

Divorce 911

Chapter 911 Stand Out

More than twenty families participated in the competition, and it was a hilarious sight. Families were tumbling over each other, adopting all sorts of poses.

Due to the lack of coordination, just as one person managed to stand, another might accidentally knock them down. Two couples even stumbled right at the starting point after a few steps. Thankfully, the track was made of rubber, so it wouldn't be too painful even if someone fell.

Seeing the chaos behind us, I burst into laughter.

Ava stared at Atlas's face, asking, "Dad, are we the first?"

Right behind us, another couple had reached the finish line. Just like us, they turned back to look behind with hearty laughter.

Ava wasn't sure if we were the first ones to arrive.

Atlas kissed Ava's cheek and proudly declared, "Of course, we're the first!"

Ava became ecstatic, hugging his neck and cheering loudly.

The next activity was a craft project. This time, we teamed up with Jenny. The task was to create a hanging decor.

Atlas noticed some unused peacock feathers among the materials and took them. Jenny looked at Atlas and said, "Uncle Atlas, no one else is using these." "We'll use them. We shouldn't waste materials," he energetically said.

He paused and discussed it with me. We quickly sketched a simple design on the backboard. Then, he brought in some lifelike artificial peony flowers.

Demonstrating the process to Jenny and me, he immediately got to work. We had clear roles. Jenny handled materials, I did the cutting, and Atlas took charge of pasting on the backboard. Due to the materials, our artwork was assembled quickly, but attaching the peacock's tail required meticulous care, demanding utmost precision.

However, Atlas worked fast and well. We had a vivid painting of a peony and a peacock in no time.

The most amusing part was when we were making the peacock's body. In the absence of textured materials, he removed his new insoles and cut them into shapes resembling a peacock's body and wing.

He painted them in peacock blue, even adding feather-like patterns.

The result was astounding. When we attached the peacock's tail, it protruded beyond the frame, resembling two real peacocks landing on the artwork. Our creation was impressive.

A parent who specialized in handicrafts noticed it and was taken aback. He approached Atlas to discuss how we finished it and even asked if they could produce similar decor for sale. With a radiant smile, Atlas said, "You'll have to pay me a patent fee for that."

The parent immediately nodded and said, "Absolutely."

Atlas patted his shoulder. "I'm just kidding. If you make a product, just give me one."

Our artwork astounded even the

teachers. Atlas laughed as he looked at me, who was a little disheveled and dusty despite tying my long hair into a ponytail. Then he

Ne hair

painstakingly removed the feathers from my hair.

This attracted envious gazes from other mothers.

In the final evaluation round, families voted to determine the best artwork. Our piece was the undisputed first place.

Atlas wasn't exaggerating. We continued to shine in the following activities.

This afternoon, we stole the spotlight at every event. The prizes were overwhelming, and Ava and Jenny's dreams came true. They each got the prizes they desired. Some kids quietly asked Ava for her prizes, but Atlas sternly said, "The joy of honor can be shared but can't be given away. It's more meaningful when you earn it yourself."

He told them that if they had dreams, they should work hard for them, and success would follow.

When we returned to Pleca Park,

loaded with triumph, Ava was incredibly excited. She couldn't stop talking to her grandparents about the events, proudly displaying Ker prizes. Her grandparents were all smiling.

After helping them freshen up, I looked at the two of them, both snuggled up with their prizes, peacefully entering dreamland. I was genuinely exhausted, my back and waist aching. Just as I was about to get up, Atlas suddenly lifted me.

Chapter 912 A Pending Contract

Atlas immediately carried me back to the room and placed me on the bed. He earnestly said, "I'll help you sleep better, then you can have a good night's rest."

I knew just what he meant by helping me sleep better. Before I could object, he kissed me, and things took their course.

In the end, I had no idea how I fell asleep.

Even though I reminded myself to wake up early the next day, I still ended up oversleeping. When I woke up, Atlas had already gone to the office.

I muttered curses under my breath.

How could he have so much energy? It seemed like our bodies were made differently, with different physical conditions. He would be lively and energetic every time, while I would be left with an aching back and waist.

I started questioning if I was getting old.

After quickly freshening up, I stumbled downstairs to have a hearty breakfast. Then, I grabbed my bag and hurried down to the office.

Even with the rush, I was late when I arrived at the office.

