

Divorce 1171

Chapter 1171 Blinded by Infatuation

Neil suddenly knelt. "I-I didn't mean to. I got carried away for a moment."

Vincent's eyes widened, filled with rage. "Get up and get to the point!"

Despair was evident in Neil's eyes. He was still kneeling, appearing utterly hopeless.

"Someone, help him up! What's the matter with you?!" Vincent roared in anger, looking at the driver.
"Tell the truth!"

Two plainclothes officers lifted Neil, his face already pale.

"A-A few days ago, I met a guy at a restaurant. We hit it off, and he's from out of town. He had an accent. He claimed to be unfamiliar with our small town, so we had a couple of meals together. I-I showed him around." Neil confessed to the process of how he got acquainted with Navi.

Atlas extended his hand to Cane, who immediately flipped through his phone and handed it to Atlas.

I didn't understand what Atlas was doing.

Atlas's sharp gaze locked onto Neil as he handed the phone to him. "Take a look. Is this him?"

He let Neil glance at the screen's photo.

Neil nodded. "Yes, yes, it's him! I don't know who this gentleman is. He claimed to be from out of town and is just passing through."

"You don't know who he is, yet you dare take money from him?" Atlas's tone was cold.

I was surprised by Atlas's foresight. I didn't know if it was speculation or if he had already found out.

"I..." Neil's eyes flickered toward Vincent and, unable to speak, continued to kneel on the ground.

"How much money did you take from him?!" Vincent roared.

"I-I..." Neil looked at Vincent in horror, obviously nervous.

"Speak!" Vincent yelled in anger.

Neil immediately sputtered, "15 thousand!"

His words stunned everyone in the room. It was undoubtedly a significant amount, and it seemed Neil was about to pay a painful price for his greed.

"What kind of business did you help him with?" Vincent asked in a restrained yet stern tone.

"I helped him buy...a house. I took care of all the procedures." Neil hesitated as he spoke.

Mike's face also turned grim.

"Where did you buy the house?" Atlas asked.

I felt a sense of unease. It seemed like everything revolved around this house.

I couldn't understand why Navi knew our family would sell the house. Moreover, he had infiltrated Bibury for a while now. Everything was under his control.

However, I still couldn't comprehend the connection between Navi and my dad. What value did that notebook hold?

Neil continued anxiously, "H-He bought a house at the Nomunal College!"

"Why did he choose that place? Was it your suggestion, or was it his idea?" Atlas pressed on.

Neil swallowed hard and said, "He mentioned liking Bibury's slow pace. I joked about settling down here since the houses are affordable. Unexpectedly, he said, 'I like that idea and asked me to help him find a property.

"But he had a condition. He wanted to live among cultured and educated people in a quiet neighborhood

without too many idle folks. I

thought of the Normal College's

residential area. It's filled with

cultured people and not crowded. It

perfectly fits his requirements."

It seemed like Navi had set a trap for him.

"When he heard my suggestion, he asked me to find him a house there."

"I never expected there was a house for sale. I gave him the details, and he asked me to go negotiate since he was heading to the capital for business. I was to take a few pictures for him to see." "That explains why you were the one looking at houses," Mike muttered. "Who would have thought you..."

"When did he give you the money?" Vincent asked.

Neil lowered his gaze, hesitated, and

stammered, "This person is quite generous. He handed over a substantial sum. He even mentioned his interest in investing and doing business in Bibury. Seeing that I am a loyal person, he suggested we could develop together."

I shook my head helplessly. It seemed that money could truly corrupt a person. Greed was the perfect excuse for one's downfall.

Chapter 1172 Proven Helpful

Neil continued confessing, "He mentioned that he didn't have trustworthy connections in the north and needed someone reliable to manage things while he was frequently away." "Get to the point!" Vincent was infuriated.

"It happened to be my child's birthday, and h-he gave my child a gift, along with some money. Obviously, I couldn't act oblivious. I had to reciprocate. So, I helped him find a house in the Nomunal College residential area."

"How kind of you!" Vincent scolded sternly. "Why did he give you 15 thousand dollars? You've really proven yourself helpful."

With a mournful expression, Neil looked at Vincent, trembling with fear.

"He said he had a lot going on recently. After buying the house, he needed to renovate it. He asked me to oversee it and considered it compensation for my hard work," Neil explained. "I didn't do much. I helped a bit, and he paid for my efforts, and..." "He's a suspect! You've been with me for so many years, yet you've broken the law!" Vincent roared with a gaze full of anger. "I feel truly ashamed for you!"

"Why did you report our whereabouts to him?" Atlas asked.

