

The Divorce 401

Chapter 401 How Did You Two Meet?

That just

proves he's not your true partner! A true partner can give you everything you want and also protect you. He can't give you anything but trouble."

My words were harsh, but Ivanna didn't argue.

After a long pause, she murmured, "Actually, I've struggled with it, too. But I can't bear the pain of leaving

him... I'd rather face death head-on."

I fell silent since I understood what Ivanna was saying.

How could I break my addiction to Atlas? Perhaps, like our current situation, the best way was for him to have a change of heart.

"How did you two meet?" I asked Ivanna.

She sat motionless on the sofa, her voice soft and distant as she recounted the story.

"It was coincidental. It was about one of my artists, Vanessa Oakley. She was taken to Emgrand Nightclub and caught the eye of some playboys there. Coincidentally, Vanessa was a promising new talent I had

high hopes for."

I sat next to her, listening intently

“The day things went south, she called me. So I rushed to Emgrand Nightclub without a second thought. One of the playboys had a big influence, so I had no chance. He threatened to harm both of us. I didn’t hesitate. I grabbed a bottle and smashed it right on his head...”

I involuntarily gasped. The situation was even more severe than I had thought.

“I had no idea how powerful that playboy was. The nightclub was already surrounded before I could escape. They had us cornered. I was angry, but I also felt helpless. I threatened them with a broken bottle,

aiming it at my vein. But they weren’t scared.”

“You were too reckless!” I exclaimed, my heart pounding.

“At that moment, Jared appeared. He witnessed the entire scene and stared at me for a long time. Deep down, I sensed he was my only chance at escape. All my pretenses crumbled.

I

*I looked at him with tears running down my face and said, ‘Save me!’ I don’t know why I did that, since I

didn’t know who he was.”

As Ivanna recounted her story, I realized she had been through quite an ordeal.

“Jared had smiled at me. Then he said to the leader, What should we do? She asked me for help. We
my life!” can’t afford a bloodbath here, can we?’ I’ll remember those words for the rest of

As Ivanna spoke, it seemed like she was transported back to that memory. A single tear ran down her
cheek.

“A sea of people were closing in, and I had resolved to die. It was like I had already stepped onto the
path of no return. H—He gave me hope, and he went to discuss with the leader.”

Ivanna’s story filled me with dread. I couldn’t fathom the situation she had been in. Jared won over
Ivanna because he provided her with a sense of safety.

“I had no idea what they discussed, but they only returned after half an hour. The leader glared at me
and

waved his hand before leaving. Then I realized I was saved. I fell to the ground, and my knees were
against the glass shards.”

Ivanna chuckled softly, wiping a tear from her eye and taking another sip of her drink. 1

“He picked me up immediately. I didn’t even know then that he owned Emgrand Nightclub. I threw
myself into his arms, trembling and thanking him repeatedly.”

I could picture Ivanna trembling in that man’s arms. It was a vulnerable sight that could easily ignite
desire in a man

“Ivanna, sometimes you’re too impulsive. You don’t consider your safety,” I told her, unsure if it was a reprimand or praise. “But in this case, you did nothing wrong. You were so brave.”

Ivanna asked, “Chlo, did I make a mistake? You admit I wasn’t wrong, right? To me, from the moment Jared saved me, he became my master. After that one moment, I was destined never to leave him.” I fell silent, but I understood.

Chapter 402

Ivanna sighed helplessly, “It happened because Jared saved me from danger. Of course, I had to thank him.”

I snorted, “Don’t tell me you repaid him with your body.

“Oh, come on! Remember, I was terrified those people might come for revenge,” Ivanna retorted.

I nodded. “Exactly. If those people weren’t satisfied, they might’ve returned for more. You can’t be too careful with that bunch.”

“It’s like Jared somehow understood my thoughts. He handed me a drink and made a promise after I calmed down. He assured me those people wouldn’t come after me.

“The sense of security he gave me was like nothing I’d ever experienced,” Ivanna smiled, “Even now, I don’t know how he negotiated with those people. They only let me go afterward.”

No matter how strong Ivanna appeared, she was fragile and vulnerable. Just like when Atlas pulled me out of the river that day, his embrace felt warm and safe.

