

Divorce 991

Chapter 991 Exploitable Value

While talking, I heard a sweet voice saying, "Grandma, I'm hungry!"

I saw her joyfully running in, tumbling her little legs as she ran.

She was happily surprised when she found me in the living room. She turned to face me quickly and said, "Mom, why did you return so early today? No social event today?"

She threw herself into my arms, kissing me.

I reached out and rubbed her head. "Why did my baby come back late today?"

She raised her little face and said, "There was traffic on the way. The driver said the road was blocked due to an accident, so we waited on the road, and that's why we came back late." She enunciated every syllable.

Then she climbed into my arms, hugged my neck, and didn't even mention hunger. I hadn't spent much time with her lately.

Jenny walked in carrying Ava's backpack. Holding two things alone seemed quite strenuous for her. After all, she was just a bit older than Ava.

I quickly told Ava, "You have to carry your backpack from now on. Don't make your sister carry it for you."

Ava quickly explained, "Jenny wanted to carry it for me. Because I was starving and didn't have the strength!"

My mom quickly smiled and walked toward the kitchen. "Okay, we'll have dinner right away."

I took both of them to wash their hands.

Ava ate a lot during dinner, seemingly starved. I asked her, "Did you not have lunch at school today?"

She puffed up her cheeks like a hamster and said, "It wasn't tasty. It was some kind of pancake. I don't like it!" "What pancake?" I asked her.

Jenny quickly chimed in, "It's a sweet pancake! And there was soup, too!"

I laughed and looked at Ava. "You can't be a picky eater, okay? Did Jenny eat?"

"I'm not picky, and I finished everything!" Jenny said it obediently.

Just after finishing the meal, Grayson's call came in. There must be something important for him to call now.

Once I answered the call, Grayson said, "Ms. Chloe, I've investigated Nicholas McClain."

Sure enough, there was a situation. I left the dining room and asked, "How is it?"

"He got released from prison, and it seems to be related to Liora and Felix Vanson! The conclusion is medical parole!" Grayson said on the other end. "Related to Liora?" My heart sank, and I quickly asked, "So, Adelaide is likely related to Liora?"

"Adelaide is Nicholas's niece! Since Nicholas's parents died young, he was raised by his elder brother. After receiving academic support from his brother, he completed high school and spent four years in the army. Later, he joined the municipal car fleet.

"This person is opportunistic, always going with the flow, and finally became Wesley McGuire's driver."

"Okay. When he first joined the company, he did bring up some of this," I said.

"He admitted he tampered with the car, which caused the death of a woman in the car accident. He was sent to prison, and the car was totaled.

"However, according to our investigation, Wesley had covertly arranged for his release from prison, and Liora took care of the medical procedures that proved his illness."

I was shocked and speechless. "No wonder Laurie mentioned that the car accident caused quite a stir! But later, it all disappeared! It seems there's a problem. Wesley McGuire was behind his release?"

"Indeed! In light of this, we investigated Wesley. At the time of that car accident, the woman who died in the car was Wesley's lover. Wesley arranged for Nicholas to take the blame to settle the matter!"

Grayson continued, "So, it caused a lot of buzz then! Moreover, the woman who died was a classmate of Liora!"

"Oh my! Liora seems to be involved in everything."

Now I understood the twists and turns in this matter. "No wonder Nicholas came to me and didn't mention Wesley!"

"If Nicholas hadn't come to us, no one would have paid attention to this matter! After all, Wesley has already been moved and is doing well in a different place!" Grayson said.

He added, "I think Wesley McGuire is probably unaware of this. If he finds out, he'll be furious! So, we still have some use for this situation."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Chapter 992 To Take The Bull By The Horns

"Does Wesley still have value?" Grayson asked.

"Perhaps Wesley could be useful in a critical situation! It seems that Adelaide McClain must have come with a mission!"

I was led to this conclusion after she eavesdropped.

Grayson warned, "Keep an eye on that outsider."

"I'll ask Carol to watch her more closely. Let's keep her for now. She might be useful." I also said, "Since she went through all this trouble to come, we can't let her go away empty-handed." After hanging up the phone, I wondered if she dared to arrange a spy around me.

It seemed that Liora was still afraid of me! Unfortunately, she might not be able to enjoy her freedom for much longer.

