

Divorce 841

Chapter 841 Bringing Charlie Home

Bringing Charlie Home

Myra paused, then asked with a hint of confusion, "Why are you so eager to send him away? Have you asked for Matthew's opinion?"

I shook my head. "No, it's not that. There's been a special situation. Melanie escaped from prison. I'm afraid it might cause trouble for you if she comes looking for the kid."

I didn't hide anything from Myra. There was no need to keep this couple in the dark.

Myra was astonished, staring at me in disbelief. "What are you saying? She escaped? My goodness, isn't that seeking death for herself? How could she do such a thing?"

I sighed and nodded affirmatively. "It's true, it happened last night. Besides, I also considered that we couldn't keep Charlie here for long. The little boy has his own family.

"I know you're reluctant, but I'm afraid Melanie is capable of anything, and it might not be good for the child. The child's father, Arton, is Melanie's nemesis. She won't dare act recklessly with him around."

I laid out the situation for Myra in detail.

Myra looked at me, expressing concern. "The key point is... I'm worried Charlie might feel upset. He just got used to being here with me, and now we have to send him away. He..."

As Myra said this, her eyes reddened a bit. "I really can't bear to part with him."

"He will eventually go back home to the Reese family. After all, you've seen Annika, and she seems reliable. You don't need to worry too much. Once he returns to the Reese family this time, it'll be permanent. What do you think?"

I asked for her opinion. After all, during this period, she had cared for Charlie with all her heart. How could there not be an emotional attachment? I knew it would be hard for her to send him away like this.

She nodded helplessly and said, "Well, that's the only solution. It's ultimately good for the little one to be with his family. Let's hope it works out.

"But Chloe, how about this? If we send him back to the Reese family, I'm afraid he won't adapt. After all, he's a premature baby, and he's delicate. If he catches another illness, it's not worth it. Could you discuss with the Reese family that I'll go with him for the first couple of days?

"After he gets familiar with the Reese family, I'll leave. This might be better for him."

Myra's suggestion caught me off guard. I hadn't considered that.

She added, "I'm worried that the Reese family might not have experience caring for a baby. In case they don't take good care of him, and he's prone to illnesses, that would be heartbreaking."

I was genuinely surprised by Myra's reasonable proposal. Her consideration was exceptionally thoughtful, with every decision centered around the child's well-being. It seemed she was indeed a kind and caring mother.

I nodded appreciatively, saying, "Thank you so much, Myra. I didn't think of this at all. Of course, we can do it this way, but it will be challenging for you."

"It's not much of a challenge. As long as he's safe and happy, we can rest easy. After all, we've done this for quite some time so one more time won't make a difference," Myra spoke, moving me with her words.

"I'll go talk to the Reese family. This might be too sudden for them, and I'm unsure how they'll react. Will they even accept the kid? I'm a bit worried."

"But I don't think it should be a big issue. Who wouldn't cherish their own flesh and blood?" Myra said, "He's adorable. They'll see when they spend more time with him."

I stood up and said to her, "If it's okay, let them pick him up as soon as possible."

Myra nodded. "Sure, go ask for their opinion. I'll tidy up his things in the meantime."

After our discussion, we split up to take action. Carol and I headed straight to Arkadia Plaza.

Surprisingly, Annika was off today, so she was not at her usual place.

Carol shrugged and said, "Chloe, let's forget it for today. We can come back tomorrow to find her."

After contemplating, I shook my head and said to Carol, "No, we should resolve this matter as soon as possible. Go to the management office and see if you can get Annika's home address. We'll go there directly."

"Alright. I'll go now. You wait for me."

"I'll go to the adjacent store and buy some gifts. Call me when you're done." I instructed Carol.

Carol gave me an OK gesture and headed to the mall's office.

I went and bought some treats, considering there were two elderly people at Annika's place. I couldn't go empty-handed.

Carol quickly returned with Annika's address, and we drove straight to the Reese family's home.

Chapter 842 Meeting the Reese family

Meeting the Reese family

The Reese family's residential area is quite nice. It had a beautiful environment. I checked, and it was not too far from Myra's place.

Upon finding the right place, I knocked on the door, and Annika was the one who opened it.

