

Divorce 801

Chapter 801 Retching Her Guts Out

Ivanna, quickly slid on the couch, using my lap as a makeshift pillow. She seemed utterly exhausted, not caring about the unfamiliar surroundings.

With a sigh, she began, "I have a servant's fate. I was born to endure hardship. Recently, everything became a mess. I'm always dealing with people, it's truly exhausting. I've had enough." She looked at me with a pitiful expression.

"This time, I finally had a chance to do a program properly. I'm thinking of making a notable achievement and laying the foundation for a promotion. Unexpectedly, troubles kept arising from the moment I took charge. It's not just tiring, it's downright scary. Can you believe it?"

I chuckled and teased her, "Why are you scared? Let's switch places, and you can dangle from the rooftop for an interview. How about that?" Recalling the situation from before, I still felt a lingering fear. I could almost sense Atlas's hands gripping my ankle with a hint of helplessness.

"By the way, I haven't had a chance to ask you about what happened. How did you end up on the rooftop that day? Tell me." Ivanna looked up at me curiously.

Then she said, "Let me gather some materials first. Maybe I won't be this tired if the documentary turns out well and I get promoted. You could take credit for it."

Honestly, I felt a pang of sympathy for her. She was truly career-oriented. At this moment, if something significant happened in Bourdamun, she'd probably run back without even finishing her meal.

When it came to work, she was always a force to be reckoned with, as she could work until she neglected her well-being.

Carol was quite fast. She quickly returned with a stack of to-go boxes. Upon seeing them, Ivanna sat up in anticipation, her eyes fixed on the food.

Seeing her like this, Carol jokingly asked, "Lauren, did you go to work or prison? Why do you look so miserable?"

"Oh, don't even mention it... I'm not as lucky as you to have such a good boss. My job is like going to war. I have to keep moving forward. There's no time for a meal break."

She took the spoon from Carol, her eyes fixed on the dishes as Carol opened the boxes. She couldn't wait to devour the food, looking like she hadn't had a decent meal in days.

It seemed she was truly worn out. She muttered while eating, "Let me tell you, it's been three days since I had a proper meal."

However, before finishing her sentence, she dropped the spoon. While covering her mouth, she rushed to the lounge.

The next moment, I heard her continuously dry heaving.

I quickly stood up and rushed into the lounge, finding her in the restroom. To be precise, she was dry heaving, not vomiting.

I hurriedly patted her back, asking, "What's going on?"

She couldn't answer me until she finished. She opened the tap to drink some water, rinsed her mouth, and looked at me weakly. "Maybe my stomach hasn't been good lately because of the irregular meal times. I almost threw up my guts.

I asked with concern, "How long has this been going on?"

She wiped her tears away, took a deep breath, and asked, "How long? Do you think I'm critically ill? It's just because I didn't eat well or live well.

"Last time, with him around,

watching me eat every day, I was

better. With no one to take care of me this time, I'm just eating irregularly. That's why my stomach

is protesting."

"So, you're saying you're lacking attention? You need someone to take care of you?" I looked at her with disdain, teasing.

"So now that you're all good and

married, you've forgotten the pain of

being unmarried. I'm not allowed to

have someone take care of me?"

She threw away the tissue in her hand rubbed her stomach, and said, "It's okay, I'm starving. Let's eat quickly. Once I'm full, everything will be fine."

Chapter 802 Who Are They?

I rinsed my face quickly and followed her back to the office.

She had already picked up her spoon and was enjoying her meal. Watching her eat so heartily, my lingering doubts disappeared.

I couldn't help but comment, "Take it easy, no one is competing with you. Look at the way you're eating. It's not attractive at all. Do you devour your food like this in front of Jared?" She glanced at me, "What's the fuss? You don't know how hungry I've been. Besides, whether he's here or not, I eat like this."

She continued to stuff her mouth while talking.

Seeing her wolf down her food, I felt genuinely sorry for her. I changed my tone to a gentler one, "You really need someone to take good care of you."

