

The Divorce 231

Chapter 231 A Coincidental Encounter

I splashed water on my face and took deep breaths. Lauren called for a drink and handed me a glass.

I felt calmer after downing it. Then I covered my face with a towel and said, "Go ahead and chat. I'll rest for a bit."

"Why are yo

u napping all day? You just slept in your car, and now you're sleeping again?" Ivanna teased me, giving me a playful nudge. "What's going on with you?"

"There's too much going on lately. I'm working myself to death! Cut me some slack, will you?" I replied from behind the towel.

Tears had already mixed with the water droplets on my face.

Ivanna didn't press me and chatted with Lauren instead. I regained my composure before removing the towel from my face.

"Weren't you napping?" Ivanna asked. "You know, you do look like that actress I mentioned earlier. Chloe, I'll be your manager if you ever want to step into showbiz. Although you're much prettier than her."

"Step into showbiz? I'm about to step into another world."

Lauren handed me a glass of wine, which I sipped.

Both of them chuckled. “So you want to be a celestial being now?”

We continued our conversation until I was utterly exhausted. “I swear, if we keep soaking any longer, I’ll turn into a prune! I’m starving to death. Can’t we eat?”

Lauren and Ivanna giggled, and we went to the dining room.

The food here was exceptional. I devoured everything in sight, replenishing my energy and filling my emotional void.

As we headed back to our private room, we bumped into the two people I least wanted to see. They were both impeccably dressed.

The woman exclaimed, “Ivanna! You’re here too!”

Ivanna turned to look, then stared at me, dumbfounded. I gave the woman a cursory once-over. Something about her seemed oddly familiar.

Lauren pulled me over, and my bathrobe slipped to the ground. I quickly draped it back on.

Ivanna’s voice was calm as she said, “What a coincidence!”

“Yeah, just having a casual meal with Mr. Atlas!” The woman seemed to be explaining herself to Ivanna

“Of course, this is a great place for a meal!” Ivanna’s voice had a hint of sarcasm. “Enjoy your time. I’m here with my best friends!”

Ivanna didn't engage with the woman any further. Instead, she took my arm and led us to our room.

I didn't look at Atlas throughout the entire encounter. Honestly, I was too afraid to. I hoped it was all just

an illusion

In the room, Ivanna immediately scrutinized me. "Did you see them earlier?"

Ivanna was perceptive and had noticed my emotional turmoil.

I chuckled faintly and asked, "Does it make a difference?"

Lauren had been observing me closely, occasionally sharing glances with Ivanna. They were clearly

worried about me.

I suddenly laughed. "What's with those faces?"

"Chlo, if there's something on your mind, let it out. Don't keep it to yourself," Ivanna said earnestly.

"You

shouldn't take that too seriously

"Exactly, who knows? Maybe it's some important discussion," Lauren added.

"What are you trying to say? I wasn't thinking that far, but after hearing you two, now I am." I looked at them with a smile, probably looking worse than if I were crying.

"Do you know who that woman is?" Ivanna asked, looking at me intently.

“I don’t know, and I don’t want to know! I remained calm and said it plainly.

“It’s that actress I complained about—Harmony Hampton, the one under our label!’ Ivanna said in annoyance, “I said she was getting a big head. It turns out, she thought she snagged herself a sugar daddy! That little-*

Ivanna’s words snapped me back. I realized that the face I saw just now did seem oddly familiar.

Chapter 232 Shocking Headlines

“Doesn’t she look a bit like you?” Ivanna looked at me and asked, “I used to have a good impression of her. There’s something about her that resembles you. But now... damn! She’s trying to climb the ladder...”

Ivanna’s words made my heart race. Did I look like Annalise? Or rather, was it Harmony who resembled

Annalise?

Atlas held a deep affection for Annalise. He wouldn’t let any woman resembling her slip through his fingers.

He was looking for Annalise’s shadow. Harmony and I fit the bill.

It appeared that his quest for an Annalise doppelganger had never ceased. Perhaps he had found me lacking.

I chuckled and sipped my drink. “How long has Harmony been in the limelight?”

“Not even two months! Strange, isn’t it? Suddenly shooting to fame!” Ivanna dismissed it with a wave of her hand.

