

Divorce 871

Chapter 871 A Good Thing

Her words made me smile.

"You should put in some effort. You're not getting any younger. She already has a baby! It's time for you to catch up.'

Lauren snorted disdainfully and said, "Me? I'm afraid this will be my life. I'm already in my 30s. Besides, there are no candidates. Who am I going to have a baby with?" Both Ivanna and I realized that we couldn't persuade her about her situation with Oliver. For some reason, there had been no news about Oliver during this period.

Since he came over to drink with Atlas that night, I have not seen him.

I wonder how Atlas talked to him. Did he give up willingly?

After buying several large bags of snacks for Ivanna, Lauren finally dropped me off at the company. I repeatedly reminded Ivanna to take care of herself and rest well. I also entrusted Lauren to take good care of her before reluctantly getting out of the car and heading upstairs.

Sitting at my desk, I pondered for a moment, then picked up the phone and dialed Annika's number.

She answered cheerfully, "Ms. Chloe, hello! You must be worried about him."

"How was last night? Was there any trouble?" I asked with concern. I had wanted to call Annika last night, but all my time was occupied by Atlas.

"It felt a bit strange at first. We played until late, and he cried a bit when looking for Myra. But after that, he fell asleep when he got really tired," Annika reported truthfully.

"It's normal to feel a bit strange at first. It'll get better gradually." I sighed. "Charlie is clever. Teach him well."

"Yes, he's really smart. He's no longer shy around his dad. When Arton teases him, he laughs, giggling. Oh... It's really fate! Myra came early this morning and Charlie was so happy! Now he's tired from playing and sleeping."

"That's good. Myra was afraid he might not adapt well and get sick. She's very attentive. Ask her for more advice. She's a friend worth making," I instructed.

"Thank you, Ms. Chloe. You're truly our benefactor."

Then she suddenly spoke hushedly, "My brother didn't go out the whole night and hasn't left today. It seems like Charlie has captured his heart. Charlie even learned how to call him Dada.

"Every time he sees Arton, he just says, 'Dada, Dada.' It makes him so happy. You haven't seen how adorable he looks."

I felt happy upon hearing Annika's excitement. "Let the child change him. Urge him not to show any bad habits in front of the child."

"No, he hasn't smoked since last night. Ms. Chloe, you're truly a saint. Myra told us many things about how you care for our little one. You're a great person."

"Don't mention it. We're family from

now on. Don't make it so formal.

Like the others, you can call me

Chlo," I said amiably. "About youmet

job, if you still want to stay at Arkadia, I can help you figure out a way to adjust your schedule."

"No, I have to thank you! You've all said Charlie's health is fragile. Plus, he just came back. I want to take care of him wholeheartedly. Later when he's a bit older, we'll see. plan to resign and take care of him. I can't always trouble Myra

It seemed Annika already had a plan.

"That's fine too. When you want to work again, come back. I can help you reserve that position. Coming back to Arkadia won't be a problem," I assured her, making sure she had no worries.

"Really?" Annika became excited.

Of course, entering Arkadia required rigorous screening. Even for a small cashier position, it was a

one-in-a-hundred chance because Arkadia's salary in Foswood was among the highest in the industry. Who would resign from such a good job?

"Thank you so much, Ms. Chloe!" Annika's tone indicated how happy she was.

"Here we go again!"

Both of us chuckled.

"There's something I need to trouble you with, Ms. Chloe," she said cautiously.

"Go ahead!"

Chapter 872 Another Problem

"What should we do about his birth registration? Has he already been registered under the Murphy family?" Annika asked me with a hint of concern.

I thought for a moment, realizing that it was indeed a bit troublesome. Charlie's household registration must have ended up with Matthew.

After all, Matthew finally had a son, and it was only natural for him to be proactive about the registration.

The Reese family's main concern was his registration. Their precious grandchild was the apple of their eye, and they could not bear the thought of his registration being in someone else's name. I knew exactly how the Reese family felt about this.

Annika's bringing up this matter indicated that this was already a topic discussed within the Reese family.

I hadn't thought about this before, and now it seemed a bit complicated. After all, I had returned the child to the Reese family without discussing it with Matthew, who was in prison. It wouldn't be easy to handle this situation.