She seemed surprised to see me and took a moment before asking, "Why are you here?"

I quickly smiled and said, "I came to see you. I have something to discuss with your family, so I hope I'm not intruding."

Annika quickly stepped aside, gesturing for me to enter. She extended her hand and said, "Please come in. May I ask for your name?"

I politely replied, "You can call me Chloe."

Carol and I entered the house, and in the living room, I saw an elderly man. Judging by his appearance, he was undoubtedly Annika's father, Donovan Reese. Although he had the same eyes as Annika, his eyebrows were thick, giving him a dignified look.

Seeing guests at home, the old man quickly stood up, seemingly ready to give up his seat.

I said, "Hello, sir. You don't have to leave. I came with something that might trouble your family."

I spoke very politely and tried to smile warmly.

The old man's eyes gleamed, giving me a quick glance, and he gave up the main seat on the sofa. "Then please have a seat."

Carol casually placed the gifts on the coffee table, and then we took our seats.

Annika swiftly brought us some fruit and placed it on the table.

Then, a bit nervously, she looked at me and asked, "Um, Ms. Chloe. Why did you come today?"

"Well, I did come with something to discuss. It's related to the Reese family. Is your mother not here?" I asked because I thought it would be best to have all the Reese family members present for this conversation.

Georgina Reese would surely be fond of Charlie, especially as her grandson from another generation. If the Reese family had any objections, the old lady could possibly help convince them.

Annika seemed perplexed, and she looked at me anxiously, asking, "Did Arton... cause trouble again?"

Her face turned a bit pale. Donovan also became alert immediately, his expression more serious as he scrutinized me.

His attitude had changed. "Who are you looking for? Do you know Arton?"

With her question, I understood the situation; he was suspicious of my intentions.

He thought I was a woman associated with their son and, therefore, not a good person.

Annika quickly held her father's hand, and said, "Ms. Chloe, are you here to find my brother? But he's not at home. To be precise, he doesn't come here often. If you have any business, you can find him. My parents are getting old and can't manage his affairs. Shall we talk outside?"

It was clear that Annika was a sensible person. She was afraid her brother had caused trouble again and even more afraid of her father getting angry.

"Just talk here!" Donovan scolded loudly, startling me. "I'm curious to know why you're looking for him."

It seemed the old man had a bad temper. No wonder they had a son like Arton.

I quickly smiled and said, "Mr. Donovan, please calm down. This matter is indeed related to your son but it's not necessarily a bad thing."

I tried to calm their emotions, not letting them get too nervous.

Carol's face was gloomy, and I kept eyeing her, afraid she might say something.

"I came here quite abruptly today but... this might be good for you." I emphasized again that it was a 'good thing.'

Upon hearing this, Donovan seemed to relax a little.

But he still looked at me incredulously and said, "Just tell us already. What exactly is the matter? Don't beat around the bush. Hmph... anything related to him is never good!"

This statement from Donovan was indeed accurate. However, from his words, it seemed he was frustrated with his son but also wished that his son could be more accomplished.

I composed myself and glanced at Annika. "Alright, then I'll tell you."

Chapter 843 His Grandson

His Grandson

After some thought, I began, "Mr. Donovan, the reason I came today is to bring your grandson back to your family."

My statement was like a sudden thunderclap, shocking the old man and Annika into stunned silence.

Donovan scrutinized me up and down, as if he wanted to see through me, trying to understand my intentions. It was as if he perceived me as a conniving woman using the child to extort them, and he was on high alert.

"What do you mean? Grandson? Where did this grandson come from?"

Annika also wore a face of skepticism, finding it hard to believe what I said.

I had to smile again and nod solemnly to assure them that they didn't mishear.

Then I said, "Absolutely, without a doubt, he is your grandson. To be precise, he is Arton's son."

"What?"

Donovan stood up suddenly while looking at me.

It was obvious that he now considered me the child's mother.

Carol couldn't stand it anymore and spoke sharply to the old man, "Mr. Donovan, please calm down. Chloe is here to discuss this today, but she is not the child's mother. You're thinking too much."

From her tone, I could just tell that she insinuated that I was too good to be part of their family.

