

Divorce 1181

Chapter 1181 Constant Threats

Arnold happened to walk out and saw Ava clinging to me.

He called out, "Ava, I'll take you and Jenny for a ride. Do you want to go?"

Ava pondered for a moment before asking, "Is what you said true?"

"Of course! When have I ever lied to you?" Arnold said confidently. "Come down and let's go get Jenny!"

I looked at Arnold and asked, "Aren't you going to Gerby? How are things over there?"

"I hadn't had the chance to call Beatrice due to the circumstances involving Oliver and my father.

"I came back for some personal matters and to take care of some things for your husband. I'll return on Monday once the paperwork is sorted out," Arnold said casually.

Ava had already run over and jumped onto him. Arnold lifted her onto his shoulder. Adorably perched on his shoulder, Ava let out a loud call for Jenny.

"I'll take them out later. Are you going to the hospital?" Arnold approached me, and we both headed downstairs together.

"I need to check on Oliver's condition. He took the..." I quickly swallowed the rest of my words.

After all, Ava was present. This little girl was quite clever, and such matters couldn't be let known to her.

Arnold naturally understood my meaning and said, "I went to see him last night, and he's fine now. But the injury was in a delicate spot, so he needs to rest properly. It seems that Lauren was really frightened." "They have feelings for each other, but Oliver hurt her too much! But as you said, he risked his life for her. How could she not be moved?"

I sighed and added, "This method is too risky. If Atlas hadn't seen the position of the knife, he would have died!"

"Mom, what do you mean by 'died'?"

As expected, this clever little one realized what was going on. Ava gave me a scared look and asked for further information.

"It was a brave man who saved your dad," I answered.

"Was it Uncle Oliver?" She persisted.

I could only nod. "Yes! But everything's fine now!"

I had to quickly tell her the outcome, or else she might insist on going to the hospital.

Arnold quickly changed the subject and said, "As for Gerby, Grand Tribeca has already been cleared out and is undergoing renovation Oh! The Chandler family is really something. Remember that nurse, Natasha?"

I nodded, "I remember."

Arnold put Ava down and said to her, "Go find Jenny! Tell her we're going out to play!"

Ava obeyed and quickly ran to Molly's room in the back.

Then Arnold disdainfully continued the previous topic, "Hazelyn strangled her to death."

"What?" I asked, "Was it revealed during interrogation?"

"Yes! Hazelyn-confessed it herself. She also murdered a male doctor, who was one of the participants in the murder of Helen Keller and the old lady of the Keller family. The whole idea of killing the Keller family came from this male doctor"

Arnold and I walked to the sofa together, and Jim quickly brought over two cups of water.

"A male doctor? How did Hazelyn and her mother come into contact with him? Was there bribery involved?" I asked disdainfully.

"Jocelyn lured this doctor, giving him

the idea and the medications. Later

on, this guy tried the same tactic to

extract money from Jocelyn because he was lustful for Hazelyn as well!

"Jocelyn had been planning his death for a long time. This doctor continued to blackmail Jocelyn after Helen Keller's death, so Hazelyn took action against him." "How?"

I was pretty amazed by Hazelyn. These were just two crazy people who could kill anyone in the blink of an eye.

Chapter 1182 Invisible Pressure

Arnold set down his cup with a wicked smile and said, "Both mother and daughter are cunning.

"When Hazelyn met with that doctor, she spiked his drink with drugs that made him have a heart attack and die! If she hadn't confessed, no one would've known. She had not only murdered one person but two." "Haha... truly tit for tat. He ended up using the prescription he wrote on himself, so he deserved it!" I sighed. "They're a dangerous family!"

Arnold shook his head as he spoke, "It's frightening. Beatrice is lucky. In Hazelyn's words, if she had given her another month, Beatrice would have died suddenly, too."

"It's just monstrous," I complained. "How has Beatrice been these days?"

"She's been alright! Just under a lot of pressure! Suddenly, everything is weighing on her shoulders. She's a bit disorganized, so Gavin and I are doing our best to help her. Gavin is giving her systematic lessons to catch up!" "Oh? Gavin has this method?" I was impressed.

"You're underestimating Gavin. He's quite outstanding in both literary and military arts!" Arnold praised.

"What about Finn?" I asked.

