

The Divorce 291

Chapter 291 Confrontation at the Emergency Room

Celine's face darkened as she sat some distance away. Her posture was rigid, and her eyes were gleaming with chilling intensity.

When I saw Celine, I knew it was Atlas inside the emergency room.

I glanced at the tightly shut door of the emergency room, silently praying that everything would be alright.

"What's this? Weren't you making a fuss about coming over?" Celine's tone was icy, and her hawk-like eyes remained fixed on me.

I took a deep breath and bit my lip before approaching her.

"When did his well-being become your business?" Celine's words were cutting.

"My apologies, Mrs. Celine. I only wanted to know if Atlas was alright. Is he seriously injured?" I struggled

to keep my tone even.

"His condition is none of your concern. This is an internal matter for the Pierce family."

My tone turned equally sharp. "Are you suggesting that even friends are not allowed in? Can't someone outside the family care about his well-being?"

“Such insolence! How dare you talk to me like this?!”

My disrespect angered Celine. Did she think she was the only one who could say such venomous things?

I didn’t back down. “I apologize if I sounded disrespectful. But I don’t need anyone’s permission to care about Atlas. It’s a basic human right. You can treat me like a stranger if you want.”

“You bitch! Get her out of here!” Celine couldn’t contain her rage any longer. “You shameless wretch!”

I stepped back as two guards approached me.

Hold it Mrs. Celine, there’s no need for all this. This is a public place, not your family’s territory.” With that, I turned and walked toward the corridor but didn’t leave.

I sat confidently just outside the emergency room, where I could still observe everything happening inside.

I needed to know if he was okay. He had held me in his arms just a few hours ago. He couldn’t be

seriously hurt.

I sat there, feeling worried and anxious. How did this accident happen? Atlas had told me he was leaving to give Celine some space and break free from her control. Could something else be going on?

A troubling thought crossed my mind. I grabbed my phone and called Grayson. I needed to get more information about the accident. It seemed too coincidental that Atlas was leaving and then this

happened.

As I waited for Grayson to answer, I kept my eyes on the door of the emergency room.

Chapter 292 Not Giving an Inch

It felt like an eternity before Grayson finally picked up.

My voice was trembling as I said, "Grayson... Where are you? Please...check for me... Atlas had an accident at a highway near the airport..."

"Don't worry. I've been looking into it as soon as I got the news." Grayson tried to reassure me as he heard the panic in my voice. "Where are you?"

"I'm at the hospital!" I took a deep breath. "Tell me when you find out."

"Absolutely! You take care. Do you want me to have Carol visit the hospital with you?"

"I'm fine! Do you know how seriously he's injured?"

He paused before saying, "According to eyewitnesses...it's...quite serious!"

My vision darkened. If they said it was pretty serious, then it must be far from just a minor accident.

"How serious is serious?"

"I'm still checking but I'll let you know as soon as I have any information. Don't worry!" He tried to comfort me. "I'll hang up for now, but I'll call you later!"

The call ended, and my heart felt like it had turned to ice. Suddenly, someone touched my arm, and I

looked up to see Carol.

"You came?" I said flatly, but I held onto her hand tightly.

“Chlo, don’t panic! Everything will be fine,” Carol comforted me softly.

Time ticked by, each second increasing my turmoil.

“Carol, find out... how long has it been? How long has he been inside? Why hasn’t he come out yet?” I slumped, clutching on to Carol. She was my only support at this moment.

She looked at me, and I released her abruptly, saying in a rush, “Ask... ask!”

She turned and left. I kept rubbing my hands together, staring at the door. I noticed Kenzie’s gaze fixed on

me, like two cold beams of light.

Then, I saw Stella approaching me. Our eyes met, and I looked away.

I stared at the emergency room door, hoping it would open soon. The longer it took, the more my hope dwindled.

Stella’s figure blocked my view. I looked up at her with a cold expression and said, “Move aside!”

“Chloe! I didn’t expect you to be so audacious.” Stella didn’t budge and stared down at me. “Who are you

trying to fight?”

