

Divorce 961

Chapter 961 The Bearer of Bad News

I understood Lauren was worried about embarrassing Jared.

"No worries. After all, you're the eldest. Some things are hard for Ivanna to say. You're the big sister of the family, and it's only natural to speak to him about it," I told Lauren. "Alright, I'll see how it goes."

We walked out together, and at the elevator, we saw Adelaide. She noticed me coming out and quickly put on her standard smile. "Ms. Chloe, are you also done for the day?" I nodded, and Lauren's eyes shifted to Adelaide. She asked casually, "Is she new here?"

"Mhmm," I responded without introducing them.

We reached the underground garage and got into our respective cars. I headed straight to the club Theo chose.

The location of this club made it convenient for me to return to Pleca Park. I didn't rush to get out of the car. Instead, I called Atlas, and he answered promptly.

"Honey!"

"Are you going with Jared later?" I asked directly. "I noticed that the place I'm going to is closer to Pleca Park, so let's just head back there after we're done."

"Jared's location should be in that area, too, so I'll keep you updated," he replied. "I also have a quick meeting to attend."

"Alright, you go ahead."

I hung up the phone and quickly got out of the car.

It was no surprise that Ivanna said he had not woken up yet. It seemed like Atlas's schedule took precedence.

When I entered the private room, Theo and the others were already there. There were seven people, with only two girls.

They all seemed delighted to see me. They stood up, greeting, "Ms. Chloe, you're here."

"Why are you all so early?" I walked over and sat in the middle of them.

Theo laughed and said, "We're all eager to see you. These are the ones I mentioned, all with decent jobs. We thought it would be good to have a proper chat, so we've been looking forward to it." "Why isn't Ivanna here?" The only female classmate asked, pulling me aside.

Her name was Edith, and she got along well with Ivanna during our school days. She was not at the last gathering.

"She had something going on today, so she couldn't make it and was quite anxious!" I explained, then asked her, "Edith, why didn't I see you last time?"

"I was on a business trip and just

returned a few days ago. Theo arranged this, so I can't miss it. If it was Michelle, I could forgo it. They also said that no one would've gone if it weren't because you were attending last time."

Edith smiled.

I chuckled. "It seems everyone has given up on Michelle!"

It prompted a round of complaints from them.

Theo then looked at me and got to the point. "Chloe, I have bad news about Beatrice."

I became serious. "What do you mean, bad news?"

"She...might be in a mental institution?" Theo hesitated to say.

"What?" This news shocked me. "A mental institution?"

The others were also somewhat surprised.

"This is the latest information I've gotten. It seems the Chandler family has covered up the information tightly. I found this out when I visited them again. I had to go through a lot of trouble for this," Theo said.

"How could this happen?" I found it hard to believe. "Beatrice is such an outgoing and cheerful girl. How could she end up there?"

The others nodded in agreement, and Edith asked Theo, "Are you sure about this?"

"It should be accurate, but I haven't

had a chance to confirm where

she's being held. I ask

and learned of a well-known

psychiatric hospital in the county below Gerby. I'm guessing that's where she'll be."

"Who gave you this information?" I asked urgently.

"I went to Gerby this week on purpose and went to the Chandler family again. Their attitude was as nasty as before."

Theo, recalling the situation, appeared to be frightened.

Chapter 962 Something's Fishy About the Chandlers

I was puzzled and asked, "So what happened next?"

"I had no choice but to make do with what I could. I rang their neighbor's doorbell to ask them. However, the neighbors wouldn't give a straight answer either. They just asked who I was.

"Even though I explained that I knew Beatrice, they still claimed to be unaware of their family and asked me to check with someone else.

"But seeing them being evasive, I knew something was amiss. Finally, I asked an older security guard in the neighborhood and got this information. But I got kicked out of the neighborhood eventually." Theo laughed awkwardly.

"Kicked out? Why?" I asked Theo.

"Why? The Chandler family reported me!" He sighed helplessly.

"I couldn't find out more and didn't dare approach that security guard again. I was afraid it might harm him, and it's not easy for someone his age to find a job."

"How did you think of asking the guard?" Edith asked.