I remembered Jared and Trinity, recalling what Anson had said to me. I felt he was trying to convey something to me.

And from the way he valued Jared, it seemed the Huffman family wouldn't easily let go of him. After all, Jared had long been the preferred candidate for the Huffman family's son-in-law. For some reason, I couldn't shake off the feeling of unease.

Ivanna was eating and speaking simultaneously. "Bourdamun is still in a tense state. Plain-clothed cops are everywhere. I wonder who's behind all this."

"Have you heard any new information?" I asked her.

Ivanna shook her head, "They've tightly sealed the information, especially for media people like us. But I heard they've arrested a few more people internally." "More arrests?" I was shocked. How could people still dare make a move under Noah's crackdown?

"But it's said that these people have

no connection with the Terrell

family. They were bought off. The person who bribed them is hard to trace," Ivanna looked at me mysteriously. "According to an informant, one of the suspect's supposedly committed suicide in custody."

"What?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes, and supposedly, this person was a key figure. Their death probably indicates something significant."

My thoughts were a bit chaotic. Why did I feel this didn't quite match the overseas situation? I was sure it had nothing to do with the organization in Jitador.

Moreover, with key figures from the Terrell family being apprehended, it seemed impractical for Denton to seek revenge. Especially considering the surveillance reported that he was behaving normally. Those under Atlas were not idle, and the surveillance scope was broad, including electronic devices. If he made significant moves, they would have caught evidence.

Ivanna waved in front of me. "Hey. What are you thinking about?"

I snapped back to reality, "I think the Terrell family should have calmed down by now. So many people involved have been taken in. Only Denton remains, and it's unlikely he can make a big move. It's strange. Who could be behind such a

significant event?"

Ivanna reached for a tissue, dabbed her mouth, and said, "They say only the daughter of the Terrell family is still out there, but her situation is also restricted. So, she can't escape abroad either."

"I've seen that girl. She's an extremely arrogant one." I recalled Nelson's daughter, Kimberly, vividly. She left quite an impression on me.

Ivanna rolled her eyes, "Arrogant? Now that the Terrell family is in such a state, she has no grounds for arrogance anymore. In my opinion, the Terrell family brought this upon themselves." "Nelson made things difficult for Bourdamun." I couldn't help sighing.

"People say the Terrell family's extravagance was jaw-dropping. Nelson was like the king of the local turf. Over time, they lost touch with reality Oh, and by the way, this little brat is in Foswood now," Ivanna added.

Chapter 803 Emotional

Ivanna spoke while setting down her spoon. She had eaten a lot, and her face seemed to have gained a healthy flush.

"She's in Foswood now?" I said casually, not paying much attention to Kimberly.

After finishing her meal, Ivanna comfortably laid down on the sofa. "Oh. When can I have lots of money, do nothing, and wait for good food and drink to fall from the sky? That would be so nice." I looked at her lazy posture and chuckled sarcastically, "Haha... living off others and waiting to die, isn't that against your character?"

She chuckled as well, "People are fickle."

"If you want this kind of life, it's simple. Forget about your so-called ideals and aspirations, marry Jared, and be a full-time housewife. Then you can lie down and wait for things to fall from the sky."

My words were meant to be a playful joke, but I noticed she fell silent as soon as I said them. I stared at her face and asked, "What's wrong? Why aren't you saying anything?"

She sighed bitterly and softly said, "A full-time housewife? That was never my dream. Do you remember the words I said to you before your divorce?"

"Of course. I know your principles." I replied, dropping the playful tone and speaking seriously.

"Those words you said to me are permanently engraved in my heart. They are my bottom line and principles. No matter what happens, I have to maintain this clarity and not disconnect from society for the sake of any person."

"Besides, whether I can fully rely on this person is another matter." Ivanna's words caught me off guard, and I looked at her seriously. I could sense the deeper meaning behind what she was saying.

"What's wrong? Where's your confidence?" I gently ran my fingers through her slightly messy hair, feeling a bit uneasy.