“Anyone works! You think you’re all–powerful? Don’t forget that this society is governed by law, not the Pierce family. I’ve never seen such arrogance.” I stared at Stella, my tone unyielding. “Audacious? I’ve

never feared anyone!”

“You’re too arrogant, Chloe!” But so what? Your persistence won’t change a thing. Even if you’ve slept with him, I don’t mind. He’s still mine. I just see it as him playing with a new toy.” Stella’s tone dripped with

mockery.

I was genuinely shocked that such words could come from her mouth.

“Well, you’re remarkably magnanimous!” I stood up, towering over her by a good ten inches, determined to assert my presence. “Even if I’m a toy, at least he prefers me!”

Stella’s smiling face turned into a stony one. This was the first time I had seen Stella this way.

“Chloe...”

Just then, the emergency room door swung open...

Chapter 293 Life—and–death Situation

My heart raced as I narrowed my eyes. I pushed Stella aside, not paying attention to her stumbling a few steps away. My sole focus was reaching the emergency room, but dark–clad bodyguards blocked my way.

I saw a doctor speaking with Celine, but I couldn’t make out their words. The doctor returned to the emergency room in less than two minutes, and I could not help but notice the chilling amount of blood

staining his gloves.

My gaze remained fixed on Celine. Her expression revealed nothing about the nature of the news, whether it was good or bad.

She stayed in that dazed state before finally saying something to Kenzie, who was behind her. Stella took this opportunity to pass by me and enter the room.

Stella reached out and grabbed Celine's arm as if inquiring about something. Celine's cold eyes met Stella's, and she immediately lowered her head.

"What's his condition? Let go of me!" I roared, far from composed.

Celine's eyes met mine, deep and merciless. She then said something to Kenzie and walked out.

I froze in place, watching her and her entourage pass by me.

Suddenly, she stopped and shot me a cold glare. She spat, "Thanks to you, he's not dead!"

Then she lifted her head high and walked away. Carol quickly ran over to me.

"Chlo..." Her voice was anxious.

I must have looked terrible.

I just couldn't understand Celine's meaning. What did she mean by "not dead?" Did she hope he would die?

Her callousness towards her own nephew was shocking.

I stared at the closed door, overwhelmed by a sense of helplessness. The memories of our recent encounter still lingered, but now Atlas was facing a life-and-death situation.

Cho: please don't be like this. We need to find out how Mr. Atlas is doing." Carol whispered by my side. We'll come up with a plan. You have to hold yourself together. Everyone is watching closely. Let's go back and strategize

I heard the sound of the door being opened from inside

I was startled, quickly standing up and rushing to the door.

Sure enough, a nurse emerged from the room. I grabbed her in desperation. "Excuse me, how is the person inside? Mr. Atlas, from the car accident. How is he? What are his injuries?"

She looked at me in fear. "What are you doing? I don't know..."

"How can you not know? Mr. Atlas, from the car accident! What's his condition?" I held on, desperate for

answers.

"Let go of me! I'm sorry, I don't know. Let go!" The nurse shook off my hand forcefully, glaring at me.

She muttered, "Lunatic!"

Then she straightened herself and quickly left, disappearing from my sight.

I turned around, pushing the door in despair. Surprisingly, it swung open at my push, leaving me stunned.

The next second, I rushed inside without a second thought.

Chapter 294 A Multi-car Crash

It was as if I had finally opened a mysterious door. I rushed in, checking room after room, but there was no sign of anyone.

Then, a nurse saw me. “What are you doing? This is a sterile area. How did you get in? Get out!”

grabbed her. “Where’s the person they were just trying to save? How is he?”

“Get out! Which one are you talking about?! There are many people here!” She tried to free herself while pushing us towards the exit. “Hurry up and leave!”

“Mr. Atlas, the one they were just trying to save, how is he?” I persisted.

The nurse forcefully pushed me out. “I don’t know!”

Then the door shut, and I heard the lock click.

I slumped against the wall, feeling deflated and lost. I wanted to cry out, “Atlas, please tell me how you are!”

“Chlo, listen to me. Let’s go back,” Carol said.

