained those people to be his lackeys."

"That's good. After cleaning them out, there won't be so many hidden dangers." I agreed.

"We have to thank Mr. Atlas's people for this. They found evidence of their crimes quickly and sent them away very suddenly, deterring many people." There was some relief on her pale face.

"Now, some of the senior executives

persecuted by the original Keller

family have also returned. They were loyal to my grandfather, and with them guiding me, things have

become much smoother."

"You don't need to worry too much. As you know, we've invested in Gerby, so I'll be coming here often in the future.

"If you need anything, just find Gavin. With ATL Empire here, no matter who you find, they'll help you," I encouraged Beatrice. She looked at me and nodded. "Thanks to you and Mr. Atlas."

"Don't say that. You took care of me back then too. We're even now." I asked her again, "Do you have any other thoughts?"

Chapter 1322 Former Lovers

She nodded firmly. "Yes, I'm planning to recruit some young talent. This will bring more vitality to the company. I've also consulted with them, and they all agree."

"Right now, Gavin is helping me streamline our client base and rigorously screening them. Anyone with a bad record is eliminated without exception. To be honest, I'm quite satisfied with this process. I've learned a lot," Beatrice said sincerely.

"Now I feel a bit more relaxed than when I first took over. I'm not in a panic anymore." When she talked about the company, there was a hint of confidence in her expression.

"What about your personal life?" I asked her.

"I've brought back all the seniors from before, and they're like family to me. I've adapted to everything," she replied succinctly.

She was avoiding the real question.

"What about Finn?"

"Yeah, he comes to see me every day. He's very attentive to me," Beatrice said.

I then asked, "How would the Russell family be dealt with?"

Beatrice paused before saying, "I won't let them off."

This time, it was my turn to be silent, and then I spoke up, "To be honest, I have no sympathy for Gabriel."

"The Russell family hasn't done any good, especially Gabriel's father. He conspired with Byron, caused a lot of harm, and made a lot of enemies.

"Gabriel isn't any better, as he's following in his father's footsteps. Just thinking about it makes me sick. I won't let them off." Beatrice's tone was very firm.

"Then let them face the

consequences." I strongly supported

Beatrice. "Betrayal is the most

despicable act. He needs to be

taught a lesson."

Just then, Beatrice's secretary came in. "Ms. Beatrice, Mr. Gabriel is here to see you again."

Beatrice frowned and looked at me. "Hmph. As you can see, he keeps harassing me."

Then she looked at her secretary. "I'm not going to meet him. In the future, don't even report it to me. Just drive him away."

"Got it," the secretary replied and left.

"I didn't expect this guy to be so shameless. He's been coming every day for the past half month," Beatrice said coldly.

"He no longer has the right to speak to you after what he did. What else does he want?" I scoffed. "Are you ready for tomorrow's trial?"

"I'm ready. Byron has been trying to

see me, but will only do so in court tomorrow." Beatrice was

determined. "I won't show mercket

anymore. From the moment I

decided to take my mom's last name, I never thought of being soft

on him. He deserves to die."

I breathed a sigh of relief. To be honest, I hoped to see this side of Beatrice.

We spent the afternoon chatting in her office until Atlas called and told me he was waiting downstairs.

We then left the Keller's Diary building. As the car passed by the gate, I saw Gabriel, who had been waiting there.

He was no longer the imposing figure I had seen just a month ago. Now, he was gaunt.

Beatrice looked indifferent, ignoring

his presence. She exuded cold

arrogance and was no longer the same as when she was just rescued. Though still frail, an icy

determination emanated from her.

I stared at him closely, feeling disgust for him. He desperately called out Beatrice's name as the car drove away.

Chapter 1323 Angry Citizens

The next day, a huge crowd gathered outside the courthouse to witness the trial.

Many media reporters were conducting interviews, and people demanded severe punishment for the Chandler family. It seemed that Byron had angered the citizens of Gerby.

As the car waited to enter the courthouse, I overheard an elderly citizen being interviewed. He passionately said, "Byron is insane, and he does not even spare his own daughter. What kind of person is he?"

Upon hearing this, I couldn't help but glance at Beatrice. Her face remained pale, and she appeared calm. Sensing me looking at her, she clasped my hand with her cold one.

The powerful voice from outside continued, "Mr. Elijah, the ex-CEO of Keller's Dairy, was a remarkable person. He's our pride in Gerby!"