Afraid Ava would overeat, I briefly rested and played with the kids in the yard while thinking about today's events.

It was very late when Atlas returned, and Ava had already slept.

I had just finished showering and was about to see what my mom was doing when he walked into the room with a faint scent of alcohol on him.

He came over, hugged me, and dropped two kisses on my face when he noticed I had just completed a bath and had damp hair.

I quickly pushed him away, expressing my disgust. "You smell of alcohol, it's disgusting!"

Atlas smiled charmingly, approached again, and mischievously said, "Really? Is it not a man's aroma?"

I bluntly said, "This is not the scent of a man."

He looked particularly pleased and intentionally exhaled heavily in my direction.

I wrinkled my nose and replied, "It's so smelly!"

He said with a cheeky bite, "Then I'll shower. Wait for me!"

"I'll go check on Mom and then be back. She said she wanted to discuss something with me," I said.

"Alright, you go! I'll wait for you!" After saying that, he started undressing and walked into the bathroom.

I left the room and went downstairs to find my mom.

In the living room, I saw her talking to Cecelia, and my dad was sitting in the corner of the sofa, reading the news on the iPad.

The news was all about the events related to Matthew today.

Seeing me coming downstairs, Cecelia stood up and went to the kitchen. I sat next to my mom.

"Mom, what's going on?" I asked, and my dad put down the iPad, taking off his glasses.

My mom hurriedly said, "I discussed

it with your dad and thought of returning to Bibury. It's almost autumn, and the lease for the house

is probably about to expire. Kwant to go back and take a look!"

I glanced at both of them. It made sense why my dad stayed up late today-he was waiting for me to talk to him about this.

I quickly told my parents, "I've wanted to sell the house there since we moved out! We don't have the time to go back there again, so why keep the house?"

"The same is true for Ryan's parents. When they come to Foswood for the New Year, I also hope to persuade them to sell the house there and simply move to Foswood!"

This was something I decided last

New Year, but I wanted to know how the business would go this year, set didn't dare to be too particular. We did not have time to get sidetracked by Bibury now since everything is moving in the right direction.

Thinking of continuing, I said, "If things are good by the end of the year, I want to reward Ryan and his family with a house."

My mom looked at me with surprise, "That's a big move! But how much would that cost?"

"We cannot ignore that Ryan has worked hard this year. Besides, you will have company, and Ryan won't have any worries!"

I continued, "If everything goes well, I want to reward Eleanor with a house at the end of the year, too. If she manages my market well, I'll be worry-free."

I had to move rather quickly, of course, to retain such wonderful people

"We have our projects, so keeping a few houses is a prerequisite," I told my mom.

"I'm not that petty. That sounds excellent! It's the most genuine method for retaining them." My mom looked at me and said, "I understand."

"So, let's sell the houses in Bibury!" I

said, "When you are back there, check the situation. If Dad's books are needed, pack them and ship them back. Keep the house price reasonable so we don't have to wait long for a buyer! Sell it as long as someone is interested!"

I knew that Bibury was not my parents' hometown.

Chapter 993 He Has Something on His Mind

I was confident this was true, even though it was simply conjecture.

There was not much left in Bibury. It's just that my dad was most reluctant to leave behind his books.

"We'll set out in the next few days and return as soon as possible! We'll see how things go," my mom said.

"You must settle it when you return, or I'll take charge. Whatever needs to be given away, give it away. Your home is in Foswood, and Bibury was never your home. Why hold onto it?"

I said this intentionally.

My mom's face stiffened momentarily, and she sneakily glanced at my dad.

Afraid they might overthink, I quickly added, "Am I wrong? I am your home, right? I've stayed in Foswood, so why do you want to return to Bibury?"

My mom looked relaxed after I said those words, so I knew my theory was correct. Bibury was not their hometown.

"When we're not here, come back early to care for Ava," My mom said, looking quite worried.

"Got it! I'll book your flight tickets, and if you want to send things back, you can ship them to Amethyst Apartments. It's more convenient this way. It's hard for outsiders to find this place, and I don't want them to be here," I reminded them.

"Okay, you can book them. I want to get it done early." My mom seemed to have made up her mind. She ultimately decided to sell the house in Bibury because Ava was now the center of her attention.