Annika seemed to feel that her father's gaze was a bit excessive. She quickly grabbed the old man and pressed him back onto the sofa.

However, he was still very surprised, pointing at me and saying, "What's going on? Our grandson? Arton's child?"

His expression left me somewhat puzzled. I couldn't figure out if he were happy or angry.

Even his fingers were trembling slightly, but I nodded confidently and said, "Yes, the boy is Arton's son. You didn't hear it wrong."

After saying that, I took out my phone, opened the photo gallery, and handed it to him.

My phone gallery had many pictures of Charlie, all taken when he visited Pleca Park. He was at his happiest, and his adorable expressions were captured perfectly. In my eyes, all children were little angels.

I was certain that Charlie's appearance was a replica of the Reese family's genes. With his look, there was no need for a DNA test. He resembled the old man in front of me too much.

Donovan eagerly took my phone. When he saw the pictures on the screen, he was petrified instantly.

Perhaps Annika had never seen this expression on her father's face. She was more nervous than anything else. She quickly supported her father, calling out, "Dad!"

Then, unable to resist her curiosity, she leaned over and looked at the screen. When she saw the photos, her expression mirrored her father's, and her mouth went wide open.

I didn't know what they were feeling then, but I was sure they were astonished.

So, I quickly spoke again, saying, "These photos were taken at my home. The kid was particularly happy then, and now he's almost a year old. I believe that after you see these, you'll know whether he is your family."

Donovan's eyes remained fixed on the screen, his expression truly unpredictable. Then, suddenly, he said to Annika, "Quick, call your mom and ask her to come back! And call Arton too, tell him to come back right now!"

Chapter 844 Astonishing the Reese Family

Astonishing the Reese Family

I wasn't sure what Donovan meant. Annika quickly dialed a number, and her expression mirrored Donovan's, inscrutable—filled with joy, excitement, and a hint of nervousness. Her hand that was holding the phone was shaking.

Once the call connected, Annika's voice sounded somewhat unsettled as she spoke into the phone, "Arton, where are you? Come back home immediately!"

A deep voice echoed from the phone, "What's wrong? Did something happen to Mom and Dad?"

Without elaborating, Annika urged, "Just come back as soon as you can!"

I could see that Annika was anxious. Meanwhile, Donovan still tightly held onto my phone, staring at the photos without blinking.

Judging by his current expression, I was certain he liked Charlie.

I moved closer and tried to take the phone, but he clutched it tighter, unwilling to let go. So, I approached him, gently sliding my fingers across the phone screen to show him more pictures.

I overheard Annika making another call, presumably to her mother, urging her to return home because something big had happened.

After hanging up, she couldn't resist leaning in to see the photos I was displaying to Donovan.

Excitedly, she asked me, "Ms. Chloe, is this really Arton's child?"

At this moment, I was sure they were shocked by the child. "What do you think?"

Seemingly overwhelmed, Annika was about to answer my question when Donovan's voice came through, trembling, "Yes, he is definitely my grandson."

Then, he scolded, "This scoundrel! I'm going to beat him up for having a child and not bringing him home. What is he thinking?"

Just as his voice fell, we heard the sound of someone opening the door. Annika hurriedly approached the door, but it had already been opened, and a very stylish elderly lady walked in.

Her hair, mostly white, was permed into curls. She wore a sporty suit, looking like she had just finished exercising.

Contrary to what Annika had described about her health, there was no sign of any physical issues.

After Georgina walked in, she was surprised to see us in the living room.

She asked Annika, "Oh, it seems like we have guests at home. Your friends?"

Annika quickly pulled Georgina inside, saying, "Yes, Mom, come and see."

She forcibly brought Georgina to Donovan's side and pressed her down on the couch. Then she took the phone from Donovan's hand and placed it in her mother's.

Georgina looked at Annika in confusion, then looked at us.

Annika hurriedly said to her, "Don't look at me. Look at the photos!"

Georgina finally lowered her head to look at the phone screen. When her gaze landed, she immediately fixed her eyes on one spot. Then, in an exaggerated manner, she brought the phone closer to her eyes.

"Whose child is this? Why does he look so much like Arton when he was little?"