"Oh, about that. Since the neighbors couldn't help, I wandered around the yard. The guard was on duty, and he asked why I was roaming around the neighborhood. I had to tell him that I was looking for someone from the Chandler family.

"He interrogated me and thought I was some kind of troublemaker, so he tried to chase me out. I had no choice but to tell him that I was looking for Beatrice. The Chandler family wasn't being friendly, and I just wanted to know if Beatrice was there."

We all listened attentively. It seemed that Theo had perseverance.

He continued, "Then the guard impatiently told me to stop asking around. When I heard that, I was sure he knew something.

"I gave him a cigarette, and we both smoked. Only then did he tell me quietly not to ask anymore. I asked him if it was true, and he said, 'I've been working in this neighborhood for many years. Do you think there's a family here that I don't recognize?'"

"Did he mention when she entered the institution?" I asked, unwilling to accept the news.

"According to him, it's been around eight years," Theo said regretfully. "Otherwise, why haven't we heard anything from her? If it weren't for you, no one would have thought to look for her."

Edith nodded. "It's been too long. We graduated only ten years ago, right? But she's been gone for around eight years? What a pity!"

"So, she didn't stay in her hometown long after graduation?" I pondered, saying, "What could have happened?"

"We'll have to find a way to investigate this slowly," Theo said.

Everyone felt regretful. "We never expected that Beatrice would have such a fate."

"There must be something going on

here. I wanted to probe the guard further, but the Chandler familyè reported me, and I got kicked out of the neighborhood." Theo chuckled awkwardly, scratching his head. "It was quite embarrassing."

"There's something wrong with the Chandler family," a male classmate said. "You didn't even mention that you were looking for Beatrice. Otherwise, I would've gone with you. Let's figure out what happened to the family. It's impossible not to find out."

His suggestion aligned with my thoughts. It seemed I needed to dig into the background of the Chandler family, something Theo couldn't accomplish.

I needed Grayson.

Chapter 963 Honeymoon Period

We had a great time chatting, but Beatrice's situation weighed heavily on me.

It was always a joyful time when we were together. She always had my back and followed me everywhere. Besides Ryan, who cared for me like a big brother, Beatrice was my closest friend. Ivanna only became closer to me after we graduated and I started my business.

I never thought Beatrice would end up in a mental institution. We all sighed with a sense of regret.

They also brought up Matthew, since his case was about to go to trial and had received much attention recently.

However, I kept silent about helping him with the lawsuit. Sometimes, it was better to keep certain things to myself.

When I was about to leave with a few classmates, Atlas called me. Since they hadn't finished yet, I went straight to their place.

Upon entering, I saw Ivanna cuddling with Jared.

Lauren was happy to see me and said to Atlas, "Mr. Atlas, keep me in mind before you go back and cuddle with your wife."

Ivanna scoffed, laughing. "Don't give me that. I can tell you're jealous. It's your fault for not seizing the opportunity. Time waits for no one." Lauren displayed exaggerated annoyance.

I walked to Lauren, comforting her, "Don't mind her. She's going through her honeymoon phase."

Ivanna laughed again, and she was clearly in high spirits now.

My words were quite diplomatic, but Lauren understood.

Suddenly, Ivanna ran to me and said, "Quick, tell me about Beatrice. Didn't you say you wanted to find her? Who went today?"

She was about to sit on the chair when Jared quickly brought a cushion for her and placed it under her. How meticulous.

I reluctantly shared the information Theo had gathered about Beatrice.

Ivanna was also surprised. "How is that possible? Something must have happened in the Chandler family for them to act that way. After all Beatrice is their daughter."

She confidently said, "It's no wonder we haven't heard from her in many years."

I nodded. "I'll have Grayson check it tomorrow."

I glanced at Jared, chatting with Atlas by the floor-to-ceiling window. His eyes, however, were fixed on Ivanna as if afraid of losing her.

It reminded me of Trinity. I wondered how she was doing but couldn't ask Jared about her right then.

Ivanna had complained that I favored Trinity. I had no choice but to change the subject and ask Lauren, "Do you know Arthur's secretary back in the day?"