The old man was indignant, and his words garnered approval from the surrounding crowd.

"I'm 60 this year, and I've been drinking the milk produced by his company for decades. This esteemed man, who has safeguarded the health of Gerby residents for so long, has suffered such cruelty. How can we not be outraged?"

"That's right. After Byron took over, the quality of milk declined."

"It's true. And this family is so arrogant as if they run this place."

Everyone chimed in with complaints to the reporters.

The old man continued, "Keller's Dairy is not only well-known here, but is sold nationwide and exported overseas. The quality is trustworthy. When the milk poisoning incident happened years ago, I never believed it."

He was shaking his head vigorously, then looked at the reporters. "Do you know why I believe in him so much?"

The reporter asked, "Why?"

"When Gerby experienced a major flood causing a power outage, dairy production was affected. Mr. Elijah ordered the milk produced that day to be stopped. He personally apologized to the citizens, explaining the reason. How can such a good person make poisoned milk?"

"That's two innocent lives lost. They're just children. How dare they poison two innocent kids like that?"

"They even claim it's due to Mr. Elijah's mismanagement."

"Nonsense! The truth will come to light one day. This scum must be sentenced to death, or the people of Gerby will never accept it."

"Yes, those who collude with the Chandlers shouldn't be spared. All of us are watching."

"These people support him, so he dares to do anything recklessly, from murder to extortion. He targets anyone he dislikes! What kind of person is he?"

"We must seek justice for Mr. Elijah and make Byron pay with his life!"

These voices were relentless. The courtroom had limited seating, so not everyone could get in, but that didn't stop the crowd from gathering.

The road in front of the courthouse had already been closed off, as too many people tried to attend the trial today.

The screens inside the courthouse were already on, playing out the facts of the case.

Our car was directed by traffic police into the courthouse and parked under a tall staircase.

Standing on the steps at the gate were our classmates, not just those who flew in yesterday but also those who came later. They were all

waiting for Beatrice to arrive

This truly surprised Beatrice. She didn't even know what had happened and stood rooted to the

spot until Ivanna said, "Beatrice, we're here to support you! You won't be alone."

The people on the steps were all waving at her. "We're all here for you Beatrice."

Tears welled up in Beatrice's eyes as

she looked at Ivanna and then at her bulging belly. "Why did you come too? was supposed to visit you in Foswood."

"At a time like this, we must come. We won't let you face this alone," Ivanna said emotionally. Everyone surrounded Beatrice and, with determination, ascended the steps to the courthouse.

Chapter 1324 The Final Verdict

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Gabriel waiting outside amidst the crowd. At the sight of our gathering, he hesitated and quietly slipped through another entrance.

The courtroom was packed to the brim, with every seat occupied and people standing silently at the back. The Bullocks, the Chandlers, the hospital staff, and others were among the crowd.

We were directed to our designated seats.

When Byron, Jocelyn, and Hazelyn were escorted into the courtroom, I felt Beatrice's body tremble slightly before she relaxed again.

I embraced her, offering support. Finn wrapped his strong arm around her as well.

Byron, now with his once jet-black hair shaved short and turned white, looked noticeably thinner and worn out. Gone was his former arrogant demeanor.

As he entered the hall, his eyes scanned the room, eventually locking onto Beatrice's face. His mouth opened, and his gaze was filled with complexity.

I sensed Beatrice take a deep breath, resolutely withdrawing her gaze and fixing it firmly on the judge.

Byron's mouth moved, but his words no longer mattered.

Whether he sought repentance or wanted to curse at Beatrice, today was his final chance. Once he left the courtroom, he would have no chance left. Following him was Jocelyn, who no longer looked arrogant. Stripped of her makeup, she looked tired and was walking unsteadily.

Suddenly, a roar erupted in the courtroom. "You wicked woman, give me back my child! Bitch, you should die!"

The judge banged the gavel, restoring order.

Next up was Hazelyn, who was dressed plainly and devoid of any of her former charm.

Her eyes, however, still carried malice as they searched for Beatrice. She was still standing coldly and arrogantly in the courtroom.

Upon seeing Beatrice, she lost her composure and opened her mouth, only to be forcefully restrained by court guards. Ultimately, she gave Beatrice a fierce glare before being forced back to her place.

Byron had one chance to see Beatrice, but she decisively refused him. I believe this will be Byron's lifelong regret.