When Carol saw me, she quickly briefed me on the happenings in the company these past two days. The company's affairs fell on me since Ryan was still in the capital.

She informed me that Melvern had come to the company looking for me in my absence.

I asked Carol, "Did he say why?"

"He didn't say anything. I asked, and he mentioned he would come back when you returned," Carol reported honestly.

I didn't say much. He would definitely come back if he said that. However, what he wanted to do was beyond my understanding.

Carol handed me a contract.

"Ms. Chloe, this is the one we need to sign today. We also need to visit their factory to check the actual situation. Ryan spoke to them before leaving, and the legal affairs of the contract have been reviewed. However, we need to inspect the actual conditions when signing. Ryan has already arranged it with the other party."

"Alright, set up a time with them. Let's go. Bring legal assistance in case of any changes during the signing to save time and avoid going back and forth. I remember this contract should have been signed a while ago."

"Sure, I'll check with Eleanor right away. Anything else?" Carol was efficient and assertive in her work.

I shook my head. She immediately called Eleanor.

Afterward, she told me, "Eleanor said she would check with you for any updates. What about going to the factory? Shall we arrange it for 10 a.m.?"

"Yes, let's make it 10 a.m.," I instructed, continuing to review other documents.

Not long after, Eleanor arrived at the office. I checked the time and said to her, "Let's go. We'll talk on the way."

I suddenly felt my bag was a bit heavy.

It dawned on me that Jason's stone was still in there. I smiled, quickly opened my bag, and took out that ugly stone. I placed it on my desk.

Then, I walked out of the office with Eleanor.

Carol and the legal assistant were already waiting outside. The four of us headed straight to that factory.

During the car ride, I asked Carol, "Did you confirm the appointment with them?"

"I did. It's at 10 a.m. sharp," Carol assured me. "We need to hurry. I'll speed up."

She was driving, and I trusted her skills.

Then, I turned to Eleanor. "Tell me about this door company. What's the situation?"

"This door company is called Yorksen. We've been cooperating with them. Matthew also used their doors, but we used high-end

doors might not have a large demand, they didn't prioritize them much. That's why their shipments are a bit slow," Eleanor shared.

products. Since these ng net

"Are there any other manufacturers with similar products? If they're unreliable, we don't want to do business with them," I said.

"Ryan intends to continue evaluating

them for a while. So, this contract is

for the material for a few small

projects. After all, their regular doors are quite well-received in Foswood. Two of the projects' clients

specifically requested their doors."

I thought momentarily and told Eleanor, "Prepare information on other door manufacturers with similar products. Let's make a comparison."

Eleanor nodded.

"Sure. I already have two other

options for you. There's one called

Jaxford Doors in Liswell. They're

excellent but they are a bit far away

from us. They've sent us samples, and the response from the market has been positive, but the price is a bit higher."

"Alright. We'll take a look when I have the time," I instructed her.

We arrived at the door company, which, as it turned out, wasn't far from the wood market and was of considerable scale.

Upon our arrival, the general manager's secretary welcomed us and offered us a cup of coffee. After that, she led us to the general manager's office.

I exchanged a glance with Carol, and she immediately understood, excusing herself and leaving the room.

Chapter 913 Unprofessional

Carol didn't take long outside before returning. She whispered, "Looks like the general manager hasn't arrived yet. I overheard the secretary calling him."

I was a bit dissatisfied. We had an appointment, and he hadn't even shown up yet. This was quite unprofessional.

Eleanor whispered again, "Word is, the factory just got a new owner, and the old one is sick."

"Quick, prepare the information on that Jaxford you mentioned! Get me a detailed report," I quietly instructed Eleanor. "We need to be prepared for anything."

"Got it."

After finishing a cup of coffee, the general manager's office door finally opened.

A young man in a tailored suit swaggered in. He arrogantly glanced at us and walked straight to his desk, plopping down in his chair.

He appeared drowsy and had a dull complexion. He had clearly pulled an all-nighter, as evidenced by his prominent panda eyes. He probably wasn't fully awake yet.

The secretary walked in, about to speak, when the manager interrupted, "In the future, have clients wait in the conference room, not in my office."

The secretary's face turned pale, and she stole a glance at me. Seeing that I remained composed, she quickly smiled and was about to speak again when the man gave another order. "Go make me a cup of coffee too. Freshly ground, and less sugar."