Lauren frowned and nodded, "If I

remember correctly, his secretary was a McGuire. Later, he was transferred to another city and heard he got promoted there. Why do you ask? How did you think of asking

him?"

I looked at Lauren and said, "I wasn't thinking of asking him. I wanted to ask Nicholas, the secretary's driver. Today, I met the new employee he brought in. It's his niece."

Lauren looked at me and said, "Why so convoluted? Who are you talking about?"

I smiled and nodded, "It's indeed convoluted because Nicholas sent the new employee I met."

"Nicholas McClain?"

Lauren repeated, then contemplated, seeming to recall something. "Wait a moment..."

Chapter 964 Meeting Someone I Don't Like

Lauren frowned, then suddenly clapped her hands.

"I remember now! If I'm not mistaken, when he was driving for Wesley, he had some issues and seemed to have been in trouble."

I immediately questioned Lauren, "Trouble?"

"Yes, and he even scrapped cars in the city. The case was quite sensational then, but it eventually faded away. If you hadn't mentioned him, I would've forgotten. But I remember his name very clearly. It's Nicholas McClain," Lauren affirmed.

Then she looked at me and said, "So, what's the matter? Are you saying that girl is his niece? Can you believe people still pull strings to get into a company? Trying to use connections to walk in through the back door."

Lauren wore a disdainful expression. "No wonder when I saw her, you didn't even respond when I asked."

"I don't like this kind of thing. When Nicholas came, he kept mentioning Arthur, so I had to show him some respect. Besides, it's not a big deal for someone to join the company," I explained. Not many people do this anymore," Lauren commented.

"Well, I applied for the job myself. Nicholas said I was outstanding, so I was curious," I stated.

"Why bother 'giving' when you can strive for it yourself? Especially when you're so outstanding," Ivanna chimed in.

"I guess he was afraid she couldn't get in," I added.

"Why would he be afraid? Is Tanum really that powerful now? Do you have to use connections to get in?" Ivanna teased.

Her words struck me.

It seemed I needed to pay attention to Adelaide. Could there be another motive, going through so much trouble to get into Tanum? We continued chatting for a while before parting ways.

I told them, "Atlas and I are heading back to Pleca Park, not Amethyst Apartments. After all, it's closer to Pleca Park from here."

"Well, you always get the final say," Lauren sarcastically remarked.

Ivanna said, "We don't know what it's like to live with three homes."

I quickly retorted, "Stop being sarcastic. Set a good example for your child. If you want three homes, talk to your husband."

Jared immediately embraced Ivanna. "We can live anywhere you like."

Ivanna rolled her eyes. "I like living in Pleca Park, but that's not my house."

We all laughed, and Lauren said, "You need to have some standards. Jared, seems you have to step up. Prepare a place she likes before the child comes."

As we walked out, we bumped into Melvern in the corridor.

He seemed to be everywhere. It looked like, in a city as big as Foswood, we were fated to meet.

Melvern knew Atlas, and he was pretty enthusiastic. "Atlas! Long time no see!"

Atlas's expression remained calm. "Mr. Melvern? It has indeed been a long time!"

"I'll be based in Torado more in the future," Melvern said meaningfully.

Atlas raised an eyebrow slightly, pursed his thin lips, and replied, "Mr. Melvern, are you planning to change your ways?"

"You must be joking. Let's get together sometime soon?"

"Sure!" Atlas readily agreed. I was surprised that he didn't refuse him.

Melvorn quickly added, "Okay, then. I won't disturb you today."

Jared had already led Ivanna and Lauren to the elevator by this time.

I always felt that Jared should know Melvorn, but he didn't even spare him a glance. He just ignored him.

Melvorn glanced in Jared's direction, nodded at me, and walked past.

I froze as he passed by and felt an

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a deep breath.

The familiar scent, the dimness of the corridor, and the slight breeze when passing each other. I suddenly remembered why I found his scent so strangely familiar.

Chapter 965 A Phantom

Atlas noticed my unusual expression and turned to look at me, extending his hand to grasp mine. He asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

I glanced at him and turned my head again, realizing Melvern had disappeared.