Annika quickly told her mom, "Mom, Ms. Chloe came here today to tell us about this. She said this is Arton's son."

Georgina suddenly looked at Carol and me, her gaze similar to Donovan's earlier, scrutinizing both of us.

Annika awkwardly continued, "Mom, don't think too much. Ms. Chloe is here to help us with this matter."

Georgina then withdrew her gaze, turning to me and asking, "So, if you say this child belongs to our family, why didn't Arton tell us? Since you're not the child's mother, who is? Who are you then?"

It seemed Georgina was quite assertive, hitting me with a series of questions right off the bat.

Chapter 845 The Overwhelming Power of Genetics

The Overwhelming Power of Genetics

I looked at Georgina and said softly, "This matter is a bit complicated, and I'd like to wait until Arton comes back to explain it together. Would that be acceptable to you?"

At that moment, Donovan cursed again, "This troublemaker, who knows what he's been up to out there? I'm telling you, these are the results of your indulgence!"

Georgina glanced at her old partner, signaling him with her eyes. "Hold off on conclusions. Let's hear what Arton has to say. We shouldn't just believe the words of an outsider, right?"

"What outsider? The photos are right here. What other excuses do we need?" Donovan angrily said, "He's been out there for so long, but has he accomplished anything? Look at him; he's got nothing."

I quickly explained, "Mr. Donovan, you really can't blame Arton for this. Arton himself had no idea about the existence of this child."

"He doesn't know?" My words stirred Donovan's displeasure, making him even more furious. "Is he stupid? Doesn't he know what he did himself? Hmph!"

"Let's wait until Arton comes back to discuss this. There are many things only he can explain. There are plenty of pictures of the child on the phone; you can look at them together. Charlie is very adorable, and currently..."

Before I could finish my sentence, Donovan suddenly interjected, "By the way, where is the child now? Are you saying even Arton didn't know about the existence of this child? Then, who is the woman who gave birth to this little thing?"

Annika quickly intervened, trying to calm things down. "Dad, don't get too worked up. Ms. Chloe said we'll talk when Arton comes back. Let's wait."

"This damn thing is not good news! How could she be interested in him if she's a good woman? Besides, which good woman would do such a thing?"

Like father, like son. Donovan wasn't entirely wrong.

Georgina kept looking at the photos, her gaze becoming more affectionate. "He really looks like Arton when he was young. But why are you the one telling us about this? What exactly do you do?"

Before I could speak, Carol said, "This is the boss of Arkadia Plaza, as well as the boss of Tanum Construction and Development, Chloe Hartz."

Upon hearing Carol's introduction, Annika was stunned, staring at me in disbelief.

Then, incoherently, she said, "Y-you are really Mr. Atlas's..."

I could only nod solemnly. "Yes, I am. But, I don't want many people to know. I hope you can understand and keep it to yourself."

I understood the reasoning behind Carol's earlier introduction.

Carol was probably worried that I did not have enough clout to deal with the Reese family, especially Arton, who was due to arrive soon.

I intended to convey that even if Charlie returned to the Reese family, I would come to visit him. After that, I would inevitably stay in contact with Annika. Of course, my ability to do so wasn't just out of concern for Charlie. I also sympathized with Annika, this unfortunate woman.

When Atlas first told me about Annika's situation, I felt a pang of empathy. That was why I was eager to meet her.

This woman, whose life was ruined by her younger brother, would likely have to channel her love into the little one from now on.

We talked more about the events surrounding the child's photoshoot, and we sent the photos to Annika's phone. She was overjoyed, holding the phone and flipping through the pictures with great concentration.

Suddenly, there was a hurried knocking at the door, and Annika quickly ran over to open it.

As the door opened, a sturdy figure rushed in, clearly thinking something had happened at home. Looking into the living room, he was momentarily stunned to see us. His sharp eyes focused on my face.

I knew the protagonist of this event had returned, and he was the father of Charlie, Arton.

Chapter 846 The Old Lady Protects Her Son

I also turned my gaze toward Arton. I had seen pictures of this man, so I was sure that Charlie was his son.

The Reese family's genetic traits were strong. It especially showed in those distinctive eyes they had.