Two months... I was already divorced by then, and Atlas had taken over the ATL Empire.

He knew how to make the most of his time. An unexpected rising star must have caught his attention. This meant he had been spending time with Harmony for the past two months.

Otherwise, why did I often lose track of him, and why had his attitude towards me grown progressively colder?

It all indicated that he had found a new target. Why would he be interested in me? A divorcee two years older, with a child in tow.

Why hadn’t he ever told me he loved me? I was foolish to hope for something like that.

I drank a lot that night, and with each sip, I gained perspective. It was high time I faced the facts. I was no

different than a naive young girl waiting for a grand love story!

It seemed that I had aimed too high. The whole encounter had just been a product of my imagination.

When I was brought back home, I was surprisingly clear-headed. I just couldn’t walk on my my own.

The next day, my head was pounding, the inevitable aftermath of a night of heavy drinking

During breakfast, my father scolded me for always getting drunk, calling it a vile way of coping with my problems. My dad was right.

Before I could finish my breakfast, Ivanna called me. She asked, "Feeling better?"

"Yeah, I replied, looking at my father.

"Listen, it's blowing up! Check the trending news!" She then lectured me, "Chlo, a peaceful life at home is better. Think about it! All that romantic nonsense is not practical! You should stand firm!"

"Stop reminding me of this. If it gets exposed, you'll be swamped with work again. Aren't you busy enough

as it is?"

"I couldn't care less! If she falls from grace, it's her own doing!" Ivanna grumbled. "She shouldn't have risen in the first place. Mark my words when she falls!"

She rambled on for a bit and then hung up.

I quickly checked my phone and found that the news had made headlines. There were pictures of them and insinuations, and while it was only a back view, it hinted strongly at the lead figure.

After all, one was the CEO of a well-known international conglomerate, and the other was a rising star

with a significant following.

I turned off my phone. What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve over.

Little did I know that avoiding seeing wasn't going to be enough. Someone out there was determined not

to let me off so easily, and I was about to become the target of public scrutiny.

Chapter 233 Return of the Scumbag

I spotted Matthew, who had disappeared for quite some time.

I had just parked at the company's underground garage when he appeared at my car, dressed sharply. I didn't know how he found me, almost as if he'd been keeping tabs on me.

He smiled warmly and even opened the car door. "Chlo!"

It seemed I had forgotten about this person's existence. Seeing him again felt like waking up from a dream and returning to reality.

I sighed. How was this man still alive? As soon as he appeared, I felt sick again.

"Move aside!" I spoke icily.

"Chlo, I was wrong! Don't hold it against me. I came to apologize to you today." Suddenly, Matthew seemed to revert to his former self. "Chlo, I've missed our daughter!"

He blocked me, acting like he was really sad. Even his eyes looked watery. I didn't know if he really cared

about our daughter.

daughter a lot. "Listen, it's been tough for both of us since our split. We're not happy," he said. "I miss our da Can I see her? And also, my mom is sick, and she keeps mentioning you. Chlo, can we try again?"

"Impossible!" I said it sternly, trying to go around him. I didn't want to be near him.

"Chlo, please, I'm begging you! I was too focused on work before, but I still want to be
be with you!"

Matthew was relentless, and his performance was top-notch.

"Matthew, man up and stop bothering me. Just face it! There's no turning back for us." I said, "Think of
your upcoming baby instead! You don't have to worry about our daughter anymore!"

"I just closed a big deal. Let's do it together, my wife! We can succeed together! Don't be mad
anymore!"

I couldn't contain my anger. "Wake up! No matter how many deals you sign, it has nothing to do with
me. Move aside!"

Matthew hugged me, then quickly kissed my neck while muttering nonsensical words.

I forcefully pushed him away and gave him a resounding slap. "I'll repeat it. Please stop harassing me.
We're never getting back together!"

As I walked away, I vigorously wiped my neck in disgust. I hated him so much that even his smell

Behind me. Matthew called out. “Chloe, you’ll regret this. Don’t think you’re still Atlas’s precious little gem. He’s just toying with you! You can’t compete with them. Stop being so stubborn! You’re just a woman he discarded

He must have seen that news report, which gave him the confidence to confront me

Sadness overwhelmed me. I wondered how many more villains I would meet. Though I wasn’t sure what

lay ahead, I sensed more trials in my future

Chapter 234 Taking the Wrong Approach

This idea made me feel helpless because I knew I had to face this alone. It had always been that way— I had to save myself.