"Thankfully, Finn has been taking care of her meticulously. He's a good guy!" Arnold praised, then added, "The public trial might happen soon. Bryon applied several times to see Beatrice, but she has

turned down his requests every time." "What the hell does he have to say? He harmed the lives of the Keller family! He is a beast!" I was furious.

Suddenly, Ava looked up at me and protested, "Mommy, you can't curse!"

I didn't even know when she had come back. I quickly nodded solemnly. "You're right! Mommy was wrong."

"Teacher said that admitting mistakes and changing them is what good children do!" After patting me, Ava followed Arnold to locate Jenny.

My mom and Rose were coming downstairs, whispering as they walked. Seeing that I was already downstairs, my mom hurried over.

I felt that my mom had become more reserved because of yesterday's incident, and this feeling made me suddenly feel a bit strange and distant.

"Mom! What time did Atlas leave? I slept like a log for almost 10 hours straight." I pretended as if nothing had happened and asked casually. Rose came over and sat beside me.

"He left very early! Before 8 a.m., in a rush!" Rose replied.

"Mom, is there any soup? After eating, I need to go to the hospital. Do you want to come with me?" I asked to my mom again.

"I'll go check!" My mom said and quickly went to the kitchen.

Rose looked at my mom's back and quietly said to me, "Her heart is in turmoil! You need to give her peace of mind!"

I nodded. "I know! But I really want to know what secrets are hidden in their hearts."

"Don't worry! Everything will come to light in due time!" Rose lightly patted my hand.

At that moment, I seemed to

understand why Atlas didn't make my dad speak last night. He wanted to give my parents some buffer. But in a certain sense, it was also a kind

of invisible pressure.

I looked towards the entrance of the dining room and said quietly to Rose, "It's related to the Bermuda! Grandma..."

After saying this, I looked at her. She certainly wasn't clueless.

Just then, my mom quickly walked out, smiling at me. "Molly has made creamy chicken soup. I asked her to simmer it a bit longer for you. Shall we eat now?"

"Great! I'll go after eating! Mom, do

you want to come with me? Lauren has been staying up for several days. Let's go and let her rest! said to my mom casually, trying to make her relax.

"Well... alright! Let me go upstairs and change clothes!" She said and went upstairs.

I went to the dining room with Rose. Arnold and Ava came down from upstairs, and Arnold asked me, "Can she go out wearing this dress? We're not eating at home! We're going out to eat."

Ava happily ran to Rose and reported, "Granny, Uncle Arnold said he'll take me to eat delicious food! He also wants to bring a friend along!"

I suddenly looked at Arnold and asked, "Which friend?"

Chapter 1183 Intentional Obstruction

Arnold grinned mischievously and said, "Hana's back! We had plans to go out for a meal together, and now we're stuck with two third wheels!"

Ava glanced at Arnold with confusion and asked, "Uncle Arnold, why do we need wheels?"

Both Arnold and I chuckled, looking at Ava. Arnold explained to her, "You and Jenny are the third wheels!"

"Why?" Ava stubbornly asked.

Arnold was at a loss for words.

I said to Rose, "Looks like he has a target now!"

Rose looked at Arnold and chuckled, "Men from the Beringer family are loyal but not proactive!"

"Hana is a very elegant and lovely young woman. She's a skilled and responsible new breed of designer-a furnishings designer! We've been collaborating for a while, and I do like this girl, she's mature and responsible." "I've met this girl. I met her the night you got married!" Rose glanced at me and said, "She's indeed a very likable girl!"

"Grandma, you noticed that too!" I was amazed.

My mom and I went to the hospital together after our meal.

In the car, I saw her sitting in the passenger seat, gripping the handle of the thermos tightly. I knew she was a bit nervous.

The reason I had to bring her to the hospital was to alleviate some of her pressure.

We both understood that neither of us wanted to be the first to open up about the truth. We all harbored some trepidation. The closer we got to it, the more we wanted to avoid facing it.

I've been imagining a question all along. If none of this had happened, if we were just an ordinary family, wouldn't that be wonderful?

I truly understood why my mom had said those words when she decided to sell the house. I didn't give it much attention at the time, but now I understand her true thoughts and concerns.

Life is indeed dramatic. Their darkest worries materialized after the house was sold. We couldn't turn back from all of this.

At the hospital, Oliver was awake. He was still lying on the bed, looking at us as we entered.

Lauren immediately got up and asked, "Y-You're back?"

"It's all fine now! Don't worry!" After all, my mom was there so I couldn't say too much.