Arton's appearance was familiar to me, but his intense hostility was overwhelming. The moment I saw him, I recognized him from the photos, and I also remembered our encounter at Midnight Bar. He was the man I had asked for room numbers when I got lost in the corridor.

His eyes had been fixed on me since he entered, showing caution, hostility, and suspicion.

Annika looked at her brother, nudged him slightly, and hastily introduced us, "Arton, this is Ms. Chloe."

He remained silent, using his cunning eyes to scrutinize me up and down.

I didn't stand up. Instead, I looked at him confidently and asked coldly, "Do you remember me, Mr. Arton?"

Arton kept that dark expression on his face and didn't answer my question. However, it was clear that he was very wary of me.

I ignored his unfriendly gaze and continued, "You must be familiar with Melanie, Mr. Arton. I'm here to talk to you about her."

When I mentioned Melanie, Arton exploded. "I don't know her! I don't know anyone named Melanie! What are you doing here? Who are you?" Arton didn't hold back his hostile questioning. His tone was full of animosity and aggression, which clearly showed that he was a troublemaker. Before I could respond, Donovan slammed his hand on the table with a loud bang, shouting, "You unfilial thing! What have you been doing out there?"

His deafening voice sent shivers down my spine. I knew Donovan had a bad temper, but I still couldn't help but feel a lingering fear. I couldn't imagine what it would be like to live in a family like this every day.

I worried about the possible impact this environment might have on Charlie if we brought him back here and he had to face this situation every day.

Annika quickly tried to calm her father down, gently persuading, "Could you lower your voice, Dad? Ms. Chloe is here. Let's discuss the serious business first, then you can talk to Arton privately later, okay?"

The old lady, however, defended her son, saying, "Why do you always shout so loudly, old man? You need to give him a chance to speak!"

Then she looked at Arton, asking patiently, "Arton, do you have a girlfriend out there? Why didn't you bring your son home? Since you have a child, you should explain it to the family."

When I saw how she reacted, I knew that Arton had been spoiled by his mother.

Sure enough, Donovan immediately shouted at Georgina, "He's acting like this because you've spoiled him. Do you think he's still a child? He's a father already. Look at him. Does he look like a responsible father?"

"You don't deserve to be a dad. You already have a son, and he'll end up useless like you if you keep this up! What kind of child can you raise? Do you want your son to be a troublemaker like you?"

Arton didn't try to fight back. He just took in every word his father said.

After his father was done, he said, "What son? Do I even have a son? Are you done? If you have nothing else to say, I'm leaving."

He tried to walk toward the exit, but Donovan wasn't having it. "Stop right there, you unfilial child! We haven't dealt with you yet. Of course someone like you who fools around outside all day wouldn't know you have a son!"

"What are you talking about? When did I get a son?" Arton said helplessly, looking bewildered.

The old man grew even angrier at his words. He snatched the phone from Georgina's hand and slammed it on the table. "Take a look for yourself. There's no way he could be anyone else's son." When Annika saw the phone being slammed onto the coffee table, she was instantly frightened.

Chapter 847 Don't Play Games with Me

Annika quickly grabbed the phone and exclaimed, "Dad... That's Ms. Chloe's phone. What are you doing?"

Donovan seemed to realize he had gone too far and remembered that it was my phone. He sneaked a glance at me.

I observed the scene calmly and didn't bother to offer any polite gestures or reassurances like "It's okay" or "It's not a big deal."

I watched them coldly as a detached spectator.

Annika kept apologizing to me.

"You don't need to apologize, Annika. I'll compensate her if the phone is broken. You don't need to act like this in front of them!" Arton said protectively.

I didn't know why, but his actions comforted me. It was clear that Arton genuinely cared for his sister and tried to protect her.

Arton looked displeased and glanced at me again. "Are you two the cause of this trouble? Explain it to me right now. Who are you two? Don't mention Melanie again. I don't know her."

I looked at Arton coldly. "I used to be Melanie's sister-in-law. Now do you know who I am?"

Sure enough, after I spoke, Arton paused for a moment and stared at me silently.

I smiled indifferently. "Do you remember now? Or are you still going to tell me you don't know anything?"