The lobby was crowded, but none of them were familiar to me. I felt even more lonely.

Back in the office, Carol brewed a cup of coffee for me. She watched me quietly, and I knew she was worried. I maintained an air of nonchalance while keeping busy. Thankfully, I had resolved the two previous issues and set everything in motion.

During lunch, I spotted Johnson. He seemed genuinely surprised to see me since we hadn’t seen each other in a long time.

He beckoned me over, and I joined him for lunch.

*Chlo! Long time no see! I heard things are going well on your end.” Johnson wore a big smile.

“It’s alright, I suppose. How’s Myra and your kid? Is he being a handful?”

“They’re doing great! No trouble at all!” Johnson ordered more food and said, “Mr. Matthew just closed a

big

deal with a company in the neighboring city. It’s a major contract, but he’s keeping it quiet. He seems really happy this time!”

Then Johnson added, “It’s quite strange.

“What’s strange about it?”

“He was attacked some time ago, but we don’t know who did it. He spent some time in the hospital, but Melanie hasn’t caused any trouble,” Johnson said. “There seems to be a reason for the attack. Otherwise, they’d usually make a big deal out of it.”

I knew exactly what Johnson was talking about, but I asked, “When did this happen?”

My question made Johnson nervous, but he smiled again. It seems you didn’t know either. It happened on the night of Echelon Group’s celebration.”

“I did see him boast.

t night!” I didn’t want this matter to be exposed. After all, it wasn’t something to

about.

“He went, and it should have to do with that night. He upset someone, and they beat him up pretty badly. We only found out the next day. I rushed to the hospital to see him. His head was swollen like a pig’s.

Melanie sat silently beside him.

“Something was wrong. After 20 days in the hospital, he went on a business trip and returned saying he had won the contract.”

Perhaps because he thought it had nothing to do with me, Johnson was quite excited.

“Was it in Rivendell?”

“No, it was in Muborough!” Johnson stated confidently.

Rivendell was where Echelon Group’s new development was located, while Muborough was in the opposite direction, even larger than Rivendell,

I couldn’t figure out how Matthew had resources in that area. He had always traveled between Rivendell and another city but had never visited Muborough. How could he have gotten a contract there right after being hospitalized?

The news made me feel suspicious.

“Has he ever had dealings in Muborough before? From what I recall, he didn’t have any contacts there.”!

asked Johnson.

“No, Muborough wasn’t our focus, and he didn’t have many contacts there. If he did, he wouldn’t be trying so hard with Echelon Group,” Johnson confirmed.

“But Atticus Cole gave him a hard time. He followed Atticus around but didn’t get any favors, It almost caused a big problem. You know, he borrowed 7 million dollars. He would’ve been in big trouble if it weren’t for this contract!” Johnson said. “It was a stroke of luck!”

“Did he negotiate directly with Echelon Group? I remember that Atticus isn’t someone who can be easily swayed by 7 million,” I recalled. Atticus wasn’t the type to be influenced by money.

“He interacted more with Atticus’s nephew!” Johnson seemed to have a lot of information. “At the time, this guy, Keegan Thompson, still had some influence!”

Feeling relieved, I chuckled. Matthew had taken me wrong and it seemed that Atticus’s actions were justified. However, I needed to find out who had helped Matthew with this deal.

Chapter 235 A Stroke of Luck

I had an idea and casually remarked, “It seems that Matthew’s luck knows no bounds!”

“Absolutely! Otherwise, he’d be in a tough spot. He mentioned during the meeting that he’s focusing on projects outside the city to avoid competition. Now he’s busy preparing for it.”

“I heard his mom isn’t doing well,” I said casually.

“Yeah, not too good.” Johnson nodded.

After some small talk, I left the restaurant. My mind was filled with thoughts about Grace. Maybe I had been too stern and shouldn’t harbor ill feelings. However, there wasn’t a single Murphy worthy of pity.