“So, you didn’t overthink it. It wasn’t about who Jared was, his family, or what kind of background he had. It was about an irreplaceable attachment to him. He escorted me home that night, and I clung to his

sleeve. 1

ud

“He could only stay with me all night,” Ivanna chuckled, “I only discovered he was the owner of Emgrand Nightclub later.”

“Are you content being in the shadows like this? Do you realize your situation differs from Lauren’s? You can tell Trinity is fierce just by looking at her.” I looked at Ivanna with concern. “She won’t tolerate anyone taking what’s hers.”

I continued, “I’m curious—how did Jared marry a woman like Trinity? Jared seems rational, yet he made two irrational choices. First, marrying Trinity, and second, recklessly getting involved with you. If he willingly married Trinity, he wouldn’t have pursued anyone else.”

Suddenly, I wanted to do something for Ivanna. I felt it was my responsibility as her friend.

Chapter 403 Waiting at Midnight

I needed to find a way to meet Jared. Given the situation, he either had a hidden agenda or treated Ivanna as another fling. Both would be devastating to Ivanna. I couldn’t stand aside and watch my

crumble.

friend

I thought Trinity didn’t care about him or ignored his affairs, but those were slim chances. A woman who commanded such respect wouldn’t tolerate sharing her man. When I saw them together, their chemistry

was unmistakable.

I felt an increasing dread. Still, Ivanna seemed prepared for the worst.

“There are no unyielding principles regarding emotions. Once you’re in it, you can’t resist, right? We’re only human, not gods. The heart wants what it wants.” Ivanna was conflicted, and her words left me uneasy.

Though I understood her, bittersweet love was something only few could grasp.

It was late, so I prepared to leave. Ivanna said, “Why don’t you stay the night?”

I shook my head. “I’d rather go home. We both could sleep here, but I have something important to do but tomorrow. Don’t overthink and be rational. After all, Trinity is no ordinary person. It’s not about fear,

caution.’

I

I patiently admonished her but knew I was the only one who could navigate this. No one else could sever the ties, making me think of Atlas. Even though I played it cool, only I could understand my inner turmoil.

When I left Ivanna’s place, I took a deep breath and gazed at the sky. I parked my car and was about to exit when someone entered the passenger side. I was startled to see a handsome face and smell his

scent.

I didn’t know what to say and simply stared at the man.

“Did you miss me?” He teased flirtatiously, but I couldn’t read his expression.

“Aren’t you overstepping by showing up so late at night?” I asked with resistance.

I wondered why he visited so late and didn’t know how to interpret his actions.

“I was just sending Harmony home. I knew you hadn’t returned when I didn’t see your car, so I waited for

you,” he answered casually.

I was dazed and wondered if he needed to flaunt sending Harmony home.

Excuse me, Mr. Atlas, you don’t need to report your whereabouts to me,” I replied coldly, “Please get out

“Are you jealous?” He looked at me mischievously with an enticing smile.

“Please stop imposing your ideals on others. I’m genuinely happy to see you and your girlfriend so affectionate. Still, you don’t have to flaunt it because I’m not interested,” My words were distant, but

even

I knew I was bitter and jealous.

I reached for the car keys before getting out, but he pulled me back. I fell into his embrace, which caused my head to buzz. When I struggled to get up, he kissed me.

I froze as the familiar sensation left me longing and dizzy. Atlas’s fresh breath made me greedy,

nostalgic, and intoxicated. I forgot all grievances and condemnation. I even forgot where I was and what I was doing. I just wanted the kiss to continue.

Chapter 404 No Hesitation

Atlas grew greedier as we kissed. He cradled my head and prevented me from pulling away. Finally, he released me and looked at me affectionately.

“Are you still jealous?” His husky voice returned me to my senses, and I met his eyes.

I stared at him dumbfounded as he touched my lips. He tenderly said, “Your body is more honest than your attitude. It shows how much you crave me.”

Atlas’s shameless words resembled a

or in my s

“Stop spouting nonsense!” I retorted.

“You’re not being honest. If you genuinely despised me, as your expression suggests, you would’ve pushed me away earlier. But you enjoyed it and craved it even more. Your eyes are still sparkling. It just

proves how much you want me. Am I wrong?”

He smirked. “Would you like to try again?”

I pushed him and cursed, "You're shameless!"

Then I reached for the car door, got out, and slammed it shut. His words angered me because I knew he was playing with me. He just dropped off one girl and came to flirt with me. He behaved so despicably.

