

The Divorce 311

Chapter 311 People Fear Violence

Harmony asked, "Chloe, what exactly is your relationship with Atlas?"

Her sudden question didn't surprise me. It was clear she wanted to uncover my connection with Atlas.

Stella had stirred Harmony's anxiety, but this impulsive move was entirely hers.

Harmony was not stupid, but she was a klutz. Her question showed she doubted Stella's manipulation.

Teasingly, I asked, "What do you think our relationship is?"

I avoided her question, knowing that provoking her was the only way to get her to stand up to Stella. I had promised Lauren that she could witness this drama unfold.

Then, I timidly said, "I never said he's my boyfriend. I don't have the guts for that!"

Maybe my words reassured Harmony, or perhaps it was because I didn't confirm my relationship with

Atlas. Either way, her expression relaxed.

"I only wanted to tell you about Atlas's condition," Harmony stammered, her confidence waning. "I heard that he's been discharged and is back home."

I wasn't surprised. After all, I had heard about Atlas's condition from Nick.

"Is there anything else? I already know this." I looked at Harmony with casual indifference.

“You knew?” Then she gave me a strange look. “Haven’t you been curious about Atlas’s injuries?”

I coldly asked, “Who told you that?”

Harmony’s awkward expression revealed that she had been misled.

“They said you’ve been asking around,” she said, somewhat resigned.

That struck me as odd, and I asked, “Who said that?”

I knew someone had provoked Harmony, which meant Stella knew I was seeking information about Atlas. Did they also know that Kennedy had called me? This was what I had suspected.

Harmony set down her coffee cup, looking displeased, and said, “Alright, alright, since you don’t want to know, I’ll leave.”

glanced at her. “You showed up here so early in the morning. Are you being led around like a dog.

Harmony? Given your celebrity status, you should value yourself! Why let yourself be manipulated like this?

Harmony was genuinely dissatisfied this time, and her expression turned serious. She was a widely-adored star and was not used to being teased.

She glared at me. “No need to be so mean, Chloe. Someone wanted me to relay a message to you about Atlas’s situation. If you don’t want to know, that’s fine. But why be so sharp about it?”

Harmony looked uneasy, and I wanted to smile.

Chapter 312 A Shocking Piece of News

I calmed myself down. “Was I too blunt? I just hate seeing you used this way.”

She studied me, trying to determine if I was telling the truth.

I added, “Well, did she ever let you see Atlas yourself? Has she ever treated you like Atlas’s girlfriend?”

Harmony’s face grew paler as she clenched her delicate hands.

“If she thought you were his girlfriend, she would’ve let you see Atlas instead of getting you to come here. Think about it! Her intentions weren’t pure!”

There was another knock on the office door. I glanced at Harmony and said, “Come in!”

Carol entered, holding an invitation. “Ms. Chloe, this is an invite from the Builders Association for a party

tomorrow night. Also, could you please sign this report? It’s urgent!”

I examined the report and asked Carol, “Have you double-checked this data?”

“Yes!”

I signed it and handed it back to Carol. Before Carol could leave, Eleanor entered. When she saw Harmony in the office, she hesitated.

“I’ll come back later!”

“Is it urgent?” I asked.

She glanced at Harmony before saying, "Very urgent!"

Harmony understood I was busy and said, "I'll leave now. I won't disturb you!"

She looked at me disdainfully before reaching for her belongings. "You should at least walk me out, right?"

"Oh! Of course!"

I stood up and told Eleanor, "Please wait a moment. I have to see this celebrity off. Recognize her? She's a big star that's making waves!"

Harmony smugly said, "I'll give you credit for being polite!"

she saw her off at the elevator and said, "Try not to wander around like today. Be smarter next time."

Harmony scoffed as the elevator doors closed. I shrugged with a smile and returned to the office.

Eleanor asked, "Who was that?"

"A movie star. Didn't you see her all dolled up?" I teased, "It's a standard look for celebrities!"

Eleanor laughed. "I wondered why she didn't look like someone from our field. That explains it!"

She then updated me on her recent partnership negotiations. I was pleasantly surprised at how quickly she had taken the reins.

I asked Carol to find us a quiet restaurant. "Tonight, I'm treating Ms. Eleanor to dinner!"

"With whom?" Carol asked.