"So what? What are you doing here at our house? If you have something to say, you could have talked to me directly. You didn't have to come to my house and bother my parents. Just because you're a woman doesn't mean I won't punch you."

Carol grew anxious when she heard what Arton said. She looked at Arton fearlessly and stood up.

With a low laugh, she said, "Don't pretend you don't know your place, Arton. If it weren't for my boss, your son would still be homeless!"

Carol spoke quickly. Her face was determined and she exuded a powerful aura.

"Don't you know what kind of person Melanie is after you dealt with her for such a long time? She's been to prison. You dare say you don't know about that? How many wrongs has she committed, and how many immoral things has she done to her own sister-in-law? Don't tell me you had no part in that. If you don't mind, we can have the cops investigate this."

"You're asking for trouble!" Arton immediately stepped forward threateningly, but Annika stopped him. "Arton, what are you doing?"

Carol remained unaffected and became even more formidable. "Asking for trouble? Do you really think no one knows what you did to Melanie?"

Fire glinted in Arton's eyes. It seemed like he wanted to tear Carol apart.

"Don't play tough with me and pretend to be all fierce. I'm not afraid of you, Arton."

Carol pointed at Arton and

continued to shout, "Melanie neglected a little child. She's a disgrace of a mother! Her mother's even worse. She took advantage of her daughter's troubles and ran away with the money, abandoning the poor child.

"Do you know how difficult it was for us to get the little one taken care of by a kind-hearted family? Chloe takes the time to visit him whenever she can, brings him to his home, and takes care of everything he needs. How dare you shout at her like that?"

Carol spoke passionately. "Aren't you afraid that your son will turn out to be just like you?"

"To be honest, Chloe made the tough decision to come here for the child. We were afraid he'd be corrupted if he lived with your family. Just look at your behavior..."

As Carol finished speaking, she turned to me. "I think we should forget this, Chloe. If the child grows up in this family, he'll end up just like his father. Your efforts will be in vain. Let's go."

Donovan grew anxious when he heard what Carol said. "Please don't add fuel to the fire, young lady. The child belongs to our family, and we'll definitely raise him well. You can rest assured. "Ms. Chloe, I can guarantee you that we'll never let the child turn into anything like that beast."

Panicking, he pointed at Arton and yelled, "You better apologize to her right now!"

Chapter 848 A Unified Front

Annika quickly smiled and flattered me, nodding and bowing. "Yes, Ms. Chloe, please rest assured. If the kid really is my brother's son, I'll do my best to raise him well. You can trust me."

"Dad, Annika, what are you talking about? What son? Where did this child come from?" Arton was utterly confused about what was going on.

The elderly lady, who had been silent all along, looked thoughtful.

Suddenly, she spoke, "You're Ms. Chloe, aren't you? You claim this child is my son's, and while he does resemble our family, we can't just take your word for it. If he is Arton's son, Arton would know for sure. Please explain everything clearly to us. We're not foolish, but there needs to be some basis in fact, right?"

"If my son feels that everything is right, then we can acknowledge that the child is his son. Otherwise, we can't just accept him without knowing if he really is a part of our family."

I felt deflated when I heard what Georgina had to say. I hadn't expected her to say such things.

I had thought I could leverage her influence if things didn't go smoothly, but as it turned out, she was sharp about the wrong things.

I saw that Arton was agitated, so I calmly said, "Mr. Arton, please take a look at the photos first, then we can discuss this further."

Annika quickly handed her phone to her brother, saying earnestly, "Take a good look, Arton. Is this really your son? How could you not know about him? Don't feel pressured. If he really is yours, take him back, and I'll take care of him."

It seemed that Arton heeded his sister's words. He took the phone and looked at the screen.

At that moment, what had happened earlier seemed to happen again. Arton suddenly froze, his eyes wide and fixated on the screen, unmoving.

After a moment, he looked at me abruptly and asked, "Can you tell me where he is now?"

"He's my friend's place," I replied calmly.

"How old is he?" Arton asked urgently.

"He's almost a year old. He was born prematurely after seven months of pregnancy," I answered truthfully.