I quickly called Carol and asked her to book the flight tickets.

When I hung up the phone, my mom sighed, "Ah... if the house is sold, we won't have a place to return to."

I glanced at my mom and said with a smile, "Why do you need another home? Isn't this place your home?"

My mom shook her head lightly as if speaking to herself, "It's different! If it's sold, there won't be 'us' anymore!" My dad remained silent.

"Aren't there no close relatives of ours there?" I asked casually. In my memories, few close people were there, except for my dad's

ver

colleagues. They hardly had many friends.

My mom quickly replied, "Of course there are relatives. But you're rarely at home, so you haven't seen them much!"

"I haven't seen our relatives. Mom, why do you think I can't remember the past?" I lay on her lap, looking up at my mother's wrinkled face.

I didn't know when, but her temples already had white hairs. I also glanced at my dad. He bowed his head slightly as if lost in thought.

"It was after that fall. You hit your

head and couldn't remember things from before. We took you to see

many doctors, and they said you needed to recover slowly." My

mom's voice became smaller as she spoke, obviously lacking confidence.

"I'm quite curious about my childhood." I smiled faintly and said, "Mom, do you know? Whenever I hear others talk about their childhood, it feels so magical."

I chuckled, but my eyes observed them, and they seemed somewhat stiff.

My mom reached out to stroke my hair, remaining silent.

"Mom! When will you come back?" I changed the subject.

"After finishing everything, I'll come back. If everything goes smoothly, it will be soon. If not, I might stay longer," my mom replied.

"Anyway, come back as soon as possible. Otherwise, I might come home early every day," I said. "How about+send someone to go back with you? It might come in handy when packing."

"No need. There's not much useful stuff in our house!" My dad, who had been silent, suddenly spoke.

"How many books do you want?" I looked at him and asked.

"Let's see after going back! Maybe you're right. We can give them to someone who finds them useful!" My dad replied.

I don't know why, but I always thought he had something on his mind.

Chapter 994 Blatant Bribery

After a lengthy conversation, my father said, "Okay, time to rest! Our flight is tomorrow!"

"I'll send you off tomorrow!" I sat up from my mom's embrace and asked, "Do you need someone to pick you up there? I can ask Mr. James to go to the airport for you!"

"Don't bother others. We can take a taxi ourselves!" My dad quickly said, "You don't need to send us off. The driver will take us to the airport! You take care of Ava, eat, and rest on time while we're away!"

"I know! I'm not a child!" I clung to him playfully, "Dad! Why are you being so persistent like Mom?"

We headed upstairs together as we conversed.

Back in the room, I didn't see Atlas. I then went to the study room.

It turned out that he was in the study room, organizing stuff.

"Finished chatting?" he asked with a smile as soon as he noticed me entering.

"Yeah! My parents are returning to Bibury tomorrow, and I've already booked their plane tickets."

I walked over, and he had also finished packing. He lifted me without hesitation, kissed me, and walked out of the study to the bedroom.

He looked down at me in his arms as he walked, and I was already used to it. He could lift me any time, and I yawned contentedly in his embrace.

I raised my eyes and met his gaze in an instant. I immediately saw the longing in his eyes. Even his charming smile conveyed an endless tenderness.

The next day, my parents had the driver take them to the airport early without needing me to see them off.

I was worried about their trip.

Feeling uneasy, I decided to call Ryan to get his father's number. I called James and asked him to pick up my parents at the airport. After all, Bibury was just an hour's drive from the airport.

As for selling the house, it might be more complex than I thought. I was afraid that my parents wouldn't want to let it go. So, I entrusted James to handle things. He was a businessman once, so he would be more skilled at handling these situations than my father.

James gladly agreed and said, "You can rest assured!"

After arranging everything, I drove to the company. Before reaching the office, I coincidentally met Ryan, who came to find me.

He asked, "Have your parents returned to Bibury?"

"Yes! I asked them to sell the house over there. I just called your dad, and he'll pick them up at the airport. I feel more at ease now!"

I chatted with Ryan as we walked into the office. He followed me inside.

"It's good that they're selling it. When

I visited my parents a while back told them that if things don't work out next year, they should all move to Foswood!" Ryan said.