I stomped toward the door, but he grabbed me again. He leaned in and whispered, "We don't have many

chances to meet like this. Why are you so stubborn?"

His breath brushed against my neck, making me freeze. A moment later, I remembered his playful words. and pushed him away again. "Stay away from me! Don't hold me with the hand that touched Harmony. It

disgusts me."

Atlas's grip on my wrist remained firm, causing me pain as I struggled. I yelled, "Let me go!"

"Chloe, my embrace belongs only to you," he argued, his expression growing colder.

"Do you think I'm blind?" I looked at him with my head held high. "You blatantly carried Harmony away without even glancing at me. Now you're saying you'll only embrace me? Do you even have a shred of decency when you lie?"

I saw an inexplicable emotion in Atlas's eyes. He didn't offer an explanation, which infuriated me. I pulled.

my hand from his grip, saying, "Save your sweet talk for that idiot. She might fall for it, but not me."

I turned and entered my house, I hadn't forgotten about him carrying Harmony away.

My mom opened the door, perhaps because she had been waiting for me to get home. She asked, "Why'd

it take you so long to come in?"

I told a white lie, "A colleague brought something over, and we chatted for a bit. Mom, let's go to bed."

I closed the door, linked arms with my mom, and went upstairs. Once in my room, I didn't bother turning on the lights. I put my bag aside and sat on the sofa, unable to contain myself. Quietly, I approached the window and looked out. I still hadn't heard the sound of his car leaving

Sure enough, I saw his car in its usual spot. I knew he was still there. After a long time, I saw the car lights flash suddenly. It drove down the small road and gradually disappeared. I closed my eyes momentarily and licked my still-warm lips, which still tasted like him.

I recalled his words, "We don't have many chances to meet like this. Why are you so stubborn?"

Then, I turned and smiled sadly. How could this be my resolution? I had prayed and dreamt of him for countless nights, yet everything he did for me was just a scheme. He still excluded me even if he didn't mean to deceive me.

Suddenly, I felt empty

The following day, I called Lauren while driving to work. I asked her to find a way to get Jared's contact information. She immediately understood my intentions

"Do you want to meet him?" Lauren asked me. "Why this sudden urge?"

“Yeah, it’s the only way to help Ivanna. I can’t just stand by and watch,” I explained, recounting what I saw between Trinity and Jared yesterday.

*Do you have anything important to do today?” she asked, “I’ll find Jared’s contact information and meet you somewhere.”

“I have to swing by ATL Empire to sign a contract. Meanwhile, you should try to find a way as soon as possible. I wanted to go to the capital, but I must meet Jared first. I have a hunch that this can’t wait. I’m afraid something might suddenly happen.”

Chapter 405 The Real Stella

Lauren agreed when she heard my request. “Okay, wait for my update. I’ll do it as soon as possible

Grayson was waiting for me in my office, which surprised me I said, “It’s so early What’s up?

He stood up and handed me several papers. “These are the files on Jared and Trinity you asked for. Also,

they met an elderly man at Alvatraz last night. The strange thing is, I couldn’t find out who he was

I nodded, pondering People like Jared and Trinity always had secrets, so the mystery couldn’t wait to go through the information Grayson provided

surprising

Suddenly, I remembered someone investigating Hartz Construction’s case and asked Grayson, “Did you find out who was looking into Hartz Construction

Grayson answered, “Not yet. The person disappeared before I could intercept their code. It seems they’re

a rare talent to exit so swiftly. The person looking into us is formidable”

“Keep looking Whoever is targeting our company s system is not an ordinary person It would be great if we caught him I felt frustrated if we catch the hacker, everything might fall into place

Grayson assured me “We’ve upgraded the firewall encryption, so I doubt they’ll infiltrate again so soon. Whoever plotted against Hartz Construction should be relatively easy to trace Since Hartz Construction

is new, the hacker might be someone we know

I agreed with Grayson Without any connections, there wouldn’t be any attention drawn. Most importantly, the skilled hacker’s interest in us was significant Suddenly, Grayson changed the topic, “Chlo, it’s confirmed the person involved in your kidnapping has escaped”

“Did you ask Dylan?” I was concerned about this matter I put down the documents and looked at Grayson

Grayson reported the situation of the tattooed man I saw, “He had severe injuries when we caught him together. He got shot in the leg, arm, and chest. We rushed him to the hospital for treatment, but he

escaped A doctor also fled with him

“It seems he’s still in Foswood,” I said with concern.