"Just the core team," I said. Then I added, "Oh, and let's enjoy ourselves too. Find a nice, fancy place."

Just then, my phone rang. I had space to answer the call. Grayson was

one of them stepped back allowing

me to answer the call, bringing me shocking news.

He revealed why the police were investigating Kennedy's car accident. He was gripping a USB drive when

they found him.

However, what was on that drive remained a mystery. It was likely connected to his death, so it was safe

to say someone had killed Kennedy.

It sent chills down my spine, and I almost dropped my phone. My suspicions that he was murdered were

correct. Who could it be? Celine?

dead? What did Kennedy know?

But if she was behind this, why did she want him dead? What did Kennedy

Then it hit me. Why did he call me at that crucial moment? What was my role in all this?

Chapter 313 A Baby Party

The great mood I had vanished, and I couldn't escape this strange feeling all afternoon. It felt like I got sucked into a black hole. Everything seemed calm on the surface, but I had no idea how many things

were linked to me.

In the afternoon, I received another invitation, this time from Matthew. He was throwing a big celebration for his new baby, almost as if he wanted the entire city to know he had a son now.

He called me as soon as I got the invitation, his voice filled with pride.

"Chlo, you've seen the invitation, haven't you? You've got to be there. After all, this is a big event for the Murphy family. I finally have a son, haha! And bring your daughter along!"

"Yeah, this could be a chance to combine it with your wedding for a double celebration," I said.

"Haha! Chlo, thank you for the suggestion. Everything's in the works. We're having a grand wedding!"
He

was trying to provoke me.

I knew he was doing it on purpose. He felt invincible now, and taking a dig at me was easy.

"I'll be there! I'm curious to see what your son looks like."

There was no need to let him gloat.

After hanging up, I grabbed the invitation and smiled. I almost forgot about these two clowns. Matthew was too wrapped up in his own happiness, giving me a peaceful month.

Carol let me know it was time to go.

I shook off my thoughts and asked, "Where did you make the reservation?"

"A club over in Quail Creeks. I got a recommendation from Ms. Lauren!" Carol proudly told me.

She certainly knew who to ask. Lauren was a real treasure trove, and I even suggested she start at consulting business in that area. She'd surely meet their requirements.

"She mentioned she might come tonight, too!" Carol added.

Let's get going then," I said, setting aside the gloomy mood from the afternoon. I grabbed my bag and

walked out with Carol, tossing her the car keys.

Mr. Ryan has a client meeting and will join us later. I've sent him the address. Grayson said he'd head straight there, and Benny, and Nico left earlier. It's just the three of us now, Carol said as we walked,

Eleanor was waiting for us at the elevator. We chatted the whole way, and laughter filled the air.

She sighed. "Ms. Chloe, I wish I'd met you earlier! This is the best work environment I've ever had. I've never felt so relaxed and happy, and everything's been smooth. I feel like I wasted my time before."

"Don't say that. Do you know what I was before? A housewife who fell prey to that scumbag's manipulation. It's all fate, you know."

"If I hadn't seen that scumbag at the hospital that day, maybe I wouldn't have been affected." Eleanor sighed. "You're right. It might be fate!"

Her words made me think of Atlas again. Did we meet by fate, too?

I closed my eyes and prayed that he'd wake up soon.

We arrived at Quail Creek, with its endless coastline and charming villas turned into distinctive clubs. The car was parked in front of a villa surrounded by lush trees. It was a delightful scene, like something out of

a dream.

The scenery excited Eleanor because she was new to Foswood. We walked to the entrance, and Carol called Benny, who had arrived earlier.

Inside was a stone path lined with bamboo and palm trees. Though it was early evening, landscape lights cast a mysterious glow.

I couldn't help but think of Pleca Park and the first time Atlas took me there. The path wasn't wide enough for two people to walk side by side, and I got lost in the scenery, I ended up walking behind the others.

Suddenly, a tall figure hurried out, moving toward the exit. As we passed each other, a familiar scent wafted over.

My heart leapt, and I quickly turned to look...

Chapter 314 A Quick Glimpse

I spun around, but the figure hurrying away was now a fading silhouette. The figure vanished quickly. Still, the build, the height...

Feeling something was off, I followed the figure to the roadside, but there was no trace of anyone.

That captivating glimpse seemed more like an illusion. I scolded myself for paying attention to the scenery, not the person passing by.