I was delighted and turned around abruptly.

I bumped into Ryan, who was following closely behind me. He didn't expect me to turn around.

I stumbled, and he was shocked. He quickly reached out to hold my waist, stabilizing me.

The collision hurt me, and I punched him angrily. "You hurt me with that bump!"

Ryan chuckled, his eyes filled with care.

I knew that he genuinely cared for me.

"How was I supposed to know you'd suddenly turn around?" Ryan giggled and said, "Let me see where I bumped into you."

I rubbed my forehead and smiled. "I'm happy that we thought alike!"

"I knew you'd think that way, so I did some work for them in advance!" Ryan said, "Now that they all moved here, it's a relief!"

"That's what I thought. Yesterday, I even asked Mr. Atticus to keep a few sets of the 50,000-square-meter houses at Dynasty Court and let them all come over!"

"How about that? A reward?" Ryan looked at me with a contented smile.

"Of course, with all the hard work

you've put in. I have to give you a place to stay so that you will continue to be reliable, and I can be at ease!" I said. We could always discuss whatever was on our minds in lighthearted ways.

"Haha! So you're bribing me?" Ryan teased, "made the right choice in working in such a good company that even rewards me with a house. Where else can I find one?"

"You're exaggerating. It's because you've performed well, and I have to be kind to you. Without you, I'd be clueless!" I sat in the chair, smiling contentedly.

"Do you think I'm here to do all your work?" Ryan asked with a warm smile, his face full of indulgence.

Chapter 995 There Is No Other Option

He has been treating me like this, almost like a real older brother, since I arrived at Foswood University.

I heavily relied on him in my career. I felt uncertain and exhausted if he was not in the company for a day.

In response to his question, I replied thoughtfully, "Actually, it's not just you. It includes Eleanor and Grayson. We need to address your concerns. Dynasty Court has rather spacious floor plans, ideal for the parents to live in."

"In addition, there's Eleanor, who's a competent assistant. The current state of the market is quite good!" I excitedly shared Eleanor's outstanding achievements with Ryan.

He also expressed his approval of her, stating, "Indeed. She has strong business capabilities, meticulous management, and is particularly insightful. You chose the right person."

"I want to give you all a solution to the housing problem! Furthermore, Grayson shouldn't be living with you all the time. You three are the only ones without a place to live right now. Things will stabilize for you as you have a home."

Carol knocked on the door as I finished my sentence. Seeing we were all present, she hurriedly said, "You're all here! Melvern is requesting a meeting!"

I was momentarily stunned. I wasn't expecting Melvern to show up at all. I exchanged a glance with Ryan.

"Please come in!" I instructed Carol, "Pour us a few cups of coffee!"

Carol nodded and turned to invite Melvern in.

Ryan and I had an unspoken agreement at times like this. We would complement one another whenever we were together. One played bad cop, and another played good cop. Ryan warmly shook hands and had a small talk with Melvern.

As usual, I remained composed as they took their seats. Once they were comfortable, I moved to the sofa and sat down.

I observed Melvern placing a large file bag on the coffee table.

"Ms. Chloe! I came to discuss the design plan for the San Cosbech project in detail," Melvern stated.

I inwardly chuckled, realizing that Mr. Atticus understood his opponent.

"Sure! This project undoubtedly belongs to Tanum Corporation," I confidently remarked.

"You're formidable!" Melvern praised with a smile.

"Please discuss any specific requirements or recommendations in-depth, with our manager, Mr. Ryan. With complete information, our design department can

complete the work smoothly." I said.

"It seems our collaboration is officially beginning! If all goes well, perhaps we can also discuss the construction aspect in the next steps," Melvern suggested.

I understood that he wanted to entrust the construction to Tanum Corporation.

"It depends on the willingness of

both parties. We are qualified, and currently, the only companies

capable of undertaking large

projects are us and Echelon Colnet

Ryan said gently. "So, it depends on

you."

"Yes! I sincerely hope to cooperate with Tanum Corporation," Melvern confidently responded.

Both Ryan and I tacitly understood. There wasn't a choice for him regarding these two options.

However, I would not cooperate with him if he won the game against Atticus. I would not allow him to constrain me.