“According to Dylan, he stopped pursuing the man after he escaped. When I told Dylan about it yesterday.

he sent people to continue the investigation

“Did Dylan say who the man is?” I asked, “I want to know who’s trying to kill me.”

Grayson shook his head. “No. According to Dylan, the accomplices we captured were useless. The one who escaped is the crucial figure. However, he had heavy injuries and remained unconscious during our

Chapter 406 Where the Old Photo Originated

My eyes widened as I looked at Grayson’s phone. The photo showed a boy and girl with distinct features,

around ten years old.

I couldn’t stop looking at the little girl’s delicate and beautiful face. She had large eyes, thin lips, and, most notably, a small dimple below her mouth. She had two long pigtails with strawberry-shaped hairpins

and wore a light pink dress.

She looked incredibly familiar, and I wondered why she resembled Ava.

The handsome boy beside the girl wore a white shirt and plaid shorts. He had one hand in his pocket and the other resting on a chair. The little girl leaned on the chair with a basketball placed on it.

The boy had striking features and an aloof smile. He appeared less cheerful than the girl but had an air of

sophistication. I knew it was a young Atlas,

“Is this... Is this a photo of Atlas when he was young?” My heart pounded, and my mind raced.

“Yes, it’s Atlas and the real Stella during childhood,” Grayson confirmed. “Now, look at the next picture.

Look at what's written on the back of the photo."

I swiped to the next photo and saw a date and two names, "Atlas and Sweetheart Stella," written on it.

"Where'd you find this photo?" I asked Grayson shakily.

Grayson answered, "Obtaining this photo wasn't easy. It was from a former servant to the Pierce family who quit long before the plane crash that took Louis's, Tammy's, and Rory's lives."

A chill ran down my spine, and my hair stood on end.

Grayson added, "The servant resigned and retired to her hometown due to illness. She returned from

Nocturnia to Tarnstead, where she lives a quiet life. Nobody cares about her.

"Tarnstead?" I muttered, repeating the name.

Grayson continued, "When we mentioned the Pierce family, she became emotional. She mentioned taking

a book she loved as a keepsake when she returned from Nocturnia. She used to read it to the old lady

frequently. At the time, she didn't realize the photo was inside."

"This must be fate." My hands trembled, and my gaze shifted from Grayson's face to the photo.

Grayson nodded solemnly. "She said the family took the picture during Thanksgiving at the Pierce family's

residence. The woman also said the little girl from the White family was lovely. She got along well with

“Although the little girl was nine months older than Atlas, she saw him as an older brother because he was very protective of her.”

“Nine months?” I couldn’t help but react to that piece of information.

“The woman also talked much about Rory and his close relationship with Louis. She said she didn’t know about everything that happened later.”

“So, she didn’t even know Louis and Rory died?” I asked in astonishment.

Grayson nodded, “No, she didn’t. The woman left Nocturnia and never contacted the Pierce family again. When we found her, she was surprised and kept asking us how we found her. Then we asked her for this photo.”

“Who wrote the Is on it?” I asked, looking at the delicate handwriting on the back.

“Stella’s mother. Her maiden name is Lucille Avila.” Grayson replied confidently.

I felt an unexpected pain in my heart. I thought it was a beautiful name. I instinctively asked, “Can you

send me the photo?”

“Of course.”

“Chloe, don’t you think the girl in the photo looks familiar?” “Are you suggesting she resembles Annalise?” I asked.

Craven seemed to be probing me.

Chapter 407

After some hesitation, Grayson nodded. "Yes."

"So, what are you implying?" I couldn't imagine where this was going. It was unfortunate that such a bright and lovely little girl had met such a tragic fate.

When Grayson sent me the photo, I returned to my seat and looked at it through my phone. I felt conflicted and muttered, "Why is everything so complicated? Why did they start calling her Annalise?"

I continued, murmuring. "Grayson, who do you think the current Stella is? Why have they both appeared in the orphanage in the mountains?"

These questions were confusing, and I couldn't understand them.

"That's why I'm continuing to investigate. There are too many mysteries here, and I feel like there's a missing link," Grayson explained.