Turning back, I wrapped my arm around Atlas's, saying, "It's nothing, let's go."

Atlas took a quick look in the direction I had been staring, then pulled me closer to him as we walked toward the elevator, where the three of them were waiting. We quickly entered the elevator, heading downstairs. Before getting into the car, he quietly instructed Dylan about something, and Dylan drove my car away.

After getting into Atlas's car, he asked me again, "What happened just now?"

I looked at Atlas and said, "I've had a lingering question, but I figured out what it was."

Atlas immediately asked, "What question?"

I told him, "When Melvern first came to my company, he used the Rivendell project to test me."

"And then?" Atlas looked at me, curious.

"That's where it gets fishy. The outside world had no information about that incident at all. Atticus told me about it confidentially. It was still a secret. We were puzzled about how Melvern knew about Atticus's intention of handling the Rivendell project."

I was a bit lengthy, but I knew Atlas could understand. "As you know, I only learned about this when I went to Rivendell to meet Atticus. The next day, Melvern came to test me." "Okay," Atlas nodded, "What does that have to do with what just happened?"

"Just as he passed by me, I suddenly understood why. This is the reason." I confidently explained to Atlas.

"Why?"

"That day, when I went to Rivendell to see Atticus, I saw him in the hotel where I had dinner with Atticus. He was also in that hotel and didn't look like he was there to dine." Then, I detailed the sequence of events to Atlas.

I was apprehensive as I continued, "This guy is mysterious, always appearing out of nowhere. His clothing style was different that day, and he wore a mask. I couldn't see clearly, but the scent on him was unmistakable. My sense of smell is quite keen, especially for distinct scents."

I said it seriously, but Atlas suddenly bent down to look at me. "Do you like my scent?"

His words caught me off guard, and I slapped him lightly. "Be serious!"

He suddenly grinned and bit my lips lightly.

I continued, "The first time he came to my company, he stood close to me, and I smelled that scent. It felt strangely familiar, but today, it finally clicked."

Atlas said, "If he dares to get close to you again, I won't be polite to him."

His words left me stunned. I burst into laughter and plunged into his arms.

I playfully asked, "Can you please listen to me properly? You only catch the useless details!"

"Why is it useless? It's a signal. If he dares to approach you, I won't give him any room to maneuver," Atlas confidently declared.

"You're underestimating me. He needs to be allowed to do that!" I said flirtatiously.

He seemed satisfied, ruffled my hair, and said, "Well done!"

Then, he patted my shoulder. "They don't stand a chance anymore. Let them be. No matter how they try, outsmarting Atticus won't be that easy. Even if their competition is facing a crisis, the people in O Foswood won't let them succeed."

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I felt reassured. After all, Atticus was now rooted in Foswood and had some foundation. Moreover, considering Melvern's past actions, he had angered quite a few people. en.swhovels.net

Still, I reminded him, "While I don't care about others, we can't just stand idly by."

Atlas immediately raised an eyebrow.

Chapter 966 Anticipating the Trial

I quickly said to him, "Don't look at me like that. I'm being serious."

Atlas smirked. "Well, that depends on your performance!"

I immediately straightened up, looking at him. "Have you gone bad now?"

As I spoke, the car arrived at the entrance of our home. Atlas exited the car, picked me up, and carried me into the house.

But to our surprise, as soon as we entered the living room, we heard the excited screams of the kids. He quickly put me down.

I couldn't help but find it amusing that he looked a little embarrassed. He gestured to me to be quiet.

Then, he took my hand and walked into the living room.

To our astonishment, everyone was there. Ava rushed over enthusiastically when she saw us.

"Didn't you say you wouldn't be back? Why are you here? Did you miss us?"

Atlas raised an eyebrow and said, "It was too quiet over there."

"Of course! That's why you should come home every day," She pouted.

Ava held Atlas's hand. "Daddy, I messed up some crafts, can you help me?"

"Sure." Atlas was always ready to help.

I sat beside my mom and watched them go happily upstairs to the study,. It was a rare moment for us to catch up, and my dad was still awake. Mom looked at me and asked, "Do you want to eat something?"