"He told me to keep an eye out for anyone coming from Foswood. If there were, I was to inform him, and he claimed that anyone coming from Foswood would be his competitor." Neil said.

I felt speechless. The dedicated driver was tempted by personal gain and jumped into this mess without a second thought. He didn't even have a shred of discernment.

"Were you the one who picked up George last night?" Atlas asked in a low voice.

Neil looked up in surprise but remained silent.

"Last night, you drove an Audi to Dente Hotel and picked up George. Where did you take him?" Atlas inquired.

"I-I took him to his house!" Neil replied hesitantly.

"Why did you change the license plate?"

"T-That was his idea. He didn't want others to know. Since he frequently used my car, which belonged to the bureau, he thought it wouldn't be good for him. So, he suggested changing the license plate for private matters.

"He promised that once things

settled, he'd buy his own car and wouldn't, trouble me anymore. It really had no idea he was a bad person, Neil continued to defend himself.

"Why did you report our whereabouts to him?" Atlas asked again.

"H-He said that you guys, his competitors, were all looking for a person with the last name Hartz. He couldn't let you find him. Otherwise, his project would be jeopardized. T-That way, I would lose my source of income."

Neil was still trying to justify himself and looked toward Vincent.

"Mr. Vincent, I really didn't know what he was up to. I just..." he said.

"Call him. Tell him we've been to the house but found it empty. Ask him where he is. Drag the conversation as

out as much as possible," Atlas

instructed Neil while the tech expert prepared for the task.

Neil gulped, his eyes nervously glancing toward Vincent.

"You have five minutes to recollect yourself. Keep your emotions in check," Vincent commanded Neil.

Everyone held their breath, waiting quietly for five minutes.

After five minutes, Vincent gave Neil the order, "Make the call!"

Neil's hands trembled as he picked up the phone, his Adam's apple bobbing anxiously.

"Take a deep breath," Cane advised the driver, who followed suit.

Neil dialed the number.

All eyes were fixed on Neil, the atmosphere tenser than ever. The next moment, a busy tone emanated from his phone.

Neil breathed a sigh of relief as if a heavy burden had been lifted. He stole a glance at Vincent.

Just then, a police officer entered. "Mr. Vincent, we tracked the suspect leaving the residential area, taking a taxi with a hostage."

He immediately reported the taxi's license plate number.

Chapter 1173 The Drivers' Group Chat

Vincent ordered, "Notify the Department of Transportation to track this vehicle immediately." Atlas said to Vincent, "Let's go to the Department of Transportation. It's faster that way."

Then, he turned to Cane and said, "Get our people to cooperate with the airport security. We can't let him take the hostage away!"

I looked at Atlas and asked, "Are you saying he's planning to escape?"

"He won't stay in this Bibury right now. After all, he's not familiar here," Atlas affirmed, "He has confirmed that the notebook is in our hands. He might be looking for an alternative plan."

Vincent ordered to take Neil away, who shouted desperately, wanting to explain. However, Vincent ignored his cries and walked away with determined strides.

I gave one last glance at Neil, feeling disdain for this man. He sold out his entire life and future for 15 thousand dollars.

We followed Vincent out of the office, heading straight to the Department of Transportation.

In the car, I asked Cane, "How did you sense it could be this driver?"

"Mr. Atlas asked me to investigate two drivers. When I went out, I observed their expressions. The young one seemed relaxed, but Neil was particularly nervous."

"I went to borrow a light from him, got into his car, and chatted with him. Sure enough, he asked me about the investigation. I told him we had located his whereabouts, and he was under surveillance."

Cane chuckled bitterly and continued, "Then, I placed a recording device in his car. I got off to smoke and chatted with the young driver. I learned about Neil's family situation. Turns out, his child is in high school. That's where his need for money comes in." I had to admire Cane's keen observation.

"When you went to the teacher's college, I retrieved the recording device. It turned out to be him," Cane spoke simply, but he was quite astute.

"How did you suspect it was the driver?" I looked at Atlas and asked.

I hadn't expected to find an accomplice so quickly. It showed Atlas's logical thinking was meticulous.

"When we arrived in the Bibury, our movements were immediately known to the other party. There aren't many people that can be suspicious," Atlas confidently explained.

"He's been the one in contact with

me regarding the house purchase. I thought he wanted to buy it," Mike said regretfully, "When I picked you up at the airport, I saw him going to the airport too. We even exchanged a few words.

"He asked why I was at the airport. I just said to pick someone up. I didn't mention it was you, and I didn't bring up the matter with George."