I looked at him. "What do you think is wrong?"

"For example, after Rory's death. They confirmed his identity through official DNA testing. There shouldn't be any mistakes. So why would Stella boldly appear by Celine's side and even be adopted as her

goddaughter?"

I agreed. "It's unlikely Atlas couldn't recognize the real Stella."

Grayson snapped his fingers and nodded. "Exactly. The young Stella and the adult Stella couldn't change their appearance so significantly. Atlas should have realized this long ago. Why did he accept the current

Stella as Rory's daughter?"

Grayson continued, "Also, why did Annalise die? Don't you think her death is a crucial point?"

His words made me think. Annalise was not only a turning point, but it seemed there was much more to it I remembered Atlas saying that Annalise wasn't who he was looking for. He also said she was nothing to him.

I wondered why he said that and what he was genuinely searching for. After all, during childhood, he was

protective of the real Stella, who was also Annalise.

I felt a severe headache immediately after. The pain was so bad that I even dropped my phone on the desk. Grayson hurried over and asked with concern, "Chlo, are you okay?"

I quickly waved, struggling to speak. "It's... nothing. My head just hurts."

"I'll get you some water. Maybe you didn't sleep well last night." Grayson looked worried.

I waved repeatedly. "It's fine, you... didn't you say you found some information about Rory? I want to see it.

For some reason, I was curious about this person and wanted to know more about him. Still, Grayson looked at me with concern. "Chloe, you don't look well. You should rest for a while."

"I'm fine. I want to see that information," I insisted.

“Okay, I’ll get it for you,” Grayson agreed under my persistence. He didn’t delay and went to retrieve the documents for me.

I rubbed my throbbing temples. I thought I slept well last night, but this had happened too frequently lately. I considered seeing a doctor and getting a check-up soon. I had never experienced such consistent pain before.

I called for Carol to bring me a glass of water and go to the pharmacy downstairs to get some painkillers. The pain even caused my vision to darken. I closed my eyes and leaned into my chair to ease the discomfort.

Soon, Grayson brought a stack of documents to me. While handing them to me, he said, “Chloe, take your time to read through these. Keep them safe. These are all the information I’ve compiled about Rory and Lucille.”

I held these documents as if they were treasures.

Grayson continued, “I never expected Rory to have such a background. His wife, Lucille, came from the Avila family, an influential family in Yare. The Avilas had a solid foundation there.”

“The Avila family from Yare?” I repeated.

Suddenly, I remembered Hana was also from Yare.

Chapter 408 It’s All Set in Stone Now

“Yeah, Rory is a man of integrity. Take your time going through these,” Grayson instructed, concerned about me. “Chlo, you should rest for a while. I have an appointment to attend.”

I asked him, “Oh, I need to go to Solaris in the next day or two. Do you have anything on your schedule?”

He replied, “Well, if possible, I’d like to go with you. I want to introduce you to a client, I think you need to

meet this person.”

“Okay, I’ll tell you when I plan to leave, and you can tell me more about this person on the way,” I said to

Grayson.

Just then, Carol arrived with the painkillers. Seeing Grayson, she said, “There’s a report you need to sign.”

“Sure.”

“Oh... Chloe, we have an appointment with ATL Empire at 10 o’clock. You rest first, but we should leave soon,” Carol reminded me.

I quickly took the medicine from her, swallowed a pill, and drank water.

Grayson told Carol to bring the report for him to check. After signing it, he handed it to me. “This is the finances for Hartz Construction. Chloe, you can take a look.”

Carol checked the time and said, "Chloe, we should leave now.

I locked all the documents in my drawer and then grabbed my bag. Then, I left the office with Carol and Grayson, heading straight for ATL Empire. On the way, Carol asked, "Chloe, are you feeling better? You

don't look well."

"I'm fine. Maybe I just didn't get enough rest," I casually replied.

"In that case, go home and rest after signing the contract," Carol suggested, "I can take you to Arkadial Spa to relax. You've been too tense lately. Your injury is only healing, yet you're running around so much.

"You must take better care of yourself. Ryan is doing great now. You still have us, so please take it easy."

Carol understood me well. We had even developed an unspoken understanding. She genuinely cared for

1. me.