My mom handed the soup to Lauren. "Quick, feed him some. Molly specially prepared this soup to replenish his energy!"

After taking the soup, Lauren immediately did as she was told. She helped Oliver to turn to the side, then fed him some soup.

My mom looked at Oliver and said, "Thank you so much. Chloe said if it weren't for you, she would've been the one injured! Sigh..." "There's no need for thanks. Anyone would do the same," Oliver spoke up.

I looked at Lauren and said softly, "Go and rest for a while. With my mom and me here, you can relax! You need to rest as much as possible!"

"No need. When Oliver sleeps, I sleep too. It's okay!" Lauren looked at Oliver's still-pale face, her eyes full of pain.

Not long after, Ivanna walked in. She probably didn't expect to see me in the ward. "You're back! Is Mr. George okay?"

"He's fine, false alarm!" I said lightly. "My mom said she hasn't seen you in a long time!"

Ivanna quickly greeted my mom and Oliver affectionately before pulling my mom to the hospital lobby to chat.

Lauren grabbed my arm and asked, "What's going on exactly? Why did you come back so soon?"

I shook my head gently. "It's complicated! He was kidnapped!"

"Kidnapped?" Lauren was somewhat surprised. "Who did it?"

"People from abroad."

Lauren's eyes stared at me and asked, "Is it time to reveal the secret?"

I nodded. "There's more to it than meets the eye."

"What did they kidnap him for? There must be a purpose!"

Oere is. My dad doesn't

think it's that simple. After rescuing

my

, Atlas decided to fly back to

Foswood overnight."

"It seems there's more to it than meets the eye?" Lauren murmured to herself.

"My dad was planning to reveal the truth last night, but when we got back to Foswood, it was already too late. Atlas stopped it! He left early this morning, and I haven't seen him yet" I said.

"It must be Atlas with some ideas. He must know a lot about Mr. George."

Chapter 1184 Invisible Assassin

I glanced at Lauren and said, "This is exactly what I sensed, so I haven't figured out what's going on! But I feel like Atlas knows some insider information!"

"It's easy to explain that. Atlas has always been a strategist! After finding you, he was bound to investigate your dad and mom."

Lauren's thoughts coincided with mine. I remained silent, feeling uneasy.

"Do you think the recent events are a bit sudden? Could they be related to Liora's escape?" Lauren asked.

I glanced at Oliver. Seeing that we were talking, he turned sideways with his eyes closed, seemingly asleep. He still looked weak. Lauren also looked at Oliver, then reached out to tuck him in with the blanket. I gestured to Lauren and pointed to the balcony.

We went to the balcony of the ward and continued our conversation.

"It's clear that I was the target instead of Oliver. However, Atlas asserted that Liora couldn't have been the culprit!"

"Right, I was too busy with Oliver, and didn't have time to ask about this!" Lauren gave me a doubtful glance.

"The captured person doesn't even know who the employer is. It's all done through online transactions. Liora had just escaped, so it was not conceivable for her to track down a hired killer this quickly. It's clear to all of us that the person was out to kill!" "Apart from Liora I really can't think of anyone else. Melanie has long been inactive, and she's not that smart," Lauren speculated. "And Stella has still not returned to Foswood, so she's a bit out of reach!" Suddenly, I thought of someone.

"Could it be..." I trailed off, looking at Lauren, whose eyes also lit up.

"... Denton Terrell?"

We both said in unison.

Indeed, I hadn't considered this person before. In particular, I had only had one encounter with him, and by then, the Chandler family had already vanished from view.

"How did I forget about him?" I looked at Lauren.

"If we rule out tiora and Stella,

there's only kim left! When we met him in the Old Bourdamun, he didn't seem like a kind person. Given what the Chandler family has become today, he would definitely hold you accountable."

I nodded. "But Arnold reminded me that Denton has always been lying low and hasn't made any suspicious moves!"

"A barking dog doesn't bite!" Lauren said.

"His intervention is unexpected. There have been too many sudden events recently, so his subtle moves were overlooked."

"Don't forget, despite being abroad, he knows everything about Bourdamun like the back of his hand. Otherwise, why would everyone say he's the real mastermind behind the Chandler family?" "And when we met him, there were people around him!" I suddenly realized. "When I saw him, it was obvious that Denton knew me."

"Have you mentioned this to Atlas since you've come back?" Lauren asked me.

