

Divorce 811

Chapter 811 A Shocking Scandal

"You might as well say that you're smart. That's the crux of the matter," Arnold teased.

I wasn't affected at all.

"Exactly. Wasn't it supposed to be super exclusive, as Melvern prepared it? How did they get caught?"

"At first, the parents involved in the event suspected us, the Beringer brothers, because only a few of us left the gathering. The leak could only be from us," Arnold explained. "All fingers pointed at us. That's a typical reaction."

"Are you saying someone reported this?" I asked curiously. It seemed unbelievable, as the informant had to be one of the attendees.

I glanced at Arnold, asking, "Was it someone from here?"

"Yes, it was someone with inside information." Arnold didn't deny it. "You don't think it was us, do you?"

He looked at me, teasingly smiling. "At that time, all accusations were directed at us. Grandma warned us not to say anything. So, regardless of how the outside world criticized the Beringer family, we just ignored it."

"Grandma Rose is indeed wise! It's a smart move to stay silent," I said thoughtfully. "Some things do tend to get worse when explained."

"You're just as smart as her. No wonder Grandma has such high hopes for you," Arnold teased.

"Don't change the subject! So what happened next? How did you find out?"

"Don't forget, after my brother dragged me away, a few followed us," he reminded me.

"So, you mean this person also left the scene?" I eagerly inquired.

However, Arnold shook his head, adopting a deliberately elusive tone. His last statement was misleading.

"Then who was it?" I was a bit puzzled.

"Atticus!" Arnold told me without hesitation.

"Atticus?"

This answer left me shocked.

However, it did sound possible.

"Because Atticus and Melvern have never gotten along. Atticus is a bit arrogant, but his father is just a contractor. Their family is a typical nouveau riche." I suddenly understood.

Arnold wanted to convey that for Melvern, Atticus was nothing. Therefore, when they were in school together, Melvern often bullied Atticus.

"Atticus is also one to settle scores. He has always been quietly enduring. This time, he happened to unravel the ins and outs of the matter and saw an opportunity."

Arnold's explanation was surprisingly straightforward. He showed Atticus was a person with a plan. I had always thought Atticus was a person with deep hidden intentions, and restraint seemed to be his foremost skill.

Silent and steady was his nature.

"But he didn't leave with us. Naturally, it was later than us because when we left, everything was normal. We were just drinking and dancing, but some mischief had already started. Otherwise, my

brother and Atlas wouldn't have pulled me away."

That made sense. Ardie and Atlas wouldn't have noticed that something was amiss.

"After the incident escalated, news leaked that someone had taken pictures of the scene. It was because of these pictures that our accusations were ruled out."

I suddenly understood the whole story and exclaimed, "Thank goodness for those pictures! That's the best proof."

"Exactly! It's because we left early!

Those things happened later!" Arnold leaned back on the couch, smiling triumphantly. "So, you see, we didn't avoid reporting. We simply didn't know then that something like that would happen later."

I completely understood the complexity of the situation here.

I told Arnold, "Wow, that's why Atticus told me that Melvern's return to Foswood was for revenge, specifically to retaliate against him. But Atticus didn't tell me his version of events. It was Liora and Melvern's

Chapter 812 Forced to Marry

Arnold was dismissive of my skepticism.

"The affair between that woman and Melvern isn't as big a feud as it seems. Just because he stole his wife? Nonsense. Melvern sees Liora as nothing more than a piece of clothing." Arnold seemed quite repulsed.

"Why is that? Atticus doesn't seem afraid of Melvern. But from what I see, there's a possibility that Atticus is right about Melvern coming back for revenge. Could it be because of this report from back then?" I questioned.

"This incident was the main factor that led the Sunny family to leave Foswood."

I had to admit that fact. Arnold looked at me calmly, then continued, "Atticus's greatest resentment was Liora's family forcing him into marrying her."

"Forced?" I questioned this statement. "Why?"

Arnold chuckled. "It's hard to believe that a distinguished CEO like Atticus was 'forced' to marry Liora, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah!"

"That's now. At that time, Atticus was just a small contractor, barely making a name for himself."

I nodded repeatedly. "That's true."

"How do I put it? The situation here is especially complicated, involving too many people with connections. Especially the subsequent events, which made some people unforgettable for a lifetime, and Atticus is one of them." Arnold looked detached from the matter as he spoke.