Back at the office, I summoned Grayson. “Look into who Matthew contacted after he was attacked. Also, find out which companies are handling projects in Muborough.”

Grayson nodded. “Is there anything wrong?”

I replied, “Matthew secured a contract in Muborough while in the hospital. Find out how he got it, especially who he interacted with during his hospitalization. He went on a business trip right after being discharged and returned with the contract,”

Grayson nodded in understanding.

The reason I was interested in Matthew's contract wasn't because I wanted to snatch the project. It was because I sensed something was amiss.

It seemed unusual that he could secure a contract while in the hospital. His words about not being able to compete with "them" intrigued me. I wanted to know who "they" were and their connection with him.

The incident where someone tried to harm me in the past still bothered me, and I wanted to know why.

"Any new developments on Stella's end?" I asked.

Grayson shook his head. "No trace. I can't crack it."

"And what about the delivery guy?" I asked Grayson.

I

I had been monitoring ATL Empire's activities regarding that matter, but it seemed to have faded away, and nobody was talking about it anymore.

However, I wasn't willing to let it go because a large batch of windows couldn't just disappear without a trace.

1/2

The affair between Atlas and Harmony was still escalating. According to the rumors, they had already been in contact a month ago, before Christmas.

Some even said that Harmony went to Nocturnia because of this and spent Christmas with Atlas. In any case, various speculations began.

I doubted the rumor about Harmony going to Nocturnia, especially since it was so close to the anniversary of Atlas's parents' passing. It didn't seem likely that he would bring a woman to spend Christmas with him then.

I remembered Atlas telling me to trust him no matter what happened. I couldn't help but chuckle at that

ving to comfort thought. Why was I still thinking about those words now? What was the point? Was I trying

myself?

I recalled the day at the hot spring resort when I had seen Atlas and Harmony together. There was no

reason for me to seek comfort now.

Watching them enter the luxurious room, a man and a woman alone...

I threw the phone hard on the table, turned around, and left the office. I went to see Ryan.

Ryan set aside what he was working on and walked over. "Should I have them bring you a glass of water?"

"No need. I had some water in my office just now," I said as I sat on the sofa. "Ryan, I have an idea. What do you think about bringing your parents over for the New Year? We can celebrate together with both our

families.”

Chapter 236 A Sincere Invitation

Ryan beamed when he heard my words. Even his usually composed expression reddened. However, I felt an overwhelming guilt. Perhaps I had been too cruel to him. Even a simple suggestion like this could move him so much.

He seemed slightly nervous, saying, “Well... I hadn’t thought about the

“Then, let’s do it! First, they get to experience the Southern climate. Secondly, It’ll save you the hassle of traveling. Finally, our families can celebrate together. Oh, I can invite Lauren, too. Her parents aren’t around, and her younger sister doesn’t move much,

“I’ll invite her to my house, and you can all stay at my place. No need for hotels. It’ll be super lively.” I spoke genuinely.

I had met Ryan’s parents before. His dad ran a small business, and his mom had a fixed job. They were wonderful people. It was a spontaneous idea, and I hadn’t discussed it with my parents. Still, I believed they wouldn’t oppose it.

“Wouldn’t it trouble you if everyone stayed at your place?” Ryan seemed hesitant.

“Don’t be so formal with me! You can stay at my place too. Your family can have the ground floor, and it’ll be more convenient for all of us. I suggest you consider buying a house in our neighborhood,” I said

offhandedly.

Ryan hesitated for another moment before smiling and saying, “All right, I’ll work on it!”

I

After discussing the details, I got up to leave. When I returned to my office, my desk phone rang incessantly. I hurried over and saw Atlas's name flashing on the screen. I was stunned and didn't answer the call. I just let it ring until it stopped.

Immediately after, I picked it up and realized I had five missed calls. I sat down, feeling powerless and wondering why Atlas had called. I was in a daze until it was nearly time to leave work.

my bag

My phone rang twice, and I looked at it. Since it was from an unknown number, I put my phone in my bag without answering. After clearing my desk and taking my bag, I left my office. However, my phone rang

again as I headed to the parking lot.

I feigned ignorance and drove away from the building. I drove aimlessly through the traffic jam when my phone rang again, still from an unknown number. I feared it might be a work-related call and answered it

this time

However, the caller hung up as soon as I answered. I looked at the pedestrians outside while holding my

phone. It sounded, "Where are you?"