We left the hospital, but I couldn’t shake the feeling that he was somewhere in the building. If I left now, I

might miss him.

Carol drove directly back to the office. It was nearly the end of the workday. Ryan must have been waiting

for me to return.

Now that he saw me at the entrance, he waved to everyone, "You're dismissed!"

People glanced at me, then quietly turned and left.

Back in my office, I sank wearily into the sofa, feeling a kind of exhaustion I had never experienced before.

"Chlo, is there still no news?" Ryan cautiously inquired while Carol gave him a meaningful look.

After a while, I looked up and asked, "Where's Grayson?"

"I'll call him right away," Carol said, picking up the phone and dialing Grayson's number.

Grayson arrived in my office less than twenty minutes later, I stood up, looking at him intently.

"What's the news? What have you found out?"

"I've looked into it. Mr. Atlas left Starlight International around 11 a.m. and took a car with Dylan, a driver,

"There was a multiple-car collision in the accident, but...the most severe damage was to Mr. Atlas's car."

His voice sounded somewhat weary. "According to the officers on site, six people were injured...and one person didn't make it."

My hands turned ice-cold, horror filling me as I looked at Grayson. "Was it one of ours?"

"I don't think so."

"Now, I just want to know about Atlas's condition," I said, my voice helpless but resolute.

There was no room for doubt.

Grayson nodded. "Alright, I'll find a way. If you couldn't get any information at the hospital, the Pierce family likely ordered a news blackout. So, this news might not be as bad. Chlo, try not to worry too much."

"Just let me know," Ryan added, concern in his eyes as he looked at me.

I knew I must look awful.

I didn't refuse his offer to drive me. I gave Grayson a few more instructions and then headed downstairs.

In the car, Ryan glanced at me, hesitating before finally speaking. "Chlo, I know you're anxious. But he'll be

alright!"

Everyone said the same thing, but what was happening? What was Celine up to?

I couldn't shake the feeling that things weren't as simple as they seemed. Atlas's plans were meticulous.

But what if Celine had plans of her own?

Thinking back to the expression on Celine's face when she spoke those words to me, I felt that this woman was nothing short of inhumane. Her blood ran cold.

At that moment, I truly believed in Atlas's instincts. The plane crash that took his parents couldn't have been that simple, just like this car accident.

I had a gut feeling that there was more to it. How coincidental that he had everything planned out, only to

face such a massive incident right before boarding a plane.

On top of that, in the face of life and death, she casually uttered, "He's not dead."

It was as if life and death were mere trifles to her. She didn't respect others lives, which I could understand somewhat.

It meant she was cold and heartless, devoid of humanity. She was heartless even regarding her family,

However, I couldn't tell Ryan all the details.

Suddenly, the phone in my hand rang, jolting me from my thoughts...

Chapter 295 A War Declaration

Seeing Stella's name flashing on my phone sent a shiver down my spine. I answered, my patience wearing thin, "Stella, if you're not going to say something useful, spare me. I don't have the patience for you right now. Whether or not you tell me about Atlas, I'll find out eventually!"

Stella's tone dripped with sarcasm as she enjoyed the spectacle. "Looks like you're genuinely worried,

Chlo. Such a fiery temper!"

"It seems like you have too much free time!" Before ending the call, I knew showing indifference was the best way to deal with her.

Predictably, my phone rang again, and I reluctantly picked up after three rings. "Don't test my patience!"

Stella couldn't resist taunting me further, "Haha, Chlo! I just want to tell you he's fine! Really! But I'm afraid you won't be seeing him for a while. What a pity! I didn't want you to worry too much, so I thought I'd give

you a heads-up!"

With that, she hung up, and I clenched my fists. The battle was on. It was better to face her openly than let

her scheme in the shadows.

"Was it Stella?" Ryan asked as we waited at a traffic light, casting a concerned glance in my direction. "It

seems Atlas should be fine. Otherwise, she wouldn't be so bold."

"I can't pretend anymore," I admitted, forcing a half-smile.