He added, "They were all children from wealthy families and even some high-ranking individuals. Just imagine that the mastermind behind this incident was Melvern. It was a period when he was having an affair with Liora, so you can imagine how Liora feels."

"Grandma used to say that Liora was the root of all troubles. She can't be controlled." I repeated Rose's words to Arnold.

"There's another key point I haven't told you. Liora was the one who bought the girl who died."

"Really?" I was surprised.

I couldn't help but think of Carina. Liora always enjoyed causing such trouble.

Arnold shook the coffee cup in his hand. "I want another cup. I didn't expect the coffee here to be so good!"

I quickly rang the bell to have Carol pour more coffee.

"When Liora was able to date Melvern back then, it was something worth showing off, wasn't it?"

"The Thompson family was quite something back then, huh?" I asked, still feeling that the Thompson family was a bit disreputable.

Arnold quickly shook his head. "At

that time, Liora was just a daughter from an average family. So, being able to get close to Melvern was like striking gold.

"Those who flattered Liora, especially those vain girls, were not in short supply. Who wouldn't want to use this opportunity to enter the second-generation social circle of Foswood? Why do you think that is?"

I naturally understood the reasoning behind it. Just like Carina, she probably thought boarding the ship would double her value. But it turned would d

into a nightmare, and she was sent back to her original state.

"And then?" I was getting engrossed in the story.

Carol poured another cup of coffee for Arnold. He took the coffee from Carol and thanked her.

Then he continued, "Liora couldn't escape the consequences after the incident. She was the one who most fervently supported Melvern during that gathering." "Weren't there any disputes from the family of the girl who died?" I asked, puzzled.

"Let me speak!" Arnold took another sip of coffee, intentionally keeping me in suspense.

Chapter 813 Disregarding a Human Life

"The girl was from out of town. She's from a humble background, and even if she wanted to make a scene, she didn't know how. Besides, her family was very poor," Arnold explained, and suddenly, I understood what would happen.

"After the incident, the Sunny family spent a considerable sum to settle the matter, giving the girl's family only 70 thousand dollars, and that was the end of it." Arnold sighed, shaking his head. "70 thousand dollars?" I exclaimed, "This is outrageous! They just dismissed a precious life for 70 thousand dollars?"

Even though I guessed the story's outcome, I didn't expect the Sunny family to be so heartless, treating human lives like they meant nothing.

Arnold helplessly replied, "The girl's family was too impoverished. That's how it goes. They had never seen so much money. They even feared they couldn't get their hands on the 70 thousand." I felt speechless, and a sense of powerlessness overwhelmed me.

"Afterward, under heavy pressure, the Sunny family immigrated. They wouldn't care about the Thompson family, and the Thompson family inevitably became the scapegoat." "Liora should be locked up and punished!" I gritted my teeth in anger.

"Eugene, Liora's father, wanted to extort the Sunny family. He thought that by marrying Liora off, he could immigrate with them. However, it was just a pipe dream of his own." "The Sunny family refused?"

"Yes, the Sunny family was furious, stating they had paid to suppress this. The final price was that the wealthy elites of Foswood joined forces to expel the Sunny family. Otherwise, they would send Melvern to prison, and he probably wouldn't be able to return for the rest of his life.

"So, the Sunny family bled heavily to settle this matter. The Sunny family became anxious when the Thompson family stirred up trouble again. If the Thompson family pushes the case further, Liora will be imprisoned, and the Thompson family will be ruined."

"These two families were in cahoots," I said in anger.

"Eugene was in a bind and could only settle for second best. However, the Sunny family pulled the strings, telling him to report each person accordingly. Otherwise, they would expose him."

I looked at Arnold. "How can you say Earl Sunny is righteous? In my opinion, like father, like son."

Arnold smiled bitterly. "What can he do with such a son?"

"How they handle things shows that

the Sunny family bears no blame. I bet their troubles are far from over Melvern is going to cause more trouble t have a hunch." I exclaimed with indignation. "This kind of family is the real culprit. I bet Melvern is full of arrogance."

Arnold burst into laughter. "Why are you so worked up? Do you want to keep listening?"

I knew I had to suppress my anger. "Go on."