Carol brought a few cups of coffee and said, "Ms. Chloe, Eleanor is here, and it's urgent."

I nodded and said, "Mr. Melvern, you and Mr. Ryan can discuss whatever thoughts you have. I have other matters to attend to, so please excuse me!"

"Well, let's go back to my office then.

You attend to your business." Ryan took the initiative to get up, and

Melvorn had to follow suit. The two

of them left my office.

I thought it was just Carol's deliberate choice of words, assuming I genuinely disliked Melvern. I didn't expect that Eleanor would indeed walk in.

"Oh, you are here?" I whispered.

Eleanor looked a bit stunned. "Yes! Good news: Jaxford Doors has agreed to cooperate with us and significantly lowered the price! It's in sync with Yorksen!" "What? In sync with Yorksen?" I asked, surprised.

This news was unexpected for me. The price of Yorksen's high-end doors was very low, and since we were long-time clients, they wanted to use us to market their doors. Little did they know that Jesse needed to meet expectations. But I didn't expect Eleanor to negotiate the price with Jaxford Doors so low!

Chapter 996 Plans, Plans, Plans

However, I could tell that Jaxfood Doors was willing to work with us because they had done their own background search on us.

But this was also definitely to Eleanor's credit. She was a skilled negotiator.

"But they'd like to meet you," Eleanor said.

"No problem. We'll meet them. It'll be an opportunity to understand them better. I still want to visit their factory to avoid what happened with Yorksen. I'll feel more at ease after seeing their production base." I looked at Eleanor and said, "Quality must be ensured."

"Can we do it tonight? Their representative has invited their boss over to ensure a smooth discussion with us." Eleanor added, "They didn't expect us to take the initiative to contact them." "Tonight?" I hesitated.

When Eleanor saw my hesitation, she quickly asked, "Do you have other plans?"

"I do, but it's not that important. If it has to be tonight, can we push it back a bit?" I tried to think of a solution.

This time, Eleanor hesitated. I quickly suggested, "Why don't we try to schedule the meeting for 6 o'clock, preferably 7? I'll send Ryan to meet them first, and I'll deal with my classmate before joining you later."

"That works." Eleanor nodded.

"Please make my excuses. I won't be too long. My classmate's the one who's been waiting in the lobby for me. She's been bothering me for a few days, and I don't want to embarrass her too much. But it's really just a trivial matter."

I looked helpless. "We can't delay our important business."

"Alright, I'll explain it to them. I'm just worried they might feel disrespected if we ask them to wait. They've come all the way to Foswood, after all," Eleanor explained.

"No problem. Once you confirm the location, let me know immediately. I'll see if I can make it a little earlier," I reassured Eleanor.

She understood, nodded, and went off to handle her business.

I flipped through my phone and found Michelle's number. After a moment of hesitation, I put my phone down again.

I pressed the intercom and called Carol in. "Keep an eye on the lobby, Carol. See if Michelle is here today. If she's not, give her a call and cancel the dinner tonight. We have some very important out-of-town guests, and I need to reschedule the dinner with her.

"If she insists on having dinner today, reschedule it for 5

sharp. Explain that net

only

hour, and I need to leave by 8."

I deliberately set it up this way to show Michelle some respect and shorten our meeting time.

I thought I knew what kind of person her so-called boyfriend was.

I gave Michelle's phone number to

ved.net

Carol. As she turned to leave, I suddenly remembered Grayson's call to me last night and quickly stopped her. "Carol, wait."

She immediately turned back, and I quietly told her to keep an eye on Adelaide.

She looked at me skeptically. "Is there a problem?"

I just whispered, "Something seems off. Be careful."

She nodded immediately and left.

Everything unfolded as I anticipated.

Sure enough, Michelle didn't want to give up the opportunity to meet me today, but compromised by changing the dinner to 5 o'clock.

When Carol reported that to me, she

had a look of disdain on her face. "She really wouldn't give up. She wanted to call you, saying she wouldn't cancel no matter what. I told her you were in a meeting, so she had no choice but to agree to 5 o'clock."

"Did you tell her I only have an hour?" I questioned Carol.

"I made that very clear to her," Carol affirmed confidently. "Alright then."

At 5 o'clock, I arrived at the hotel Michelle had chosen.