"It looks like Navi's quite cunning." I sighed, "He's really audacious to come to Bibury himself!"

It seems my dad was quite useful to him. However, I kept that thought to myself.

The car arrived at the Department of Transportation, where someone was already waiting for us. It seemed Vincent had arranged everything. Vincent briefly introduced Atlas.

He extended his hand for a handshake with Atlas and gestured, "Let's go to the monitoring room right away. We'll fully cooperate."

The staff had already started tracking the taxi's movements in the room. Shortly after, someone reported that the car had left the city, heading towards the capital.

Atlas frowned, and he asked, "Did the car stop halfway?"

The staff immediately checked the surveillance footage.

In no time, someone reported, "After picking up its passenger from the teacher's college, the car hasn't stopped. It circled the city a few times, then left the urban area without any stops."

Atlas asked, "Can you try to contact the car owner and subtly inquire about their destination?"

The person in charge nodded, "Sure, we can do that. Taxis have their own group chats. We'll make an announcement."

Then, he instructed his subordinates to check the car owner and find the driver on duty to talk to him.

In less than ten minutes, the hall

echoed with the voices of taxi drivers chatting. Amid the lively conversation, someone shouted the taxi's number, asking, "Are there any rides? Ping us!"

The hall fell silent as everyone waited for the response from the driver group.

After a while, a male voice came through, "Yes, got a run to the airport."

Chapter 1174 An Pessimistic Situation

"Wow, that's a big job! What time can you get here? The handover team is planning to go at noon. Are you coming?" Another voice asked with a loud and coarse tone.

A burst of laughter came from the other side. "It's okay, you're almost done. You guys go straight after the shift change, I'll be an hour behind."

"Let me estimate the time. Isn't it just to the airport and back?" asked the voice on this end.

"Yes, directly to the airport and then back. I just passed Greenhill, so about 20 minutes more. You guys get ready, and I'll catch up after I return." "All right, let us know if there are any changes."

"Got it."

The announcements in the group ended. It seemed that the car had indeed left the city and was heading to the airport.

Atlas immediately said to Cane, "Notify the airport to be on high alert. We'll head there right away."

Vincent immediately told Atlas, "We'll bring our people with you. It'll help with coordinating with the airport people."

"Then please switch to another car," Atlas said.

I understood Atlas's caution.

The person in charge said, "We'll provide a car for you."

Vincent nodded and ordered his assistant, "We're leaving right away. I'll personally lead the team and notify the capital for full cooperation."

Atlas immediately expressed his gratitude. "Thank you very much. Let's leave immediately."

Everyone headed out, and the sky was gradually getting darker.

After getting into the car, we raced toward the airport. At this moment, I was anxious.

I knew exactly where Greenhill was after the taxi driver group's announcement. It was the border between the capital and Bibury. This indicated that their car was already on the way to the airport. We didn't know if we could catch up with them in time.

In case they escaped, I knew how brutal the people in Bermuda were. They were all ruthless criminals involved in extremely dangerous activities. Moreover, this kidnapper was Navi himself.

I couldn't believe Navi had personally infiltrated Zydan to capture my dad. I had no idea how my dad was connected to them.

The revelation was shocking. I had been grappling with these questions all along. How did he know that my dad would have that notebook? What exactly was recorded in that notebook? What could be so

important that he risked such great danger to come here?

It seemed like he spared no expense.

Those associated with them were all involved in illegal activities, but how could my dad be connected to these desperados?

My dad was always an exemplary teacher, focusing on his teaching and research even in his spare time. It wasn't until I left for college that he took on administrative roles in the school and let go of lesson plans and experiments.

Could it be something from before my memory?

My mind was filled with chaotic thoughts, and I couldn't unravel this mystery no matter how hard I tried.

The night was getting darker, and the streetlights were already on. Sensing my unease, Atlas embraced me. "Don't worry too much. Nothing will happen. Your dad is valuable to him. He is absolutely safe for now!" "What exactly is in that notebook?" I asked Atlas anxiously.

After contemplating, Atlas looked down at me and whispered, "A formula."

My heart sank when I heard that. Formula?

I felt uneasy. What kind of person was my dad?

Atlas glanced at me, then spoke earnestly, "I've investigated your dad before because of your situation. However, I couldn't be too certain because he hasn't been involved in this field for years.

"Moreover, the clues have been sporadic and incomplete. But one thing is for sure, you two are not originally from Bibury. You probably aren't even a Hartz."

I looked at Atlas, and there was an indescribable feeling in my heart.

"Interesting! It seems like this has a direct connection to why I ended up in Bibury. Maybe it can uncover the secrets of my past!" I said with a forced casual tone.