She grinned wryly and said, "Confidence? That's the thing we use to deceive ourselves."

I looked at her with a sense of helplessness, suppressing the words on the tip of my tongue. I was afraid of hurting her pride.

I wanted to say, 'Is it necessary to act like you've seen through the world for the sake of a man?'

But I held back, and both of us fell into silence.

I tried to guess the emotions within her. After a while, I cautiously asked, "What's wrong? Did you two have a disagreement? Do you think you're still a child?"

She didn't respond, closed her eyes, and avoided my gaze.

I softened my tone and said, "Since you've chosen Jared, you have to face many challenges. Have you ever thought about that? Relationships aren't just about romance, they require responsibility and tolerance."

Ivanna opened her eyes, giving me a bitter smile. "I'd like to be tolerant and responsible, but he has to give me that chance. Chloe, I always feel like I'm the one carrying the burden."

Clearly, she felt wronged. She was not one to hide her emotions and definitely not one to pretend everything was fine.

"You've seen it. He just leaves

without a word. I don't even know

what place hold in his heart. I always feel like I'm less important than Trinity. I mean, we've been together for a short time. I know, and I admit it.

"He and Trinity have been together for over 10 years, working side by side since they were 15. So, it's natural they have a tacit understanding. I can accept that."

She spoke with a hint of stubbornness, "But every time something involves Trinity, I'm the one who has to compromise."

"You should've been prepared for this. After all, when you met him, Trinity was already there. She was the first, and you came later," I half-jokingly told her.

Chapter 804 Mental Preparation

She glanced at me. "I don't feel like I'm above her. But every time it involves Trinity, I become secondary.

"Like this time, he promised to accompany me to Bourdamun... but Trinity had something come up, and she disappeared entirely. I get it. The matter is crucial, involving life and death. But is it too much to call and inform me?"

She suddenly sat up, looking at me as if seeking an explanation.

I felt that Jared did indeed go too far this time. Regardless of the urgency, he should have informed Ivanna before leaving.

"Even if it's a waste of time, can't he spare this bit of time for me?" Ivanna then suddenly sighed in despair. "But no, he hasn't given me any notice, and he even started playing the disappearing act.

"Does he really care about me? What if something happened to me? If I'm in danger now, who do I contact?"

Ivanna's words left me feeling a sense of helplessness. I completely understood Ivanna's point. As a lover, Jared's actions were indeed a bit too much.

At the very least, before leaving, Jared should have informed her.

"Don't let this bother you too much. Men, sometimes, can be a bit insensitive." I tried to console her.

She sat on the sofa with her head down, looking unhappy.

"Besides, this situation is indeed urgent and somewhat suspicious. Trinity, out of the blue, has disappeared. We still can't figure out when she was last seen, why she left, and whether she's safe. Everything is unknown..."

While these words were initially meant for Ivanna, they echoed my own concerns.

"I don't have any objections to him rescuing Trinity," she explained. "You know Trinity has bodyguards who are usually by her side. So, a person like her disappearing right under everyone's noses is truly

bewildering."

I patted her shoulder, attempting to ease her mind about the situation. Sometimes, people tend to get caught up in trivial matters.

"Try not to dwell on it too much. Give him some space. Remember, Jared is not an ordinary person. If you've chosen him, then days like these may become more common."

Recalling Anson's words, I decided to use this opportunity to provide Ivanna with some advice and a reality check.

I tentatively said, "Jared's burden is quite heavy. The relationship between the Attwood and Huffman families runs deep, and it's probably not as straightforward as we imagine."

Seeing her remain silent, I continued,

"Although you've mentioned that Jared is gradually withdrawing from the Huffman family, from what I know completely breaking free from this situation won't be easy. Perhaps even impossible."

My words plunged Ivanna into deeper contemplation. She sat there, hugging her knees, pensive.

After a while, she gave a bitter smile,

and said, "Forget it. I won't think about it anymore. In the worst-case scenario, I'll just let go. What else can I do? I can't wait for him forever. That's not my style either."