The secretary looked a bit troubled, glancing at me. Seeing that I didn't react, she forced a smile and said, "Ms. Chloe, please wait a moment."

Carol's face turned cold. I gave her a reassuring tap, smiling at the uneasy secretary.

"Sure."

The secretary reluctantly walked out. The man yawned, rubbed his face, and finally looked at us.

Casually, he asked, "Which company are you from?"

Smiling, I replied, "Tanum Corporation."

His eyes fixed on my face, and they lit up. He repeated, "Tanum?"

Leaning back in his chair, he slumped like a pile of mud.

I noticed as soon as I entered that

his

seemed

was quite nice, but it

recently replaced andel.net

quite match the office.

"Tanum. I'm not very familiar with the name. High-end doors, right?" He muttered to himself, "Not a large quantity, I presume?" "Maybe the demand will rise this year-"

He interrupted me, "Everyone says the same. Who doesn't brag about how good the business may be? I don't believe it."

He looked disdainful and gave me another glance, focusing on my face. "Are you the manager?"

Carol was about to speak, but I stopped her with a gesture. I smiled and said, "Yes, I'm the manager."

He became even more arrogant. "How many years have you been with Tanum?"

"Not long, just over a year," I modestly answered.

He glanced at me sideways and smirked. "No wonder I haven't seen you before. Have you considered changing companies?"

This comment angered Carol, but I signaled her to hold back. She had to swallow her words.

Just then, the secretary brought his

coffee.

He stirred it, took a sip, and

continued, "Are you here to sign a

contract for high-end doors?"

"Yes, we might need high-end products continuously in the future. The quantity—"

Before I could finish, his phone rang sharply, cutting me off.

He frowned impatiently and slumped back in his chair, seemingly lethargic. He reached into his suit pocket, pulled out his phone, and glanced at it irritably.

He sat up as if electrified, with a full smile as he answered the call.

Chapter 914 Calls Upon Calls

I observed the man in front of me as if I were watching a play. He embodied the typical heir. His expression left me somewhat stunned. His change of demeanor was also remarkably swift. At this moment, we only heard his voice, smooth and musical.

"Yvette, what made you think of me?" His smile was flattering. I wondered what kind of girl was on the other end.

The secretary's face had turned extremely unpleasant. She kept glancing at me with a forced smile. I could tell she was genuinely helpless, suffocating in frustration.

"Ms. Chloe, apologies for keeping you waiting. Mr. Jesse was negotiating a contract late into the night. So, today—"

She couldn't even finish her sentence.

The man didn't care about us. He was flirting over the phone. Eventually, they agreed to have lunch together, and only after ending the call did he reluctantly wave us over. Looking at the time on his phone, he gestured, "Come, come. Hurry up. There's no need for too much discussion. You've got the contract ready, right? Sign it quickly."

I stood up and walked over, sitting in front of his desk. The legal team handed him the prepared contract.

I extended it to him, saying, "Mr. Jesse, right? This is our contract. Take a closer look. There are some "

"There's no need to look through it. Haven't you all checked it already?" He waved dismissively. "You're being too cautious. Is it really necessary?"

Just then, his phone rang again. He glanced at it and answered with just one word, "Speak."

He seemed genuinely busy, but not with anything serious.

Jesse's expression was quite animated, constantly changing. At this moment, his face turned frosty again.

I raised the contract, but he hadn't taken his eyes off his call.

It went on for quite a while before he finally said into the phone, "Enough already. Come to the bar tonight. But I won't be kind. I've been more than generous with you. I can give you money, but you better get

of that

child. There's no room for

negotiation."

I widened my eyes, staring at Jesse. What kind of man was this? A womanizer? It seemed like he was a heartless player.

I hesitated, retracting my hand. Unexpectedly, he caught me staring at him. He hung up the phone and reached for the contract in my hand.

Then, without even looking, he flipped through the pages. I quickly added, "Mr. Jesse, it's better if you take a look. Some clauses—"

The phone rang again. His hand pressed on the contract, and I held back my words, leaning back into the chair behind me. I observed the man in front of me.

Thankfully, this contract only

involves materials for a few small projects. After completing these

projects it seemed we would have

to cut ties with this company. Kwas confident that such a company wouldn't last much longer.

Suddenly, the man in front of me shouted, startling me.