But I was sure Atlas knew more than he led on. As he said, he must have checked on my dad when he found me.

"Don't get your hopes up too high. Let things unfold naturally." Atlas held me tighter.

I understood why Atlas said this. He was afraid I would become too anxious.

The car was speeding, and everyone

knew that the later it got in the evening, the harder it would be to track. Moreover, if they managed to get through security and board the plane, it would be even more challenging.

Since Navi dared to go to the airport, he must be confident.

Our situation was not optimistic at this moment!

Chapter 1175 We Lost the Target

Suddenly, I remembered something. "Did Arnold find the notebook?"

"That's the reason I kept him at Pleca Park," Atlas replied.

I felt a bit choked up inside, muttering, "It seems like Mom knew everything, but she didn't tell the truth."

Atlas's phone rang. He answered, hearing Vincent's voice on the other end.

He spoke into the phone, "The taxi turned into the city at the airport highway intersection and did not take the airport highway. We haven't located the target yet."

As soon as I heard this, I became nervous. Did it mean they lost the target?

While speaking, I saw that Vincent's vehicle had stopped on the side of the road.

Mike quickly followed and stopped our car.

Atlas hung up the phone and exited the car. I hurriedly followed.

The staff from the transportation department also got out of their car, still on the phone.

Seeing us approach, he quickly informed Atlas, "There's news. The taxi dropped off two passengers at the roundabout. Then they took a taxi to the capital. We've already had the taxi from Bibury come to meet us."

Atlas immediately instructed Cane, "You and Miike should go to the airport now. Pay attention to the cars from the capital to the airport, especially the ones with two people getting off. We'll go to the airport once we have the taxi driver. Be discreet and don't raise any alarms."

Cane nodded, turned around, and returned to the car. Mike's car rushed towards the airport.

Vincent looked at Atlas and asked, "Can we hide after entering the capital?"

Atlas said confidently, "He won't choose to stay in an unfamiliar environment for too long. This is a diversion. He's creating the illusion that he's already in the city. Otherwise, he wouldn't have changed cars." One thing bothered me. Why would my dad obediently follow him?

Soon, a small taxi quickly approached and pulled over. The driver came down and walked toward us quickly, looking a bit nervous. "Excuse me, are you guys from Bibury?"

Vincent nodded, "Yes, we are from Bibury's police department. We want to inquire about the passengers you brought here in detail."

Atlas took out his phone again,

showing the driver the photos of

Navi and my dad. The driver carefully examined Atlas's phone screen, nodded, and said with certainty, "Yes, these are the two. The man has an accent, clearly not a local, and the other one has never said a word."

I asked, "How was the silent one? Did he seem alert and conscious?"

The driver looked at me with a bit of surprise, thought for a moment, and replied, "I couldn't tell if he was not clear-headed. Anyway, he didn't say a word, not a single one." Vincent asked him to provide a detailed account of what happened after they got in the car.

The driver cooperatively narrated the entire process, indicating that Navi had decided to leave Bibury on the spur of the moment. He only carried a backpack and had no other luggage. After hearing the driver's account, Atlas decided. "Let's go to the airport."

Vincent got into the taxi, and Atlas and I got into the police car. After getting in, Atlas made a phone call, his tone resolute, requesting cooperation from the airport.

Upon reaching the airport, someone

came to pick us up at the departure gate of Terminal 3. We went straight into the airport's control room, where all-around surveillance footage was available.

Atlas instructed them to pull up the footage from the entrance of the terminal and display it on a large screen.

We could see passengers arriving at the airport from various entrances.

With his sharp eyes, Atlas stared at the screen without shifting his gaze.

It was already late outside, but there was still no decrease in the number of passengers.

Feeling anxious, I said, "It's been over an hour since they left the car. If they really wanted to escape, they would have had enough time to reach the airport."

However, in the footage, many people who got out of the cars were young. None of them seemed to be our targets.

I glanced at Atlas, who remained fully focused on the screen. I softly said, "Could they have stopped moving? Otherwise, it's impossible not to spot them after this long."

He reached out and pulled me into

his arms, guiding me to sit beside

him. His eyes, however, remained

fixed on the screen. "Don't worry

Maybe they're disguising

themselves. You could take a break if you want."

"I'm not tired, it just feels off..."

Atlas patiently reassured me, "Don't look for their faces. They may be in disguises."

Chapter 1176 Airport Search

At that moment, Cane walked in, followed by a female executive from the airport. Cane reported, "We've checked the flight information thoroughly. So far, there's no record of Navi and George on any flight tickets. "They must have alternative identities," Atlas said with certainty.