But I knew who I saw, even if he was dressed in all black and wearing a low-brimmed cap. Though I

couldn't see his face, his presence was....

I stared around blankly until Carol returned to find me. Then I reluctantly followed her, still staring at

either side of the path.

Throughout the entire meal, that figure remained on my mind.

The next day, I went to see Nick. I said nothing about what happened, but I insisted on seeing Atlas. It didn't matter if he was still unconscious. I needed to see him.

My firm stance made Nick uneasy. Even though his face darkened, I stood my ground.

"Otherwise, I'll head straight to Pleca Park. I must see him."

In the end, Nick conceded. "Then wait for my call. I'll arrange it."

His words irked me. Arrange?

“What do you need to arrange?” I asked, studying his expression.

I wanted to see what was happening, not what someone had arranged. I didn’t want to believe anyone else now. I only believed what I saw.

Don’t forget, there are eyes around him. It’s not as simple as you think. We can’t bear the consequences of your stubbornness,” Nick said bluntly.

His expression was serious, and I could sense a touch of warmth.

I relented. “Alright! I’ll wait for your call!”

Then I left the ATL Empire building:

When I was in the car, I realized I might’ve been a little too unreasonable, I didn’t know how Nick would me: but I couldn’t care about that right now. I had to see Atlas

It was all because of that figure I saw yesterday and the anxiety I’d been carrying for days.

I had stayed in the office since then, waiting for Nick to call. However, three days passed with no news. I grew restless. Could he be deceiving me?

However, I also didn’t dare act recklessly. Nick had warned me that there could be consequences for my stubbornness.

I didn't know what plan he had, but I understood that if it was a plan, it must be crucial. I couldn't push my

luck further.

The Builders Association was going to host a cocktail party that night. It was just a social gathering, but I

couldn't afford to skip it.

Honestly, I never enjoyed mingling at such events.

Everyone in the industry knew each other, and friendships were often facades. People met, laughed heartily, and exchanged insincere words. They seemed friendly, but behind the scenes, they tried to outdo

each other.

However, I felt it was necessary to attend that night. My top executives would be present, and I aimed to

gather some inside information.

All the professionals in the industry would be there, too. Considering the recent events at ATL Empire, I

wanted to hear what outsiders were saying.

It had been a few days since the incident, and it was the perfect time for things to come to a head. Then I

received a call from Nick.

Chapter 315 The Prideful Matthew Murphy

Nick kept it brief on the phone, stressing the importance of attending the cocktail party and awaiting further instructions from him.

I didn't press for details and assured him I'd be there. Nick was clearly using this party to arrange a meeting with Atlas.

Sure enough, I spotted Nick at the reception, with Stella by his side. He was introducing her to other high-

level executives from different companies.

After all, Nick was the head honcho of the Torado headquarters, so his presence was expected. As the ATL Empire representative, Stella demonstrated the company's importance. With these two representing

the ATL Empire, they made their presence known.

It was unspoken knowledge that Atlas was indisposed because of the car accident. Everyone was wondering how serious his injuries were.

All the hushed conversations at the reception revolved around this.

I mingled in the crowd and exchanged pleasantries with other CEOs. Meanwhile, I watched Nick closely,

afraid to miss his instructions.

Of course, Matthew was also in attendance. Now that he had secured a good project and expanded his family, he had newfound bragging rights.

He had conveniently forgotten all his embarrassing public incidents. Clearly, having a son was a game-changer.

Today, his laughter was particularly hearty as he basked in his triumph. He was indeed a despicable character who had thrived.

I pretended not to notice him and kept my distance, but he shamelessly approached me.

Given our history, our relationship was unconventional. Our highly publicized divorce was well known.

He strolled over while I spoke with a few property developers, with a sly smile on his face. Those who noticed him exchanged knowing glances before excusing themselves.

I felt awkward and glared at him. Matthew grinned and said, "Chlo! Long time, no see."

He acted as if we were old friends who hadn't seen each other in ages, which was sickening.

I'm sorry, but I have no desire to see you, I replied. "Matthew, we're not as friendly as you seem to

I felt utterly helpless with this scoundrel. Whenever we encountered each other in such situations, he

insisted on sticking close.

During our marriage, I had no idea that Matthew could be so shameless. It shattered my previous notion of him being overly image-conscious.