"What are you doing? I'm paying you the fucking money, and this is how you handle things? Tell them not to mess around. They can use it if they want to. Otherwise, pay up!"

Then he impatiently hung up the phone and reached for a pen, but his eyes were still on the phone in his hand. He swiped through it, dialed a number, and put the phone to his ear.

His other hand swiftly scribbled on the contract. Then he handed the pen, along with the contract in front of him, to me.

The folder nearly slipped from my

hand. I quickly and deftly caught it, then glanced at his signature. The handwriting was messy, nearly illegible, and not even in the correct position.

This man's name was Jesse Carney.

I smirked quietly, stood up, and extended my hand toward him. "Well, Mr. Jesse, here's to a successful partnership."

His eyes remained on the phone in his hand. He sat there, dissatisfied, reaching out for a handshake, but his hand was not directed toward me.

I couldn't take it anymore. I slapped my hand on the contract, startling him. He raised his eyes, glaring at me.

I looked back at him with arrogance. I ripped off those contract pages right in front of him, then casually handed them back.

Chapter 915 Melvern Comes Knocking Again

Behind me, Carol had long reached her limit. She couldn't contain the anger brewing in her any longer. With a swift motion, she took the contract I handed her and tore it to shreds. "You guys..."

"Ms. Chloe..."

Jesse and his secretary spoke up together.

The secretary quickly grabbed my arm. "Ms. Chloe, please calm down."

Jesse slammed his phone onto the desk. "You guys are audacious! Do you not want to work together anymore?"

"That's right!" I locked eyes with Jesse. "From today onward, Tanum cancels all cooperation with Yorksen."

"Ms. Chloe, please don't." The secretary panicked and grabbed my arm. "I'll call the ex-boss right away. Please calm down."

I glanced at her coldly. "There's no need for that."

Brushing off her hand, I turned and walked out. The secretary, now pale with fear, followed me out.

Jesse's furious roar echoed behind us, but the secretary had no choice but to stop and return to mediate.

Once we were out of Yorksen, I instructed Eleanor, "Contact the two door companies you mentioned and ask them to come to Foswood for a meeting. If possible, bring along some samples. The sooner, the better."

"Carol, arrange a meeting with the project manager. I'll negotiate with them about changing the doors."

"Alright."

I let Carol drive straight to the market. It had been a while since I visited.

Midway through the journey, my phone rang. It was Benjamin.

"Yes Benjamin?"

"Ms. Chloe, Mr. Melvern requests a meeting. He's waiting for you. What should I tell him?"

After contemplating, I told Benjamin, "I'm discussing business at the market. If he's not in a hurry, he can come in the afternoon or tomorrow."

After receiving the instructions, Benjamin hung up.

Carol looked at me and said, "Chlo, I'm sure he'll be waiting for you in the office."

"Let him wait. We have our work to do. I can't bend my time around his schedule," I declared.

I felt somewhat helpless about Melvern. He was like a piece of gum. I truly required Arnold to deal with him.

Arriving at our market store, I was astonished as soon as I walked in. I hadn't been here for a while, yet the entire store had significantly transformed.

The previous clutter of materials and

debris had been cleared out. Now the store was clean and bright. All building materials were neatly arranged according to their use, and sample rooms had been set up.

Our store was limited in size, but there was no wasted space. It was not only organized but also aesthetically pleasing. Even the rough materials had been cut and arranged neatly.

Moreover, everything was arranged

according to the steps needed for

decoration. The design was exceptionally reasonable. Anyone who wanted to renovate could easily find the materials they needed, even down to a small door handle.

Everything was displayed logically.

"Impressive, Eleanor! When did you make these changes? Why wasn't I informed?" I wandered through the store, marveling at the transformation.

Eleanor smiled. "Oh, it's nothing. I discussed it with everyone, and we gradually rearranged everything."

She guided me around and continued, "The employees here are great. Everyone brainstormed, contributed their opinions, and implemented the changes practically."

She credited all the achievements to everyone, and it was evident that the few people she mentioned were excited by her words.

With a leader like Eleanor, how could

they not be willing to work hard? Just by the store's current tidy state and the explicit pricing of all

materials, it was apparent that they had put in a lot of effort.

I had to admit that even during my time in the store, I hadn't achieved this level of organization.