Beatrice's cold hand, which was tightly grasping mine, conveyed her emotions vividly.

Finn had been a pillar of support by her side, and even the entire Bullock family was present in court today.

The lengthy trial concluded solemnly, with all three receiving death sentences to be immediately executed.

As the verdict was announced, there was cheering both inside and outside the courtroom. Everyone heaved a collective sigh of relief.

Beatrice, who had been tightly

gripping my hand, suddenly let go Jocelyn was unable to walk and had to be supported as she was taken away.

swnov

Though Byron wasn't as crushed as Jocelyn, he couldn't help but look back at Beatrice with tears in his eyes. He gritted his teeth as if

wanting to say many things to her, but she didn't even look at him.

In the end, he was escorted out by court guards.

Throughout it all, Beatrice maintained a cold, expressionless demeanor, unmoved.

Chapter 1325 Rising from the Ashes

Only Hazelyn struggled to look at Beatrice in the courtroom.

Beatrice shot her a smile of triumph tinged with arrogance. Hazelyn looked deflated as her face sank. In the end, she was defeated.

As they were escorted away, everyone surged toward Beatrice, but no one spoke; they simply shook her hand in solidarity. There were still some documents that Beatrice needed to sign at the courthouse, and we remained by her side throughout. Beatrice left her current assistant from the Keller family to handle the remaining affairs.

Once everyone had left, Beatrice looked at me. In a hoarse voice, she said, "Take everyone back to my place."

I looked at her, somewhat puzzled. "What about you?"

She glanced at Finn, her eyes pleading. She said, "Finn... accompany me to the cemetery."

"Sure." Finn didn't hesitate, stepping up to her side and offering his support.

Theo quickly added, "We'll all go with you."

Beatrice didn't refuse. She simply scanned her classmates before silently turning and walking away.

We all followed Beatrice as she strode out, but Gabriel blocked our path. His eyes were filled with complex emotions as he looked at Beatrice, his lips trembling. "Beatrice. I... "

Beatrice stopped in her tracks and looked at him coldly, her tone icy. "What is it?"

"Sorry, Beatrice." Gabriel's voice trembled as he struggled to utter the words.

"I accept your apology. From now on, let's not appear in each other's sight again. Let's keep some dignity for both of us."

Then, she turned and walked away without a moment of hesitation.

At the cemetery, to our surprise, some citizens arrived before us. It was a touching scene.

I asked Ivanna to stay in the car and accompanied Beatrice to the graveside.

Beatrice walked very quickly as if drawn by a ma.

With Atlas by my side, I followed her.

Beatrice knelt at the grave as soon as she reached it, and she remained in that position for half an hour. Her frail figure looked even more fragile now.

Finn stepped forward to help

Beatrice, whispering comforting

words to her. Only then did Beatrice

turn around. Although her face was even paler, she was not crying.

She glanced at the tombstone once more before leaving with everyone else.

As we descended the mountain, many reporters besieged the cemetery gates, eager to interview Beatrice. Atlas's people kept them at bay. However, they followed Beatrice, bombarding her with questions about the Keller family.

After all, today marked the vindication of the Keller family's grievances. It was a journey spanning a decade, and the perpetrators were finally punished.

The reporters asked sharp questions, but Beatrice was shielded and ushered into the car.

Beatrice grabbed my hand in the car, whispering, "It's all over."

"Yeah. From now on, you should focus on being happy." I comforted her softly. "We all hope you find happiness."

"Yeah," Beatrice replied gently like an obedient child, but it was heart-wrenching to see.

From now on, she would bear the weight of the entire family alone.

When the car reached the gate of the Keller family's residence, Beatrice's phone suddenly rang. She glanced at her phone, stiffened for a moment, then answered.

I couldn't hear what was said on the other end but saw Beatrice's lipse twitch. Coldly, she instructed, "After cremation, do whatever you want. There's no need to inform me again."

Her face was pale, but she continued to listen to the phone call, then blurted, "Do whatever you want with it."

After that, she hung up, and a fleeting smile crossed her face.

Chapter 1326 He Got Off Too Easily

The person on the other end of the line asked how to deal with Byron's body. It seemed that the execution was done.

Back at the Keller family's residence, Beatrice abandoned her usual cold demeanor and forced a smile at everyone. "Give me a little time. Everyone needs to stay here tonight, and no one should leave."