“It is standard procedure for them to suppress such news,” Ryan reassured me. “Any disruption, especially involving life and death, can cause major upheaval in a conglomerate. Grayson will find a way, so you just

need to wait for updates. Getting anxious won’t change anything.”

“I just want to know if he’s safe,” I said, my eyes fixed on the bustling crowd outside, feeling helpless.

“Try to relax. Don’t let this consume you. They are out in the open, and they know your anxiety won’t

change anything. He’ll be fine, and with his status, they won’t give up easily,” Ryan comforted me with a

gentle tone.

Ryan joined me for dinner at home before leaving. Late at night, in the silence, I lay in bed, reminiscing

about moments with Atlas. Every word he had spoken seemed to hold a deeper significance.

Suddenly, I sat up. Could it be...? The more I thought about it, the more peculiar it seemed.

Allas’s itinerary was usually a well-guarded secret, even from me. Yet this time, everyone seemed to know about his trip to Jitador. It was as if he had intentionally made it public.

The more I pondered, the less I could sleep.

Even when I managed to fall asleep, nightmares haunted me. Atlas trapped in a car, covered in blood, calling my name in anguish. I woke up trembling.

I was physically and mentally exhausted, so I forced myself to get out of bed and freshen up. Downstairs, Ava hadn’t gone to school yet, and my mom was concerned about me.

“Did you have a rough night? Maybe you should have breakfast and rest before heading to work. You can’t go in like this.”

“How about I take Ava?” I watched Ava play, mustering a smile for my mom. “There’s still so much to do today, so I can’t sleep!”

“Let me do it. It’s still early. Get some more rest. You look terrible!”

My mother was already dressed and resolute about not letting me take Ava. She served me some eggs

for breakfast.

After my mom left with Ava, I tried calling Atlas but couldn’t get through. He had previously told me that I could email him if I couldn’t reach him by phone.

I hurried back upstairs, took out my laptop, and sent Atlas a short email. I really hoped he would reply.

However, this email seemed to vanish into thin air. I tried every possible way to contact everyone around him, but no one gave me the information I was looking for.

I lived in this state of uncertainty for three long days, and even Grayson was at a loss this time. On the fourth day, I received a strangely unfamiliar call.

Chapter 296 Unknown Caller

The unknown caller asked to meet me in person, claiming he had information about Atlas. I asked who he was, but he hung up and sent me an address instead.

I grabbed my bag and headed downstairs. I set up my navigation system and rushed to the location, my heart pounding. It was the first time someone had mentioned having information about Atlas, and I

couldn't afford to miss this chance.

I didn't even question who the caller was. I wanted to hear what he had to say, even if his information was false. It was better than remaining in the dark.

News of Atlas's accident vanished from public attention. There weren't traces of Atlas or even updates on his condition. I was about to go insane, wondering how they swept such a significant accident under the rug.

After all, the accident involved six people, with one reported dead.

The person's call resembled a light at the end of a tunnel. The location was remote and unfamiliar. Although it was still in the city, it wasn't a part of town I frequented. I even had trouble finding the place.

It was a small cafe visited mainly by young couples from a nearby university. I chose a corner table near the window to stay hidden. Then, I ordered a coffee and waited. I observed every passerby, hoping to meet the person soon.

Before I knew it, our agreed-upon time had passed, yet the person hadn't appeared. I called the person's

number, realizing it wasn't in service.

I stared at my phone, wondering if someone had pranked me. Still, I didn't want to believe that. The caller sounded severe and even gave me an address. He also said to meet him if I wanted to know what was

happening.

However, he didn't demand ransoms or deals. It was just a meeting.

My anxiety grew as time passed, The person should have informed me of any delays or rescheduled the meeting if he genuinely wanted to meet me.

I asked a server if any other establishments nearby shared the same name. Although I knew it was improbable, I didn't want to leave any stones unturned.

I stayed in my seat as customers came and went. I still had many questions but no answers. I wondered how the person got my phone number and how he knew I wanted information regarding Atlas.

didn't know who the person was and how they knew about my connection to Atlas. Why would the

Each question made me increasingly uneasy and anxious to meet this person. I refused to leave, hoping he would eventually contact me. I suspected he had turned off his phone for a reason.