His words suddenly filled me with urgency. If they had successfully disguised themselves and slipped past us, would Navi be able to take both my dads?

Feeling uneasy, I softly asked Atlas, "I don't understand. Why would my dad go with him? Isn't he afraid of us? There are so many people blocking his way. Is he underestimating our security checks?" "Navi must have been prepared. They must be using fake identities. I'm convinced they're in disguise," Atlas asserted. "Your dad must have followed him because Navi had many ways to threaten and coerce him." Threatened?

Could my dad have a vulnerability when it came to Navi?

Just then, a surprising scene appeared on the large screen, capturing everyone's attention.

A middle-aged man got out of a taxi nervously. His eyes darted around anxiously, glancing at the cameras.

As a non-police officer, I could sense something was amiss, so the keen-eyed police must have caught on as well.

The man got a wheelchair out of the car and helped an elderly lady with a leg problem out of the vehicle. But something seemed off about the elderly lady's limp.

I glanced at Atlas, and before I could speak, the others were already whispering, "Those two seem suspicious."

The man in the footage settled the elderly lady into the wheelchair and glanced around nervously at the cameras again, then started pushing the wheelchair inside. One of the airport police officers beside Atlas asked, "Should I send someone to check on those two?"

"They're not my targets, but there's definitely something off about them," Atlas said, staring at the two individuals with certainty. "They're diverting our attention." The airport police officer told his team to question them.

In the live feed, two airport police officers approached the middle-aged man pushing the wheelchair. The man seemed to become even more flustered.

All eyes were fixed on the screen. I held my breath, but it clearly wasn't my dad.

Suddenly, Atlas exclaimed, "Entrance 5!"

At Atlas's shout, Cane turned and rushed out. Atlas turned and strode out too.

I glanced quickly at the large screen, but I couldn't pinpoint which feed corresponded to Entrance 5. I had to turn and follow Atlas.

I noticed Cane moving swiftly, and others were pouring out of the control room, heading toward Entrance 5.

The control room was some

distance from Entrance 5, but I saw

the middle-aged man with the wheelchair being intercepted at Entrance 3, near the service desk. Airport police were questioning them, and a crowd of curious onlookers had gathered.

As our group reached Entrance 5, the people who were coming in were clearly visible, and we saw no suspicious individuals.

Atlas's stern face revealed his

intensity. His hawk-like eyes scanned the surroundings as he gave orders to Cane. "Seal off all entrances and exits. Check the restrooms and temporary passages immediately!"

Everyone sprang into action. Atlas determinedly headed toward the still-blocked Entrance 3, where the middle-aged man with the wheelchair had been stopped.

I stayed close, noticing Atlas's commanding presence as we approached. People around us quickly cleared a path for him. He walked over, followed by the airport security chief.

The middle-aged man with the

wheelchair looked anxiously at Atlas,

clearly shaken by his formidable.

presence. Standing beside him was

the supposedly disabled elderly lady from the wheelchair.

Upon closer inspection, the old lady's legs were perfectly fine, and she was also not an old lady at all. Instead, he was a short, chubby man.

Chapter 1177 No Need to Check Anymore

The two airport police officers who had intercepted them immediately reported to their supervisor.
"They're not passengers. Someone told them to do this."

The middle-aged man looked nervously at us and stammered, "W-We don't know what's going on, it's just... He..."

Atlas's voice turned icy as he asked, "Why are you here?"

"S-Someone paid us to do this." The man trembled under Atlas's intense gaze.

"Who?" Atlas asked sharply.

"A man with a southern accent. He's not very good at English," the middle-aged man replied.

Atlas immediately showed him a photo of Navi on his phone.

The man nodded eagerly. "Yes, that's him!"

"Where did you meet him?"

"At Northern Intersection 2." The man gulped nervously. "He said to just take a quick spin like this. I... I didn't know..."

"When you saw him, how many people were with him?" Atlas asked again.

"J-Just one." The middle-aged man stared nervously at Atlas.

"How many?" Atlas repeated.

"Really... Just one," He affirmed. He didn't seem like he was lying.

Just then, Atlas's phone rang. He glanced at the screen, frowned, and turned to the airport police chief.
"We need to go to the international departure gate restroom."

The chief immediately pointed in that direction, and Atlas strode briskly over.

I hurriedly followed.

In the restroom, I saw a man lying on the floor, and his physique...