Then she instructed the butler to arrange for the evening meal.

"I'll excuse myself for now," she said, hurrying upstairs.

I exchanged a glance with Ivanna, and she turned to the others, saying, "Feel free to make yourselves at home. We really need to stay with her today. None of you should leave, alright? Chloe and I will go upstairs to check on her."

Then she looked at Theo and said, "Take care of everyone, Theo."

When Finn saw me and Ivanna going upstairs, he seemed to relax a bit before immediately calling Theo and the others over.

I had stayed here before, so I was relatively familiar with the layout. I quickly found Beatrice in the study. She was holding a photo frame and crying silently.

When she saw me enter, she hastily wiped her tears and gestured toward the sofa in the study, saying, "Please, have a seat."

Ivanna walked over to her. "Beatrice, if you need to cry, just let it out. Let go of everything and forget about it from now on."

Beatrice held out the photo frame she was holding, revealing a picture of the Keller family. Her grandparents were there, and Helen was between them, smiling. Helen had been young and innocent back then, radiating pure joy.

The picture exuded a sense of peace, warmth, and happiness.

But now, everyone in the photo had vanished from the world.

Beatrice showed us the photo through choked sobs. "They're all gone. It feels like it was all just a dream, like they were never here... but what about me? Can you tell me who I am? Why was I in that dream? It was clearly just a dream."

My nose tingled with emotion. Yes, it had all been like a dream, fleeting and transient. Had this calamity been brought about by kindness, or was it the distortion of human nature? Who could say for sure?

"I know this is all because of my mother's willfulness. She was naive, and couldn't tell the difference between truth and falsehood. Jocelyn had an easy death. I can't accept it!"

Beatrice choked up. "Her naivety ruined our entire family."

Ivanna tried to comfort her, and I quietly went downstairs.

Finn immediately came over, looking worried. "How is she?"

I whispered a few words to him, and he immediately acted on my request, handing me a cup of warm milk.

We exchanged a glance, and I turned and brought the glass of milk upstairs. I returned to the study where Beatrice was still sobbing uncontrollably. But it didn't matter what she did now. Everything had already happened.

Although everything had finally been settled, and good and evil had ultimately met their just rewards, Beatrice could not find peace.

She was the only one left of her family in this world.

I understood her too well at this moment. She had refused to see Byron one last time and refused to claim his body, but it still hurt her. How could she forget those bone-chilling moments?

I approached her. "Have some milk, Beatrice. It's all over now. You can think of it as a dream. Everyone who needed to leave has already left. They can't come back, but you need to live on. You say you're Beatrice Keller, so you need to live

Just let Beatrice Chandas her.

go."

"He died too easily! He should have lived in torment, experiencing the fear of death every day!" Beatrice suddenly looked at me with tear-filled eyes, shouting

uncontrollably. "He died too easily, Chloe. His conscience was wiped clean, but he got off too lightly."

"Don't dwell on it. During this time, living was worse than death for him. He must have experienced that feeling, even if it was just for one day," I said, handing her the milk.

"Drink up. You didn't have much to

eat this morning. Don't forget, a group of people who care are outside waiting for you, and they are all worried about you. There are still a lot of things you need to do in the

future. That's what you need to face. your soul."

You can't let them coace.

"That's right, Beatrice." Ivanna gently patted her frail shoulder.

Chapter 1327 What Is This?

Beatrice accepted the glass, tears welling in her eyes. She looked up at me, her voice trembling slightly.

"Yes, I still have family," she whispered, nodding rapidly.

After finishing the milk, she wiped her face with a shaky hand. "I'll go wash up and be right down."

Beatrice placed the cup on the table and stood up unsteadily. She walked toward her room, radiating a deep sense of loneliness.

I followed her and caught a glimpse of Finn approaching from the other end of the hallway. Together, the three of us entered Beatrice's room. She was curled up on the sofa, fast asleep. Dark circles rimmed her eyes, a testament to the emotional turmoil she must have endured.

Ivanna exchanged a knowing look with me. We both understood that Beatrice needed this rest. "Let her sleep," I murmured. "She needs a good night's rest."

Finn gently lifted Beatrice and carried her to bed, adjusting the thermostat before quietly leaving the room.

Once he left, Ivanna and I followed suit, leaving Beatrice to the solace of sleep.