If Matthew found out that I had returned the child to his biological father's family without his knowledge, he might get angry and make things difficult.

Now, looking back, it was indeed a problem. I knew Matthew too well. He could pick a fight with me over anything.

I was sure that privately returning the child to the Reese family would be a kind of humiliation for Matthew. After all, nothing about the child's situation benefited him.

However, there was no turning back now. I had to see it through. It seemed that when Matthew got out of prison, I would have to discuss this with him.

"Hello? Ms. Chloe... Did I trouble you again?" Annika asked cautiously.

I snapped back to attention.

"Oh, uh...no! I was also thinking about this issue. This problem will take some time to resolve because the man who thought he was Charlie's father is still in jail. There's no way to handle it now. We'll have to wait until he comes out, and I'll figure out a solution."

"I understand. I must be troubling you again," Annika said apologetically. "W-We're worried that they won't agree."

"Tell your dad to rest assured. Since his grandson has returned home, the registration will definitely be sorted out. I will take care of this matter for

"How did you know that it's my dad's idea?"

he's a smiled shyly. "Actually,

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he's anxious. He says he won't be at ease if Charlie's registration is not under our family."

"I understand an old man's worries." I smiled. "Rest assured. It definitely can't be done now."

We talked a bit more about the child, and she finally hung up the phone.

The moment I put down the phone,

fa pily. Hopefully, this !

guy

be a new hope for those

It was always a goo

thing.

I stood up, walked out of my office, and headed to Ryan's office. I hadn't had a proper chat with him in days.

When I entered, he was on a call, but he pointed to the chair in front of his desk. I nodded and sat down.

It wasn't until he hung up the phone that I looked at him with a smile. "Mr. Ryan, you're becoming more and more like a helmsman."

Ryan looked at me, smiling warmly. "Enough flattery! You're trying to coax me into doing favors for you. I'm just a donkey willingly serving you."

Upon hearing this, I burst into laughter. I leaned on his desk and tapped on it. "Haha... It's because you're so dedicated!"

He shook his head helplessly. "You came at the right time. I was just thinking of finding you."

"Do you need something?" I asked in a serious tone.

"I have good news and bad news. Which one do you want to hear?"

Chapter 873 The Bigger Picture

I stared at his face, pondering for a moment, and mischievously said, "Well, let's hear the bad news! After all, I thrive on bad news. It gives me positive energy." "The bad news is that the design for the second phase of the Avalon Hills has been rejected. The groundbreaking ceremony might be delayed."

"Rejected?" Our plan was quite authoritative, so rejection was unexpected. "Wasn't it already approved? Why the rejection? Are their demands too high?" Ryan looked at me and smiled. "Yes, rejected."

Just by looking at Ryan's calm expression as he delivered this news, I knew he was setting a trap.

His calm smile revealed that this wasn't bad news, so I quickly pressed on. "Don't play tricks on me. What's really going on?"

Ryan suddenly chuckled, pointing at me. "You're quite the little trickster. Nothing scares you."

"I have no reason to panic at all. Your calm smile isn't fooling anyone. Now, spill the beans. What's the situation?"

He then earnestly said, "The design proposal for the second phase of the Avalon Hills has indeed been rejected. The reason is simple. The developer wants to expand the scale of the second phase. After seeing the success of Bourdamun's model, they urgently halted the project."

"I didn't know anything about this." I looked at Ryan.

"I just confirmed it. After they decided to expand, they scrapped the original plan for the second phase. They urgently asked us to develop an entirely new design, serving as a comprehensive model project for the entire Avalon Hills. A complete departure from the previous rigid model."

"How are they going to expand when the area for the second phase is already there?" I asked.

Ryan's laughter became even more hearty. "They plan to merge the originally planned third phase with the second phase."

Now, this got me interested. Merging the second and third phases could be intriguing.

Once completed, it would become our living showcase. Once our brand was established, we could start our own development. "We've successfully opened up the situation. If we manage these two projects successfully, our brand will be established!"

My thoughts were getting more and more excited as Ryan continued.

"Look, we've successfully set the stage! However, since our overall plan has been rejected, we must start redesigning Avalon Hills's second phase. So, the groundbreaking might be delayed, potentially affecting the schedule for the subsequent projects

"I don't see it that way. I think by doing this, Avalon Hills is essentially helping us create a new brand. They trust and support our design

concept at a crucial time like this.