Chapter 916 A Prompt Decision

I inwardly applauded the folks at the market, knowing that they were a lazy bunch and had always found ways to slack off. Surprisingly, Eleanor had managed to rally them with enthusiasm. Eleanor displayed excellent control and seemed like a person who could get things done.

She had also revamped the store without reporting any expenses. I had examined her monthly financial reports before, and they were clear and precise. It was clear that she had years of experience in the market.

She seemed like a mature and outstanding market manager, a potential gem of a high-level executive. It seemed that I had unintentionally acquired a valuable asset. Surface Solutions had lost a precious

asset.

I remembered that Eleanor had mentioned before my trip to the capital that Surface Solutions's representative in Foswood wanted to discuss working with us upon my return.

I turned to Eleanor and asked, "What's the situation with Surface Solutions? Are their people still waiting?"

Eleanor nodded immediately and reported, "Yes, they're still waiting. I outlined our general opinions to them, but they insisted on waiting for you. Surface Solutions's boss came to Foswood personally for the meeting."

I glanced at her and almost asked if she had met Surface Solutions's boss. But since there were others present, I held back.

Eleanor understood my intention and gave me a meaningful look while saying, "No, I haven't met anyone from there."

I nodded in approval once again and thought that Eleanor had handled things pretty well.

"Call and tell them I'm back. Don't keep them waiting too long. Resolve this as soon as possible," I instructed.

"If they want to dominate the market in Foswood, it's fine for them to sell their materials through us. However, we won't use their products for our projects anymore," I asserted confidently.

"I'm granting them this opportunity because of you. It will make things less awkward for them. Business is business, after all," I said.

I did this to give Eleanor some

breathing room. I didn't want to put

Surface Solutions in a hard spot. Circles were small in this industry, and maintaining a good reputation was crucial.

"When we negotiate, you and I can play a good cop, bad cop routine. It'll make things easier for you," I suggested.

Eleanor looked at me gratefully and led me to the display area to show me the products.

Jaxford Doors impressed me. Their doors were elegant and practical in both design and performance, with reliable safety features.

The other company, though high-end, seemed more niche. It didn't have the grandeur and practicality of Jaxford Doors.

I immediately made a decision since we were on limited time, telling Eleanor to contact Jaxford Doors' sales department.

"We'll go with Jaxford Doors. There's no need to waste any more time. Arrange for them to come to Foswood for a face-to-face meeting," I told Eleanor.

Eleanor quickly informed me, "Jaxford is negotiating with another company in Foswood. It seems to be just about the price difference."

I looked at Eleanor and said firmly,

"We need to secure it. We have conditions that are sure to win. There shouldn't be any doubt here You have full authority over everything. We'll rely on quantity and speak with quality. These are high-end products, and you have my full support."

I was resolute.

Both Carol and Eleanor seemed a little shocked by my decisiveness.

I continued, "But there's one thing. We need to push down the price a little more. Remember, they have no other options! Let's not waste any more time. We are an absolute powerhouse in Bourdamun alone."

My tone was firm and authoritative, exuding confidence.

Chapter 917 Poaching Talents

Carol and Eleanor stared at me in astonishment.

After a while, Carol closed her mouth and looked at me. "You've become much cooler, Ms. Chloe. You're so assertive. You're such an alpha today."

Was I being assertive?

That was because I hadn't told them about our true strength yet.

Besides the projects in the capital, the Bourdamun project that was behind us and the upcoming merger project of Avalon Hills were enough to sustain us for several years in Foswood.

Who else could compete with us in Foswood?

Why couldn't I be assertive?

"Why do I feel like you seem different after coming back from the capital?" Eleanor teased.

I smiled. "Just the Bourdamun project alone will give us enough leverage. And besides..."

I looked at both of them, grinning, "Do we really have to renegotiate the contract for Avalon Hills that we've already secured?"

Carol seemed puzzled. "Renegotiate the contract? Didn't we already sign it? Why do we need to renegotiate?"

With a content smile, I explained, "The second and third phases of Avalon Hills have merged, and construction has begun. Just imagine. It'll be like another Bourdamun. We're turning it into our high-end brand model."

"Oh? Really?" They asked uncertainly.

I looked at them and said, "We've already started reworking the design plans. Is that real enough?"

They exclaimed, "That's incredible!"

I turned to Eleanor. "Now that you know, do you think we can do it? If they can't handle this, how can they compete in the market?"