It wasn't far from my meeting place with Eleanor later.

She confirmed that location after asking me about it, which would make it convenient for me to go over.

After parking the car, I grabbed my bag and walked inside determinedly.

Chapter 997 A Purposeful Meeting

When I entered the private room Michelle mentioned, I realized they were already there. But it wasn't just her and her boyfriend. There were two men who looked like they were in their forties or fifties, and both of them looked pretty sleazy.

Michelle noticed me coming in and immediately stood up, approaching me with a smile. She couldn't help but glance at the door with a hint of dissatisfaction. She remarked, "Didn't Atlas say he'd come with you, Chloe? Why are you here by yourself?"

I looked at her disdainfully. I had no intention of playing along with her charade. "When did I say Atlas would come with me?"

She didn't expect me to refute her and discreetly squeezed my arm. I reacted as if stung by a scorpion, shaking off her hand and glaring at her. "What are you doing? That hurts!"

She quickly laughed it off. "You're becoming more hot-tempered, Chloe. You weren't like this when we lived in the dorm back then."

I didn't bother to reply and walked over to the table, taking a seat.

Michelle hurriedly followed behind me. When she reached the table, she introduced the two men to me.

I acknowledged them briefly, casually saying, "Nice to meet you."

Michelle quickly signaled to the two men, and they sat on either side of me. Shamelessly, she remarked, "Men and women working together create the best harmony!"

The men's eyes were fixated on my face, leering with creepy grins.

"Your classmate is a real beauty. No wonder she knows Mr. Atlas. Looks like you weren't lying. It's a great honor for us to meet Ms. Chloe today."

To be honest, I regretted agreeing to Michelle's request. These two men were clearly not the best companions.

Then again, no one sophisticated would ever associate with Michelle.

"Of course. When have I ever lied? We were close back then. We shared a room. If you don't believe it, just ask Chloe. Aren't I right, Chloe?"

Michelle went to give instructions to the waiter to start serving the food. She then came back, resting her hand on one of the men's shoulders, saying, "Mr. Benedict, Chloe is now a successful businesswoman, With our relationship, it'll be easy for her to get projects for Tyler!"

As she spoke, she winked at me.

I pretended not to notice and ignored her.

She looked even more smug. "You need to entertain Mr. Benedict and make him happy, Chloe. He's a great businessman with several

companies under him. We might

have an opportunity to collaborate in

the future."

I glanced at Michelle coldly, thinking that she was really pushing it. She was treating me like a hostess.

Michelle's behavior was one thing, but Benedict also leaned toward me, seemingly eager to get close.

"Do you really know Atlas, Ms. Chloe? I was thinking of discussing a project with him. How about you set up a meeting for us? I'll make sure you get something out of this. What do you say?" His breath fanned my face, nearly choking me. Instinctively, I moved back.

I looked at him indifferently. "I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you. I never get involved in Mr. Atlas's work."

He looked at me disdainfully. "You don't seem to know what's going on here, Ms. Chloe. Why not take advantage of this great opportunity? Your approach seems a little unwise."

The other one, who I assumed was Tyler, also smirked and added, "That's right, Ms. Chloe. Since you and Michelle were classmates and roommates, it'll be easy to get things done!"

"That's why I asked her to invite you here. We can all get acquainted. Not just anyone can meet Mr. Benedict. I specifically invited him here to liven things up. Mr. Benedict is a very busy man."

I finally understood what was going on. Michelle's so-called 'boyfriend' must have needed something from Benedict, or there was some shady deal between them. They wanted to use my relationship with Atlas to achieve their goal.

In any case, today's setup had a purpose.

Chapter 998 Ignorance is Not Always Bliss

I smiled. "Really? I suppose it's an honor for me to meet Mr. Benedict today. How lucky am I?"

Michelle immediately came over and wrapped her arm around my shoulder, excitedly saying, "You're absolutely right, Chloe! Mr. Benedict is the CEO of Havenhill Corporation. Do you know Havenhill? He practically has a say in everything."

I replied decisively, "I've never heard of it."

The air grew awkward. Michelle responded quickly, "You don't know Havenhill? I can't believe it, Chloe. You're in the business world, and you don't even know Havenhill?"