It's a good thing.

"Besides, we shouldn't rush and should focus on creating high-quality work. Let's not take on too many small projects. We can leave some for others to handle."

Ryan chuckled. "You're speaking with such authority. It seems your vision is getting broader, and your thoughts are becoming more mature. You're someone who can accomplish big things."

"Your words make it sound like the

company isn't yours. Don't forget, this company will be yours in the future too. You're the second-largest shareholder. And mark my words. No matter the circumstances, I will never allow any external

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investments in the company."

This was something I had been contemplating recently. With Atlas as Tanum's backing, we couldn't allow any external funds to infiltrate.

After all, Atlas's support was solid, and we didn't want any unnecessary trouble in the future.

Ryan proudly smiled. "You're just feeding me empty promises to keep me pulling the plow."

I laughed. "Now, spill the beans about that good news of yours!"

Chapter 874 A Blind Worshipper

Ryan chuckled even more triumphantly. "The good news is that the Hartz Group in the capital received a massive development project, three times the size of Bourdamun." Upon hearing this, I was completely fixed in my chair.

Three times the size? In the capital? This seemed a bit exaggerated, didn't it?

"So, we need to go to the capital. Grayson has already made some preliminary arrangements. I just received the good news. It looks like it's time for Hartz Group and Tanum to merge," he said with enthusiasm.

That got me lost in thought. When I initially registered Hartz Group, it was purely to win the divorce lawsuit against Matthew.

In reality, the results had little impact, so I had completely overlooked the situation at Hartz Group in the capital.

I had delegated management of Hartz Group to Grayson, and I had entrusted Ryan with many major decisions. Although Ryan would seek my final approval on major issues, they had already taken care of everything.

After reporting it to me, I would just sign it.

Unexpectedly, Hartz Group had taken root in the capital. I knew that this had something to do with Atlas.

I didn't have much influence in the circles of the capital, and Hartz Group being able to secure such a massive project wasn't just a coincidence. There was probably more to the story.

In that case, a merger should be reconsidered.

I said, "I'll go to the capital too. I've been wanting to go for a while, but it keeps getting delayed. It seems this time I must go. Let's not rush into the merger. We can discuss that later." I said this to allow myself to discuss my thoughts with Atlas later that night.

Ryan asked, "Can you? What about Matthew's situation?"

"It's okay. Adrian still needs some procedures to apply for the trial. It's not too late to deal with both matters in the evening," I decisively said.

"Alright, I'll have Carol book the flight tickets."

"Go ahead," I said confidently.

Ryan picked up the phone and called Carol, asking her to book two flight tickets to the capital.

Back in my office, Carol walked in. "Ms. Chloe, did you see the news?"

I looked at her in confusion. "What news?"

Carol looked somewhat surprised. "It

seems you don't know. You should check the news quickly. There's something about the arrest of Melanie, and it has exposed many secrets of the Murphy family."

She walked to my desk, turned on the large screen in the office, and switched to the local news channel.

Sure enough, they were currently broadcasting live scenes of the police arresting Melanie.

However, the location reported was empty. Just by looking at the

number of reporters on the scene, it was clear that Atlas was using the media to apply additional pressure. He wanted to capitalize on the public outrage.

I grabbed my phone and checked the trending topics.

Various gossips had already started

trending, eager to spill the beans

the

Murphy family's secrets.

I flood of information

I felt a sudden joy. It seemed Atlas's plan was beginning to unfold. He was using Melanie as a pawn to stir up the situation.

Carol looked at the screen and said, "Do you think Melanie is cunning? She's creating such a spectacle. It's quite impressive. I admire her."

"What do you admire her for? Getting famous or going to jail? There's a price to pay in being a blind worshipper," I criticized.

Carol chuckled. "I admire her ability to act. She's fully committed, leaving herself no way out."

"She encountered a saint like Liora," I sarcastically said.

We both laughed.

"What time did you book the flight for tomorrow?"

"10:15 a.m., and we'll land in time for lunch," Carol answered crisply. "I've already informed Grayson to pick us up on time."

I thought for a moment and called Atlas to discuss my plans for tomorrow.