Three hours had passed, so I gave up on waiting. Regardless of the person's excuse, I refused to believe the person would keep me waiting.

I told a server I would return soon and to inform me if anyone came looking for me. I reluctantly left the small cafe and returned to my workplace.

However, a surprise awaited me when I was about to clock out. Two unexpected visitors appeared in my office.

Chapter 297 A Visit from the Cops

Two cops entered my office. I didn't know what could have happened to attract the cops' attention. I

offered them a sweat, feeling puzzled. One of the officers asked sternly, "Do you know someone named

Kennedy Brawford?"

"Who?" I said, "I don't know that person."

The officer wasn't satisfied with my response. He glanced at his colleague and said, "Show her the photo."

I accepted the photo from the other officer. I saw a man who appeared to be in his twenties in the photo. He was good-looking, almost like a student. I shook my head and said firmly, "I don't know this person."

Suddenly, I thought about the cafe.

"Are you sure you don't recognize him?" the officer who handed me the photo asked. He seemed

accustomed to interrogating suspects.

Displeased, I looked at him, saying, "I honestly don't know him. I've never seen that man before."

"The last call he made was to you. How can you claim not to know him?" The officer's tone became even more severe. Then, he passed me a piece of paper with a phone number. I glanced at it and took my phone from my desk to match the phone number on the paper.

I was shocked and looked at the cops nervously. "Yes, that's the number that called me."

The officer took my phone and the paper to compare the numbers. "Tell us everything."

I recounted everything to them in detail. I even mentioned Atlas's accident because I knew hiding the truth from the cops was not an option. Moreover, Atlas's accident could be related to this incident.

Soon after, I asked, "Officers, is something wrong? I waited three hours for that person, yet he never showed up. When I tried calling him again, his number wasn't in service. I—I didn't even get to meet him."

The two officers exchanged glances, then one said, "You won't be able to meet him, ma'am. Kennedy Brawford had a fatal accident today at 1:25 p.m. at the west end of Higney Road. He got run over by a

cargo truck

"What?!" I was stunned and in disbelief. "How could that happen?!"

The driver was drunk, one of the officers said.

But it's so coincidental, I muttered in disbelief.

Based on the location of the accident, it seems it occurred on his way to meet you. That's why he

I was genuinely nervous as I looked at the two officers. "I honestly don't know that person. Can you tell me who he was or what he did for a living? Was he from Foswood?"

"I'm sorry, but we can't disclose his details," the officer replied. After taking the photo of Kennedy back, he continued, "If you remember anything about Kennedy or find unusual information, please contact us immediately. Also, it's best to stay in the city for now to make it easier for us to investigate this matter."

"Of course," I nodded, still shocked by the news.

The two cops got up to leave, and I pretended to remain calm, even walking them to the door. I did this to avoid suspicion among my colleagues.

When they left, I called Grayson and explained the situation in detail. Then, I urged him to investigate. I suspected there was more than met the eye here instead of it being a mere coincidence.

Chapter 298 Tragic Death

I felt a chill run down my spine. The person on his way to meet me had died tragically in a car accident. I suspected it couldn't just be a coincidence. Moreover, he only wanted to share information with me about Atlas, yet it cost Kennedy his life.

It was disturbing that a refined and polite-looking person could die so suddenly. I realized this incident was far from simple.

I grew increasingly uneasy as I watched Grayson rush off to investigate. I also wondered why the officers didn't ask me about the information regarding Atlas.

Since Kennedy had died due to a drunk driving accident, why would the cops still conduct an investigation? It was contradictory.

However, if it wasn't a simple coincidence, who killed that young man? Was it Celine or someone else?

I couldn't imagine Atlas's involvement in this conspiracy or what secrets the Pierce family held to drag innocent people into their web. These things haunted me all afternoon.

I left the building after clocking out and saw the congested streets. I hated getting stuck in traffic, so I parked in front of a store to wait until the rush hour passed. Suddenly, my phone rang, startling me.