"If you've been in contact with

Melanie, you should know that she fell and gave birth prematurely right in front of the school gate. That was while she was trying to hit me." Arton's face turned pale, which implied that he had known about

this. .

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"The person who's looking after him is very kind and has taken good care of him. If you can take him back now, maybe you'll make it in time for his birthday." I said softly. "I... Melanie..." Arton gritted his teeth, squeezing his fists tightly.

I explained the child's situation to the four members of the Reese family in detail.

In the end, after a moment of contemplation, I decided to tell them more. "Melanie has escaped from prison. I was afraid it might not be good for the child, so I wanted to send the little one back to the Reese family to ensure his safety and health.

"You know what kind of woman Melanie is. was afraid she might resort to desperate measures and use the child against us. That was why I took the liberty to come to the Reese family today and tell you

about the little boy."

Donovan sighed heavily, holding his head in his hands.

After a while, he looked up at me and said, "Thank you so much, Ms. Chloe. We wouldn't have known that there was still a Reese family child out there if it weren't for you. This is retribution for our past actions."

Then, he glanced at me nervously and said, "I want to know when we can take my grandson back, Ms. Chloe."

Chapter 849 A Little Impatient

When I heard what Donovan said, I silently breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Arton, saying, "That depends on Mr. Arton."

Arton no longer looked at me with the hostility he had when he first came home.

He appeared to be bewildered, helpless, and even pleading...

A man in his thirties who had been accustomed to recklessness now looked like a child who had made a mistake. He glanced at his father helplessly.

I looked at Georgina and asked, "What about you, Mrs. Georgina? Are you satisfied with the reasons I've given?"

Her face paled. She turned to her son, saying, "Since he is really your child, let's bring him back as soon as possible."

I looked at Arton again. Despite his imposing appearance, he said meekly, "Let's do what my mom said."

Since they had all agreed to take Charlie back, I spoke again, "But there is one condition from the lady taking care of the little boy now..."

Donovan immediately said, "Of course. Feel free to tell us whatever conditions they have. My family will agree to them."

I could tell that the old man thought we were going to ask them for money.

I smiled calmly and said, "She's afraid the little boy won't be able to adapt to the new environment. She said she might come with him for the first two days or so to help take care of him and teach you how to look after him. She'll leave after the child gets used to the new place. Will you agree to that?"

The Reese family expressed their doubts. "Is that all?"

"Of course. Not everyone is motivated by money. They're ordinary but kind-hearted people. When I suggested sending the child away, the lady was reluctant to let him go." I said truthfully.

Donovan looked apologetic, "The boy is blessed. He's survived great danger, and that will surely bring him good fortune. The Reese family has a future now."

He smiled radiantly.

Annika quickly nodded, saying, "We'll agree to that condition! Thank you so much, Ms. Chloe."

Only then did I smile with relief and

said, "You don't have to thank me. You should thank the couple who's taken care of the little one. They've raised him well and treated him as their own."

"They've been neglecting their own son during this time. The child was frail and would always get sick, but since he arrived at that couple's place, he's been getting sick less and has become stronger. They're pretty reluctant to send him back," I added with a hint of humor.

Donovan hurriedly said to his daughter, "Let's go now, Annika. We'll take the child back today. We can't keep bothering them."

Arton seemed to be at a loss and looked at his sister for guidance.

Annika was also finding it hard to contain her excitement. She turned to me and asked, "Um, Ms. Chloe, can we go pick up the little boy now?"

I checked the time. It was still before noon. I thought for a moment and took out my phone. "I'll give them a call and ask what they think."

As the call connected, I put it on speaker and told Myra about the situation. She seemed a bit perplexed. "So soon? Well... okay."

You could clearly hear Myra's reluctance over the call.

After ending the call, I looked at Arton and asked, "Have you decided to pick up the child?"

"Yes, we'll pick him up right away!"

The urgency in Donovan's demeanor was apparent. He seemed afraid that this opportunity might slip away.

Perhaps the Reese family should

have had a child long ago. If Annika's small family hadn't experienced those unexpected events and the loss of her husband, they might have had a child by now.

For the Reese family, the existence of this child was like a gift from heaven-a source of hope for the entire family.