Chapter 875 Michelle Again

He answered the phone with a simple hum and hung up after I finished speaking without asking much. I figured he might be in a meeting and didn't pay much attention.

Glancing at the time, it was almost noon. I grabbed my bag and told Carol, "I'm going out for a bit. I'm going to visit Anson."

After all, it had been many days since the incident with Trinity, and I hadn't been to the Huffman residence in the last couple of days. Going to the capital tomorrow meant I wouldn't be back for at least two days. Being absent for so long seemed a bit out of character.

Carol quickly closed the large screen, nodding. "Sure. Are you having lunch there?"

"Yeah, I just want to share a meal with Anson," I said casually. However, I wondered if Anson had been enjoying his meals lately.

I could only do so much. I couldn't delve too deeply into his feelings. I also had no idea if Trinity was currently safe or where she was.

With a heavy heart, I took the elevator to the ground floor.

Exiting the elevator, I noticed a commotion at the front desk. Upon closer inspection, I became irritated. The confrontational Michelle was standing near the front desk, making a scene and arguing with the female staff.

I was puzzled. Why couldn't this woman just let things go? Now she's targeted me.

She spotted me from a distance before I could approach her. Striding toward me, she loudly exclaimed, "Hey, Chloe, your front desk here is way out of line. They lied through their teeth, saying you weren't in the office."

Then, she turned back to the front desk, slapped the counter with a loud bang, and accused the employees, "Didn't you say she wasn't in the company? Who is this? Tell me who she is!"

She assumed a self-righteous posture, finally catching an opportunity to counterattack.

The lobby was crowded at this time, especially during lunch, as most visitors were leaving the company.

"This is simply outrageous. They're lying through their teeth. I told them I was your classmate and wanted to see you, but they still wouldn't let me go upstairs," Michelle explained.

"This isn't a waiting room. It's a

company. You worked before, so you should know this happens every day if you don't have an

appointment. How can the company function normally if everyone can enter without proper procedure?" I sternly addressed her.

I asked her with conviction, "Was the company where you worked open to everyone?"

She was momentarily speechless. With a self-deprecating smile, she said, "Chloe, I just wanted to see you."

Seeing her overly fawning

expression, I felt annoyed. Michelle

had some nerves. Her words at the

gathering seemed to vanish into thin air

"Speak up. What do you want from me? I'm in a hurry, so make it quick," I said, growing impatient.

She pursed her lips and said, "Well... It's not a big deal. I just wanted to invite you to lunch and take a tour of your company."

I nodded calmly. "Alright, consider your wish granted today."

I finished speaking and pulled out my phone to call Carol, instructing her to come downstairs.

Michelle, looking bewildered, asked, "Chloe, what do you feel like eating? I'll treat you today."

Carol came down quickly. She walked up to me, not sparing a glance at Michelle. "Ms. Chloe, how may I assist you?"

I pointed to Michelle and said, "Take Ms. Michelle upstairs for a tour. She has been eager to see our company."

Then, turning to Michelle, I said,

"Since you're eager to see the company, let Ms. Carol accompany you. have a lunch appointment

today, so I won't be able to join you."

I did not even bother looking at her expression as I walked decisively toward the building's exit. She was truly persistent.

Michelle shouted after me, "Chloe, why are you leaving when I just got here?"

Without turning my head, I replied, "Go upstairs and take a look. Don't worry, you're in good hands with Ms. Carol."

Chapter 876 Not a Good Man

When I arrived at the Huffman residence, Anson was sitting alone on a recliner in the backyard gazebo. He looked lonely.

He immediately perked up when he saw me walk in. "Why are you here, Chlo? Aren't you busy?"

"I came to have lunch with you." I smiled, walking over and taking a seat across from him.

He sat up and looked at me, smiling. "That's nice of you, Chlo."

"I've been busy and I haven't had a chance to see you. I don't know how you've been feeling. I have to go to the capital tomorrow, so lunch is the best I can do." I reached over to pour him a cup of tea.

"Yeah, I know you're busy. I heard Bourdamun went smoothly." Anson looked at me, aware of my project in Bourdamun.

"Don't even talk about that. I almost didn't make it here to see you. But luckily, everything turned out okay." I sighed, taking a sip of tea.

"What happened?" he asked, sitting up straight and putting down his teacup.