I shook my head. "I don't really remember! I should have!"

"I think you should quickly remind Atlas about this matter. Although it's just our speculation, it's better to be safe than sorry."

Lauren looked at me. "This time we're taking a risk. We can't always be so lucky. You see, they are aware of our dining locations, which is not a coincidence. It means we've been targeted." Indeed, what Lauren said coincided with my thoughts.

"Yeah," I nodded.

She continued, "Regardless of who's behind this, it's given us a signal that someone is always prepared to strike against us! However, it's Oliver who got injured this time, and the authorities won't let it go easily."

I was about to speak when my phone suddenly buzzed. I quickly took it out of my pocket, and as I looked at the screen, my hand involuntarily trembled. I stared carefully at the screen, which displayed 'Unknown Caller

Chapter 1185 He Has No Chance of Winning

Lauren saw my expression and asked, "What's going on?"

I made a shushing gesture at her. I slid to answer the call and then opened the recording.

The hoarse voice of the voice changer rang out again.

"Ms. Chloe, do you think things have ended?" There was a tinge of mocking and contempt in that voice.

"What else do you want? Stop playing tricks. You're Navi Mansk, right? I warn you, if you dare set foot on Zydan again, I'll make sure you won't be able to go back!" I gritted my teeth. "Hahaha..."

The voice on the other end laughed uproariously, sending chills down my spine.

"Don't forget! The most important person to Atlas is still with me! If you want him alive, then use that notebook to trade! Consider which is more valuable, and weigh your options carefully." The other party hung up before I could continue.

Lauren looked at me, her eyes filled with fear.

I nodded at her. 'The person who kidnapped my dad! I have to go find Atlas!'

"Then hurry up!" Lauren urged me. "Be sure to drive safely!"

I quickly left the hospital room. I called out to my mom, who was still chatting with Ivanna, "Mom, we need to go back!"

My mom stood up when she sensed something was wrong. After exchanging a few words with Ivanna, she hurried behind me and anxiously asked, "Chloe, did something happen?" "The kidnapper called me again. I have to inform Atlas!"

I called Atlas.

Atlas answered immediately and said, "Chloe! Are you awake?"

"I just came out of the hospital! Navi Mansk called again! I recorded it, and I'll send it to you! Now I'll take my mom back to Foswood, and then go to you!"

After informing Atlas, I sent him the recording of the phone call I just made.

Atlas comforted me, "You don't need to rush back and forth. I'll go back to Foswood now!"

I felt a bit panicked. After all, the threat in Navi Mansk's phone call made me feel unsettled. He said, 'The most important person to Atlas is with me!' This obviously referred to my biological father.

"Alright! Let's meet at home later!"

With my mother in tow, I hurriedly got into the car and headed for Foswood.

When our car just entered the private road leading to Foswood, I saw Atlas's car ahead, already entering the gate of Foswood. It seemed he was faster than me.

I stepped on the accelerator and

drove directly through the gate. Just

as I saw Atlas and Cane leaving the car ahead, Atlas walked towards car. When my car stopped, he

opened the door for me. I I saying, 'It seems he escat Atlas,

quickly exited the car and looked at Atlas,

"Don't worry! He will call again, and will agree to trade with him!" Atlas said calmly. "Since we let him go, there will naturally be a time to deal with him!"

My mom exited the car and looked at us nervously, "Atlas... they're not done yet?"

Atlas gently said, "You can rest assured. He doesn't stand a chance."

He wrapped his arm around me and continued, "Let's go in. It's too sunny out here."

We walked directly into the house but saw my dad sitting in the living room. He would be joyfully working in the garden at this time of day every day.

He was surprised to see all of us coming in, but immediately realized something and stared at Atlas with a heavy heart, "Atlas, is it..."

He didn't continue speaking, but we all knew what he meant.

"Yes! It seems he has escaped!" Atlas didn't conceal it either and said, "But you don't have to worry! It's time to settle the score with him!"

"Is he... asking to trade for someone using the notebook?" My dad looked at us and asked.

His question surprised me. My dad knew that Navi Mansk would take this step.

My dad sighed regretfully, his face pale at seeing our reactions, and he whispered, "It's fate! I've been escaping from them for 20 years, but yet I failed!" Then he suddenly looked up at my mom and ordered, "Go get the notebook!"