"Yeah, that's why you're disappointed. I've told you before, I'm just in construction, and I'm a complete country bumpkin. How would I know anything? I don't even know who the big shots are."

I just wanted to get out of this situation quickly as my 7 o'clock appointment was the real deal. Staying here with them wouldn't get me anything.

Benedict seemed displeased when he heard what I said. "Your friend doesn't seem very knowledgeable, Michelle. She's ignorant, and it seems like she's looking down on us."

He made a sarcastic remark, and Tyler couldn't hide his discomfort. He immediately looked at Michelle with a sinister gleam in his eyes.

Just then, the waiter knocked on the door to serve the dishes, breaking the awkward atmosphere. However, none of them spoke.

After the waiters finished serving the dishes, Michelle quickly reached for a bottle of wine and skillfully opened it. She poured a glass for Benedict, then walked to my side, filling my glass as well. She patted my shoulder and said, "Since you're here, Chloe, just go with the flow. Have a drink with Mr. Benedict for my sake."

She finished speaking and grabbed my shoulder hard, hinting that I should cooperate with her.

Then, she smoothly began, "How

could that be Mr. Benedict? It's

normal for her not to know. She

used to be a housewife and took

care of her children at home. Sheet

vela

only started working recently

because of her divorce and the dispute over property. It hasn't been long since she started. There's no way she'd learn everything in such a short time!"

She seemed to be defending me on the surface, but in reality, she was using the opportunity to reveal my background to them, with a tone of both sympathy and disdain.

"But she does know Atlas. Don't lower yourself to her level, alright? Come on, Mr. Benedict. Chloe will have a drink with you, and everything will be fine, okay?"

The men immediately scrutinized me, waiting for my reaction.

Then, Michelle looked down at me condescendingly and said, "Don't be a party pooper, Chloe."

"Since I've ruined everyone's mood, I

think I'll take my leave. Michelle is right. I'm just a housewife, and I really don't understand these things at all. tapologize. You all enjoy your dinner. I need to go home to take care

of my kid."

I reached for my bag, intending to stand up, but Michelle pressed me back down.

I involuntarily looked at her and muttered, "What are you doing?"

Michelle quickly glanced at the men. "Don't disappoint us, Chloe. Mr. Benedict has pushed aside many social engagements to meet you. You wanted to change the time, and we accommodated you, didn't we? Benedict is a big shot, but he was willing to do that for you. How could you leave without having a couple of drinks? What are you saying? We're not good enough for you, is that it?"

Her face suddenly turned cold. Before she could speak again, Tyler expressed his displeasure.

Chapter 999 She Won't Give Up

He glared at Michelle, slammed the table, and angrily said, "Where did you find this pretentious woman, Michelle? How dare she come here and act all high and mighty? Why is she acting like she's something special?"

Michelle's face turned pale immediately. She bit her lips and said nothing for a moment before she averted her gaze to me.

I wanted to get up, but Michelle's hands pressed on my shoulders, making me unable to move.

Nervously, Michelle looked at Benedict, "Calm down please, Mr. Benedict. My friend here is always like this. She's always been aloof, but once you get to know her, she's fine. She just doesn't really know you yet."

Then, she pinched me hard. "Right, Chloe? We'll make sure Mr. Benedict has a great time tonight, okay?" Her words clearly had a hidden meaning.

I felt anxious. It wasn't that I was afraid of them, but this might make me late for my 7 o'clock appointment. I could also sense that these people weren't going to let this go easily.

As I sat there with a calm expression, my mind was busy figuring out how to get away. Tyler was still glaring at me. Maybe I had embarrassed him earlier.

Then, he sneered, "What's with the act? You really think that highly of yourself, huh? Do you think you're something special just because you know Atlas?"

Benedict also cast a scornful glance at me.

I remained calm as I sat there and watched him spew nonsense.

The problem was, I couldn't move, although I wanted to. Michelle seemed afraid I would leave and was keeping me seated by force.

When Tyler saw that I couldn't move, he sneered triumphantly. "You're just a plaything. Don't overestimate yourself. I'm telling you now. You need to pay for the drinks tonight. Your task is to make Mr. Benedict happy, or we won't let you leave."

I remained calm. I didn't struggle or say anything and just stared at him.