Outside the room, Ivanna finally spoke, her voice laced with concern. "You gave her..."

"Yes," I confirmed softly. "I slipped a sleeping pill into her milk. She needs a reprieve from the pain. Losing a father, even one like hers, is incredibly difficult."

Everyone was waiting anxiously downstairs. Their worried faces reflected the gravity of the situation.

I rejoined them and offered a reassuring smile. "We should let Beatrice sleep for a while. She hasn't had a restful night in days. Now, she can finally find some peace."

Everyone understood what I meant.

Today had undoubtedly been the most challenging day of Beatrice's life. She had achieved her revenge, but at the cost of losing her father, a man she had been forced to confront and condemn.

They knew the emotional toll this must have taken on her, especially considering the final heartbreaking encounter she had chosen to avoid. Beatrice finally woke up around seven in the evening, disoriented from her long sleep.

"Why did I sleep for so long?" she asked groggily, rubbing her temples.

She knew everyone was waiting for her, so she quickly freshened up and changed into a light purple dress, the color symbolizing a fresh start. When she descended the stairs, she had a genuine smile on her face. It wasn't a forced gesture, but a true expression of relief and gratitude. She gathered everyone in the hall, requesting the dining table be moved to accommodate the larger group. Laughter and conversation filled the air, creating a warm and inviting atmosphere.

Looking around the room, her eyes filled with a mix of emotions. "It's been ten long years since we last saw each other," she began.

"It's a little overwhelming for me to

be reunited with all of you in my own home." She choked back a sob.

"Thank you. From the bottom of my heart, thank you all for your

swn over

unwavering friendship and support."

Theo, who couldn't seem to hold back his own emotions, spoke up. "If anyone deserves thanks, it's Chloe. If she hadn't insisted on finding you, we would never have known you were in danger."

I chuckled lightly. "Actually, the real credit goes to Theo. He almost got himself thrown in jail by the Chandler family just trying to find you for me." Theo scratched the back of his head sheepishly. "Maybe I was a little reckless. I went right to her house to look for her, so it was natural for them to kick me out right away."

It was as if Beatrice had shed the burden of her past and emerged as a new person, Beatrice Keller. The cheerful, vibrant woman we had known from our college days seemed to be back, her laughter

ringing out once more. Content

A wave of relief washed over me as I watched her interact with everyone, her smile genuine and untroubled.

Finn discreetly beckoned me outside, and we stepped out onto the balcony.

"Are you alright?" I asked. I wasn't sure why he had called me out here.

"I'm good. Thanks, Mrs. Chloe. It's so good to have you all here to settle this for everyone. Otherwise..." he trailed off.

After taking a deep breath, he continued, "Beatrice's assistant gave this to me earlier in the evening. I think it would be best if you dealt with this."

He handed me a USB drive.

I didn't understand what he meant and asked, "What is this?"

Chapter 1328 Last Words Before Death

Finn gazed at me and whispered, "Before Byron faced his execution, he left a message for Beatrice."

"A message... for Beatrice?" I was taken aback. "Just before the execution?"

Shocked, I turned to Finn, then involuntarily glanced toward the hall. An inexplicable chill crept up my spine.

"Yes. Her assistant gave it to me, and it felt serious. I thought it would be best for you to have it," Finn said, extending the USB drive to me once more.

I hesitated as I accepted it. It was a plain black USB drive, but it burned in my hand.

It seemed Byron had been desperate to convey something to Beatrice, despite her rejection.

The law had its protocols, and they would have fulfilled his requests before execution. Whether that was a blessing or a curse, I couldn't say.

But as I met Finn's eyes, I murmured, "Who did he think he was to leave a message for Beatrice?"

Though I said it, I also understood the desperation of a dying man.

After all, he was her father.

But for Beatrice, it would be a torment. Anything he said whether it was regretful or venomous would ring hollow.

There was no way Beatrice would ever forgive him. Throughout history, betraying a spouse emotionally was the gravest of sins. Society often blamed it on morality, but it was damaging and unforgivable.

And Byron hadn't just betrayed Helen emotionally. He had also killed her. How dare he try to seek forgiveness?

He had also taken three lives without hesitation, leading to the massacre of the Keller family. What right did he have to plead for forgiveness?

By changing her last name and refusing a final meeting, Beatrice had made it clear that she would never forgive Byron.