Although she tried to sound casual, the heaviness in her heart was evident.

"Why are you giving up so easily? I see your attitude toward him, and it looks like you're ready to be by his side forever," I teased, provoking her.

She looked at me and asked, "Really?"

I chuckled, "Of course. I saw you acting all coy around him while having dinner with Lauren, pretending to be innocent. We're not blind." Despite my attempts to provoke her, she looked genuinely puzzled.

Chapter 805 Shares Transfer Agreement

I softly comforted her, "Wait for him to finish his tasks, and then let him give you a proper explanation. There's no way for you to contact him right now, so being angry only affects you.

"You're not a child. Be calm, since you're prepared not to rely entirely on him. Don't make yourself look lost. Even in deep love, learning to be independent is a wise approach. That's what you advised me back then."

"Heh... I underestimated you. I forgot how you felt when you first discovered Matthew's affair," she teased me, "Feeling ignored is terrible. Chlo, I'm a bit tired. I can't understand him. It's exhausting."

Her words were undoubtedly her true feelings. Jared was indeed a person not easily understood.

With her head drooping, she sighed, "I'm going. I want to go home and sleep. This damn job is truly inhumane."

After saying that, she stood up and fixed her hair, still tired.

"Well, you go back and rest. What do you want to eat tonight?"

I observed her, knowing she was in a bad mood and feeling obligated to accompany her. "Or, how about we make plans with Lauren? The three of us can go out and have some fun?"

"No need. I'm quite full from this meal. I'm like a camel, good at storing food. I just want to go to sleep. You go home after work and enjoy your time. Don't mind me. I want a natural wake-up." She picked up her large bag and slung it over her shoulder. "I'm off."

"Do you have your car? If not, I can drop you off," I said as I followed her outside.

"No need. I'll take a taxi downstairs."

Watching her enter the elevator, she waved to me casually and smiled faintly. "See you."

I felt a pang in my heart as the elevator doors slowly closed. Just as I was about to head back to the office, Melvern walked out of another elevator.

I was stunned, thinking this guy felt at ease coming to my workplace. It seemed like he was getting too comfortable with this.

I smiled casually, maintaining politeness even in unexpected encounters. "Mr. Melvern?"

His penetrating eyes met mine, and he smiled. "Ms. Chloe, we meet again."

"Looking for Ryan? He's inside." I gestured toward the office.

"No, I am looking for you," Melvern said confidently.

"For me?" I was a bit surprised but nodded politely. "Please, have a seat."

I called for Carol, and she quickly appeared. I instructed her, "Tidy up the inside."

Carol efficiently cleared the

of Ivanna's meal,

the windows to freshen the air and prepared two cups of coffee.

"Busy lunch break?" Melvern asked casually.

"Not really. A friend of mine just left," I explained. "Mr. Melvern, what brings you here?"

He handed me a dossier, and as I looked through it, I couldn't believe what I saw.

I raised my eyes to him and asked, "Is this...?"

"The shares transfer agreement for Ardora," he replied calmly, exuding the air of someone controlling the situation.

I calmly placed the documents back into the bag and on the coffee table. "Mr. Melvern, what does this mean?"

"I received this before coming back

to Foswood. I wanted to ask you if you're interested in acquiring it Melvern leaned back on the sofa with an air of self-assurance.

I chuckled Mr. Melvern, I must say I'm impressed with your approach. However, I have no interest in

Ardoba. I don't see any potential in the things you all are fighting over."

Chapter 806 Worthless

My words were sharp, and I knew it. But I intentionally chose to speak this way.

"I really want to transfer those shares to you, Ms. Chloe. After all, moving forward, I hope to have a long-term partnership with Tanum. I've carefully weighed the pros and cons, and Tanum is more than capable of meeting my requirements. So, I find that my previous blind investment was quite naive."

"There's no need for me to correct your mistake," I said bluntly.

"I don't want you to do that. But I think you'll have some ideas for Ardora." Melvern was trying to convince me.