Arnold looked at me, smiling brightly, and continued, "Eugene was quite clever. He immediately had an

epiphany Of course, he wouldn't et

shoulder this blame. The Sunny

family didn't dare to extort

high

directly, and their quick immigration didn't allow him to buffer

"So, Eugene implicated the Cole family. At that time, the Cole family was thriving. They were just beginning to rise. Atticus had gradually taken over the Cole family.

"At first, they were uninterested in the pressure from the Thompson family. But Eugene was no fool. Using some means, the Cole family feared the small loss more than the big one." "The Thompson family is despicable," I said indignantly.

"So, the Cole family had to bow its

head, and Atticus was forced to marry Liora. The two families joined forces and repelled those wealthy families causing trouble. That's how this matter was suppressed! That's also why the Thompson family could bully the Cole family."

"My God!" I exclaimed.

"So, I really am Atticus's lucky star!" I proudly declared. "No wonder he's so sincere to me."

"Yeah, my sister is a lucky charm," Arnold fawned, "For so many years, Atticus hasn't been able to overcome this huge obstacle. He was helpless."

"But Atticus did a good thing," I praised.

"How can you tell?" Arnold asked in return.

Chapter 814 Secrets That Can't Be Kept

I wasn't pleased by the way Arnold questioned me.

"At the very least, he's righteous enough to report it. Such things cannot be tolerated," I asserted with a sense of justice.

Arnold looked disdainful and said, "Nonsense! Don't admire him blindly. What's the matter with you? You're the classic example of a blind follower!"

"You just praised me a moment ago, and now you're making me feel worthless."

I glared at him in displeasure, but truth be told, I admired Arnold. He was fearless of anyone and spoke his mind freely.

His words, particularly those directed at Melvern earlier, opened my eyes to a new perspective. He seemed to hold everyone in contempt.

"Some things can't be judged based on surface actions to determine good or bad. Sure, Atticus released his anger at that time, but have you seen the chain reaction since then? Did he really gain an advantage?" Arnold asked.

I frowned, thinking. I believed that Atticus became involved with Liora as a result of this incident, ruining his life for over a decade.

"Didn't he suffer heavy losses for over ten years? He didn't gain any advantage at all," Arnold bluntly said. "If you ask him now if he had the upper hand in this matter, how would he respond?"

"He didn't gain any advantage. If it were today, I'm sure he wouldn't make the same choices as back then. It was too hasty. He completely entangled himself, sacrificing four years of his youth, and even raising someone else's child."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The child under Atticus's name isn't his at all," Arnold confessed.

"What?" I was even more shocked. This was beyond my expectations.

"Is the child Melvern's?"

"How is that possible? Melvern is too cunning. If it were his child, how could the Thompson family have no chance of winning?" Arnold said. "Liora is just garbage. These years, she's been flaunting herself under Atticus's name, hasn't she?"

I nodded noncommittally. It was somewhat distressing.

Atticus got himself into this situation by trying to be righteous. It was no surprise he didn't dare to take the initiative. I thought the higher he rose, the more cautious he became and the less he dared to be careless.

Arnold sighed. "For the past ten years, Atticus has been motivated by this incident. He built Echelon Group, flourishing in his career, but his love life was defeated. So, he could only bury himself in hard work." Watching Arnold lounging on the couch with an air of satisfaction, I had some doubts.

"How do you know so much? Aren't you always abroad? How come you're so knowledgeable? Aren't you supposed to be diligently studying every day?" I teased Arnold.

Arnold was about the same age as Atlas. He was only a few months younger, not much younger than me. On the surface, he looked like a kid, probably because he was the youngest in the Beringer family and was spoiled like a little child.

In reality, he had a very mature mindset.

"These things just require some brains. I may brag, but I practically used only half of my brain in those classes I took overseas."

He looked pretty pleased with himself, lounging lazily on the couch, a face full of smugness.

"That's why these matters are kept so confidential. Not even Grandma Rose mentioned them to me," I said. "Atlas probably knows, right? But when I asked him, he couldn't explain it clearly. I need an explanation from him."

"He might genuinely not know. During that period, he wasn't often in Foswood. Besides, men, who cares about the details afterward?" Arnold defended Atlas.