"Carol, I'd like to take it easy but can't. It might be better if our operations are on track, but it's a critical

time for Tanum Corporation, Ryan's taking care of everything, and I must support him. We'll be fine once

we reach the top.

Carol sighed, "Chloe, I know you. Even if we reach a higher level, you will still be hands-on. You just don't

know how to enjoy life.”

I could only smile bitterly.

Everyone waited in the small conference room when we arrived at ATL Empire. The new head of the project team, Bruce Chapman, was enthusiastic. I hadn't met him before, though. He told his secretary, "Inform Mr. Atlas about Ms. Chloe's arrival,"

My heart skipped a beat, and I couldn't help but wonder why Atlas also had to attend. Soon after, Atlas

entered the small conference room with Dylan.

He went straight to the main seat and glanced at me. He furrowed his brows and asked, "Ms. Chloe, are you unwell?"

I instinctively rubbed my temple and replied, "I'm fine. It's just a headache. It's not a big deal."

He looked at me severely, then told everyone, "Let's begin."

Bruce was efficient as he explained the naming rights we were preparing for as part of our long-term cooperation. He also put forward several stringent requirements. I carefully analyzed each point, and it seemed that there wouldn't be clashes with Tanum Corporation's operations.

Then Atlas also discussed this contract with me and explained the requirements and areas that needed cooperation. Finally, both sides confirmed and signed the contract. I sighed in relief after finally settling

this matter.

It seemed my headache was terrible. When the meeting ended, Atlas said, "Ms. Chloe, come to my office."

I need to confirm something with you.”

Afterward, he got up and left with Dylan, giving some instructions to the latter.

I was puzzled, wondering what Atlas wanted with me and why we couldn't discuss it here instead of going to his office. Still, he seemed severe.

I whispered to Carol, “Wait for me in the car. I'll be right down.”

Then, I left the small conference room and went to the top floor via the elevator. I realized Atlas's secretary was not at the door when I arrived. I had to knock, and I heard Atlas's response from inside. When I was about to enter, someone pulled me in further and embraced me.

Chapter 409 Lost Memories

I was still shocked when Atlas touched my forehead. He asked, “Are you unwell?”

I wondered if he genuinely cared as I met his concerned expression. Well, he was compassionate and energetic when dealing with women.

struggled, and his lips brushed against my forehead. He touched my cheek, saying, “You're not feverish, so why do you look so pale?”

His tone remained tender, which made me dizzy. I was excited but tried to control it, fearing I might get caught in an emotional whirlwind. What did he take me for?

“That isn’t something you should be worrying about.” I pushed him away and mocked him. I instinctively stepped back but leaned against the door with a thud.

Before I could react, he pinned me against the door. His gaze at me and slowly drew closer. As I watched him inch closer, an image flashed in my mind. I imagined someone else getting closer to me with urgency

and panic.

Then, that person held me and reassured me, saying, “Stay awake! Everything will be okay!”

I was startled, and my head throbbed again. I groaned and held my head. Suddenly, my body became unresponsive as it slumped downward. ‘My head hurts so much!’

Atlas quickly caught my falling body and held my head. He anxiously asked, “What’s wrong?!”

“My head hurts so much.” I cradled my head, murmuring weakly.

I felt as if I were floating a moment later and clutched Atlas’s collar in a panic. He carried me to the couch and gently placed me on it. He looked worried, asking. “How badly does it hurt?”

I pushed him away, my voice weak, “Don’t come near me!”

He held my wrist anxiously. “Chloe, tell me what’s wrong.”

“My head hurts so much. Stay away from me. I don’t want to see you.”

I didn’t want Atlas to approach me because his presence made the images in my mind clearer, and my

head throbbed even more.

“If there’s nothing important, I’ll head back first, Mr. Atlas.” I struggled to stand, not wanting to lose my composure. However, everything went black, and I lost consciousness.

When I awoke, the scent in the air told me I was in a hospital. I instinctively tried to touch my head, but

I met Atlas’s gaze and closed my eyes again. I furrowed my brows, wondering why I was experiencing this headache for no reason. I was embarrassed that I had fainted in Atlas’s office. Everyone in the building

must’ve known about it.

I felt like I had once again shown Atlas my most embarrassing side.

Atlas pressed the button, and a doctor came to the ward. I looked at the doctor and asked, “Doctor,

what’s wrong with me?”