Eleanor, who had been lost in thought, struggled to come back to reality.

"So come on, Eleanor! Are you ready for this journey with me?" I asked Eleanor pleasantly.

Carol started to tear up. "I think I'll join you in the market next time, Eleanor. You're going to make a fortune."

Eleanor looked at me and said, "I

didn't choose to work with Ms. Chloe for money. I cleared all my debts after my father passed away and don't really have a strong desire for money. I just want to do things well. I can't live without a career. I want to work with you and do big things. You have the integrity and the skills. I knew you could do it from the beginning."

I chuckled.

"So, Bourdamun is our top priority. We'll have a fresh start after setting up that model. I've just cut ties with Yorksen."

"You made the right decision to cut

ties with them. They're a mess. Oh, Eleanor, did you see how they shamelessly tried to poach our talent right in front of us? I can't believe it! Who does that? I really want to give that guy a piece of my mind!"

As she talked about the incident at Yorksen, Carol grew agitated and started ranting.

"Jesse really lacks the decency I expect from our business partners. I can't let his foolishness ruin our business," I told them.

"He really is very unreasonable," Eleanor commented. "He probably thinks that the regular large-scale door orders are enough." "Doesn't he know about upgrading?" Carol chimed in.

"That's why decisive action is necessary, just like when you decided to leave Surface Solutions." I looked at Eleanor.

After saying that, I checked the time and told Carol, "Let's go, we need to get back to the company. Someone's waiting for us."

Carol rolled her eyes and grumbled,

"He's been here so many times. He never discusses anything

substantial with us. He just likes to be at our company for no reason. He's probably trying to poach our talents too. How shameless!"

She ranted for a bit, then turned to Eleanor. "Every time I see Melvern, it makes me angry. Why does he keep hitting on our boss?"

I burst into laughter and said, "Don't be silly. Let's get back to the company. Please finalize your tasks quickly, Eleanor. Report to me promptly once you've sorted things out with Jaxford. We'll get to it."

Chapter 918 Important Asset

I said to Carol, "Let's go."

When Eleanor walked us out, she complained, "I was planning to have lunch here with you two. There are a few new small places around here, and they serve really delicious food."

I turned to her and said, "Why didn't you mention it earlier? If you had, I would have asked Benjamin to kick him out."

Carol quickly added, "Go ahead and call Benjamin now. Check if Melvern is still in the office. If he isn't, we can grab a bite here before heading back."

After a moment of thought, I nodded. "Alright, go ahead and make the call."

Carol immediately called Benjamin.

The answer was exactly what I had expected. Frustration showed on Carol's face, and she pouted.

I shook my head helplessly and said with a smile, "Hurry and get the car. We'll head back to the company."

Carol had no choice but to head to the parking lot to get the car. I turned to Eleanor and said, "If necessary, we'll make a trip to Liswell soon to visit the factory and ensure everything is precise. Bourdamun's completion must be flawless. We can't afford even the slightest mistake."

Eleanor nodded solemnly. "I understand. To be honest, Mr. Ryan isn't very optimistic about Yorksen. The only reason he kept it was because the clients for those small projects specifically requested it. I didn't expect Jesse to be so infuriating."

"Well, it's good we discovered this problem early. Otherwise, things could have escalated!" I expressed my relief.

"You say I've changed since I returned from the capital. I'll be honest with you. We have a project in the capital that's even bigger than this one. I haven't told anyone here about it because we're still assessing the situation in Bourdamun."

"Bigger than this one?" Eleanor seemed skeptical, since Bourdamun, a new city, was already massive.

I nodded confidently, as I truly believed in Eleanor's potential. I wanted to fully invest all my efforts in her.

She would be an important asset to me in the future, so I had no reason to keep the current situation from her.

When I saw Eleanor's excited face, I whispered, "I didn't mention any of this earlier because I wanted things to be stable. I needed them to focus on their work. We can only start the project at the capital when

Bourdamun has been successfully completed.

"We might not need to go looking for projects by then. People will come to us." I said in a satisfied tone, hoping someone would share in my joy.

"That's fantastic, Ms. Chloe. That's really great!"

It was clear that Eleanor was genuinely happy.

"So honestly, Eleanor, I'm feeling a lot of pressure. This trip to the capital has made me realize that our Bourdamun project is crucial. It's vital not just for Arthur, but for us too."