Who did he think he was? Did he think I was a fool he could manipulate at will? Even if I were interested in Ardora, this wouldn't be how I acquired it.

Ridiculous! What was he thinking?

"I don't know what you're thinking, but I know myself! I believe you also know I've never been interested in anything that belongs to someone else, especially Ardora. I don't intend to work with Liora."

I spoke candidly, "It seems as though there's a reason why you're doing this, Mr. Melvern."

Melvern smiled mysteriously, "You're overthinking it, Ms. Chloe. I've weighed my options, and I believe it would be best for Tanum to take over Ardora."

I chuckled and scoffed. "You've weighed your options? Since when did Tanum become so attractive to you, Mr. Melvern?"

His face turned slightly red. He was clearly embarrassed, but he smiled. "You're very straightforward. I like your character. You never hide what you're thinking, which allows us to have frank discussions. So, that's one of the reasons why I see potential in working with you."

He wrapped up his words with compliments.

"Flattery! But I'm not very fond of your style. Someone else is always targeting you. It's unsettling!" I said bluntly. "Ardora is too chaotic right now, and your actions have

tarnished its reputation. I might have considered Ardora before this, but not anymore.

"More importantly, I don't want to be associated with someone like Liora. With Matthew in the past and now Liora, Ardora is taboo for me. It's better to keep a distance and avoid unnecessary trouble. I don't have time for disputes."

My words were undeniably harsh and lacked any semblance of mercy. "My apologies, Mr. Melvern, but you can't blame me for being direct."

"Well... okay." Melvern forced a

smile. "Perhaps I didn't plan this very

well. If you ever consider taking over

Ardora, we can discuss it then. I'm

not in a hurry to offload these

shares. Besides, no one else

deserves to have Ardora."

"You overestimate it, Mr. Melvern. In my eyes, Ardora is worthless." I stated bluntly, leaving no room for misunderstanding.

That was a genuine statement. My projects had significantly surpassed Ardora. What was once a beautiful song had been shattered by Liora and Matthew. Why should I clean up their mess? Matthew had already paid a heavy price, and the Murphy family had lost everything. Did I really need Ardora?

I didn't know what Melvern was thinking, but if I took over, I'd be left holding a hot potato. I wasn't going to play into his hands. That was why I said Ardora was worthless to me.

The atmosphere was awkward. Someone knocked on the door just as we were caught in the uncomfortable silence. Before I could respond, the door swung open, and Arnold walked in with a smile.

Chapter 807 No Mercy

He walked in and said, "Chlo..."

He paused, noticing the guest in my office, but then continued walking in.

Melvern, who was seated on the sofa, glanced at him, smiling as he spoke, "So it's you, Mr. Arnold. Long time no see."

Arnold looked at him and smiled back. "Mr. Melvern! It's been a while. You're still alive?"

It was clear that they were very familiar with each other.

Arnold, with his usual lack of formality, asked Melvern, "What are you doing here?"

"I came to talk to Ms. Chloe about something," Melvern replied, maintaining a polite demeanor and shifting in his seat.

Arnold walked over confidently and took a seat on the sofa. He looked at Melvern and asked, "What business do you have with my sister? She's engaged in legitimate business, and you're a person of questionable integrity. What legitimate business could you discuss? Stop messing around."

I almost laughed when I heard what Arnold said. It looked like my younger brother was the true expert in straight talking.

"Don't bother with this guy, Chlo. He's unscrupulous and shameless. You'll get cheated sooner or later if you do business with him. Stay clean." Arnold looked at me earnestly, offering his advice. Before I could respond, Melvern said, "You don't need to worry. Ms. Chloe is very shrewd."

"That's right. You're a little scoundrel. If she's not clever, she'll be completely taken advantage of. Let me tell you this. Chloe is my sister and my father's precious little girl. You'd better not be getting any ideas about her, Melvern. Stop right now, or I'll make sure your dream of emigrating shatters in Foswood. Mark my words." Arnold's words were blunt, and almost made me feel a little embarrassed.