“Chlo, you’re exaggerating! It was just a divorce! What does it matter to anyone else how our lives are? In my mind, you’ll always be my wife. You should come early tomorrow!”

“That’s a private matter for your family. I don’t want to steal the spotlight,” I retorted, keeping my

distance.

“Chlo! Don’t say it that way. After all, you’re the mother of my daughter. Now that I have a son and a daughter, you should be happy for me, right?”

Matthew’s face radiated charm, and he seemed content. To me, however, he looked like a pile of garbage.

Onlookers were already whispering, and I felt like he had slapped my face in front of everyone.

“Regardless of our past, our children bear the Murphy name, right? Can’t we coexist like a family?”

Matthew continued to play the part of the repentant ex-husband. I felt exasperated.

“You might not know yet, but I’ve taken on two major projects. I was thinking about discussing them with you. Why don’t we join forces and work on them together?”

“Sorry, I’m not interested,” I replied, trying to leave, but he blocked my path again.

Chapter 316 Evil Spirits

Knowing too many people were around, I didn't want to cause a scene and suppressed my anger.

Matthew tried to grab me as he said, "Chlo, what's with your temper?"

I dodged his hand, and it only grasped the air. He looked flustered, then glanced at the people watching us before casually putting his hand into his pocket.

Matthew continued, "There's a discussion for everything. We won't need to worry about our companies' statuses if we successfully handle these two projects. Why are you making things harder for yourself

instead of joining me?" "

I tried to shake him off again and replied with a hint of disdain, "You should just enjoy your life. I wouldn't

want to trouble you."

Still, Matthew persisted in getting in my way. "I promise to give you whatever I give Mel. She's leaving her work responsibilities to care for our son. You and I can have a harmonious family. What do you say?"

*Matthew, you have no shame. Are you daydreaming? Wake up."

The air went silent as Lauren approached us confidently.

Matthew's expression soured when he saw her, but he didn't dare to offend her. He smiled and said, "Ms. Lauren, you seem to enjoy meddling in other people's family affairs."

“Oh, family affairs? Didn’t you have the most memorable wedding anniversary celebration in Foswood? You know, the one where you got caught cheating

Lauren spoke mercilessly, “I heard your mistress’s son

is a month old now. Are you addicted to causing trouble?”

The onlookers couldn’t help but sneer.

“Lauren, you’re overstepping.” Matthew couldn’t hold back.

“Oh? Lauren smiled while holding her phone. “Shall I go even further? I recorded everything you said just

now. Should I send it to your son’s mother to cheer her up?”

Her words made me almost laugh. I admired Lauren for thinking of such a thing. It seemed she was the

best at making a scene..

Just mind your business,” I said, trying to break free from Matthew, I didn’t want to cause a stir, so I led

Lourenyaway. After all, I didn’t want to embarrass myself and didn’t like engaging with him.

Unexpectedly, I bumped into Stella as I turned around. She was walking toward me with an elegant smile

Lauren couldn’t help but mutter, “Damn it.”

I glanced at her before smiling and taking Stella's hands. I knew I had to appear graceful and elegant when in a crowd. After all, it was a performance for them, and we played our parts.

"Yes, Ms. Stella. It's rare to see you here," I said, "You look stunning today, a standout in the business world."

Stella smiled while holding my hand. Then, she leaned in and whispered, "Are you anxious?"

She hinted at something, and I understood what it was. I thought our relationship must seem unique in the eyes of outsiders. How we looked at each other would seem like we had a close bond.

I blushed slightly at her words and whispered back, "Indeed, I am anxious. Since it's a minor injury, why make it so secretive and tough on yourself?"

Stella glanced at me sidelong. She smiled mysteriously and said, "We're in the rich people's world."

"I don't understand. The problem is having too many scumbags," I said, looking disgusted.

Her eyes flickered briefly, and her demeanor became severe. "Even these scumbags are hard to get for some people."

"In that case, you should be vigilant and not let your guard down," I chuckled mischievously and remembered something. I leaned in and whispered, "By the way, I heard Kennedy left something for the cops."

Stella's eyes showed a hint of cunning. However, she quickly regained her composure and asked, "Who are you talking about?"

"You know who that is," I said with a smile, then took Lauren's arm and turned to leave.