"No, I've had two meals already. We ate somewhere nearby today, so we came back early," I explained, then asked, "Why is everyone so excited today? Why haven't they slept yet?" "It's the weekend. There's no school tomorrow." My mom smiled and said, "They've been playing in the orchard since they got home. They even refused to come in for dinner." "Was I like them when I was a kid, Mom?" I asked deliberately as I looked directly into my mom's eyes.

I saw my mom's face tighten momentarily and her eyes avoided mine. She said, "You weren't as cheerful as them when you were little."

I could hear the bitterness in her tone.

My dad quickly changed the topic. "Is the trial for Matthew's case coming up soon?"

"It's the weekend, so no. It's in three days," I responded. I was sure my dad had deliberately changed the topic. There was no way he didn't know the date of the trial.

At that moment, without realizing it, my heart suddenly ached. I didn't want to think about this any further.

Three days later, Matthew's case finally went to trial.

There was an unexpectedly huge crowd outside the courthouse made up of media reporters and enthusiastic citizens. After all, the public had been paying a lot of attention to this case.

The events of this case were closely related to where they lived, making it a matter of great concern to everyone. Everyone thought they could enter the courtroom as observers, but no one expected the scene at the courthouse entrance.

It was impossible to get inside, but

the more this happened, the more curious people became. No one wanted to leave. Everyone wanted to wait for the most accurate

information firsthand.

This trial had been full of twists and turns, with various versions of the legendary story circulating.

Matthew himself had also become a legend in Fodswood.

He was deceived by a mistress who had become his wife but schemed against him, and his ex-wife had saved him time and time again.

This was definitely the biggest scandal on everyone's lips.

As the trial officially began, I strangely felt a little nervous.

When Matthew was brought in, I saw that he had grown thinner. However, he seemed to be in good spirits today.

His hair looked freshly styled, and he wore a clean white shirt. In fact, he appeared somewhat similar to how he looked when I first saw him in college.

As he walked to the defendant's seat, his eyes quickly scanned the crowd. His gaze landed on my face, and he gave me a small smile. Then, he stood in the defendant's seat.

Chapter 967 The Critical Moment

I remained composed as my loving husband stayed by my side every step of the way.

He had been a little harsh sometimes, but right now he was even more composed than I was.

An additional lawyer appeared at the prosecution bench. That must be the result of Melvern's efforts.

The trial officially began.

After presenting the details of the case, both sides submitted their evidence. Adrian played a crucial role, maintaining a steady momentum, articulating logical arguments, and seizing every opportunity with compelling evidence.

The opposing side also had strong evidence. Several project managers from Ardora testified.

Johnson, who was standing beside me, clenched his fists in frustration. He whispered, "Those guys changed their stance. They promised not to testify, and now they're here. How could they be so hypocritical?"

There was no need to guess. It must be because of Liora.

I scanned the courtroom and saw a fully armed Liora in a corner. Her arm was still not healed. It was wrapped in clothes and held close to her chest. It looked like the cast hadn't been removed yet. Not far from her was the discreet Melvern, trying to keep a low-profile.

I withdrew my gaze and focused on the trial. Arguments were heating up, and I could see Matthew was getting nervous.

Witnesses came forward one by one, both sides in a heated dispute. Adrian presented the testing report for the materials used in construction, conducted under the supervision of relevant departments. They even brought in personnel from the relevant departments to testify, hitting hard on the authenticity of the previous material testing report.

However, the atmosphere became tense because it involved evidence from Melanie. The trial reached a point of anxiety.

The opposition clung stubbornly to this point, since the fact that Melanie and Matthew were a married couple was an undeniable reality.

They needed solid evidence to refute Melanie's claims for an absolute victory.

Everyone was tense. I squeezed my hands tightly, and Atlas comforted me in a low voice. "Don't worry, just wait!"

I involuntarily glanced back at Liora, who was looking at me meaningfully, her eyes filled with provocation.

Since they had changed their strategy for today's trial, all the accusations against Liora had been hidden. This made the efforts of the aggressive lawyer hired by the opposition somewhat pointless and irrelevant.

However, it clearly delighted Liora.

After all, she wanted to take over Matthew's company, and nothing in her demeanor hinted at her heinous crimes.