"I know all this because we used to

hang out with people from Foswood, the so-called Foswood Gang. We always gossiped about past events, especially since we had people around us who experienced it firsthand. You can't keep secrets like these."

Chapter 815 PDA

Arnold explained how he knew about these things.

From this perspective, this was the most authentic version. The reason everyone kept silent was to avoid public outrage. After all, this was not a glorious matter, no matter from which angle you looked at it. This was the dark side of the city.

"Looking at it now, I don't think Atticus will deceive you. This turned out to be an unexpected stroke of luck. Atticus has some merits. He's very sharp-minded. Think about it. He turned a small contractor's business into the leading one in Foswood. That's his strength!

"But it shows he's not afraid to go the extra mile. He's a businessman, right? It's normal to go the extra mile for profit. Otherwise, how could he achieve his goals? Of course, now the leading power is you!" When he said this, he put on a playful smile.

"In my opinion, our grandma is the most shrewd," I praised.

"That's right, she's quite the strategist," Arnold openly admitted.

We both burst into laughter.

Before we could finish our conversation, Atlas walked in. Glancing at the time, I realized it was already the end of the workday.

He entered my office, and upon seeing Arnold there, his handsome face turned cold. "What are you doing here? You look quite idle."

With a lazy and triumphant expression, Arnold replied, "If I weren't idle, how could I have helped you drive away Melvern?"

Atlas's already cold face became even darker. He asked me, "What is he up to now?"

I coldly snorted. "He wanted me to take over Ardora's shares!"

"Ardora?" Atlas asked, coldly discerning the problem. He immediately pointed out the flaw. "Does he want you to clean up his mess? He's clearly trying to shift the burden!"

"Do you think I'm that stupid? I refused and told him I had no interest in Ardora. Even if I were interested, I'd handle it myself, and I wouldn't take over his mess!"

Atlas immediately smiled, extending his arm to press it against the back of my couch. "My girl is amazing! You need to have this dominance. If you want something, just take it, right? Why bother settling?" Then, regardless of whether Arnold was still there, he quickly kissed me on my cheek, leaving me with a red face.

Arnold protested immediately. "Hey! Have some decency! I'm still here, and you're showing PDA?!"

"Then get lost. Go home and take care of your child."

As soon as he finished speaking, Arnold's phone rang. He quickly took it out, glanced at the screen, and his whole face brightened. I was sure it was a call from Ava.

Sure enough, a sweet and cutesy voice came through the phone as soon as he answered.

"Uncle, where did you go? You're never home. You promised to pick me up from kindergarten. Can you keep your promises?"

As soon as she spoke, Arnold slapped his forehead.

"Sweetheart, I didn't forget! I came to

the mall to pick a pretty dress for you, but there were too many beautiful ones, and I couldn't decide. So, I came to ask your mommy for help, but your mommy asked about my work, delaying me. I'm sorry! I will buy it immediately and come home. Wait patiently! Muah muah!"

"Then, let me talk to Mommy!" This mischievous girl didn't believe him.

"Sweetheart, I'll be back soon. Don't talk to Uncle Arnold like that," I exclaimed.

"Daddy, where are you? Quick, call Daddy and tell him I miss him!" Her voice turned unhappy again.

"I'm here! Let's go back together!" Atlas said.

"Did you guys go shopping without me?" Ava's voice turned dissatisfied again. She was especially attached to Atlas.

"No, I just came to pick up Mommy, but then Uncle Arnold is here," Atlas quickly explained.

"Then I don't want a pretty dress. Can you guys come back quickly? You're both not here. I'm so bored!" She found another reason to complain. "Okay, we'll go back immediately," Atlas said. "Be patient and wait!"

As if receiving an order, we immediately got up and walked outside. Arnold glanced at Atlas and complained, "You lucky brat, you're winning in life. Both your kid and

your wife are adorable. What did you do to deserve this?"

Ignoring his complaints, Atlas indulgently asked me, "What do you want to eat?"

"Eat? We have to make a trip to

Arkadia. promised the little girl a pretty dress, and we must fulfill that promise," Arnold followed beside us, nagging. "We have to shop before we can go back. Don't dilly dally!"

Chapter 816 Enchanted

The three of us drove to Arkadia and headed straight to the children's department.