"You know Bourdamun. There's always someone manipulating things behind the scenes. That led to a series of chain reactions. I took over the project, and naturally, someone was unhappy, which led to some trouble," I explained.

"Who's causing trouble?" Anson's eyes showed a hint of ferocity.

"It's hard to say for sure right now, but the prime suspect is Liora, pulling strings from the shadows," I said frankly.

"You mean Eugene's daughter?" Anson asked.

"Yeah! Do you know Eugene?" I asked.

Anson sneered dismissively. "He's not a good man!"

"People say he's a crook." I chuckled, remarking on his actions. "He's done some unscrupulous things."

"He's just a terrible man! He's thrived on scheming against others, and he's been cunning and morally corrupt all his life. He's proficient in all the wrong things. He's never done a good deed in his life," Anson spoke frankly, revealing his strong disapproval of Eugene.

"I didn't expect him to have such a bad reputation. I thought what I heard was biased," I said, surprised.

"He has rectal cancer now. He probably won't last much longer," I informed Anson.

"That's karma His daughter is just like him, and he favors her. As long as it benefits her, she won't let it go I heard she has a record, and she's not a good person either," Anson expressed his dissatisfaction evaluating Liora harshly.

"She's exactly like that. She plotted to take over someone else's company, made an enemy of me, and targeted me repeatedly. This time was no different," I added.

"That woman is really arrogant. She dared challenge you?" Anson was indignant.

"Yeah! She's relentless. And she doesn't seem to think much of me," I said with a hint of irony.

Just then, the servants came to tell us that lunch was ready. Anson quickly stood up. "Let's go, Chlo. We can keep talking while we eat."

We went to the dining room together. Lunch at the Huffman residence was a good spread, though mostly on the lighter side.

Just as we were about to eat, Atlas walked in confidently. It seemed like he was at home in the Huffman residence.

I was taken aback and smiled as I asked, "Why are you here?"

Anson suddenly brightened up and

waved at him. "Atlas, you're here too! You two have incredible timing. I can't believe you're both here to keep this old man company for lunch. This meal is more wonderful than anything else I could have had."

Atlas looked at me and said, "If you're here, I'll be here too, of course."

During the meal, he talked to Anson about Trinity's situation. I listened quietly, and Anson mentioned that there had been no signs of trouble so far but they hadn't received any news from her, which made Anson uneasy.

Atlas reassured him, "No news is good news! Don't worry too much. My people are monitoring the situation closely. If anything happens, we'll get news immediately."

"Thank you for helping the Huffman family, Atlas!" Anson's words confirmed my suspicions. It seemed that Atlas really was involved in the affairs of the Huffman and Attwood families.

That made me a little worried, as I didn't understand why Atlas would be so concerned about the Huffman family, but I figured he must have a reason.

It seemed that they had talked about many things privately over the past few days since I had returned from Bourdamun.

When Anson heard Atlas mention his departure for Bermuda, he asked, "When are you leaving for Bermuda?"

Chapter 877 Someone Confessed

After hearing Anson's words, I was startled and looked at Atlas, but refrained from questioning him in front of Anson. Atlas nonchalantly said, "There's no rush. I'm waiting for the right opportunity. I'm thinking of making a trip to Yare first."

Anson's eyes narrowed noticeably. He quickly scanned me, then calmly looked at Atlas. "Are you suggesting that you need to check out the Avila family first?" "The Avila family has involved someone they shouldn't have. I need to pay them a visit," Atlas spoke with depth and meaning.

I understood the implication behind Atlas's words, especially since the Avila family was directly related to me.

And the person they shouldn't have involved was my doppelganger.

"Sounds good." Anson nodded and put down his spoon.

Atlas wiped his mouth with a napkin and said, "Besides, I have some business to discuss with the Avila family."

Anson didn't seem too interested and didn't ask Atlas anything more about it.

I had finished eating a while ago, and anyway, the conversation between the two had made me lose my appetite.

Anson didn't press any further, and Atlas didn't elaborate. But from their expressions, it seemed like an unspoken understanding existed between them.

Just then, my phone rang, and I took it out of my bag. It was Ivanna, which meant that she had probably arrived in Bourdamun.

I gestured that I needed to take the call, then stepped out of the dining room.

As soon as I answered, Ivanna's voice came through.