Eleanor nodded. "After all, Bourdamun is a special case and has gone through some rough patches. The higher-ups must take it seriously."

"Once the news in Bourdamun got out, we were in all the headlines. As a result, we've attracted the attention of many in the industry. I want to keep things quiet, but I know it won't work." I sighed.

I smiled helplessly and shook my

head. "I didn't plan for this.

Bourdamun may really become the new city if it keeps expanding. If anything goes wrong, we'll become the target of public criticism. I won't know what to do then. But if it's a perfect closure, we'll be victorious not only in Foswood but also in the capital!"

Eleanor looked at me. "Don't worry. Nothing will go wrong on my end. I'll handle the materials with the utmost care. I won't let you down or embarrass you."

"I'm glad you're in charge. Thank you, Eleanor," I sincerely expressed my gratitude.

"What are you saying, Ms. Chloe?

You gave my life a new direction and

a chance to live with dignity. In my heart, you're more than just a friend. You're like a sister who saved me. There's no reason for me not to give my all." Eleanor spoke from the heart.

Right then, Carol brought the car over.

I patted Eleanor on the shoulder and said, "You'd better head back now. I'm going to the company. I'll leave everything here to you. There's no need to consult me on anything. I trust you." Eleanor nodded earnestly. "Don't worry!"

I got into the car, waved at her, and drove back to the company.

Chapter 919 A Quick Bite Together

Back in the office, I spotted Melvern waiting for me in the small meeting room with a cup of coffee on the table.

I walked over and smiled at him apologetically. "I'm sorry for keeping you waiting. I got tied up with some discussions and couldn't break away."

He chuckled nonchalantly. "No worries. I happened to have some free time today, so I thought I'd wait for a bit. Sorry for making you rush."

Internally, I couldn't help but smirk. I'd never seen him busy. Every time I met Melvern, he was either shopping with a woman or wandering around aimlessly.

He glanced at his watch and suggested, "Well then, Ms. Chloe, how about grabbing a quick bite together? It's lunchtime, after all."

I promptly declined. "It's okay. I told my assistant to order lunch because I have a meeting at one o'clock. I can't exactly go out for a meal."

Just as I spoke, Carol entered the meeting room with a lunchbox.

I said, "If you don't mind, Mr. Melvern, we can have this takeaway together."

As I said those words, I silently celebrated Carol's idea.

Carol had suggested this when we got out of the car. She said that Melvern had insisted on waiting until this time to dine, hoping to have a meal with me. So, I thought of bringing in some takeout and offering him a boxed lunch instead of going out.

Melvern smiled brightly, nodded, and said without hesitation, "Sure, I'll have this with you."

I signaled to Carol, and she quickly brought in the boxed lunches. I instructed her, "Sorry about this, but could you please go get another one? Mr. Melvern and I will have lunch together."

I opened the lunchbox, took a quick look at the dishes, and pushed one over to Melvern. I also instructed someone to bring in two glasses of water.

"Apologies for this simple lunch." I pretended to be polite.

"It doesn't matter what we eat. The important thing is I can dine with you, Ms. Chloe." Melvern said unabashedly, making me feel a little uncomfortable. His blatant straightforwardness was unlikable.

We started our lunch in the meeting room.

I was quite at ease. After all, I was in my own company, meeting my own client, and eating my own boxed lunch. I didn't feel any awkwardness.

But on the other hand, Melvern seemed a bit uneasy.

Having a modest lunch in someone's office probably felt no different than begging for food on the streets.

However, he didn't want to give up this opportunity. He began eating politely.

After I had some food, I asked casually, "Is there something you need, Mr. Melvern?"

To be honest, I didn't want to ask him that. He had an excuse every time he visited, but it was never a serious matter, at least not in my eyes.

The first time, he claimed he wanted to discuss working together, but he hadn't sent any project details to my company for discussion with Ryan until now.

The second time, he wanted to

transfer Ardora's equity to me, but I didn't want it. I had no reason to acquire something that didn't belong to him, but he had left the equity certificate in my office.

I was speechless.

So, I hadn't even wanted to let him into my office this time.

When he heard my question, he looked up and smiled with those penetrating eyes fixed on me.

"It looks like you think there must be a reason for me to be here, Ms. Chloe."

I noticed the implication in his words, looked at him, and smiled with a hint of mockery. "Aren't we supposed to discuss business in my office, Mr. Melvern?"