Lately, I grew nervous whenever the phone rang. My mom called, so I hastily answered, "Hey, Mom."

Meanwhile, I noticed a car pulling onto the quiet street. It was a bright red sports car, which stood out in this tranquil neighborhood.

I stared at the moving car while talking to my mom. She asked what time I'd be home, clearly worried about me. My parents had noticed something was amiss with me over the past few days. They monitored me through phone calls since they couldn't restrict my movements.

I assured her, "Mom, I'll be home soon. Please stop worrying. Traffic is heavy, and I'm stuck in it."

Suddenly, the car stopped nearby. I couldn't help but wonder who might be inside. Perhaps it was a wealthy young lady. Then, I saw someone leaving a nearby store and hurrying toward the parked car.

quickly hung up because I recognized the man as Keegan. I watched as he reached the car, behaving with utmost respect.

The driver lowered their window, but I couldn't see who it was from my angle. Immediately after, I recorded the interaction with my phone, I saw a fair hand extend from the car with a small paper bag.

Keegan eagerly took it with a smile

I was surprised as the car drove away. The sly Keegan glanced around before getting into a shabby sedan. I couldn't resist recording that, too.

When they left, I reviewed the video I had recorded. I realized it was a woman after zooming in on the fair hand. Meanwhile, the paper bag she handed over seemed hefty despite being small. I couldn't help but wonder what Keegan was up to.

I glanced at the red car in the video and then sent it to Grayson. I also told him to find out who owned that car. I did all that instinctively.

However, I was shocked when Grayson called me back ten minutes later. I didn't expect that car to belong to Atlas. Of course, I knew Atlas wasn't driving it. It was more likely Stella instead. I had seen

her a few times but never saw her driving that car.

I knew little about cars, but that one looked expensive.

Now, I wondered what Stella had to do with Keegan. Although I knew Liora had some connection to Celine, I didn't think Stella would meet Keegan. What about that paper bag Stella gave to Keegan?

I was curious, especially given Keegan's cautious and sneaky behavior. I knew there was something up with that paper bag.

Chapter 299 Brutal Power Struggles

I slowly returned to the main road after finally collecting myself. The traffic had eased up by then, and I

headed straight home.

My mom was relieved to see me and began cooking. I seldom had time to eat with them since I was always so busy, especially these days. My parents had eagerly awaited my return. My mom even said.

freshly cooked food was best.

After dinner, I called Ivanna to see if she was home. She said she had just arrived, so I took Ava for a walk and headed to Ivanna's place. Since I hadn't seen her for several days, her first question was about

Atlas.

However, I could only shake my head in response.

Ivanna reassured me, "Harmony has been quiet recently, too. She's been restless, probably due to the lack of news on Atlas. Don't worry. I told her assistant to inform me if anything unusual happens."

I was grateful to have friends who looked out for me. "Ivanna, I can't help feeling something's amiss.

here," I confided to her and looked at my daughter, who was playing games on the TV.

Then, I shared the strange occurrences with Ivanna, and she said, "ATL Empire is a complex international conglomerate. It's unpredictable, and internal power struggles can be brutal. Sometimes, family conflicts

can exceed an ordinary person's imagination."

Ivanna leaned into the couch and looked at Ava. "You still have her."

I gazed at my adorable daughter, engrossed in her game.

Ivanna continued, "As for Harmony, Atlas can boost her career with a simple move. Even companies as large as ours can't compete with that. That's why I always tell you to choose carefully. It's not that I dislike Atlas. I just fear you'd jump from one trap to another."

She met my gaze, and I knew she genuinely cared for me. I nodded in agreement, saying, "I understand."

"We're already thirty." Ivanna continued, "You're fortunate to have your little angel, Ava."

Suddenly, Ava turned toward us and added, "Aunt Ivanna, I'm your little angel too!"

varna and i shared a smile, and I felt content.

What about Ryan? She breached that subject again.

I sighed, knowing I had held Ryan back “That isn’t something I wished for, but I can’t do anything if there’s

Ivanna seemed worried I wouldn’t like what she would say next, so she changed the subject, “Then again, we know Atlas is serious about you. Thanks to my insider knowledge, I know his relationship with

Harmony isn’t what it seems.