"Chlo, I've arrived! But I have some news. Someone has taken the blame for the explosion!"

"What does that mean?" I was surprised. "Who confessed?"

"A man turned himself in," Ivanna informed me. "I just received the news and don't know any details yet. Why don't you come over? I'll fill you in."

"I'm going to the capital tomorrow. I'll check it out when I get back," I said. "Take care, and don't stay up too late."

"How many days will you be in the capital?" Ivanna asked.

"I'll be back as soon as I finish my business. This situation with Matthew should be resolved soon, and I don't want to miss his trial," I told Ivanna. "Alright. Stay in touch," she said before hanging up.

I clutched my phone, wondering who had confessed. What was going on?

At that moment, Atlas and Anson walked out of the dining room. When Atlas saw me in a daze, he approached and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

"Something's happened in Bourdamun. Someone has turned themselves in. Do you know anything about this?" I scrutinized him.

He nodded, as I expected. "I do. Let's talk about it when we get back," he said with a look that made me hesitate to ask more.

After chatting with Anson for a while, I left the Huffman residence with Atlas. We got in his car.

Inside the car, Atlas didn't wait for me to ask any questions before he said, "The Bourdamun situation is clear. We need a statement to quell the situation right now. Someone has intervened, so we should play along and deal with this problem first."

Atlas was downplaying the situation, but I could tell we still had the upper hand.

"Do we continue the investigation?" I asked stubbornly.

"Of course

le do. The results are

already i and we'll wait for

Matthew's trial." Atlas held my ba "There's no need to rush. There'll be a satisfactory outcome, I promise." en.swhovels.net

Then he suddenly remembered my trip to the capital. "What time is your flight tomorrow?"

"10:15 AM."

"Okay, let's head back earlier today. Don't forget, Saturday is Ava's parent-child day," He gently reminded me.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "If you hadn't mentioned it, I would have completely forgotten."

I quickly thought about it and realized I had to return to Foswood either tomorrow night or the next morning to make it in time.

"You need to keep your promises,

right? You should be a good

example to Ava. Make sure to fulfill what you promised," he said as he held my hand.

"I will! Thanks for reminding me about it," I said sincerely.

He smiled warmly, ruffling his hair.

"You're behind the project in the capital, aren't you?" I asked, looking at him.

He smiled. "It's an available project, so why shouldn't I take it? Besides, Hartz Group has matured, and it's time to put it to good use." "Speaking of Hartz Group, I want to ask your opinion on something."

"Go on."

"What do you think we should do about Tanum and Hartz Group?" I asked directly.

"What do you mean? Tell me more," He looked at me, appearing to ask the question casually.

Chapter 878 Trusted Aide

I pondered momentarily before speaking. "I don't advocate for a merger, at least not at the moment."

"Why not?" Atlas asked seriously.

I shared my thoughts and reasons.

He looked at me, nodding approvingly. He pulled me closer and kissed my forehead, exuding a sense of satisfaction.

"Great minds think alike. You're right. This isn't the right time for a merger. While Tanum has opened up opportunities, it lacks successful cases to support Hartz Group. And the foundation behind Hartz Group won't suit an alignment with Tanum. It needs to operate in a low-key way, so merging isn't the right move for now."

His words made it clear that Hartz Group did have a foundation backed by Atlas. He must have injected many resources into it and used his connections discreetly.

"And the future doesn't necessarily require a merger. They can each flourish and complement each other's strengths and weaknesses and connect in a different way, for instance, through cooperation. Hartz Group can maintain its original purpose, grow steadily, and forever be the backstage support for Tanum."

Atlas spoke with a thoughtful air, showing his strategic thinking. I understood him. He was a master strategist in everything he did.

"It looks like you've invested a lot of energy into this," I said softly.

His mention of backstage support made it crystal clear to me. It was a deep commitment.

He squeezed my hand and nodded. "I found a way to change Hartz Group's legal representative to incorporate foreign capital without your permission."

I was taken aback and asked, "When did you make that change?"

"After your official divorce, I officially changed the name to your real identity while you were in Nocturnia, but I'm using your pet name. No one can trace it back to you this way, which makes it your company."

I stared at him for a long time and asked, "Does that mean Stella doesn't know about my true identity?"