I thought her low-key approach today was deliberate. She was sitting near the back door, in a corner, well wrapped up. She must be ready to leave at any moment.

Without any accusations against her, there was no reason to attract any attention.

I gave her a cold glance and turned back.

In the courtroom, Adrian was making his arguments, directly addressing the loopholes in Melanie's accusations. I had to admit he truly deserved his

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reputation as a solid lawyer. But the

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pushover and effectively countered Adrian's arguments.

My palms were sweaty, and Matthew kept stealing glances at me in the courtroom.

When the judge asked if either side had any objections, I felt disheartened. After the adjournment, the verdict would be announced, and things were not looking good. "All right! Both sides have no objections and no additional evidence to present. The court-"

"Your Honor, please wait!"

At this critical moment, everyone craned their necks and looked at the side door leading to the court. A court police officer pushed the door open, and Arton strode in.

I straightened up immediately, gazing at Arton in astonishment.

I turned to Atlas beside me. "Him?"

Atlas calmly held my hand. "Relax."

Arton gave a respectful bow to the judge, introduced himself, and explained the purpose of his appearance in court.

What surprised me even more was that he had brought along an audio recording.

During Arton's testimony as a witness, he explicitly stated that he was willing to take full responsibility for this piece of evidence.

Once the judge allowed playback of the recording, the courtroom erupted.

It was a recording of Arton's conversation with Melanie, backed by powerful evidence, exposing her actions of using inferior materials during the construction of the Muborough project.

In the recording, Melanie clearly said

that Matthew had no knowledge of the substandard materials as he was responsible for a different project, Muborough was under her and Keegan's jurisdiction. Matthew was too busy to oversee it.

She also mentioned that this idea had been proposed by Keegan, and without him, she wouldn't have gotten the money. Matthew was

financially strapped, and all the

funds were tied up in the projects. Besides, he didn't have the audacity to engage in malpractice like this. The most he could do was change a few floor tiles.

She even revealed that Keegan took the lion's share of the money, and Arton shouldn't bother asking her for it.

After this recording was played, Matthew broke down in the defendant's seat. He was all choked up, and I couldn't fathom why tears were streaming down his face.

I finally released my hands that I had been gripping so tightly.

Chapter 968 Everything Is Settled

We spent an excruciatingly long time waiting for the verdict. Atlas kept holding my hand, radiating endless warmth. We exchanged knowing smiles, his composure infecting me.

The others in the courtroom whispered as we waited for the verdict, but the consensus leaned towards acquittal. Finally, the judge and his team returned to the bench, silencing the room below.

The final verdict was announced. Matthew was acquitted on the spot.

Once the judge made the announcement, Matthew slumped into the chair behind him, hands covering his face.

Johnson rushed over, and they spontaneously embraced.

Matthew turned to look back at me. His face was pallid and his eyes still showed traces of confusion. I smiled effortlessly, and he grinned back. Then, he thanked Adrian and others.

Atlas, my entourage, and I rose together and headed out.

Glancing back, I saw that Liora and Melvern's seats were empty.

Everything was settled.

We passed through the thick crowd outside the courthouse, heading back to the company.

In the car, Atlas looked at me with a radiant smile. "Are you relieved now?"

"Liora is still at large. Who knows what tricks she might pull?" I replied with a worried expression.

After all, with the scheming Melvern behind her, these two would definitely be up to something.

And although Matthew had been acquitted on the spot, he was now homeless, and the trouble behind him persisted. Ardora was still a mess. Paused projects were waiting to resume, and there were outstanding bank loans and worker salaries. Those burdens made Matthew's situation very grim.

Johnson had told me before that after our divorce, Melanie transferred all the properties previously owned by Grace into her name. Consequently, all those houses had been sealed off.

Now, Ardora was in complete chaos, and Matthew faced financial pressure and challenges. But one thing was certain. He was free.

As for the mastermind behind all this, Melanie, she still roamed freely.

I looked at Atlas and asked, "Where is Melanie now?"

"In an abandoned warehouse in the suburbs," Atlas informed me confidently.