Chapter 317 Every Second Counts

I saw something flash in Stella's eyes, which confirmed they were related to what happened to Kennedy.

Just then, I noticed Nick giving me a signal. I excused myself to greet him and approached with a smile. After a few pleasantries, Nick quietly informed me, "The car is waiting outside. I can only stall them for forty minutes. You must leave Pleca Park within that time."

I nodded and observed Stella before turning to head outside. However, Atticus and another man walked toward me with clear intentions to greet me.

I cursed my luck while he waved to me from a distance. I smiled and approached before saying, "Mr.

Atticus, did you just arrive?"

"Ms. Chloe, let me introduce you to my friend. This is Bryan Cohen, the CEO of Alliance Corporation."

Atticus, then smiled at his friend, "Bryan, this is Ms. Chloe Hartz, the owner of Tanum Corporation.

Bryan extended his hand to me, and I politely shook it. He looked like a dashing young man, about the

same age as Atticus. However, the former appeared more mature. T

Atticus was astute with deep and mysterious eyes. On the other hand, Bryan had an air of maturity and trustworthiness.

Atticus went straight to the point, "Mr. Bryan currently has a big project on hand. I thought I'd connect your two, and you can discuss the details with him directly later."

I appreciated his straightforwardness. He was indeed a decisive and efficient businessman.

"Thank you, Mr. Atticus." I smiled genuinely.

However, my heart raced because those forty minutes were precious to me. Also, I would use some of it to get to Pleca Park from here. I grew increasingly anxious just thinking about it.

"Mr. Bryan, thank you for the opportunity. I won't disappoint you," I expressed my gratitude and passion

toward the project.

No problem. We can set up a meeting and discuss the details soon." Bryan's words gave me a glimmer of hope.

"If it's convenient for you, Mr. Bryan, can we meet tomorrow?" I asked. Although anxious to leave, I couldn't afford to let go of a potential project. I didn't hesitate to hand him my business card, saying. "You

can choose the time. I'll be waiting for your call.

Surprisingly, the two men exchanged a smile when I said that Atticus turned to Bryan and said, "What do Foswood's construction industry."

I blushed, modestly smiling as I said, "Oh, no! I just didn't want to waste anyone's precious time."

The three of us laughed, but my palms were sweating. I knew my precious forty minutes would be wasted if the conversation continued. I had many excuses on how to leave, but since the two men were in high spirits, I knew our conversation wouldn't end soon.

At that moment, my lips twitched due to my forced smiles. Helpless, I glanced toward Nick, who observed the situation. He took a wine glass from a nearby tray and approached me.

I was relieved and discreetly thanked my lucky stars. Today, I saw Nick as my benefactor, even though I had just complained about him a few days ago.

"Mr. Atticus, did you just arrive?" Nick smiled at Atticus, then turned and added, "Mr. Bryan, it's been a while!"

Immediately after, I told Atticus and Bryan, "I'll excuse myself for a moment."

Setting down my wine glass, I took out my phone and pretended to make a call. Then, I walked toward the exit, knowing I had to use every second efficiently.

People greeted me along the way, but I showed them I was in a hurry. I simply nodded and smiled before returning to my phone. I was thrilled as soon as I stepped out of the gate. I couldn't help but pick up the

pace.

As I was about to reach the elevator, I heard a familiar voice from behind, "Chloe..."

Chapter 318 Secret Arrangement

I froze and clenched my teeth, inwardly cursing. I turned to see Stella, who had just come out with me. I could just tear her apart with my gaze.

"Why are you leaving so soon?" She seemed to have seen through my intentions. She strolled toward me and scrutinized me with an intentional air of confrontation. I realized how much she loved trouble.

She asked, "What's the rush? Why are you so frantic and disoriented?"

"You seem quite attentive to notice such a thing." I feigned shock. Still, I steadied myself and said half truthfully, "Yeah, I'm in a rush. What's wrong? Do you need something?"

The more anxious I became, the more she squinted at me. The sinister glint in her gaze made me uneasy, but I couldn't afford to lose my composure. I had to maintain my dominance, even just for appearances.

"Quick, speak up. I can't stay long." I didn't hide my impatience. After all, five minutes had already passed

since I saw Atticus.

I never realized how short forty minutes could be. Every wasted minute meant I would have less time

with Atlas. It was like getting my heart ripped out.