The girls' section was filled with a dazzling array of items. Arnold was overwhelmed and fluttered around, exclaiming at every item. He insisted that he wanted to buy everything. Ultimately, I took charge and picked out two dresses and a pile of accessories. After all, Ava had a lot of clothes already, and I couldn't possibly buy her everything. Whenever Atlas went abroad, he would usually return with a whole set of clothes, dressing her from head to toe.

She would even receive gifts from Ivanna, Lauren, Rose, Ryan, and Carol and Eleanor.

Her dressing rooms were like little stores, overflowing with items.

Whenever I tried to stop them, they all said the same thing.

"Daughters are meant to be spoiled."

I was both helpless and speechless.

This time, Atlas bought art supplies for Jenny while Arnold shopped for toys for Myra's child and Charlie. After more than an hour of shopping, we had quite a haul.

Arnold urged us to hurry home so Ava wouldn't have to wait long.

The three of us carried our bags of purchases and left the store. In the lobby on the first floor, Atlas encountered the manager of the jewelry store, who briefed him on the recent situation. Arnold said, "Wait for me when we get to the entrance. I'll get the car."

We walked to the entrance together, and Arnold left to get his car while I waited for Atlas and the driver.

But as soon as we stepped out of Arkadia's main entrance, we ran into Michelle, who was leaving the mall.

She loudly called out to us from a distance. "I texted you, Chloe. Why didn't you reply?"

I was puzzled. "You texted me?"

She walked quickly toward us with her bags.. "You don't know?"

I smiled apologetically. "Sorry! I don't really check my messages, so I had no idea!"

She didn't look pleased. "Look at

you. We said we'd text. I've already organized the class reunion, and if I hadn't bumped into you today, all my efforts would have been in vain."

"When is it?" I asked.

"Tomorrow night at 7 PM, on the second floor of The Aviary. Don't forget," she reminded me. "You're such a busy person."

I quickly nodded, responding, "Got it. I'll definitely come."

"That's settled then. Don't forget to be there," Michelle said. She suddenly noticed the pile of shopping bags at my feet. Skeptically, she said, "What's all this?"

I hurriedly responded, "I bought some things for the kids."

Michelle's eyes flicked to the bags in disbelief. "Damn, you bought all that from Arkadia?"

I understood what she was thinking and didn't want to waste time explaining myself. I quickly said, "I just followed a friend here."

Sure enough, she immediately

became cheerful. "I knew it. You're

so extravagant. You're buying things for kids at Arkadia? Things here are so expensive. What would a little kid know about expensive things?"

I just smiled and agreed, "That's true."

At that moment, Atlas finished his business and walked out, coming over to me.

The driver pulled up in the car. Without saying a word, Atlas bent down, picked up all the bags, and handed them to the driver.

Michelle's eyes fixed on Atlas. Her

jaw fell open, and she forgot to continue talking to me. She stared at Atlas and asked, "Chloe, who is this?"

You didn't even introduce him to

me

I smiled helplessly and was about to speak when Arnold's car squeaked and stopped right in front of us.

Arnold got down from the car, which was surprisingly low-key but definitely expensive.

Michelle took a quick glance at him, narrowed her eyes suspiciously, shot me a questioning look, and finally fixed her gaze on Atlas, seemingly enchanted.

Chapter 817 Exposing My Past

Arnold leaned out of the car and shouted, "Let's go. Ava just called. She's anxious to have us back!"

I was relieved. This was the perfect opportunity to excuse myself. I apologetically told Michelle, "I need to go. Ava's waiting for us. I'll definitely come to the reunion tomorrow. See you then!"

Michelle seemed unsatisfied. After all, I hadn't introduced Atlas to her. She stepped forward, looking at Atlas, and introduced herself. "Hello, I'm Chloe's classmate. We're very close."

She reached out a hand to Atlas, eyes filled with anticipation.

Atlas didn't bother to extend his hand and just nodded slightly without saying a word. He was very cool toward her.

When she saw Atlas's indifference, Michelle quickly withdrew her hand and turned to me. "You can bring your kid to the reunion tomorrow, Chloe. You have the oldest child among all our classmates. Let's all meet and catch up. It's a rare occasion, after all."

She said this while still staring at Atlas, obviously directing her words at him.