Even though smiled warmly, my

words were sharp. I didn't have the heart to tell him plainly that we weren't friends or business partners. It seemed odd for him to keep lurking in my office without a purpose.

Melvorn put down his utensils, looked at me, took a sip of water, and said, "It seems like you didn't consider me a friend from the beginning, Ms. Chloe."

I smiled wryly, my tone distant. "Mr. Melvern, we were never friends to begin with."

"Oh?"

"You invested in my competitor,

competed with me, and suppressed my business. How was I supposed to be friends with you? You've always been domineering and willful. How could I befriend someone like that?" I confronted him with a direct question.

Chapter 920 Black and White

Melvorn didn't interrupt my words but regarded me with an appreciative gaze.

I continued, "I'm someone who sees things in black and white. And my opponent, Liora, is an extremely tasteless woman."

He gazed at me, still not interrupting and seemingly interested in hearing more.

"She's been arrogant and persistent from the very first day we met, like a crazy dog biting everyone in its path. Even my patience has limits. Since she disregarded the respect I've shown her, it's become a life-or-death struggle between us."

My tone carried a hint of disdain.

"You invested in someone like her to undermine me, then you came to me claiming to be a friend. Tell me, why did you do that? I'm not one to turn a blind eye. I have my own principles," I asserted myself. I smiled while I said all this, but my words were sharp and far from comforting.

Melvorn looked at me and commented, "You're very straightforward. That's why I came to see you."

"Tell me, then." I kept it short and to the point.

"Firstly, I didn't know about the history between you and Liora. Secondly, I invested in her with the intention of returning to the city to work. I didn't know about all these underlying reasons." Melvern gazed at me, his eyes carrying a touch of resentment. "Believe it or not, she didn't make those grievances clear to me. I only found out after returning to the city."

While I was skeptical, it didn't seem impossible that Liora would be able to conceal that information from him. But Melvern probably wasn't a good person either. "And you're right. Liora is tasteless! I genuinely didn't know that my investment would be used as leverage in a power struggle."

I continued eating and listened to Melvern's reasons, but even after considering these factors, I remained unsatisfied.

"Are you really so careless with your investments? Or is it that your money comes too easily?" I asked, staring directly at him. "I don't think that's it, is it?"

He was rendered speechless by my question and offered only a light smile.

"Since you acknowledge that Liora lacks integrity, the only reason you made an investment without asking for her reasons can only mean one thing: close acquaintanceship! But if you really do know her like that, it's hard to believe that you didn't know her intentions," I continued, smiling and taking a sip of water to ease the tension. "Of course, I'm just dealing with the matter at hand and have no right to interfere in your personal relationships."

Melvern smiled at me. "I have a question for you, Ms. Chloe."

"Go ahead."

After some hesitation, he asked, "How do you intend to handle Liora?"

I chuckled, leaned back in my chair, and looked at Melvern. "What she's done is beyond my ability to handle."

My answer was cleverly phrased but very clear.

"It's no wonder you didn't accept my equity, Ms. Chloe," he remarked.

"I had no reason to spend money on something that didn't belong to you," I said bluntly. "What you did wasn't exactly straightforward either. Were you trying to scam me?"

Melvern laughed.

"Can you tell me why you're helping Matthew then? Is it just because of Liora?" He asked.

"You're giving Liora too much credit.

It's only a matter of time before Liora meets her fate. I have no reason to show off. Matthew is the father of my child. Plus, his mother entrusted me not to harm him and free him before her death. I made promise. I have to stand by my word,"

I answered truthfully. I hadn't expected him to ask that.

He scrutinized me, seemingly judging the sincerity in my words.

Then, he frowned. "So if it weren't for Matthew, you wouldn't have taken action against her?"

I fell silent. His question was intriguing, and I couldn't quite grasp the underlying meaning.

"I have no reason to stoop as low as her. I won't bother anyone if they don't bother me. But she crossed the line, and I have no reason to endure that." My response was ambiguous.

"Alright. Let's get back to eating. The food's getting cold."

Melvorn suddenly changed the topic. He picked up his utensils again and appeared to enjoy his meal heartily.

This time, he seemed much more at ease.

I didn't say much more to him. I just continued eating my lunch.

But deep down, I had a vague sense that he might have found the answers he was looking for.