Suddenly, my phone rang, and I sighed in relief at this golden opportunity. I answered the call and headed for the elevator, leaving Stella behind. I deliberately raised my voice, "Don't worry, I'll be there soon!"

Carol's voice sounded on the other end of the call, "Ms. Chloe, it's me. I saw Stella following you out, and

I was worried she might trouble you."

"All right, I got it. Well done," I said while pressing the elevator's down button. I feared Stella might follow me, so I glanced toward her, but she hadn't moved a step.

Once inside the elevator, I told Carol, "You're my lucky star. Watch Stella and try to stall her. Buy me some

time, okay? I need to leave for a while."

"Understood!"

quickly headed outside once I reached the ground floor. I would see Atlas soon as long as I got into the car. As expected, I saw a black sedan under the steps when I exited the gate. I ran down the stairs and opened the car door.

Once inside, I confirmed, "Mr. Nick sent you, right?"

Yes! The driver said nothing more and drove off.

anxiously clenched my fists along the ride, trying to keep calm. The driver didn't engage in small talk either. Instead, he simply sped toward Pleca Park. As we approached, the driver instructed me, "Ms. Chloe, some clothes are in the back seat. You need to change into them."

I glanced back and found a bag on the back seat. I reached for it and pulled out a nurse uniform.

"Hurry up and change. You'll need to follow the doctor's car to enter the premises later," the driver

Instructed.

It seemed Nick used the party to make Stella attend while having a doctor conduct an examination at Pleca Park and sneak me in. Pleca Park also appeared unsafe, with people likely working for Celine inside.

Otherwise, Nick would not have gone to such lengths to sneak me in. I knew I had misunderstood him

earlier and felt ashamed.

I didn't ask further questions and quickly put on the white coat and nurse hat. Nick was meticulous in planning, even providing a small hair clip for me. I reluctantly adjusted the hat and put on a medical mask.

I looked at my reflection in the car window and realized I couldn't recognize myself. When I finished changing, the car reached a private road. I saw another car parked at a bend in the road. The driver stopped beside the other car and said, "Ms. Chloe, I'll wait for you here."

He pointed to a small fork in the road where the car could hide in the shadows. It was similar to the place

I had used to evade pursuit two days ago.

“You’ll get into that car. Mr. Atlas’s doctor is inside. Follow him, and don’t say much,” the driver instructed.

I nodded and nervously exited the car to enter the other one.

Chapter 319 Tight Security

I entered the other car, where a refined gentleman awaited. He nodded at me but said nothing. Then, he started the car and drove toward Pleca Park.

My nervousness intensified as the moment of truth neared. I

even intertwined my hands tightly

“Don’t be nervous. Just relax.” The doctor seemed to notice my anxiety and tried to calm me. “Just follow my lead, don’t speak, and cooperate with me.”

When we arrived at Pleca Park, the familiar ornate gate remained closed, just like when I visited two days

ago.

However, the gate slowly opened as our car approached. We entered smoothly, and the gate closed behind us. There was no sign of guards or heightened security at the entrance. Still, I knew the security.

measures were more rigorous than they appeared.

When we reached the house, the doctor instructed, “Stay close and don’t speak. Just relax.”

I nodded, my hands sweaty. When I realized I was getting closer to Atlas, my heart pounded. Soon, the doctor gestured for me to get out of the car. Then he opened the back door, grabbed his medical kit, and confidently approached the house door.

Although I had been here several times, today's atmosphere felt different. It was eerily quiet, even though more servants were present. On the other hand, my heels clicked and clacked as I walked, which heightened my nervousness.

For some reason, I felt a headache forming.

This time, we didn't go upstairs. Instead, we crossed the main hall and proceeded to a wide corridor. We continued walking until we reached a room at the far end. I noticed several bodyguards standing there.

I guessed they were most likely Celine's men.

At the entrance, the doctor arrogantly gestured for the guards to open the door.

One of the guards gave me a sharp look. Before he could say anything, the doctor explained, "My assistant is here to change Mr. Atlas's bandages."

My heart tightened at the mention of changing bandages. It meant Atlas's injuries were severe. I almost broke down and wished to barge into the room. Luckily, I wore a mask—otherwise, I couldn't hide my distress.

guard scrutinized me once more, and reluctantly opened the door. Immediately after, the doctor

very private space.

