

## **Divorce 1191**

### Chapter 1191 Fleeing for Life

My mom immediately answered, "Yes, I remember clearly, he was very tall and skinny. I heard him say, 'Send someone to watch over this girl! She knows me, and if she wakes up, it'll be over. That brat has been looking for her and he doesn't know if she's still alive or dead.'"

I was anxious. I knew that the little girl she described was me. These were fragments of memories I hadn't erased.

The tall and skinny man she mentioned should be the man who took me away after I was thrown out of the car.

I was about to say his name, but my mom continued, "The most crucial thing is, he also said, 'if it doesn't work out, we can only give her a sleeping injection after checking her injuries and take her away! Find a place to hide her, but we must not let any word slip out!'" I involuntarily looked at Atlas, only to see his face darken significantly.

Atlas lowered his gaze to me, and we said in unison, "Clark Norton!"

My dad continued, "When Moira returned from the hospital to tell me about this, I thought this girl must have a secret on her just like our daughter. Your mom then came up with a bold idea to take you away."

I looked at my mom, and she said, "It was just an idea at the time, but we were determined to steal you away no matter what."

"But it wasn't so easy. We were being watched. Moira was afraid that something might happen, and you would be taken away if it took too long! In a moment of desperation, she turned around and poured a chemical solution from the laboratory onto her hand, burning it severely."

I murmured as I looked at my mom, "So that's how you got the scar on your hand?"

Only then did she nod, looking at her left hand.

My mother had a patch of ugly, wrinkled scars all across her left hand, from the wrist to the fingertips.

Whenever I questioned my mother how she got that scar, she would casually reply that it was from a burn when she was younger. Whenever I asked how she got burned, she would dismiss it as a minor issue and claim she couldn't recall specific details.

It turned out it was to save me. From the hideous scar, it must have been a severe injury at the time.

"The people monitoring us assumed it was a genuine injury, so they hurried us to the hospital. Then, Moira saw that man paying the medical staff and nurses to have the little girl's hospital records deleted.

"It seemed like he wanted to take the child away so she took the initiative. She quietly carried the little girl away and hid her in a garbage truck.

"It was fortunate that just when the man noticed the child was missing, a group of people from the hospital came to inquire about the little girl's situation. The man slipped away!"

"Another group of people came?" I looked at Atlas with some skepticism.

"That should be from my grandmother's house!" Atlas said, "Because according to the timeline, by that time, people from my grandmother's house had already found me."

My dad continued, "We fled the town

overnight with the child. At that time, the child hadn't fully regained consciousness. We bought tickets to Norward with false identities and only stayed in each place for a few days.

"After that, we drove about a lot before eventually making our getaway from the border. In short, we had to travel about for a full two years before we could finally return to Zydan."

"No wonder there were no complete clues to be found!" Atlas said lightly, "But we are sure that Oscar Parson and Lucas Paul must be the same person!"

"I've had the most number of names!

We made up names on the spot and changed them for every place we went. The only thing worth

celebrating is that we had more than enough, thanks to our savings at the time," My dad chuckled

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self-deprecatingly.

"The child woke up on the way, but she resisted us very much, constantly trying to escape." My dad's expression was distraught when he said this. But Atlas hugged me tightly as if afraid of losing me again.

"We were in agony. No matter how we explained, she pretended to be obedient in front of us. But as soon as she saw outsiders, she called for help. She kept saying she wanted to find her friend! When we asked who her friend was, she refused to say anything!"

Atlas tenderly kissed my head, holding me tightly.

Chapter 1192 Unique

My dad lowered his head and said, "But we were truly at our wits' end. She was trying every possible way to escape. However, we can't bear to let her go because she's still so young. "Also, since she's too clever, we're afraid of her exposing our whereabouts. We know full well that once the people from Navi's group find our trail, it's game over for both of us."

"She also depended on us during these two years of escape, much like our daughter did before. She got away once, and it took us two whole days to track her down. It was really difficult to get her back because she was huddled with other beggars." I felt shivers running down my spine as I listened to my dad's story.

"We were at our wits' end, and after hearing people say that hypnosis can erase memories, we made up our minds. To prevent her from running away, we could only find a hypnotist to seal her memories. After that, she became much more obedient. She never mentioned finding her friend again!"

"The friend she was looking for is me!" Atlas held me tightly and said to my parents, "So I've been tormenting her for eighteen years!"

Tears welled up in my eyes as I nestled into Atlas's embrace.

My dad also hung his head, full of guilt.

"We continued to live briefly in various cities, not daring to stay long. Until we went to Bibury, we felt powerless and just wanted to settle down. However, my sole area of competence was chemistry, that's all I could do."