I looked at Melvern indifferently. His

facial expression was strained, but he seemed to be trying hard to remain composed. There was a faint smile on his face as he leaned back against the sofa, maintaining his original posture.

"You're bold, Mr. Arnold. You'll say just anything," Melvern said. "I didn't know about the deep connection between Ms. Chloe and the Beringer family. Looks like it's true."

"That's right. So don't get any funny ideas," Arnold said freely. "Are we done talking? If we are, then get lost. My sister and I have things to discuss."

Arnold issued the dismissal without hesitation and turned to me, saying, "Chlo, I need to talk to you about something."

I glanced at Melvern, feeling like I needed to give him a way out. After all, we were all adults, and I had to offer him some respect. "I'm sorry, Mr. Melvern. We had this meeting planned before your arrival."

"It's alright. We've known each other

since childhood. I'm used to his mischief," Melvern replied,

attempting to smooth things over. He stood up. "Alright, I won't disturb you any longer. But I hope you can consider what we just discussed. If you're interested, I'll certainly offer my strong support. I know you'll have the upper hand, so I believe you might find it intriguing."

"Okay, I'll continue this discussion with you if I need to." I left myself some wiggle room.

"Then it's settled." After Melvern spoke, he looked at Arnold. "Mr. Arnold, if you're not leaving, how about we make some plans? Let's catch up."

"No, I have nothing in common with you. I don't like what you like. Remember my words." Arnold had quite a personality.

"Don't be a stranger. It's a small world, and who knows? We might meet again. It could be fate."

Melvorn hinted. "You'll have to enter the business arena eventually. After all, you need to take over your family business soon."

There seemed to be a hidden meaning to his words. He glanced at Arnold, smiled meaningfully, and said, "Alright. I'll take my leave."

After saying that, he walked toward the door, but I stopped him.

Chapter 808 Dirty Tricks

Melvorn looked at me delightedly. "Yes, Ms. Chloe?"

I stood up, picked up the document bag he had brought, and handed it to him. "You forgot this, Mr. Melvorn."

"I don't need that. Those are copies. You can keep them. If you need anything, please let me know." Melvorn smiled at me.

"It's fine. I'll just contact you if I need something."

"Alright then." Melvern took the document bag helplessly. "I'll take my leave now."

He then walked decisively toward the exit, and I saw him to the door, instructing Carol to escort him out.

Carol nodded and followed Melvern while I returned to my office.

Arnold looked at me and asked, "What did he come here to discuss?"

"Ardora's equity. He wanted to transfer the shares to me, but I declined," I said casually. "I really don't like him. He left thanks to you."

As I finished speaking, Carol knocked on the door and walked in holding a familiar document bag.

"Mr. Melvern just gave this to me again, Chloe. He said you should keep it. He thinks you might have second thoughts about it someday." Carol looked a little nervous as she spoke to me. "He handed it to me just as the elevator doors closed, and he already left by the time I could react."

I nodded. "Just leave it there. Looks like he deliberately left it here. It's not your fault."

Carol visibly relaxed and placed the document bag on my desk.

She turned around and asked, "Would you like a cup of coffee, Mr. Arnold?"

"Sure." Arnold nodded at her. They had known each other for a while now, and Arnold was generally friendly with everyone.

Oh. Except for Melvern, of course. I had never seen him being so mean with his words before.

When Carol left, Arnold warned seriously, "You have to be careful when dealing with Melvern. What said just now wasn't a joke. He unscrupulous, and I deliberately said

all that in front of him to make sure

he doesn't go too far."

"It looks like you're very familiar with him," I said as I looked at him. I had a good impression of this brother who was the same age as me, but I couldn't help but wish he were my elder brother.

"Too familiar. After all, the Sunny

family was one of the four major families in Foswood for a while. Melvern is two years older than me, but we've known each other since we were children. He looks

harmless, but he plays dirty tricks,"

Arnold described Mely tricks,"

accurately.