"Under Liora's watch?" I inquired.

"Does she need to be watched? She doesn't dare go anywhere," Atlas sneered. You don't have to worry too much. It's just a matter of time for Liora, and her days are

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numbered. I'll make her regret everything she's done."

I smiled in relief and said sincerely, "It's wonderful that I have you."

He dropped me off at the company and returned to ATL Empire.

Almost everyone at Tanum had attended the trial, leaving only a few behind at the company. Gradually, everyone returned and gathered together to discuss it.

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Benjamin sighed. "He might have been acquitted on the spot, but the aftermath will keep him busy."

That was exactly what everyone was thinking.

In my heart, I silently said, 'I hope Matthew can take care of himself from now on!'

Arton's appearance as a witness had surprised me today.

Maybe Atlas had talked to him in secret. Otherwise, he wouldn't have reassured me so calmly in court. Carol brought me a cup of coffee. "Here's an energy booster, Ms. Chloe. You can finally relax a little."

"This isn't over as long as Liora

sat large," I said. "She's

Timb. No one knows wheel

she

t explode."

"The internet has been flooded with criticism against Liora," Carol told me. "She's not having a good time either."

"Why didn't I see Grayson today?" I asked casually.

As soon as I finished speaking, a cheeky voice echoed at the door, "Looks like you missed me, huh?"

I knew exactly who it was.

Carol and I looked up and saw Grayson confidently stride into the room.

Chapter 969 Shocking Information

Carol looked at Grayson and asked, "Where did you go? Why are you acting all high and mighty? And why didn't you show up for such a big trial?" She looked at Grayson with a teasing smile.

I knew that Carol always had a soft spot for Grayson, but he played dumb and pretended not to know.

Grayson walked in with a smile on his face, looking at us.

"I know the outcome of the trial. Why bother going there with all the commotion? I have more important things to take care of."

He placed a few sheets of paper in front of me. "Ms. Chloe, take a look at this."

I quickly reached out and took the papers, glancing at them. After just a few moments, I started feeling uneasy.

The information in my hands was shocking, and I raised the papers, asking, "Is he really connected to Bermuda?"

Grayson raised an eyebrow. "That's why his money can't be traced!"

"I didn't expect this!" I muttered. "It's no wonder he's been so generous!"

A mischievous smile appeared on Grayson's handsome face. "How about it? This is valuable information, isn't it?"

"Did you show this to Atlas?"

This was too important. I had to ask Grayson that.

"I printed two copies," he replied casually. "Besides, Mr. Atlas suspected his involvement in this long ago. Otherwise, we couldn't have acted so discreetly. The operation was very low-key." Grayson glanced at Carol. "Why don't you hurry up and get me a cup of coffee, Carol? I haven't slept all night and need to freshen up! Quick, give me a boost!"

As soon as Carol heard him, she turned around and walked briskly outside. That woman naturally followed Grayson's every request.

Grayson knew I trusted Carol, so he had complete confidence in her.

"He's dug his grave this time. If he hadn't shown his claws in Foswood, no one would have noticed what he was doing," Grayson said, gloating. "Foswood is his ultimate destination!" I suddenly understood why Melvern was so wealthy.

Grayson continued, "According to

our analysis, he wants to establish at base in Torado, build an entrepreneur image for himself, and settle some old scores along the way After all, his funds must have an entry and exit point, and Bermuda is definitely not his end goal."

"Is he colluding with some people in Bermuda?" I asked with some concern.

"That's for sure, but we can't figure out who he's colluding with at the moment. The man has some skills."

"So that's why he avoids dealing with the Sunny family's business. It all makes sense now." I sighed. "It seems that the Sunny family knew what he was doing. Otherwise, they wouldn't have taken precautions." Grayson agreed. "It's time to dig up the details of the Sunny family back when they were in Foswood. They've been gone for too long, so it will take some time.

"They say that Lance is an upright man, but according to my observations, turning a blind eye to his little brother's actions might not make him a good person. A good reputation doesn't necessarily mean he really is good. You can't just look at the surface. You need to dig deeper."

I couldn't help but sigh.