I turned to Finn, asking, "What's inside?"

Finn stood firm, his gaze fixed ahead. "I don't know, and I don't want to know. He deserved his punishment."

I wasn't surprised by Finn's response.

Eight years in the asylum for Beatrice had meant eight years of suffering for him.

Finn had loved Beatrice for so long, and watching his loved one being locked away had become an indelible pain for him.

And it was all because of that morally bankrupt father.

How could Finn forgive him? How could he be willing to hear his repentance?

"I suppose this is his repentance," said, looking at the object in my

hand.

have agreed to hand it didn't

Otherwise, the cops

Finn remained silent.

"I'll hold onto it for now. When she's ready to face this, we'll find the right moment to show it to her," I sighed "For now we should help her forget this nightmare and recover quickly. This ordeal was catastrophic for her, so we shouldn't bring this up right now."

"I trust you because you really care for her, Mrs. Chloe."

"As do you." I looked at Finn. "She knows."

"She does just want to do right by her. No matter what she does in the future, I'll be by her side, helping her. You're right. It is my greatest wish to see her truly be happy."

Finn's expression was resolute. "She deserves to be happy."

"She will be. Let's all work together for that." I asked, "So... where was Byron buried?"

Chapter 1329 Reluctant to Draw Conclusions

I knew someone would have handled the funeral arrangements even though Beatrice had refused to be involved.

"Beatrice's assistant had him buried here in Haven Cemetery. I don't want the details. Those two bodies remain unclaimed, so they'll probably end up in unmarked graves," Finn said.

As I thought about Hazelyn's final struggles, I couldn't help but scoff. "She got what she deserved."

Regaining my composure, I turned to Finn. "How's production going at the factory?"

Finn seemed lost in thought, still caught up in our previous conversation. When I asked about production, he seemed taken aback.

Then, he grinned sheepishly. "Sorry, I zoned out there for a moment."

I smiled faintly. "I've taken on a few more projects recently, and they're all big ones. There's been a surge in orders too."

"No problem. We added two more production lines, and the new automatic security doors are also available online. They're top-of-the-line. You should check them out when you have time," Finn said earnestly.

"Really? That's fantastic. It'll be perfect for projects in Solaris. Have they passed all the tests?"

"Absolutely. Jaxford is known for quality."

"Let's go see them tomorrow. I'll make time to check them out, and I'll bring Beatrice along." I glanced meaningfully at Finn.

Naturally, Finn was thrilled and rubbed his hands together. "Thanks."

"Let's head inside," I gestured to him, returning to the hall. The object I held in my hand felt unusually hot.

Everyone stayed at the Keller family's residence that night, talking until late at night. It was the most I had seen Beatrice laugh since her return, which reminded me of her carefree college days. She fell asleep in my arms, and Finn carried her back to her room.

This had all been planned by our classmates. We all knew that regardless of whether she was the old or the new Beatrice, her emotional wounds were deep and would be enough to take her life if we weren't careful.

Before bed, Ivanna looked at me and said, "It hurts my heart to see her this way."

"Are you all heading back tomorrow?" I asked.

"Aren't we supposed to wait until your opening ceremony is over? That was how Jared arranged it," she replied.

I was pleased. "He's very supportive."

"Of course, but take it easy..." She patted my stomach gently. "You're pregnant. Be careful not to overwork yourself."

I chuckled awkwardly, instinctively patting my belly. "I've noticed my baby has been very good."

"But still, be careful. You have

experience, but Atlas doesn't. I think

you haven't noticed how he's always looking at your belly. Be extra careful, okay?" Ivanna warned. I nodded in agreement.

"I'll be relieved when Beatrice finds emotional stability." I sighed.

After settling all the guests, Finn returned to the hall. When he saw that we were still talking, he came over to bid me farewell. "I'll take my leave now, Mrs. Chloe."

"Aren't you staying?" I looked at him, surprised.

"No, I'll head back and come over again tomorrow morning. My parents might worry otherwise." Finn smiled as he explained. "In that case, you should head back soon." I replied hurriedly.

Finn turned and left, disappearing from our sight. Ivanna remarked, "Finn is really nice. He's definitely someone Beatrice can trust." "Things are still uncertain for now. After all, her wounds are deep. We should leave it to fate." I refrained from drawing conclusions.

"Well, you can count me in for support." Ivanna was enthusiastic again.