After glancing at him and briefly becoming pale, my mother turned around and walked upstairs to get it.

My dad said to both of us, "Come over and sit down."

As Atlas dragged me over to the couch, I couldn't resist giving him a quick squeeze. I knew that what my father was going to say would be of interest to me.

Chapter 1186 Bound by Fate

My dad hung his head low. Since he returned yesterday, his spirits seemed deflated, and he appeared burdened with heavy thoughts. It made me feel very uneasy.

I understood his emotions. After all, this was connected to everything from his past. Most importantly, it revealed the fact that they weren't my biological parents. I knew they wouldn't want to lose me, their only daughter. I was their everything.

At this moment, I fully understood why my mom had sighed when they sold the house in the small town. She must have been worried they would be left with nothing and felt a sense of insecurity.

But I never expected this to happen so quickly.

When Atlas saw how depressed my dad was, he calmly reassured him. "Don't worry too much about it, Dad. Letting him go back was part of my strategy to buy time. Many clues are connected to him. We let him go as part of the long game." My dad remained silent. The notebook seemed to be the key to unlocking this conversation.

We waited for what seemed like forever before my mom finally came downstairs with heavy and tentative steps.

She approached my dad cautiously and handed him the notebook. Her lips quivered as she called his name gently. "...George!"

My dad didn't respond. Instead, he took the notebook. He gently caressed it like a treasure before passing it to Atlas.

"Take it and use it to save someone!" His tone was firm. "If I could turn back time, I would wish none of this had happened, that it was all just a nightmare! It's been over twenty years... It's time to put an end to this!"

My heart began to accelerate as I looked at my mom standing next to my dad. At that moment, I noticed how much she had aged, her expression filled with profound sorrow.

"Mom!" I got up and pulled her close, getting her to sit beside me. As I held her hand, I felt how cold it was.

"Dad, why did you contact Navi?" I broke the silence, looking at my father's heavy expression. Since things had reached this point, I couldn't miss the opportunity to find out everything, even if it might seem cruel. But I believed they also needed to face this reality. I felt my mom's hand trembling incessantly as I said that.

"It started when I was very young." My dad looked up at me, his eyes filled with sorrow. "I was from Norton. I grew up in the mountains. We were very poor, but my parents' love was strong, and my childhood was warm and beautiful.

"But fate is unpredictable. When I

was ten, there was a flash flood. My father tried to save a child from our village and pushed him onto a tree

before being swept away by the torrential mudflow. My mom watched in horror as my dad was submerged in the mud, and she couldn't accept it. She cried and rushed over, but the villagers stopped her."

He seemed to age as he talked, his voice choking with emotions.

"After crying herself unconscious several times that night, she ran out in a frenzy while nobody was watching, desperately digging

through the mud where my dad net

died. The loose earth on the hillside slid down, causing a tree to fall and strike her in the back of the head. She lost her life right then and there."

When I heard that, I couldn't hold back my tears.

Atlas quickly embraced me, and I buried my face in his chest.

My dad's voice became hoarse with suppressed tears. "I became an orphan. I was ten years old that year."

Another ten-year-old!

What a tragic age it was.

At this moment, I suddenly felt fortunate. Perhaps losing those memories of a miserable childhood was a kind of liberation.

My mom kept trying to wipe her tears away.

My dad continued, "But my dad was a hero in that incident, a brave hero. The flash flood destroyed the entire village overnight, and the surviving villagers took care of me. After all, my dad had died trying to save someone.

"But life was difficult for everyone

after the disaster. I was left with

nothing and had to rely on others for support. About half a year after the disaster, the authorities took me out of the mountains and sent me to an orphanage. After all, my dad had died saving someone. I was a hero's son. I was given extra attention, of course, and I vowed to study hard. That was also something my

parents had always taught me when they were alive."

Chapter 1187 Death Without Anyone Knowing

My heart ached as I lifted my eyes to see my father in front of me, who seemed both familiar and unfamiliar.

"I had no family left, so all I could do was study. I devoted all my time to my studies, excelling in both middle and high school. I was a model student and was admitted to the prestigious University of Ithaca. Chemistry was my favorite subject, and later, I was admitted to a top-ranking university in Nocturnia, becoming one of the best there," my dad said slowly.

"My name is Oscar Parson. My real name is Jasper Paul, but I changed my surname to Parson to honor the ones who took care of me." My dad revealed his name.