Atlas quickly approached, crouching down to carefully examine the man's face. He reached out, feeling the man's neck. Suddenly, he pinched a spot beneath the man's jaw, tearing something, and the entire face came off. I was startled and let out a gasp. I couldn't fathom what kind of maneuver this was.

But when my gaze fell on the face of the man lying on the ground again, I panicked. With a sudden exclamation, I cried out, "Dad!"

The man lying on the ground was none other than my father, George, who had been kidnapped.

I had felt a sense of déjà vu the moment I saw his figure.

Everyone was stunned.

I rushed over, shaking his body with my hands. "Dad! Atlas..."

"Don't worry, he's just unconscious," Atlas reassured me, then turned to the airport officer. "Please, call a doctor."

I kept calling out to my dad, checking his breath and heartbeat. They were weak but present.

Soon, airport medical personnel rushed over, and we lifted my dad onto a stretcher, taking him directly to the VIP lounge for a thorough examination. After all that turmoil, my father gradually regained consciousness.

When his eyes met mine, his expression visibly relaxed. "My daughter."

"Dad! Are you okay? You scared me to death!" I exclaimed, clutching his hand tightly. "Are you hurt anywhere?"

He shook his head gently and weakly replied, "He knocked me out. I'm fine now."

Then, he looked at Atlas. "Where is he? Did he escape?"

"Don't worry, Dad. He won't escape," Atlas reassured my father. But his eyes remained focused on my father's face.

At this point, airport security

personnel brought us surveillance screenshots, showing my father the images of the two men leaving the restroom during that time. My father pointed to one of them and confirmed, "It's him!"

I glanced at the screen. It was a man completely different from Navi. He

had grayish white hair and was slightly hunched, carrying a

backpack on his back. His

appearance differed drastically from Navi's photos, making him almost impossible to recognize even if he passed by us.

It looked like he had also used some kind of disguise before leaving.

The airport police chief was about to order an inspection when Atlas stopped him. He said with certainty, "There's no need to do any more checks."

Everyone looked at Atlas in surprise. He calmly explained, "It's too late for that. He used disguises, and even if he left, he'd definitely choose the earliest flight. He might not escape from here at all either. If he hasn't achieved his goal, he'll strike again. I still have a plan to capture him, so there's no need to hurry after him."

When we heard Atlas's explanation, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Chapter 1178 A Pass to Bermuda

When Mike saw that my dad was awake, he came over to shake his hand. As he spoke to my dad, he still had a lingering fear. "I was so worried, old buddy. This is all thanks to Mr. Atlas and his team. They arrived just in time. All that matters is that you're safe." "Right after I got home, before I could even lie down, the real estate buyer came looking for me, asking about the property. He said there were some unclear details, so he requested that I go over it again... Sigh! I've made you worry." The brothers recounted the details of the kidnapping, apologizing to each other.

When Atlas saw that my dad was improving, he consulted with the doctor and decided to fly back to Foswood. With that, we said goodbye to everyone.

We boarded the plane through a special entrance and headed back to Foswood.

My dad was quiet during the flight. Atlas and I didn't ask him about it. After all, it wasn't the right time or place to discuss it. But it was clear that he was in a terrible mood.

We landed in Foswood after 1 a.m., and we headed straight back to Pleca Park.

As we entered the living room, I saw my mom.

When she noticed us walking in, she was startled. She rushed toward my dad. "George, you're finally back!"

My dad hugged her tightly, patting her back reassuringly. "I'm back. Don't worry!"

I wanted to ask about my suspicions, but Atlas pulled me aside, gesturing not to speak. He bid them goodnight and took me upstairs.

In the room, I asked, "Why didn't you let me find out what happened? And why did you stop the search at the airport?"

"He can't escape. Letting him go now is part of the plan, and we can proceed to the next step. Besides, he'll call soon. That'll be the exchange for Rory with the notebook," Atlas said confidently.

I was momentarily dumbfounded, and my heart sank. "Are you...sure?"

I looked at him in disbelief.

Atlas nodded confidently. "The call will come soon. He's just as afraid of a long night as we are."

At that moment, someone knocked on our room door.

Atlas glanced at me before opening the door. Arnold's head popped in. He had a mischievous smile on his face. "I didn't expect you guys to come back so quickly. Looks like everything went smoothly. How did you just let that person go so easily?" He walked in eagerly. "Tell me quickly!"

I ignored his question and asked, "How did you find the notebook? Where was it?"

"It was in the top locker in the dressing room, hidden inside a spare blanket," Arnold said nonchalantly.

"How did you distract my mom?" I was curious.

He smiled slyly. "Isn't Grandma here too? I had a chat with her first. It was no big deal."