Fine. I just had to call Atlas. Otherwise, it looked like I wouldn't be able to get out of this.

"I don't care if you're Atlas's thing or not. now you're here today, I call the shots."

I snorted. Still, I said nothing and just glared at him.

"Listen up, Michelle. Didn't you say you wanted to help me? Is this how you're doing it? I bet you're here to mess things up for me, aren't you?"

It finally dawned on me why Michelle

had pestered me incessantly and

orchestrated today's situati

She

wanted to get close to Tyler and was

using me as a stepping stone.

I cursed her silently in my head.

Michelle was really something else. I was going to settle the score with her after this was over.

Tyler continued, "Mr. Benedict here is an old friend. If you choose a despicable woman like this, make him unhappy, and ruin my mood, believe me, I'll fucking ruin you."

Michelle once again shifted her attention to me, wanting to vent her anger on me.

"You're going too far, Chloe! You're already here, so why are you keeping up the act? Can't you just stop acting all high and mighty?" She yelled at me.

"Who does she think she is? Either

she accompanies Mr. Benedict until he's happy today, or she can caft Atlas here to do that! Otherwise, don't even fucking think about leaving this room today.

I couldn't take any more of Tyler's constant profanity.

Benedict smirked triumphantly and said, "Who knows what's really going on? Do you really know Atlas?

Haha... maybe he was just in themel

mood and needed company in bed. How dare a whore like you act all innocent here?"

I grabbed the glass of wine in front of me and splashed it on his face.

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Not a drop was wasted. The whole glass of wine landed right in Benedict's face.

After slamming the empty glass on the table with a sharp sound, I glared at him and said, "Who do you think you are? Do you think you're someone important just because you surround yourself with a few sycophants? Hmph... they're just flies buzzing around dung!"

Benedict's face was covered in wine, and he choked on the spicy sting. He quickly wiped his face, then slammed the table, pointing at me, "Y-You little bitch! You asked for this."

Tyler had been shocked by my actions, but he quickly snapped out of it and stood up. He pointed at me and berated, "Look what your friend has done, Michelle. Teach her a lesson!"

It seemed like Michelle was genuinely scared, and she was desperately eager to make me submit.

Michelle raised a hand to strike me. I swiftly dodged her hand, stood up, and delivered a firm slap in return. The sound echoed as my palm landed on her face.

She stood there dumbfounded. I stared at her fiercely and said, "What? We were classmates, so I did you a favor by coming here today. How dare you challenge me and my decisions? How dare you drag me here to accompany some man? Don't you have anything better to do? Back off!"

I gave Michelle a piece of my mind and pushed her away. I grabbed my bag, ready to leave.

Tyler wasn't having it. He took a step forward and roared, "I won't let you leave! You said you know Atlas? I'll make his woman entertain us tonight."

Tyler's menacingly grabbed my wrist and snatched the glass in front of Benedict. With a forceful tug backward, he sneered, "If you can't make Atlas come here, you'll have to drink this yourself..."

Before he could finish his sentence, the door suddenly swung open, accompanied by a deep voice. "I'd like to see who's drinking. Can I join in?"

As the voice faded, Atlas walked in, exuding an intense aura.

When his gaze fell on Tyler gripping my wrist, his face darkened instantly. His gaze turned sharp.

"Let her go!"

The command was so forceful that

it startled Tyler, who quickly released his grip.

imposing figure.

All eyes shifted to t

Tyler quivered, clueless about what had just transpired.

It wasn't clear if he recognized Atlas, but judging by the way he looked at him, it

With med he wasn't

this handsome but scary man.

I was sure the look in Atlas's eyes had left Tyler uneasy.

Benedict gasped. "Why have you graced us with your presence, Mr. Atlas? We're so glad you joined us here today."

Michelle, who was fixated on Atlas's flawless face, seemed entranced.

"Really? Were you the one who wanted to invite me here for a drink?" He questioned with a knowing intent.

Benedict tried to remain composed and forced a smile. "Haha... Mr. Atlas, I'm Benedict Torres from Havenhill Corporation."

Overjoyed he continued, "That was

just a misunderstanding. Ms. Chloe

and I were just playing around didn't expect you to actually show up."

"You're Michelle, right?" Atlas casually turned his gaze to the shocked Michelle.