Before leaving, she added, "You're way ahead of the game. None of us have even had our weddings, and you're already divorced with grown-up kids. I'm jealous."

She eagerly pried into my personal history in front of Atlas, assuming that didn't know about my embarrassing past.

Atlas raised his eyes, casting a cold and icy look at Michelle. The gleam in his eyes cut off whatever she was about to say.

She awkwardly chuckled, "Okay then. See you tomorrow, rain or shine."

I nodded. "See you tomorrow. Let's go."

After that, Atlas and I walked toward our cars. Atlas, a gentleman, opened the car door for me, settled me in, and then got in himself. The two cars drove away.

In the rearview mirror, I saw Michelle standing in the distance, gazing at our cars.

Back home, Ava was throwing a little tantrum as she was hungry and impatient. She ran toward us when she saw our car enter the courtyard.

When we got out of the car, she pouted and rushed into Atlas's arms. "Why did you guys take so long, Daddy? I'm starving!"

Her sweet voice was like honey and would intoxicate anyone who heard it.

Atlas picked her up, looking at her Let's have dinner

rosy face."

right away. Then you can look at the

new dresses Uncle Arnold bought for you and your sister."

"Did I get the drawing board I wanted?" She asked earnestly, confirming my earlier suspicion that she and Atlas had some secrets between them.

"Of course! I picked it especially for you. You'll love it," Atlas said proudly. "Now, let's wash up and have dinner."

Ava cheered, then turned to Arnold. "It's dinner time, Uncle Arnold!"

When he saw Ava rush into Atlas's arms first, Arnold complained. "You ungrateful little thing! You said you missed your uncle. Is this how you show it?"

"But I missed Daddy too!" Ava explained. "I missed both of you! After dinner, I'll play with Uncle Arnold while Daddy works."

Arnold's face grew darker. "Are you saying I don't work? I'm very busy too!"

I chuckled helplessly, linking arms with Arnold as we walked inside. This time, Atlas's face turned dark.

After dinner, Atlas went to his study. I knew he had been busy lately and wondered when he would leave for Jitador.

I cut a small plate of fruit for him and took it to his study. He was on the phone when I entered.

He motioned for me to sit down and

quickly ended the call. He walked over to me and hugged me from behind, biting my earring. I squirmed ticklishly and looked at him. "When are you planning to leave?"

"Jared just called. He told me to hold off for now. It seems that Trinity has left Jitador," Atlas told me.

Surprised, I looked at him, "What do you mean? Why has she left Jitador?"

"It's possible that she's left the borders. She's no longer in Jitador," Atlas said seriously, standing up straight.

I was puzzled. "She's not in Jitador? Do you mean that Trinity was taken out of Jitador? Did she leave on her own? Or..."

No matter how I heard it, that phrase made me feel uneasy.

Chapter 818 This Is a Set Up

Atlas sensed my discomfort and explained, "We can't confirm anything right now. We're still getting the details from the airport."

"Why did they say she's no longer within the borders of Jitador?" I questioned Atlas, feeling lost at this piece of news.

"That was Jared's speculation. After he arrived, we initiated a comprehensive investigation involving the Attwood and Huffman families, and our people. During that time, the hotel surveillance malfunctioned. This is definitely not a coincidence."

Atlas slowly walked toward the floor-to-ceiling window in the study, gazing at the darkening sky outside. He continued, "But before the malfunction, the surveillance showed that Trinity was in her room the entire time. No unfamiliar faces entered her floor at night. The surveillance glitch started around midnight, and at 1:45 AM, she even had her bodyguard, Erik, bring her late-night snacks."

My mind was trying to process what Atlas was saying.

"When did they discover she was missing?" I asked.

"They realized something was wrong at 6:25 AM. They had booked the earliest flight back to Foswood, and Trinity and Erik had agreed that he would wake her up at 6:25 AM. But Erik couldn't open the door when he knocked in the morning.

"In the end, he realized something was off and got the duty manager to open the room. It was empty. Her luggage was packed, and there were signs that she had slept in the bed, but she was gone." "This seems like it was premeditated," I murmured. "Otherwise, the timing wouldn't be so coincidental."

"According to the hotel, surveillance was restored at 5 AM. No one knows where Trinity went during the three hours when surveillance was out," Atlas explained.