"That's why my brother and I don't like him. Plus, our dad is gaining more influence, so he doesn't dare mess with us anymore," Arnold explained.

"Was the Sunny family influential at that time?" I asked. "What kind of business did they have in Foswood?"

"They were the first family to open a big hotel in Foswood, and they're also in the catering industry. They basically have a monopoly," Arnold said.

"They were pretty powerful, weren't they? To have a hotel back then... No wonder the Sunny family became one of the four major families." I couldn't help but sigh. Carol brought in two cups of coffee, placed them in front of us, and quietly left the room.

"Earl wasn't a simple man," Arnold said. "Melvern isn't like his father. He never plays by the rules, and in his eyes, there's no such thing as a true friend."

Arnold took a sip of coffee and continued, "He gave the people behind him a hard time back then, especially the second-generation nouveau riche. But his elder brother is an upright man. The brothers are totally different."

"Do you know the real reason why the Sunny family suddenly emigrated back then?" I asked Arnold curiously.

Arnold instantly looked at me. "You really want to know?"

I nodded earnestly. "Yes. I always feel like everyone avoids this question, which makes it all very mysterious. So I've become even more curious about this."

Chapter 809 What Happened Back Then

When I heard what Arnold said, I was certain that he knew what happened. It seemed I had chosen the right person to ask about this.

"It's a long story, and it's complicated because it involves many people from prominent families and even led to loss of lives. That's why those who involved coordinated their testimonies, swiftly suppressed the incident, and have maintained a unified stance to keep it under wraps."

Arnold's explanation was starting to shed light on why this incident had been suppressed.

"The root cause and key figure of this incident was Melvern, so the wealthy families of Foswood joined forces to attack him. The Sunny family feared further investigation and was forced to move away from Foswood under joint pressure from those families. It was to appease public outrage."

As I listened to Arnold's detailed account, the gravity of the situation became apparent.

"But the way you describe it, it sounds like Foswood's elite turned against him. What did he do to incur the collective wrath of the upper echelons of Foswood? Was it really necessary?" I was puzzled. "Was it necessary?" Arnold repeated seriously.

"What happened exactly? Why was it so serious?" I looked at Arnold and pressed for more details.

Arnold fell silent, then looked at me and said, "Do you really want to know?"

"Of course. I've been trying to find out about this, but no one seems to know anything. I'm not just gossiping. I suspect that this is related to Liora."

Arnold drank his coffee as he listened to my reasons.

"More importantly, I suspect it's connected to Melvern's return to Foswood. I want to avoid conflict with him on certain matters," I added.

"It's certainly the right approach to take precautions." Arnold put down his cup and nodded approvingly.

"I even asked our grandmother about this, but she said she didn't know much about it. I'm really puzzled, and naturally, my curiosity has been piqued." I told Arnold, "I'm not gossiping; I'm just curious." Arnold chuckled and said, "Explaining this will take a long time. It's quite complicated."

His smile gave me the impression that he found the situation amusing.

"Why didn't grandma tell you the truth? Well, it's too complex, and at the time, my brother, Atlas, and I were deceived into getting involved," Arnold explained. "So it's kind of a taboo subject." "What?" I was even more surprised by this revelation. I figured that since this incident had caused a stir in high society and led to a collective attack, it couldn't have been a trivial matter. "But fortunately, after we got there, my brother pulled me away in time to avoid being implicated. Did you know? More than half of Foswood's scions were present at the scene." "What happened?" I asked in shock.

"It was a gathering of scions from affluent families," Arnold said casually. "We were all children from prestigious families.

"You know, any child of a well-known

family would be very interested in a

gathering like that. It was a status symbol, The parents wouldn't intervene, either. In fact, they supported it. Some nouveau riche

and many girls were eager to join

too."

I couldn't really question that. Social gatherings among the elite worked in a similar way, even now.

"My brother and I were no exception,

but he was late that day. When he saw that things weren't going well, he pulled me away. Melvern even sent some people to stop us but my brother and Atlas beat them up."