When I heard Arnold's words, I slapped my forehead. How could I forget such a clever assistant? I had been too impulsive then, and hadn't even thought about it, let alone checked the locker.

Arnold looked at Atlas. "No wonder this thing is so important! I studied it, and this is like a universal key for Bermuda, Atlas. This notebook is worth several billions. If it falls into the wrong hands..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but the meaningful raise of his eyebrow and glance at Atlas spoke volumes.

Atlas warned him sternly, "You'd better not be getting any ideas."

"Of course not!" Arnold said solemnly. "I'm a legitimate businessman!"

I knew what they were talking about.

"So, what do we do?" I looked worriedly at Atlas.

"Don't worry! Now that we have this, we've gained a special pass to Bermuda. Just wait," Atlas said confidently.

Then he turned to Arnold and said, "Go on back and get some rest."

Arnold glanced at Atlas. "When are you leaving?"

"I said go get some rest!" Atlas insisted in a chilling tone. He didn't respond to Arnold's question.

Arnold gave me a sidelong glance, then turned and left the room,

mumbling, "Finally. I can sleep

peacefully this time." ex

When Arnold left our room, I looked at Atlas and cautiously asked, "Is that really the formula?"

Chapter 1179 Conflicted

Atlas looked deeply into my eyes, nodded seriously, then embraced me. He gently asked, "Are you hungry? Let's grab something to eat together."

That was when I realized that I hadn't eaten anything for a whole day. I had just sipped a glass of juice on the plane.

"I'm famished," I replied coyly, leaning into his embrace. Suddenly, I felt completely exhausted.

Had I really gone through the whole day without food?

There had been no chance for a peaceful, satisfying meal with all the chaos involving Oliver these past two days. He had risked his life to save me. Then, we had suddenly found my dad, and the constant flying back and forth had made me completely forget about eating. While we were discussing that, someone gently knocked on the room door again. My mom's voice came from outside. "Chlo, Atlas, are you asleep? Do you want to come down and have something to eat?"

I quickly retreated from Atlas's embrace, walked over briskly, and opened the door. "Mom! I'm starving! Is there any food?"

"I asked the chef to cook some noodles. Come downstairs to eat." My mom stood at the doorway, looking at me apprehensively. "Is aglio olio okay?"

"Perfect! I don't know when I last had a proper meal," I said, casually hooking my arm around my mom's. I turned back and called to Atlas, "Let's eat! Quickly!"

Atlas followed me and my mom out of the room. Arnold came out and joined us too. He had probably heard all the commotion.

When we entered the dining room, I saw my dad at the table with the notebook beside him.

Atlas and I exchanged subtle glances. We thought that my dad probably had something to say.

"Sit down, everyone." My dad greeted us, then looked at Atlas. "Thank you for saving my life. It's time to share everything with you all."

Despite my eagerness to unveil this secret, hearing him say that made me feel a strange mix of emotions.

I suddenly felt the cruelty of it all as I saw his helpless, desolate expression,

I also realized why my mom had been evasive and cautious when she was upstairs.

At this moment, I wished I was just Chloe Hartz, unaware of all my past experiences. They could just be my loving, caring parents, too.

Atlas glanced at my dad, pulled me to sit down, and addressed my dad. "It's getting late, Dad. Let's eat and rest early. Chlo hasn't rested well these past two days either. We can discuss this another time. Besides, I'm sure you haven't gotten any rest recently, and your health is

important."

As Atlas spoke, my parents both seemed taken aback, their expressions revealing a hint of complexity. But it was clear that they felt relieved.

Arnold clicked his tongue twice. As he saw the relaxed atmosphere, he held back the words he was about to say.

I looked at Atlas, feeling even more

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conflicted. Attas had called a halt just when it seemed the mystery was about to be unraveled. I was displeased, and I didn't understand his intentions. Nevertheless, K trusted him. There had to be a

reason he was handling it this way.

"That makes sense. You've all been through so much trouble because of me..." My dad sighed and lowered his head in regret.

Just as the tension was building up, my mom arrived with freshly cooked pasta. Each of us got a large bowl.

The aroma of the aglio olio wafted through the air, making my stomach growl even more. The beef on top looked exceptionally tempting, stimulating my appetite.

I had to address my empty stomach first. There was no reason for my parents to hide anything anymore since things had gotten to this point. It was only a matter of time.

I accepted the pasta my mom handed me and flashed her a contented smile. "I need some chili flakes, Mom."

She quickly turned around and

hurried to the kitchen, returning with

the chili flakes in hand. As she

handed it to me, she didn't forget to give me a gentle reminder. "It's ate. You shouldn't have food that's too spiey."