"Why does Jared think she's left the country?" I questioned Atlas persistently. I was skeptical about this part and wanted more details.

"Based on our joint investigation, we found no signs of anyone intending harm to Trinity, but she disappeared very suddenly. That's why Jared thinks she might have left the country on her own." Atlas turned to look at me. "That aligns with my own speculations."

I gazed at Atlas, not knowing what to say. In reality, this was exactly what my intuition had been telling me, but I had yet to convince myself of the reasons.

"So are you postponing your return to Jitador for now?" I asked Atlas.

"I want to make a quick visit to the Huffman residence first to see Anson." Atlas looked at me.

"Are you thinking of... testing the waters with Anson?" I asked Atlas uncertainly.

Atlas nodded.

"Has Jared gotten in touch with Anson yet?" I looked at Atlas.

He shook his head. "Not yet."

"In that case, I'll go with you," I suggested. "Are we going now?"

"No, I'll go alone," Atlas said firmly.

His refusal made me come up with a bold guess. I scrutinized Atlas, asking, "Do you think this is a setup by Anson?"

"I can't rule that out. That's why I want to talk to him alone," Atlas said grimly. "You probably shouldn't be there."

I nodded helplessly. "All right then."

Deep down, I knew that even though

I was an adopted daughter of the

Huffman family, they weren't particularly fond of me. This was more about the person by my side and his background with the Beringer family.

I had suspected that ever since Trinity expressed her thoughts about me.

Atlas walked over to me. "I'll be back soon. Get some rest."

"Okay. I'll be waiting for you to come back." I looked up at his h

face, "But promise you we

ha

anything from me." belongs to

He solemnly pulled me into his arms and kissed my forehead. "Just trust me."

He held my hand as we descended the stairs, and he left while I stayed with my family.

Atlas was about to

It seemeuffman family territory

step

But

da feeling that there w

more to the plot Anson had set.

Chapter 819 Nonchalant

As I watched Atlas's car leave the driveway, I couldn't help but feel worried.

I had to admit that deep down, I didn't want Atlas to get too involved with the Huffman family, at least not in a business sense.

But it seemed like the situation was unfolding in the opposite direction.

I just wanted to get rid of this entanglement with Liora quickly, complete the model project in Bourdamun, and bring back my biological father who was still suffering somewhere. Those were my plans.

But fate often has its own plans. I suddenly found myself increasingly intertwined with the Huffman family.

In the living room, the two girls, Ava and Jenny, were busy unpacking the things we had bought.

Arnold was with them, playing and having a great time.

Rose and my mom chatted and smiled while watching them.

I noticed that those two had gotten closer.

When I came down, Rose called me over. My mom asked, "When's the trial for Matthew's case?"

I casually replied, "Monday."

"That's just three days away," my mom remarked.

I nodded, but I saw Ava turn her head to look at us.

I glanced at my mom, signaling her not to continue.

Ava was still concerned about Matthew. She seemed indifferent whenever his name was mentioned, but I noticed that she paid close attention to what we said about him. She was good at hiding her emotions. I worried that I might have overlooked her feelings.

Rose understood what I was thinking. She looked at me and said, "That child's a clever one. If you spend more time with her, you'll be able to understand what's going on in her heart."

I knew that Rose's experience was valuable. It was a blessing to have her by my side.

When Rose gave me that advice, I realized I had been busy lately and had taken Ava for granted.

She used to stick to me like glue whenever I was home, but now she would go a few days without seeking me out.

As I thought about that, I joined their game, which made Arnold very happy. He played with the kids cheerfully.

I played with Ava until she fell asleep, and only then did I feel relieved.

After freshening up, I called Ivanna to ask if she was going to Bourdamun tomorrow.

She sounded like she had just woken up. She couldn't stop yawning and said nasally, "What's up? Whether I go or not is up to you. I haven't decided yet."

When I heard

d her say that, I knew

that things weren't busy in Bourdamun: "Take an extra day off then. Rest at home tomorrow and come with me to a class reunion in the evening. It's with our college classmates."

"A class reunion?" She seemed surprised, and said somewhat indifferently, "Are people still doing boring things like that these days?"