"Atlas was there too?" I asked in surprise.

"Yeah. Melvern was afraid of being exposed, so he let us go. A few others who were close to us left as well. Those people later ran into trouble and one girl died. Several others were seriously injured and fell into comas."

Arnold seemed somewhat haunted as he recounted this part..

"Why did it turn out like that?" I was curious and puzzled. "Wasn't it just a gathering?"

"Well.... It turned into chaos, and it was actually... an obscene gathering..." Arnold spoke hesitantly, but I understood immediately.

Chapter 810 They're All the Same

I was shocked, and completely forgot any embarrassment. "That's outrageous. No wonder no one wants to talk about it."

Now that I understood the true nature of the incident, it was clear why no one wanted to speak about it. That was truly a dark chapter in Foswood's history.

I looked at Arnold in disbelief, feeling awkward as I asked, "Were... were all the participants voluntary?"

"How could that be? There's no way that all of them volunteered. Even if they had, it wouldn't change the fact that they were manipulated. If we hadn't left in time, we would have been victims too," Arnold said without confirming or denying anything.

"You mean... you mean they used some special methods?" I guessed, trying to understand the situation.

"Yes. They initially used those methods on girls with no status or family background. But the more they indulged, the bolder they became," Arnold elaborated.

As I pieced together the incident with what Arnold was telling me, I thought about Melvern's demeanor when discussing the matter. What kind of person was he?

I shuddered as I thought about those penetrating eyes. He was truly despicable.

"Some of them felt invincible at the time. When they were afraid that the news might leak, they decided to embrace the situation, thinking, 'Why be afraid when everyone's in it together?'"

"And no one knew about this?" I felt both unsettled and angry.

"Don't forget, the Sunny family owned hotels. The venue was well-hidden, and not just anyone could enter. They had a perfect plan," Arnold reminded me.

I shook my head helplessly. It was horrifying.

"And he got everyone involved, so even if something happened, they would all be in the same boat. It turned into a major incident, especially for the girls brought in by those so-called socialites. They suffered the most."

As Arnold spoke, I could vividly imagine the scene.

I shook my head again, feeling a sense of despair.

Those girls had fantasized about life in high society, but in the end, they had ruined themselves.

It was truly a terrible and infuriating situation.

"I heard that the girl who died didn't cooperate at all. They forced her to drink a lot of alcohol, and she was found dead with several others in critical condition. If they had been found any later, the consequences would have been even worse."

I shuddered at the thought. This was a nightmarish revelation.

"So, you're saying Melvern was the instigator behind this?" I asked in disbelief.

"That's right. He wasn't the original mastermind, but he advocated for it to grow bigger. They say that he also brought in the 'goods'," Arnold explained.

I couldn't believe the darkness that lurked within Foswood's social circles.

"Does that mean that most of Foswood's socialites were implicated in this? Were they part of the gathering?"

"Not necessarily. Some were

studying abroad, and some were too

lofty to participate in gatherings like that. They were spared," Arnold clarified. "For instance, the three of us from our family, especially your man. He never indulges in things like that. The most lively one among us is... well, you know."

Arnold grinned mischievously. "When my brother and Atlas dragged me away that day, I resisted. But I couldn't put up much of a fight. They picked me up on either side and

walked away like I was behind.

kidnapped. I couldn't resist their domineering ways."

I couldn't help but smirk. "Was it wrong for them to take you away?"

Arnold looked slightly aggrieved. "No. After that incident, I stopped resisting them altogether. I had no say in our family at that time, Chlo. Everyone else could decide whatever they wanted for me. The two older ones did as they pleased. They were so overbearing

His words almost made me burst into laughter.

"But really, if it weren't for their resolute actions, I would've been in big trouble. It wouldn't have ended well for me if I had been involved with what happened. It would have been like a scene from a messy drama."

Blushing, I scolded him internally for conjuring such chaotic images.

"How did people find out about this later? And did the cops get involved?" I asked, still puzzled.