“Miss, have you experienced this condition before?” The doctor’s gaze was gentle, and his tone was

soothing

“No, never. It’s been happening recently but was never this severe,” I explained my recent headaches to the doctor. Then, he exchanged glances with Atlas.

I sensed that there might be an underlying implication in their looks. I asked, “What’s wrong? Is there something in my head-”

Before I could finish, the doctor smiled. “Miss, you’re overthinking. Don’t put too much mental pressure on yourself. We’ve conducted a comprehensive examination, and your head is perfectly healthy.

“Have you ever had any head injuries or brief episodes of amnesia where you couldn’t recall past events?”

“Yes, I can’t recall my childhood. According to my mother, I had a head injury from a fall, but I don’t remember that I was somewhat surprised.

I wondered if it was due to my inability to remember the past.

I’ve indeed lost a significant portion of my memory.

The doctor nodded solemnly. “That’s right. Head injuries can cause short or long-term memory loss. You shouldn’t rush these things. Avoid mental stress and excessive brain usage. Try to recall some past events and adjust your emotions. The lost memories will return as you gradually relax.”

“Are you saying I might recover my memories, even after so many years have passed?” I was excited because I wanted to remember my childhood. I knew those memories must hold a special significance.

Chapter 410 Exchanging Clothes

Harmony rushed into the examination room, fully disguised, before I could recover. “Mr. Atlas...”

She froze when she saw me on the hospital bed. She approached Atlas and asked, “What’s going on here?”

Atlas didn’t answer but gestured to the doctor and left the ward. Harmony stepped forward, looking displeased. “Chloe, what are you doing? Why are you here?”

“How’d you get here?” I retorted instead of answering her question.

“Haha, Atlas asked me to come!” she retorted boldly.

I laughed bitterly. I wasn't sure what Atlas's intentions were. Harmony crossed her arms and persisted, Are you pretending to be pitiful? You're such a schemer. How dare you resort to such despicable tactics

just to see him?"

Her words were harsh, but I had no energy to argue. I struggled to sit up. While the headache had subsided, I felt sore all over. Harmony looked at me disdainfully, warning me, "Stop shamelessly pestering

Atlas, okay?"

"How do you know it's me who pestered him?" I asked.

"Who else could it be? Him? He still called me here to prevent any misunderstandings. Let me give you a piece of advice. It's better to rein in your schemes. It's clear who he values more, so save yourself

the

trouble."

Just then, Carol entered with my bag. She was anxiously holding my CT scan, too. She rushed over as I

sat up. "Chloe, why are you getting up?"

Harmony glared at Carol and said sarcastically, "Oh, playing the whole act, huh? Stop pretending!"

"Who do you think you're talking to? Get out!" Carol scolded, "You think everyone is as theatrical as you?"

Before Harmony could respond, Atlas returned and glanced coldly at Harmony. She shrunk her neck

under and dared not speak anymore.

While supporting me, Carol asked, “Do you still feel pain? Why did you faint like that? Is your head still hurting?”

I shook my head and replied, “I’m fine now.”

But your face is still so pale. What did the doctor say? Carol was genuinely concerned.

“I’ll be okay. Let’s go back,” I said calmly. I didn’t want to stay in the same place with Harmony and Atlas

“You two, exchange your clothes,” Atlas interjected, still looking coldly at me. I didn’t understand what he meant and stared at him blankly. Atlas glanced at Harmony and said, “Take off your clothes.”

The three of us, including Carol, were surprised by his words. Harmony looked at Atlas in shock and confusion. “Atlas-”

“Exchange your clothes, both of you!” Atlas reiterated.

While we were still stunned, Dylan entered. “Mr. Atlas.”

Atlas looked at Dylan, who nodded at him. “Here. They’re coming.”

I realized they had some secret communication between them.

Atlas's brows furrowed even more, and he sternly barked at Harmony, "Hurry up, take them off! You two wear each other's clothes. You have five minutes. Ill be waiting outside. Come out immediately after."

He turned and left. Carol quickly undid the buttons on my clothes. "Let's listen to Mr. Atlas."

Harmony reluctantly removed her skirt and grumbled as she did, but she dared not refuse.

When we finished exchanging clothes, someone knocked on the door forcefully. Carol opened it, and Dylan barged in, immediately grabbing Harmony and pushing her out.