"I ran into Michelle, who was in our

dorm, a few days ago. She's obsessed with this reunion. We need to go," I said. "I want to gather information about Beatrice. I want to see if anyone's been able to contact her. It's been years since we heard anything about her."

Ivanna said, "Did she go back to her hometown? She must not be in Foswood. Otherwise, she wouldn't have fallen off the radar for so long."

"I want to see if anyone knows anything," I explained.

"Okay, I'll take a day off and come tomorrow, but I'm telling you, don't expect too much from it. Those who get involved with things like that aren't serious people." Ivanna's sleepy tone came through.

"Are you still in bed?" I asked casually.

"Yeah! I want to sleep some more. I'm really tired," She replied lazily.

"Well then, go back to sleep! Have you eaten? Eat something before you go back to sleep," I ordered.

"I was getting up to pee when you called," she answered honestly.

I smiled and said, "You're really something. Go pee, then. Don't hold it in!"

I laughed as I hung up the phone. That woman really didn't have a care in the world.

After thinking for a while, I called Johnson and asked about the situation on his end.

He told me that Liora hadn't been at the company these past few days.

"She's not at the company?" I said.

"That's right, it's been a week. After she got back from Bourdamun, she only showed up once," Johnson said. Suddenly, at that moment, my heart skipped a beat.

Chapter 820 The Worst-case Scenario

Johnson's words caught my attention.

Bourdamun?

I had almost forgotten about that. I saw Liora at the groundbreaking ceremony in Bourdamun.

She had also brought a group of executives from Ardora to Bourdamun with her.

"Hey, Chlo, are you still there?" Johnson checked.

"Oh, I'm here. Try to find out where she is and see what she's up to," I told Johnson.

"I've already looked around, but I couldn't find anything. Those people know I'm Matthew's trusted confidant, so they avoid me like the plague. I'm trying to figure something out from the outside." I could well imagine Johnson's current predicament.

"Don't do anything rash. I'll figure it out. You just go to work and keep an eye on the company." I gave my instructions to Johnson and hung up the phone.

Right now, Liora's absence from the company seemed unusual.

I gripped the phone and thought for a moment. I felt ill at ease since Grayson was not in the country. If he were around, he would be able to deal with this kind of thing in minutes.

Just then, the door pushed open. Atlas was back.

He saw me standing by the window and asked, "Why haven't you slept yet?"

I quickly walked over to him and eagerly asked, "How did the discussion go?"

He embraced me with his long arms, looked at me, and calmly said, "Anson won't admit to pulling any strings, but I think it's a test for Jared. It's also time for the Huffman family to make the final decision." "A test for Jared?" I was puzzled. "Doesn't Anson trust Jared?"

"I'm afraid it's related to Ivanna," Atlas said. My heart pounded.

"So, this is Huffman's doing?" I speculated.

He nodded solemnly. "Yes."

I couldn't help but lean into his embrace. He understood my inner thoughts, patted my back, and consoled me. "Don't worry too much."

"Does that mean Trinity isn't in danger?" I asked.

"No, on the contrary, she is in danger." Atlas immediately refuted. "And the danger comes from within the Huffman family."

I stepped out of his embrace and looked at Atlas, reacting to his words. "Are you saying that there might be instability within the Huffman family?"

That was the first scenario that came to my mind.

"That's right! After all, the Huffman family's business is very extensive, and their influence is spread too widely. It's all managed by competent subordinates, usually divided by region, and they each act autonomously.

"They might all belong to the Huffman family, but their influence is weaker in some areas. And some people are bound to be restless now that Anson is gradually transferring power to Trinity." Atlas explained the intricacies to me.

"Trinity won't be as ruthless as Anson. So if news of Trinity suddenly disappearing gets out, that would be the best way to put things to the test. Some people won't just sit still and do nothing, and Trinity will be in danger."

As Atlas explained, I fully understood the danger he was talking about.

"Why would Anson do this? What if..." I didn't finish my sentence. It was too terrifying, too risky.

"But maybe this is the best way! The

Huffman family might have been forced to do it, or maybe Anson wants to give them a stern warning. He's helping Trinity establish authority. When Trinity stands firm, he can execute the next step of his plan!"

I could hardly believe they would use such a method.

Anyway, Trinity had left on her own.

"What's the worst-case scenario?" I asked.