

## Chapter 460 Emotionally Unstable

Atlas noticed my hesitation and looked at me skeptically, asking, "What's wrong? You don't want to?"

Since I had to devise an excuse, I said, "Ava should spend more time with Grace. We can discuss moving to your place later, but Molly can stay here for now since I have many rooms downstairs. I welcome them here so Ava and my mom have company."

Atlas smiled and said, "Sure, we should let Ava spend time with her grandmother. We can always decide on moving later."

After dinner, we snuggled on the couch and enjoyed our rare peaceful time together. We discussed our time in Celestis Island and were about to call my mom and the others when the doorbell rang.

We smiled at each other, wondering who it could be this time. I quickly got up and checked the peephole, feeling frustrated when I saw Matthew through it. It seemed I could never get rid of this thorn in my side.

However, I felt at ease with Atlas around. I pressed the button to open the apartment door, and Matthew appeared shortly after. He looked pale, and I knew him well enough to know Grace's condition must've left him helpless.

Matthew grinned when he saw me. "Hey, Chloe."

I asked plainly, "What's up?"

I stepped aside and let him in. Also, it was his first time coming here since our divorce. He glanced around the living room, probably expecting to see my family. However, he only saw Atlas lounging on the couch.

Matthew's eyes narrowed, and his expression soured. He glanced at me and hesitated before deciding whether or not to enter the living room.

I didn't bother with pleasantries and walked inside. As we brushed past each other, I said, "What is it, Matthew?"

He approached the couch and nodded at Atlas, greeting him, "Mr. Atlas."

Atlas glanced at him and nodded before getting up and saying, "I'll be in the study."

Immediately after, he put his hands in his pockets and went upstairs. It seemed he had already assumed the position of head of the household.

Matthew grimaced as he glared at Atlas until he disappeared from view. Then, Matthew asked me displeasably, "Does he live here?"

I didn't answer but asked in return, "Why'd you come to see me?"

He lowered his head and fell silent momentarily before speaking, "Uh... My mom doesn't want to go to the hospital. What do you think we should do?"

He looked up at me conflictedly, helplessly, and with a hint of exhaustion as he spoke.

I chuckled and looked at the disheartened Matthew. "Aren't you asking the wrong person? That's your family's matter—it has nothing to do with me."

"Can you stop saying that? All along, you've been advising me on such major problems..." He seemed annoyed, looking me in the eyes resentfully.

I nearly laughed at his apparent agitation. It seemed he was genuinely distressed. "Matthew, that was in the past. We no longer have a relationship. You have a wife and son. You don't need me for such a thing," I said coldly.

"Why must you be like that, Chloe? My mom still relies on you even after all these years. Isn't there a semblance of family affection for us in you?" Matthew questioned, annoyed.

Meanwhile, I wondered if his thoughts were flawed. It seemed he considered me a director of his home affairs.

"Don't even say that. Grace showed no family affection when you attacked me. Perhaps you forgot about that. Also, you guys cursed me so openly at your son's baby shower." I

retorted.

"Stop bringing up past events at a time like this." Matthew looked at me helplessly as if I were the unreasonable one.

"Didn't you hear what your wife said today? Who am I to take your mom to the doctor? I don't know if you have selective memory or simply want to make things difficult for me. Still, only you can decide what to do with your mom. I can't help you there."

I explained my stance because I no longer wanted to be involved with the Murphys.