On the road," I replied, matching his tone.

"Come to Pleca Park" he said and hung up

I almost threw the phone out the window in frustration. Although furious, I headed to Pleca Park. This time, I quickly found my way there. When I arrived at the front gate, I took a deep breath to calm my

racing heart.

I wanted to see him but also feared what would happen when I did. I knew seeing him might mark the end of something. Suddenly, a young girl rushed over smilingly. "Ms. Chloe, please come with me!"

I remained silent and nodded before following her. We went to the second floor and then to Atlas's room. The young girl knocked and then pushed the door open, motioning for me to enter.

When I entered, I saw Atlas sitting on a couch with one hand resting on its back and the other holding a glass of wine. He looked relaxed and indifferent as he gazed at me.

I surprised myself at how calm I was. It seemed I had a clear understanding of everything at that moment. Only we remained in the spacious room. For some reason, I felt Atlas's loneliness. I slowly approached him, asking. "Do you have something to discuss with me, Mr. Atlas?"

He watched me with profound eyes as if trying to read my thoughts and true feelings. Meanwhile, I stood rooted, feeling increasingly uncomfortable under his intense gaze. He extended his arm toward me and

said, "Come here."

However, I remained still. "I'm sorry, Mr. Atlas. Do you need me to do anything?"

I

He slowly withdrew his arm while still staring at me. I tried to control my emotions and anxiety when he said, "It seems you forgot what I said."

Chapter 237 Meeting Once More

My heart raced, but I stayed tough. I replied with the same emotionless tone, I'm sorry. I don't know what

you're talking about."

"Do you have any questions for me?" Atlas continued to scrutinize me.

"None." I stubbornly responded,

"Are you sure?" His gaze turned cold.

"Mr. Atlas, if you called me here to make things difficult, I apologize, but I'll take my leave." I didn't have the time to confront him here. It would be meaningless. I'd rather be with my family.

His eyes narrowed. "Do you want to avoid me without clarifying your doubts?"

Atlas's words struck a chord with me. It was as if he could see through me. I guiltily lowered my gaze, not allowing myself to have further delusions for this man, I couldn't let him trample on my pride like this.

While Atlas had fun with Harmony, I was alone. It was horrible, and I wondered how he differed from Matthew. I might have lost value in Atlas's eyes, but I would never disrespect myself that way.

He could see th

through my emotions and thoughts, yet he continued to flaunt his affairs. I wondered what Atlas's true intentions were or if he cared about my feelings. Was my presence insignificant to him?

I realized he had trapped me, losing sight of why he was interested in me in the first place. Regardless of whether I was a stand-in, I couldn't afford to play around. Still, I had to be cautious of the rumors, so it

was best to distance myself from him.

I didn't want to endure another heartbreak. After all, I had just escaped Matthew.

Atlas smiled and asked, "Would you not want to see me anymore if we didn't cooperate in business?"

I blinked and forced a smile. Since Atlas put it that way, I should speak my mind. "Yes."

I instinctively stepped back and clutched my bag. I remained calm and said, "Mr. Atlas, emotions have clouded our relationship. My low spirits might have misled you, but we shouldn't have been this close."

I gulped and took a deep breath, "I'm not worthy of you and don't want to play games. I'm Chloe, not... anyone else. You must know I'll never be what you want. Everything has been a mistake."

I almost said Annalise's name but swallowed it.

Atlas crossed his arms, waiting for me to continue. "You're ATL Empire's CEO and have the final say. I'm fine if you no longer want to continue our collaboration. You can retract your involvement in the ongoing was post hi affect our business relationship." I spoke with ece you've decided won't argue with your choice contact me about our previous collaborations, Grayson que in derecig wwwtence therefore, there won't be issues with the project

Chapter 238 Bitten by a Dog

I clicked my tongue in frustration and clenched my bag strap, fingernails digging into my palm. The pain gave me an odd sense of comfort.

Suddenly, Atlas's phone rang. He looked at me and answered, "Yeah?"

A woman's voice said, "Atlas, where are you?"

"I'm busy," he replied coldly.