Donovan's eagerness was not surprising at all.

He immediately got up to change, but Georgina looked at me and asked, "Ms. Chloe, why are you doing this? Well... Melanie, theoretically..."

She paused and didn't continue her sentence. Her eyes fixed on me, waiting for my response.

Chapter 850 Getting to the Bottom of Things

She seemed convinced that I would understand what she meant.

"Maybe the little guy has a connection with me," I remarked casually, though truth be told, I wasn't entirely sure.

Carol gave Georgina a displeased look and said, "You're overthinking it, Mrs. Georgina. Chloe saved the child's life when he was only two months old, and she even broke her arm in the process." When Arton heard this, his eyes turned to me, filled with skepticism.

Carol looked at him and told him how I had saved the child.

Then she asked him, "What do you think about Melanie, Arton? You must know the terrible things she's done. Were you also involved in the incident at Midnight Bar?"

Carol's relentless questioning made Arton gulp nervously. When he looked at me again, there was no more hostility in his eyes; all that remained was regret.

Carol continued, "Considering your age and the unnecessary things you've gotten yourself involved in, we're worried you won't be able to take good care of the little boy. Once your son comes back, I hope you'll reflect on yourself. Don't cause any trouble and set a good example for him. Don't let him follow in your footsteps and be a good-for-nothing man."

As I listened to Carol's straightforward and critical words, I silently gave her a thumbs-up. That was precisely what I had wanted to say, but it wasn't easy for me to express those sentiments directly. She had taken the words right out of my mouth.

"I'm telling you, Chloe has been deeply concerned about this. She's thought about every detail, so there are some things I need to say upfront."

"Go on." It was Arton who spoke this time.

"Listen carefully." Carol continued without reservation. "The child is timid, so be careful at home in the future. You might scare him out of his wits."

As she spoke, I silently gave her a thumbs-up again. I loved what Carol was saying.

"He was born prematurely and needs a lot of care. And you, Arton, should never show your angry side in front of the child. He may be small, but he's smart. You won't just scare him for a short while. It might have a big impact on him. The environment shapes the child, so think about this carefully. If you want him to take after you, you can teach him all the bad things you know. After all, I can't interfere as an outsider."

"I won't." He asserted earnestly.

"Also, no smoking or drinking. Any kind of wrongdoing is forbidden in front of the little boy. His mother is erratic and behaves poorly already. Don't let the child inherit any of her bad traits. Take good care of him and nurture him well. He had a sad start in life, but he's very smart."

Arton looked at me. Just as Donovan finished changing, he came out, saying, "The young lady is right. We'll definitely educate the child properly. He's our family's hope. You're a great benefactor to us, Ms. Chloe."

I quickly stood up, smiled, and said, "There's no need to thank me. If you take good care of the child, that will be thanks enough. Children aren't born bad; it's just a matter of proper education. We can talk more after we bring the child back here. Shall we head out together?"

Surprisingly, all four members of the Reese family wanted to come with me. I didn't stop them.

We returned to Myra's house. Johnson, who had been called back by Myra, was already there.

At that moment, the little one woke up in Myra's arms. He held a milk bottle and drank hungrily.

But when he saw the room full of

people, he forgot to drink and stared around with wide eyes. Finally, his eyes settled on my face. Grinning, he tossed the milk bottle aside, burbling and saying, "Mama" as he stretched his arms out toward me.

I smiled and picked him up. He nuzzled against my face, expressing his excitement. Somehow, the child had developed a particular familiarity with me that was hard to believe. He had managed to melt my heart.

Donovan forgot to exchange pleasantries with anyone as his eyes were fixed on the little one. He seemed to be itching to pick him up immediately.

I brought Charlie over, pointing to Donovan and telling him, "Look, this is Grandpa."

Charlie grinned. His hand was still in my hair. He gnawed on me occasionally and drooled on my face, but he kept looking at the members of the Reese family.

Donovan stepped up, his mouth twitching, seemingly unsure of what to say.

I handed Charlie over to Donovan, but the little one was still shy. He turned his head and reached for me.

But he wanted to sneak a peek at the others, and his expression amused everyone.