"So, you're Oscar Parson? But what about Lucas Paul?" Atlas interjected, looking at my father in disbelief.

My dad looked at Atlas in shock. "How did you know?"

"I happened to see some information about Oscar Parson from a prestigious Nocturnia university. I also got the information about Lucas Paul from the Bermuda secret files," Atlas said calmly.

I saw my dad's face go pale, his voice hoarse as he struggled to say, "Well... looks like I shouldn't do anything I wouldn't want anyone else to know!"

"Lucas Paul was a name I used later when I couldn't bear to use the Parson surname anymore. I reverted to my original surname to commemorate the person who raised me. I wanted to remind myself to always be grateful and remember who nurtured me. But... I feel ashamed." My dad's expression was like that of an old man, full of humility.

My heart ached.

He had a bright future ahead of him. I never imagined he would ruin his life because of a moment of greed, and would need to change his name constantly just to survive. It was tragic.

The woman sitting beside me trembled slightly, as if she had lost a secure anchor.

"Dad, how are you connected to Bermuda?" I asked urgently, silently blaming Atlas for interrupting my dad's story.

My dad glanced at me, adjusting his emotions.

"When a person gains fame and desire, they'll deviate from the right path," he said softly. "At that time, I was a top scholar at that university and naturally, many girls wanted to date me.

"I met a wealthy, beautiful, and noble girl who was the object of pursuit of many young admirers. But she was fond of me, and we quickly fell in love.

"Just when I thought my life was going smoothly, the girl's family found out about our relationship. Her father called me to their abandoned estate and gave me a harsh lesson in reality." I saw a self-deprecating smile on my dad's face.

"That lesson made me understand the concept of disparity. He implied that I was aiming at the moon and she was way out of my league. After humiliating me, he beat me up and threw me out of the estate. I was on the brink of death after their

servants beat me."

"That's outrageous!" I was enraged and couldn't control my feelings. "What happened afterward?"

"I met your mom then. Her real name is Moira Preston. She was the reason I survived. She was working part-time while studying in Nocturnia and doing lawn maintenance at the family's estate.

"She happened to be working there that day. When she saw me getting thrown out, she quietly ran out and took me to the hospital. I was severely injured, and she used up all her savings to save me from the brink of death." I reached out and held my mom's hand. "I didn't know you two met like this."

My mom smiled bitterly and sighed softly.

My dad continued, "When I woke up,

I saw the thugs from that family warning her. If she dared leak any information, they would ensure we died without anyone knowing. They fired her after that. I felt like a disaster, like I was dragging your mom down.

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"I felt like there was nothing left to live for. All the good things in my heart were gone, and all my hopes had been shattered. It was cruel. I thought I was the pride of heaven, but in fact, I was nothing. In the eyes of those rich people, I was

no

worthless, just a piece of trash!"

My dad smiled self-deprecatingly as he continued, "Because I was poor and came from nothing, all the glory I had in school was just a bubble, an illusion!"

Chapter 1188 All Unfortunate Souls

Even though it had been twenty years, my dad appeared utterly mired in the shame of that moment as he spoke. It was clear how deeply the experiences of that period had impacted him and affected his self-esteem.

"I lost my mind back then. I tried to drive Moira away, yelling at her and smashing things. But she still took care of me until my injuries healed, even though it exhausted all her savings. I couldn't afford the high medical expenses and had to leave the hospital even though I hadn't fully recovered," my dad said. My mom covered her face beside me, her shoulders shaking uncontrollably.

"Moira was afraid I would be traumatized when I returned to school, or that I would become depressed and have suicidal thoughts because I hadn't fully recovered. She took me back to her house. Moira was by my side the entire month, taking painstaking care of me," my dad continued.

"After I got beat up, that wealthy girl never got in touch with me again. I don't know if she just thought it was a game or if it was because of threats from her family. That relationship ended without even giving me a chance to say goodbye," he sighed, shaking his head with a bitter smile. "That's reality. But your mother has always supported me, and listened to me complain about my problems while providing me with silent consolation."

I reached out and hugged my mom, greatly admiring her patience and kindness.

With tears running down her cheeks, my mother said, "I couldn't let go. I once lost someone I loved because of negligence. When I saw how he was after I saved him, I was afraid. I was afraid that if I ignored him, he might lose his life. After all, he was still so young!"