"Do you want to come out? Maybe you can come to my place?" The woman's voice turned tender.

"Another time. I'm busy right now," Atlas responded and hung up.

I felt awkward and said, "Mr. Atlas, you seem busy. I'll take

my leave."

Without waiting for his response, I headed toward the exit. However, he quickly held me. I yelped in surprise as he turned me to face him. He was about to kiss me when he saw something on my neck.

He asked angrily, "What happened here?! Who did this?!"

I was puzzled. I looked at Atlas with panic, saying, "I don't know what you're talking about."

He grabbed my wrist tightly and led me to an exquisite bathroom with mirrors on the entire wall. Atlas pushed me toward one of the mirrors and said, "See for yourself! Don't tell me you can't remember what

did this."

I saw a hickey on my collar. I froze for a moment, and then it hit me. It was Matthew. I gritted my teeth and silently cursed. Then, I looked at it again with anger.

Atlas cried, "Who was it?!"

I tugged at my collar and tried to pull away from his grip. However, he held onto me firmly. "I got bitten by a dog! You can't expect me to bite back, can you?"

"Tell me who did it!" he demanded,

I remained silent, glancing at the handprint on my wrist. I knew it would turn into a bruise tomorrow, Atlas.

seemed to realize it and attempted to inspect my wrist. I pulled it away, not allowing him to see.

"I'm leaving!"

He trapped me between his arms and repeated, "Tell me who did it."

I met his piercing gaze and replied, 'Does it matter? Regardless of who it was, I had to endure it alone.

I have my flaws and accepted them. I don't need anyone's kindness and have no reason to depend on

anyone.

Atlas lowered his eyes, still looking at my face. His cold expression softened slightly.

I choked up and continued, "I'd like to talk to you. But when I see your coldness, I feel there's no need to talk anymore. I'm afraid of troubling you and embarrassing myself. No matter how deep the feelings are, it's meaningless if two people shouldn't be together.

"Letting me go is also a way of finding peace for yourself! Isn't that for the best?" My voice quivered, and I

lowered my gaze.

Atlas pulled my collar. I tried to move away, but he pulled—me back in frustration. My attempt to evade him angered him.

His expression changed, and his tone turned harsh. “You allowed someone else to kiss you there?”

My heart stung. I wanted to retort but couldn’t find the words.

He glared at me and kissed me. His lips traveled from my chest to my neck, igniting a passionate fire within me.

I tried to push Atlas away, but he held me tighter. His actions were no longer forceful and aggressive, and I couldn’t escape him. His kiss had stirred something within me. I bit his lip, causing him to release me

with a painful grunt.

I let out a frustrated sigh, muttering, “What is this? What do you take me for?”

He pounded the mirror behind me and growled, “You’re right, what the hell is this?!”

My heart raced as Atlas’s sudden outburst left me trembling and uncertain.

‘Do you hate being with me so much? Don’t you understand everything I’ve done? I told you to trust me, no matter what. Can’t you do that? Where’d your intelligence go?!’ Atlas’s sudden interrogation surprised me

I didn't know how to answer.

Chapter 239 Whose Choice Is It?

I lifted my head and noticed his bleeding hand. I looked at him, feeling flustered. "I have so many things to say, but not like this. I don't want to beg for love or live in the shadows. I hate playing games and manipulation. I just want a peaceful life."

I looked at the ceiling and continued, "I hate the constant deceit and schemes. If I must choose, I want the one who has always been by my side. I don't want to miss that anymore."

they were in

I knew these words would cut deep into Atlas's heart. However, to me. Since I

couldn't have him, I would let him go. I had no reason to hold onto something that wasn't mine.

Atlas looked into my eyes and asked, "Are you sure about your choice?"

I hesitated, then lowered my head. "Yes."

Suddenly, he smiled. "Good, Chloe, you've finally made your choice."

I looked at him in confusion. I wondered why he said it was my choice when it was his. His thoughts confused me. Why'd he be affectionate with another woman and then blame me?

“It’s great that you dare to live for yourself. Don’t worry. I’ll protect your interests and won’t break our cooperation.”

I stared at him in silence.

“Go now.” Atlas walked away without looking back. “If you keep looking at me like this, I’ll start thinking you can’t bear to leave. Then there will be no turning back for you.”