"Celine doesn't know either," Atlas affirmed. "Only the two of us know about this secret."

I felt a little lost at his statement. It was a painful reminder that there were still many secrets from our past that even I didn't know about.

He sensed my silence and reached out to hug me. "Don't overthink it. I'm sure you'll slowly remember everything. I'm sorry for not discussing this with you back then."

I felt a sense of security as I looked

up at Atlas's impeccable face and the commanding aura he naturally exuded. This man was my steadfast support. I didn't have to analyze whether anything he did was right or wrong.

"I believe you," I said with certainty.

He tightened his arm around me.

"We'll gradually bring in some trusted and top-notch professionals to operate Hartz Group independently," He told me confidently. "Once we secure this project, Hartz Group will become a dark horse." As I listened to his plan, his strategy became clear to me.

"When Tanum changes Bourdamun using our model, it will establish a different kind of cooperative relationship with Hartz Group. Hartz Group will charge ahead, and Tanum will take over the finishing touches. That's what I meant by a different

kind of merger."

"In the end, they'll be able to rely on each other when merged and function independently when separated. There'll be no interference." I added, "We'll be our own trusted aide."

Atlas smiled with satisfaction. "Smart!"

"But there's one thing, Atlas. I need to make this clear in advance. Ryan has to be part of the plan. He shouldn't be left out of either Tanum or Hartz Group. He'll be my only partner," I emphasized this point to Atlas. "That was my promise! And he deserves it!"

Atlas suddenly laughed, studying my face. He said seriously, "I'd never let you break a promise."

Then he teased, "I didn't think you'd be so protective of his interests."

I looked stubbornly into Atlas's eyes, "I need to do this. He stood by my side when I was at my lowest. Do you understand the depth of that friendship, Atlas?"

"It's a deep love," Atlas said seriously.

"If our friendship was just based on feelings, then I've failed him," I answered anxiously.

Chapter 879 Read Between the Lines

Atlas looked at my stubborn expression and finally replaced it with a smile, affectionately saying, "You get to decide. I'll respect your decisions."

"Well, it depends on the nature of the matter. If I make a mistake, you should still make things clear to me. I'm not unreasonable, and I don't want you to just indulge me. What if my decision turns out to be wrong?"

He teased, "You realize I do indulge you, right?"

I gave him a stern look, "I'm being serious, Atlas. Stop fooling around. I'm not blind to your kindness."

He immediately dropped the playful expression, adopting a serious tone, but there was still a hint of indulgence in his eyes. "Your opinion is always right. Even if it's wrong, we'll go along with it. We can always start over."

"But some things can't be started over," I stubbornly insisted.

He smiled and hugged me, saying tenderly, "You're so smart. You're always thinking about the bigger picture and striving for good. What harm can come from a little mistake?"

I rolled my eyes and couldn't help but say, "You're right. I'm practically a beacon of justice."

"That's true. I've seen you grow up since you were little," Atlas said proudly.

I retorted, "You're younger than me. Let's be realistic here."

"Am I younger?" he asked with a mischievous grin, leaning down. I quickly laughed and evaded him.

Suddenly, I realized that the car had arrived at my company for a while, and I hadn't even noticed.

He gently touched my face, saying tenderly, "You go upstairs. I'll pick you up after work. We'll go home early today to spend time with Ava."

"Okay!" I smiled knowingly and took the initiative to peck him on the lips. Just as he was about to deepen the kiss, I quickly opened the car door and got out. "I'll head upstairs now." He looked at me, rolling his eyes fondly.

As soon as I got out of the car, Johnson called. I quickly answered, "Hello, Johnson."

"Chlo! Things are getting chaotic over here. Some people are asking me what's going on in the company. Looks like they've come to their senses."

After contemplating, I spoke in a low voice, "Tell them to go find Liora. She's in the hospital with a broken wrist."

When Johnson heard what I said, he immediately understood my intention. "Got it!"

I added, "Keegan has given up."

"Okay, I got it!" Johnson chuckled and hung up the phone.

When I returned to the office, Eleanor was explaining something to Carol.

When she saw me, she smiled and said, "You're just in time, Ms. Chloe. Some representatives from Tobshampton Group have arrived in Foswood, and they want to meet

you. They..."