"What happened?" I asked curiously. I wanted to know what my mom was thinking at that time. I believed she acted out of kindness, but what else had made my mom so determined to do that, if not love?

My mother gave me a pained look as she spoke, saying, "Back then, I went to Nocturnia with my mother. Our family was the envy of many as we had a comfortable life.

"My mother had a severe

hemorrhage when she gave birth to

me, so her uterus was removed. That meant my dad lost the chance to have a son, which he regretted. He couldn't accept that, so he raised me as a son. He had high hopes for me and decided to send me to Nocturnia to study with my mom. But..."

Her lips trembled uncontrollably. "But... after we left the country for more than a year, my dad had another woman. When my mother learned about that, she couldn't accept it. She went crazy and called him every day. My dad, who had no conscience, cut off our financial support and stopped sending us money.

"After that, my mother started drinking heavily and became

depressed. The two of us relied on each other for survival as I struggled in a foreign country for my

education. I urged her to cheer up

and vowed to make that man regret what he did, but my mother was still depressed. One day, when I came home from work, I found that she... had committed suicide by taking poison."

I clenched my fists tightly. I didn't understand how fathers like that could exist.

My mom's story sounded like Beatrice's story. No wonder they had no other relatives in that small town.

She continued, "My mother died in a foreign land, and I was left with nothing. I had to work while studying, and I couldn't take it easy at all. I knew what the consequences would be if I stopped. I had almost no friends at that time since I was just rushing between school and work.

"When I saw your father being beaten half to death, I thought of my deceased mother. So I took him to the hospital. I always thought that if he died here, his family would be as heartbroken as I was. I didn't think too much about it at that moment. All I knew was he would die if I didn't save him!"

"Maybe without you, I would really be dead!" My dad said seriously.

My mom looked at me. "But when he woke up, his emotions were the same as my mother's at that time. I didn't dare let go. I was afraid that if I turned around and left, he would disappear forever. He was so young.

"Maybe I was just feeling compassionate. When he told me later he was an orphan, I felt even more that we were two kindred spirits in exile. There was no way I was letting go of him after that."

Chapter 1189 A Custom-Made Trap

After listening to my mom, my dad sighed deeply. "I gradually started depending on your mom. But when it rains, it pours. We only stayed in that house for a month." "Why?" I asked.

"Your mom didn't have time to work to support us while taking care of me. Plus, she had spent all her money while I was in the hospital, so the landlord kicked us out.

"That was the cruel reality. Your mother and I sat side by side with our luggage on the streets of Nocturnia that evening. At that moment, I vowed to myself then and there that I would become wealthy, well-known, and provide Moira with a secure home so she wouldn't regret saving me."

My hand subconsciously tightened around Atlas's hand, imagining the embarrassment they must have felt.

Atlas gripped my hand solidly to show that he recognized how I was feeling.

"Where did you go then?" I asked weakly.

I could guess how easy it would be to go astray in such a situation.

My dad shook his head, looking at me and Atlas. "When someone hits rock bottom, they'll cling to anything they can as if it were a lifeline. We were the same. We were homeless, and although we were discouraged, we also clung together more tightly. "Fortunately, one of my classmates helped us out and let us stay in his house. He was our lifesaver!"

My dad chuckled. "Then, I met a businessman in cosmetics from Cirencester. He was my classmate's uncle. My classmate praised me to the skies. A top student, an academic star, the most promising talent..."

"He said that?" I couldn't help but interject.

"Yes, he carefully set up the trap step by step, luring me in. He asked his uncle if any projects could earn us some extra money, like providing us with technology or formula for cosmetics while they handled the marketing. To be honest, I was very interested in my classmate's proposal."

"The trap he set was tailor-made for you," I sighed.

My father chuckled bitterly with a sour expression. "I didn't expect his uncle to give me a chance."

"He was the one who led you astray?" I murmured.

bet

My dad nodded in frustration. "At that time, purification technology in Nocturnia was very advanced. He asked me to research a formula for cosmetics, saying that the sales of this particular cosmetic were very promising and could make a lot of money.

"He said that if I could help him come up with the formula, he would pay me a commission. The amount he mentioned was astronomical for me!

"That... was the first step that led me

astray. I earned my first pot of gold with my knowledge. The

commission was terrifyingly high and I got it. It was the most money I had ever seen at the time. It seemed like was seeing the hope of a bright future."

He suddenly laughed, a somewhat bitter laugh that made us uneasy.