His expression was self-deprecating. “Go! I won’t see you off.”

It seemed he had also decided to let go, just like he had approached me for no reason back then. Perhaps Atlas had his reasons. Maybe he was looking for the lost love and the person he couldn’t forget. I was just a substitute all along.

The hallway was eerily silent when I left his room. I couldn’t describe my feelings. I felt relieved, yet lost. My heart felt empty and full.

I

I couldn’t remember which room I had just left as I stood downstairs. I chuckled to myself before heading toward my car. Everything had ended, and I was okay with it. I longed for a deep, uninterrupted sleep.

Back in the car, I felt like a deflated balloon. The soft fragrance in the car surrounded me. My legs and feet felt weak, and I didn’t want to move. My heart was pounding, but I forced myself to stay awake.

I started my car and focused on getting home. It was getting dark, and my family was waiting for me. My

mind was hazy, and I drove out of the place slowly. Hardly any vehicles were on this road, so I stepped on

the gas.

I gripped the steering wheel, steadied the car, and told myself to hold on until I got home. The streetlights came on as the sky turned gray. I noticed a car speeding up behind me. I intended to move aside but hit the gas pedal instead.

Everything seemed to tilt, and the world turned upside down. I felt like I was falling asleep.

Chapter 240 The Strange Previous Injury

realized I was in the hospital when I awoke.

“Are you awake? Do you feel any discomfort?” An attractive voice sounded, and I turned to see Atlas.

“How did I end up here?” I asked weakly. My memory of recent events was hazy.

He pressed the call button, and the doctor entered to reexamine me. He asked, “Do you feel any discomfort?”

“No, I’m just exhausted and want to sleep,” I replied.

Dylan entered with a large paper bag and said, “Doctor, here are her X-rays. Please take a look.”

The doctor examined several X-ray films and asked me, “Miss, how long ago did you break your collarbone?”

I stared at the doctor in disbelief and asked, “Are you talking about me?”

“Yes, from the X-rays, you have an old collarbone fracture. You should be careful with that area as it’s

prone to issues. Besides that, you’re fine. Thankfully, the car wasn’t going too fast, so there was no major

harm. You can just go home and rest.”

The doctor’s words shocked me. I tried to explain, I’ve never had a bone fracture before.”

My words surprised the doctor, who smiled, saying, “These are the X-ray films taken earlier. Mr. Atlas

feared you injured your neck and told us to give you a full body check-up. We can easily spot these

fractures on the films.”

It was strange because I don’t remember getting a fracture.

I looked at Atlas, who appeared to know about my injury long ago. I couldn’t help but touch my collarbone

area. There was nothing unusual there, but the doctor couldn’t be wrong. Also, Atlas was holding the X-

rays, confirming all this had happened.

I was in disbelief and wondered how I couldn’t remember such a thing. It explained why this area

sometimes hurt, but I never suspected anything.

The doctor left after giving me some instructions. Still, I was shocked. I closed my eyes and asked, “What

happened? How did I end up here?"

The room fell silent, and then I heard Dylan say, "Mr. Atlas noticed something was off with you and followed you. He saw your car flip into a ditch."

1/2

I opened my eyes and struggled to remember what had happened, but everything was blurry.

"Thank you," I said, forcing a weak smile. I felt even more embarrassed. I couldn't escape Atlas's watchful

eyes whenever I was most vulnerable. It was uncanny

"I want to go home," I said, looking at Atlas.

He appeared calm as usual. He suggested, genuinely concerned, "How about staying here for observation tonight?"

After some thought, I replied, "No, my family is waiting for me at home. They'll worry. I just need to go home and get a good night's sleep.

"Then I'll drive you home," Atlas said calmly.

I didn't argue and sat up. I glanced out the window and realized it was already late at night. During the drive, Atlas told me he had sent my car for repairs and advised me to rest for a few days.

At the entrance of my home, I thanked him and exited the car. Once again, I faced the door. There was a time when I eagerly awaited his return, but now, he wouldn't even bother entering.

I didn't look back to express any lingering sentiments or goodbyes. After all, I needed to learn to let go. Otherwise, I would only end up hurting myself.