I remained silent and returned to my office, and Eleanor followed. I gestured for her to sit at my desk, and as I sat down, I looked at her, saying, "Tell me what you think."

After all, Eleanor used to be Tobshampton Group's marketing manager. She knew more about Tobshampton Group than I did.

We had stopped working with

Tobshampton Group because of Liora's interference. Since they were sending Representatives to us now, they must have found out about Ardora's current status and wanted to cozy up to Tanum. I felt a little disdainful.

Eleanor sat down, thought for a moment, then looked at me, "I don't think it's worth it. After all, Tobshampton Group is no longer the Tobshampton Group of old."

I was pleased when I heard Eleanor's words.

After she finished speaking, she

smiled wryly. "I'm sure you know about my background with Tobshampton Group. The boss called me himself and hoped I could mediate and restore the cooperation between Tobshampton Group and Tanum. But I don't think that's necessary. I'm not holding a grudge, of course. I'm just saying it's not worth it."

I appreciated Eleanor's straightforwardness. There was no beating around the bush. This made me feel even more reassured.

Chapter 880 A Visit From a Classmate

Eleanor continued, "Tobshampton Group is no longer what it used to be, and Tanum is certainly not the same Tanum anymore. The current state of Tobshampton Group could tarnish Tanum's high-quality corporate image."

I chuckled and said, "They clearly lost someone exceptional after you left. I'm not surprised they declined. It just proves my knack for recognizing talent. Their troubles today were caused by the pits they dug for themselves."

Eleanor shook her head. "It's not just about me. The key is their management flaws. The company's situation is rapidly deteriorating and even the boss's wife is getting involved. From what I've gathered, there have been several quality issues recently, and their industry reputation is very poor."

I knew Eleanor was downplaying it. Even a pig could figure out what issues the Tobshampton Group had faced after Eleanor left.

I had confirmed this when I poached Eleanor. Eleanor had been in the market for many years. Her vision had matured, and when Tobshampton Group lost her, it was like losing the entire market. "They've only realized how strong Tanum is now, so they're eager to latch onto us. But in my opinion, their products can't compete with the ones we selected later, both in terms of quality and innovation. "They still have some popularity, but I'm afraid it won't last much longer. Their time is running out. We're going up and they're going down. They're just no match for us."

I noticed that Eleanor remained calm, rational, and clear while talking about this. She didn't let her emotions affect her, and I appreciated that.

This was the kind of executive I needed, and it seemed that I had made the right choice. Also, she had clearly moved on from that incident.

"There's no need to waste any energy on this. You make the decision. If it's not convenient for you to refuse right now, let them wait. I'm heading to the capital tomorrow, and I'll be back in about two days. I need to spend time with my family tonight. You should make things clear to them."

After some thought, I added, "Get some information for me, Eleanor. You can show them a bit of courtesy, but if they insist on seeing me, they'll have to wait until I return from the capital to resolve it in person. You can act as the intermediary."

Eleanor understood that I was doing this for her, and she expressed her gratitude. "Thank you, Ms. Chloe."

"What are you thanking me for? You

handled this very rationally. I made the right choice to hire you," I said sincerely. "Don't forget, we're family now."

Eleanor nodded solemnly.

At that moment, Carol knocked on the door and entered. "Ms. Chloe, Mr. Theo is here to see you."

I was delighted to hear Theo's name. It seemed that Beatrice had some news. Otherwise, Theo wouldn't have come to my company.

I quickly told Carol, "Please let him in."

As soon as Eleanor heard I had a visitor, she quickly stood up, "That's settled then, Ms. Chloe. We can wait

until you return from the Can.. wait

discuss it further."

I nodded. "I'll call you when I'm back. We'll meet and figure out how to handle this. Let's not make it too awkward."

"Sounds good! I'll get going then." After saying that, Eleanor left the office.

Soon, Carol led Theo into my office.

I quickly walked out from behind my desk, smiling. "Theo, welcome! Please have a seat."

After Theo entered the room briskly,

he looked around my office and

teased, "Looks like you're a reakbig shot now, Chloe. Your office is

huge."

I quickly replied humbly, "Don't say that. The key is to be in a good mood for work."

After the pleasantries, we all took our seats. I looked at him in anticipation and asked, "Do you have some good news? Have you found Beatrice?"