Greed!

Desire!

Those were the greatest demons in everyone's hearts, especially when there was no defense against temptation in circumstances like these.

I glanced up at Atlas, who had been listening attentively.

But my dad continued with a sneer,

"After I got the money, I wanted to grow and get revenge, which made me decide to buy a house on the spot. I didn't want to worry about not having a stable place to live

anymore, and I didn't want to see the woman who was with me suffer. That's how your mom and I finally got our own home in that indifferent and cold place, and I lived together with Moira, starting a worry-free family life."

"But misfortune began to approach us step by step." my mom sounded desperate.

"Because after that, little by little, the formula for cosmetics began to change... When I realized that, I was already deeply trapped and unable to extricate myself..."

Chapter 1190 There's Something Fishy Here

Suddenly, I noticed a hint of hopelessness in his gaze.

"Our daughter was nine years old at that point. My "skills" allowed us to live a prosperous and carefree life. When the city where I was studying, Norton, called me back to the country, I didn't dare go back. I knew deep down that what I did was contradictory to my

homeland. I had no way back, no way home!"

I glanced at Atlas. He had made an irreparable mistake.

It sent shivers down my spine.

No wonder he had connections with Bermuda. And they had been relentless in their pursuit.

My dad looked at us. "One day, I finally realized that I had led my family to the edge of a cliff. I wanted to hit the brakes. I changed my name to 'Tony,' which was the mysterious Tony Paul from Bermuda, and Moira changed her name to 'Yunia'." "Then, to be more discreet, we moved the whole family to a remote and quiet town, wanting to live incognito and get away from the harassment of those people," My dad looked helpless, and I could imagine the unease he felt at the time. "But I was naive. We only lived a quiet life for less than two years. One day, my daughter suddenly vanished out of nowhere. We

searched every corner of the small town, but she was nowhere to be found. I suspected that it must have been them.

"Sure enough, they told me that if we wanted to find our daughter, we had to continue to work for them, otherwise we would never see our daughter again. I had no choice but to give in as I was desperate to save my daughter. I continued to develop new formulas for them while trying to get my daughter back. It was terrible. We were desperate, but we couldn't find anyone to help us."

He had been bearing it calmly until now, but suddenly, he started crying.

It was one of the few times I had ever seen my dad lose control. The last time it happened was when I divorced Matthew, and he had hugged me and cried loudly in anger. But it was even more terrible this time.

"Dad! Don't be like this. That's all in the past now." I stood up and moved closer, crouching before him and extending my hand to dab at the tears on his cheeks.

He grasped my hand, shaking his head and sobbing even more before saying, "But... we waited in agony for 2 years and still couldn't find our daughter. Your mom and I both knew in our hearts that our daughter was no longer with us," He choked. "She must be... gone!" My mom's voice shook uncontrollably. "She was so lovely and good!"

"Chloe... over the years, we treated you as if you were the daughter we found. We didn't want to lose you, but..." My mom hugged me.

As I hugged her, I said firmly, "I won't let you leave me! Absolutely not!"

"How did you find Chloe then?" Atlas interrupted.

My dad tried to calm himself down. He looked at Atlas and said, "At that time, we didn't want to give up. After all, she was our beautiful daughter.

"We were oppressed and threatened

while secretly looking for our

daughter, but we found nothing. One day, Moira saw a little girl who had been seriously injured and brought to the hospital in that small town." My dad looked at my mom.

My mom continued, "She was the same age as our daughter, and I went crazy with excitement at the time. I didn't even realize how

excited was. But later, I found out that she wasn't our daughter

Despite her astonishing beauty, she

seemed barely alive."

My dad took over, "Moirá called me immediately to tell me about it. I comforted her, saying that we would find our daughter for sure. I urged her to come home quickly. After all, that was someone else's child."

"I didn't want to leave and kept an

eye on the situation. As I was about to go home, heard the man who had brought her there on the phone in the corridor. He said, 'She's not dead. She's Rory White's daughter. She's useful, so keep her alive! Only she can lure out Rory White. We can't let Rory live!' My mom vividly recounted the situation at the time.

"When I heard him say they couldn't let Rory live, I was startled. That meant there was something fishy going on!"

I thought about how aware and desperate my mother must have felt at the moment, having just lost her child.

"Was he a tall and thin man?" Atlas asked.

When I heard Atlas's question, I thought of someone!