"You're really into this since your

plan to bring Lauren and Oliver

together worked," I teased "

situation here is a little different."

We both laughed.

Unexpectedly, two glum-faced men descended the stairs. "Aren't you two coming to bed?"

Chapter 1330 Balancing Work and Personal Life

Our laughter ceased abruptly as we turned around and realized that our men had left us alone earlier. It was late, and evidently, both men couldn't bear to wait any longer and had come to urge us to return to our respective rooms.

I exchanged a glance with Ivanna, stuck out my tongue playfully, and quickly got up. We both pretended to be obedient wives and hurried off to bed. The next day..

We all slept in until nearly noon. I stretched lazily as I got up and noticed Atlas working away in the room.

Feeling guilty, I quickly got out of bed and nestled into his arms. Yawning, I asked, "When did you get up?"

He set aside his laptop, looking at me like I was a lazy cat. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yeah, I guess so," I replied with fading enthusiasm. Then, I said, "I want to head over to Jaxford after breakfast. Since we've secured phase two of that project, we'll need a substantial amount of materials.

"Jaxford has made a new automatic security door, and I plan to use it for projects in Solaris. Let's go check it out. I have confidence in Jaxford, since the family's work is wonderful."

"Are you really trying to balance your work and personal life?" he teased.

I chuckled. "Hey, I'm feeling guilty. I can't neglect the business entirely. Someone here works around the clock."

His large hand slipped under my nightshirt, wandering around. "That's because I'm devoted."

I laughed even more. "And I am too."

Of course, he understood my hidden meaning, laughing charmingly and becoming more playful with his hands. "Is that so? If it weren't for your special circumstances, do you think I wouldn't..."

I wrapped my arms around his neck, kissed him, then said, "Alright, that's enough. Time to freshen up. I wonder if everyone else is awake. I need to check on Beatrice."

"Don't worry, she's up already. She's out in the yard talking to your classmates," Atlas said, kissing my forehead affectionately before letting me go. "Take care of yourself. Otherwise, I'll really be mad. Got it?"

His gaze was stern, and I knew he had come here with me out of concern, not because of the ceremony. Those dates had all been decided by him at the last minute.

"Got it," I replied. I rushed into the bathroom to freshen up and change.

Then, I hurried downstairs and found a large group gathered in the yard.

When Beatrice saw me coming out, she walked over with a smile, scolding me tightly, "You're pregnant, but you still wanted to go to the graveyard with me. You really are something. If anything happens to you how will I explain it to Mr. Atlas? You've really put me in a tough

spot."

"I'll be careful. If you don't want me to worry, hurry up, get back to your old self, and start a new life. I won't have to worry about you then." I took the opportunity to encourage her.

Then, I looked around. "Where's Ivanna?"

"She's still asleep." Beatrice chuckled. "She woke up this morning, had some food, and went back to sleep."

"This is when she'll need more food," I said with experience, then looked at Beatrice. "And you? You don't have a headache, even after drinking so much last night?"

"We never get to see each other. Of course we had to make the most of it. I may have had one too many, but I'm really happy. I didn't expect everyone to care about me so much, and I'm so touched." Beatrice sighed, looking at the people around her.

MS

I advised, "Your health isn't great, so you should drink less alcohol. I hope you'll get better soon. Do you still need to take your medicine?"

"I know. Don't worry, I'm still taking the medicine. Finn's aunt brews it for me every day. Honestly, I don't dare not to drink it, even if I don't want to," Beatrice laughed.

"Finn brings it over every morning. Really, drinking it makes me feel better. But I thought about how my mother never cared for me like this when she was alive, but she did all that for Hazelyn..."

"Forget about it. You shouldn't dwell on unhappy things." I quickly stopped her, changing the subject. "Just think about how everyone came to see you without a second thought."

Beatrice immediately stopped talking about her emotions and nodded earnestly. "Yeah. I'm so grateful to see so many of our classmates here. I didn't expect them to remember me."

"You have no idea how wonderful you are. Who wouldn't remember you?" I said encouragingly.

Theo walked over. "I heard that your family's mall in Gerby is having a grand opening ceremony tomorrow."

"That's right." I nodded.

"In that case, should we all stay one

more night? We'll all attend the ceremony tomorrow, and then you

guys can go back." Beatrice looked

at everyone with a longing expression. "Spend more time with me, okay?"