“There’s no real commitment from Atlas. Don’t let Harmony fool you by acting like his girlfriend. She’ll regret her foolishness sooner or later.”

I couldn’t help but smile as I recalled Harmony boasting about being his ‘girlfriend.’

“Chlo, I must be blunt with you,” Ivanna said, “Atlas might’ve captured your heart, but his family is complicated. There’s much more than meets the eye. I genuinely fear for you stepping into an

inescapable trap.”

I nodded again, this time in resignation. “I understand. I’m already feeling suffocated.

“Will you persist?” Ivanna asked.

I helplessly shook my head, saying, “It’s not entirely up to me.”

My statement carried profound meaning that no one else understood.

Chapter 300 Strong Intuition

Ivanna looked at me in confusion and nervousness. “Why? Is someone forcing you?”

“N—No, it’s not that!” I shook my head and explained, “For some reason, I feel there’s an inexplicable force pushing me. It’s not just about Atlas’s love.”

Ivanna stared at me, still not wholly understanding my words.

“I wanted to escape many times. I know I don’t deserve Atlas. Anyone would think I’m delusional for even considering being with him. Still, I always feel like there’s a prevailing connection between us, and it

keeps getting stronger.”

I spoke solemnly to Ivanna, “I’ve had that thought for a while but always doubted myself. That inexplicable force pushes and pulls me whenever something related to Atlas arises.

Ivanna chuckled, “Did you fall too deeply into this? Is that it?”

I looked at her with severity and asked, “Do you think I’m trying to justify being with him?”

Ivanna hesitated before nodding. “A little.”

“No, I even feel like he has appeared in my life before,” I surprised myself with that statement, “But I can’t find any evidence to confirm it. Oh, you know that I’m very much like Harmony, right? Still, someone else

is even more similar to me than her.”

I told Ivanna about Annalise immediately after, and Ivanna looked at me in disbelief. "You found pictures of Annalist that look like you?"

"I did, and it's more than just a resemblance. It's like we share the same soul. I told you I have missing pieces of my memories, right?" I shared my doubts with Ivanna.

"Memories?" Ivanna looked at me in shock. "You've mentioned it before, but could it be true?"

"You didn't believe me when I told you, but I have an old injury I don't recall. I asked my mom, but she was

pretty elusive about it. It's unsettling." I was dissatisfied with my mom's response to my questions.

Ivanna remained silent until she finally said, "I can't imagine this. Is it possible?"

That's why I've always felt a strange connection between me and Atlas," I told her unequivocally.

After a long pause, she patted me on the shoulder. "Let's just try our best. It's okay as long as you don't have regrets. Oh, any news from Matthew's side?"

ishook my head. "No his son should be almost a month old now."

"Let's hope he stops bothering you now that he has a son!" Ivanna exclaimed, sounding somewhat relieved. "I wish I had the chance to teach that scoundrel a lesson."

Suddenly, Ava stopped and blinked her big eyes at us, saying sternly, "I don't want that bad daddy anymore! He and Aunt Melanie are evil! I'll protect Mommy and beat up that bad aunt when I grow up!"

i exchanged a glance with Ivanna. We didn't expect her to eavesdrop while she was playing. Ivanna got up and sat next to Ava on the ground. "My little angel is right. They are bad people! Let's stay strong and not

take their nonsense!"

I joined them, sitting down and playing the game with them. Ava laughed heartily, looking more beautiful

than ever.

We played late into the night. Ava's eyes grew heavy when we left, and I had to carry her. My daughter had indeed grown a lot without me realizing it. Suddenly, I thought about how Atlas would have taken her

from my arms.

I wondered where he was now and if he was okay. I couldn't figure out why Atlas had gone silent after his accident. We couldn't find any trace of him, even when I sent Grayson to search every hospital.

However, I confronted Celine outside the emergency room that day. No one else could have been inside besides Atlas. I made a daring assumption. If it wasn't Atlas, who could it be?