"Melvern seems to have miscalculated this time. His plans may go up in smoke," Grayson said with a smirk. "He's dealt with

Bermuda over the years, and he must be aware of the intense and unstable situation in the struggle between the forces in Bermuda. He wants to find a stable place to

launder money for himself."

"So, he set his sights on Foswood," I continued.

"After all, this is where he grew up, and he's familiar with the place. But there's one thing he overlooked. Foswood has developed very rapidly while he was away for more than ten years, and it's not what he imagined. He can't just do whatever he wants."

After saying that, he sat on the sofa.

Just as Carol came in with coffee, he complained, "You took so long to pour me a cup. Are you sure you can make coffee?"

As Grayson complained, Carol blushed all the way to her ears.

Chapter 970 Melvern's Plan

I chuckled and said to Grayson, "Looks like you've settled in well. Your attitude and the way you handle people make it seem like they're your family. Did you forget you're just an outsider here?" Grayson and Carol both blushed at my comment, displaying an unexpected level of understanding between them.

But Grayson quickly covered it up. "I wouldn't dare treat your people as my own. Haha, please forgive me, Ms. Carol. I just found out this coffee is freshly ground, and it's exquisite."

"Carol doesn't show this courtesy to just anyone, you know," I remarked, making up an excuse.

Carol immediately shot me a glance, reacting quickly. "It's because you're one of Ms. Chloe's most trusted men. How could I dare be disrespectful?"

Grayson quickly begged for mercy. "I won't dare boss your people around next time."

"I won't make coffee for you," I said disdainfully. I returned to the main topic, asking, "Do you think he can hold his ground?"

After taking a big sip of coffee and rubbing his eyes, Grayson pondered a moment before saying, "From my analysis, he planned to use Liora for protection. But when he arrived in the city, he realized Liora had stirred up trouble with the wrong people."

"That makes sense. He's been working hard, despite his low-key appearance. He's been elusive," I said.

Grayson had some doubts. He looked at me and said, "What do you mean?"

I briefly explained what Melvern had done in Rivendell.

Grayson nodded, cautioning me, "You have to be careful. People like him are tricky."

"What do you think he'll do to Liora?" I asked.

Grayson thought for a moment. "Liora is not as stable and reliable as he imagined. She won't be able to firmly establish herself, become his right-hand, or help him do anything. That might disappoint him, and sooner or later, she'll become a discarded pawn."

Grayson seemed very certain about this. "But not right now. He still has revenge against Atticus in mind. Liora's stuck right now, because once he deals with her, it will mean freedom for Atticus. He definitely doesn't want to see that."

"In fact, his idea is pretty simple. He wants to ruin Atticus, take Echelon Group, and embark on development. It's impressive, high-profile, and stable. After all, he has money to launder. This way, he can shine even brighter," Grayson said while sipping his coffee.

I could see Carol becoming fascinated.

Or maybe she was fascinated by Grayson.

"Oh man, and here I thought he was being so cautious," I teased.

"That's why I've been saying he's not here with good intentions," Carol chimed in angrily. "He's reckless, thinking he can come and go as he pleases."

"Actually, Mr. Atlas has been keeping an eye on him, but we couldn't confirm his other identity."

Grayson took out a piece of paper

from the documents and placed it in front of me. I glanced at it and saw a photo of Melvern, but that wasn't the name on the paper.

It seemed he had another identity.

"Since we found this one, there's no saying he doesn't have more," Grayson said.

"You mean there are other things we can't find?" Carol interjected.

Grayson looked at Carol

involuntarily, nodding seriously. "That's right! This is the identity we

can find from this face. There might

be another face we don't know

about."

I instantly understood what he meant. After all, I had seen the power of disguise.

However, Carol seemed puzzled by Grayson's words.

Grayson suddenly smiled when he saw Carol's confused look. "Could you please close your mouth? You're drooling."

Carol suddenly realized her mistake, glared at him, and quickly took his cup, hurrying outside.

I looked at Grayson meaningfully. "You'd better not fumble a good thing. Carol is a good woman. She's smart. You need to handle her with care."

Grayson respectfully agreed, which made me feel pleased.

It looked like this handsome man was not a blockhead.