The doctor gestured for me to enter a smaller room, saying, “We don’t have much time, Ms. Chloe. I can only give you ten minutes.”

I blinked and asked hesitantly, “Aren’t you coming in?”

“No, I secured this time for you. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have needed to come here today. Make the most of your time,” the doctor urged me to enter, “Hurry.”

I knew I had just ten minutes. It felt too short to contemplate what to do. As I entered the inner room, I saw Atlas lying on the large bed, surrounded by clinical-looking medical equipment. I might have thought he was asleep if not for those machines.

I rushed to his side, and he appeared to be in a deep slumber. His complexion was slightly pale, and his once impeccably styled hair was slightly messy.

“Atlas...” I whispered his name, but my voice cracked. I reached for his hand, which was still warm, like when he held mine.

I caressed his palm and asked, “Why won’t you wake up? Don’t sleep for so long, okay? I miss you so much. Do you realize how difficult it was for me to come and see you? I thought I saw you yesterday, but you’re here, asleep. I wished that person I saw had been you.”

I placed his hand against my face, and my tears fell into his palm. I choked up, saying, “Atlas... Where are you injured?”

After asking that question, I remembered wanting to check something. Immediately after, I stood up and lifted Atlas’s blanket.

Chapter 320 Exposed

Suddenly, a commotion erupted outside the room as I lifted the blanket. I instinctively turned to see what was happening while gripping the blanket. To my surprise, Kenzie appeared before me with several attendants.

I realized that I had been exposed. Kenzie and I locked eyes, and then I turned back to Atlas. Since I had already come this far, I was determined to see things through.

I saw Atlas's leg in a cast and several bandages indicating unhealed wounds. One of his arms was also in a cast, and just seeing his condition was heart-wrenching. Soon after, I pulled the blanket further.

My tears welled as I glanced at Atlas, saying, "Please wake up soon."

"Ms. Chloe, you're bold," Kenzie commented coldly. She remained rooted as she watched me.

I couldn't help but chuckle as I retracted my gaze from Atlas. I stood upright and wiped my tears before turning to Kenzie. I copied her detachment, saying, "That's enough. I can do whatever I want. I don't think

I'm bold. I wanted to see my friend, so I did."

"How dare you barge in here without permission?" Kenzie glared at me, her tone cold and ruthless.

"Again, I don't need permission." I challenged Kenzie, looking at her defiantly. "What are your intentions? Was it necessary to make such a fuss? I just came to see my friend."

Kenzie seemed uninterested in arguing further. She kept her arrogant posture and said, "Escort Ms. Chloe

out!"

Her harsh voice resounded, and the people who had entered with her rushed toward me.

“Even if you see him, he’s not someone you can have!” Kenzie continued to glare at me with disdain. “It’s best to shut your mouth after leaving this room.”

The two individuals approached to escort me out, but I resisted, “Don’t touch me.”

The two froze as I glanced back at the still–motionless Atlas. My heart felt heavy as I whispered, “I’m leaving for now.”

knew a further confrontation wouldn’t benefit anyone. As I was about to leave, someone who should’ve been at the party rushed into the room. It was Stella. Her demeanor changed when she saw me.

She then stomped toward me and slapped me. Stella glared at me, saying “You have no shame! You know he’s not yours, yet you challenge my patience, I knew you had ulterior motives when you left.”

Surprisingly, the pain from the slap calmed me. It seemed I had underestimated Stella for being so vigilant toward me. It

I palmed my stinging cheek and looked at her. “You finally dropped the act. I like your current demeanor instead. It’s much better than your previous pretentiousness. Whether or not you have the patience is your

problem. Whether I see him or not is mine.”

I showed no fear as I watched her. I suddenly realized that she was horrid.

“You should calm down,” I continued, “I’ve recorded everything here. If you lose control and hurt me, I’ll make it public. Don’t you see how different we are? You prefer secrecy, while I prefer transparency.

Remember this slap because you’ll have to repay it someday.”

Stella stepped closer, her voice trembling with rage. “You’re asking for trouble! Who do you think you are?”

I’ve been too lenient with you since you’re acting so recklessly. Since you insist on challenging me, don’t blame me for retaliating!”

“Guards!”

“I dare you!”