That thoughtful remark made my nose suddenly tingle a little. That was my mom alright. She had raised me with her whole heart for twenty years.

I quickly lowered my gaze and added a few chili flakes to my food. I savored the plate of aglio olio, experiencing a flavor I had never encountered before. It was the most delicious pasta I had ever eaten.

As the noodles settled in my stomach, a warm and comforting sensation spread throughout my body, and a feeling of fatigue slowly crept in. I started blinking more slowly.

"You're tired, huh?" Atlas said as he looked at me tenderly.

I nodded. "Yeah, I'm exhausted. I need a good night's sleep."

I just wanted to lie down and fall asleep. I was completely uninterested in whatever my dad wanted to talk about.

Chapter 1180 Sleepy

Back in the room, I wanted to collapse onto the bed, but Atlas grabbed me and pulled me toward the bathroom. I struggled and protested. "I don't want to take a shower! I just want to sleep!" "A warm shower will make you sleep even better, sweetie. Trust me!" His tone was incredibly indulgent as he effortlessly guided me into the bathroom.

At this point, I was so tired that my head felt heavy, and my steps were unsteady, making his actions particularly irritating.

"Why are you being so annoying? I said... I'm not showering!" I pushed him away, evading his hands.

He patiently embraced and kissed me, then turned on the shower and adjusted the water temperature.

He swiftly removed my clothes and his own, pushed me under the water, and held me close.

Softly, he whispered in my ear, "Are you annoyed? Hmm? I'll wash you. You can sleep."

His words made me chuckle involuntarily. I had no choice but to comply with his wishes and lean against him.

The warm water poured over us, and his embrace provided a comforting support. I felt even sleepier.
"Faster! I can't hold on much longer!"

He smirked and hugged me, lightly biting my ear. "Don't say that."

I absentmindedly responded, "Why not?"

"Don't you want to sleep?" He nibbled my earlobe.

I shivered, hummed softly, and replied, "Yes, I do."

He quickly washed and rinsed me before wrapping me in a large towel and carrying me out. He tucked me into bed, covered me with the blanket, then returned to shower.

The sound of water from the bathroom, the softness of the bed, and the weight of my eyelids...

Soon, I lost consciousness and entered dreamland.

I slept very comfortably. When I woke up from a deep slumber, it was still quiet. I turned over lazily, feeling around the bed, but the space next to me was empty. It looked like Atlas had already gotten up. "He really is full of energy," I murmured softly.

The thick curtains were drawn, which explained why the room was so dark. As I glanced at the window, a beam of sunlight peeked through the curtains. It looked very bright. Reaching out, I fumbled for my phone but couldn't find it. I instinctively glanced at the clock on the wall. It was 11:15 a.m.

I was shocked. Was it noon already?

With a low grumble, I sat up, stretched, and quickly threw off the covers. I realized I had slept very deeply, which explained why I felt so comfortable.

I hurriedly got out of bed, dashed

into the dressing room, and threw on a pair of pajamas. When I pulled back the heavy curtains, the room was instantly flooded with sunlight. I found my phone and discovered it was turned off.

Atlas must have shut it down to avoid disturbing my sleep.

I pressed the power button and rushed into the bathroom to freshen up. I thought I would visit the hospital first to check on Oliver.

When I left the room, I discovered it was Saturday, and Ava was at home.

When she saw me emerge from the

room, she cheered. "Mommy, you're finally awake! I thought you were on another business trip like last time, and it would be a while before you came back. But it was only two days this time!"

Her joyful little expression that showed on her rosy, tender cheeks was simply enchanting.

She rushed to me, hugging my legs and looking up at me with her beautiful face. I quickly picked her up, suddenly feeling she had grown much heavier.

"I'll definitely tell you if I'm going anywhere for a long time." I kissed her cheek, and she clung to my neck excitedly.

"It's so nice when you're home, Mommy!" She nestled in my arms.

I carried her downstairs. "I have to go see Oliver at the hospital after lunch."

"Where?" She blinked her big eyes at me. "Why do you need to see Oliver?"

"Oliver got hurt and is staying in the hospital. I have to check on him and see if he's making progress today," I explained patiently.

"Can I go with you to see Oliver, Mommy?" Her little face approached mine.

"You can't go to the hospital often because you're a child. It's full of sick people, and children have weak immune systems. It's not good for you to be somewhere like that." I rejected her request gently

"But I want to see Oliver too!" She clearly wanted to stick by me. It had been a while since we spent so much time together like this.