"And then?"

"This was my life's wealth, so I insisted on becoming a chemistry teacher. Moira didn't agree, but I used my last bit of wealth to secure this position. Given the situation at the time, she could only go along with it." My mom, sitting beside me, was already sobbing uncontrollably at this point. She covered her face and choked back sobs.

I reached out and hugged her shoulder, "Mom! No matter what happens, I still recognize you as my mother. If you hadn't risked your lives to take me out, I might not even know what I'd become today. You are my parents." She took her hand from her face and looked at me with frightened eyes, and she asked, "When did you find out?"

I knew what she was asking.

"From the first time I asked you why I couldn't remember anything from my childhood? From that day on, I knew that you weren't my biological parents!" I truthfully told her.

She couldn't control her emotions and hugged me tightly, "Chloe! I'm sorry... We didn't mean to erase your memories, it was to stay alive! We..."

"Mom... I don't blame you anymore!" I wiped away my tears and patted her on the back.

I looked at my father and asked, "So how did Navi find you in the end?"

"He was the cosmetics merchant who dragged me down back then, my classmate's uncle." My dad replied as he looked at me.

"I know that," I said, "I mean later, and this time too!"

"At that time, he was a cosmetics

merchant but he was inspired to become affluent after seeing the wealthy big shots! He was meticulous, bold, and cunning. He didn't settle for mediocrity, so he went to Nocturnia with a purpose.

"Moreover, he had been keeping an eye on me for a year. His

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appearance. before me was not a coincidence but carefully planned with my classmate. Every step was planned. I had long become their target! They groomed me like a puppet for them!"

"It seems they were plotting carefully!"

"And the commission I obtained was just the tip of the iceberg for them. They quickly became wealthy using my skills and ran rampant for twenty years. Navi also became the overlord of that area." "Now he wants to unify Bermuda and become the one and only king! In fact, for these twenty years, he has never stopped searching for me."

My dad looked at Atlas, "The reason

he controls Rory White is that he knows that one day, I'll be useful to him. He said he already knew my whereabouts long ago and even abducted Rory White's daughter."

"Oh?"

Chapter 1193 A Crafty Escape Plan

"That means Clark Norton had collusion with him!" Atlas analyzed.

"And me? I was still smugly thinking that I had completely escaped!" My dad chuckled, "Now looking back, I've never really escaped his clutches!"

"So, when you saw me pursuing Chloe, you already knew who I was?" Atlas looked at my dad and asked.

"I didn't know! I didn't even know who Rory White was, or how he ended up in Navi's hands later! But this time, Navi told me who Rory White was! We had a candid chat all night."

"Why did he tell you these things?" I looked at Atlas and asked, "In theory, he shouldn't have revealed Rory White."

"I used to only know that Rory White was Chloe's biological father! This was something we knew when we stole her from those villains. It was also one of the reasons we decided to erase her memories.

"Because we knew in our hearts that our daughter was probably no longer in this world, hence we cherished her even more. We simply didn't want to leave her!

"But I didn't know how Navi managed to control Rory. Navi told me that the man who injured Chloe at the time and the man we stole the child from, was named Clark."

My dad said with difficulty, "He found Rory and told Navi that as long as Rory was there, I couldn't escape because Rory's child was with me. He... also said that Chloe was the childhood sweetheart of the Pierce family's heir. I finally understood why you loved Chloe so much..."

I hadn't expected to become a pawn in everyone's game.

"Was this also the reason you fled with Navi?" Atlas asked again.

My dad raised his head abruptly and looked at Atlas, "I didn't want to go with him, but he said if I resisted, he would kill Rory White!

"He said that once he found me and Rory White was of no value, he would try to take me away. After all, I was an important tool for him to make money. He said he had many ways to extract the information from my head and turn it into money.

"To ensure my survival and stop him

from hurting Rory once more, I revealed all of the research findings that were recorded in my notebook. He wanted the notebook because of this, but he let me go when

he

realized he couldn't keep up with

your constant pursuit of us.

"After all, he could easily trade Rory White for the notebook or me!"

My dad handed the notebook over again, "Hurry up and trade it! If you can get Chloe's biological father back, it means that our decision to take her and flee for our lives was the right one. It's the best decision Moira and I have made in our lives!"

After taking a quick look at the

notebook, Atlas went to grab it but

turned to face my father, saying, "Don't you believe that by doing this, they'll have succeeded? You will remain the mastermind, too! All of Navi's impressive capital growth throughout the years is due to you.

"You truly are indispensable to him. How many people have been injured by your "achievements"? Will you not face consequences if Interpol steps in to resolve this matter?"

"If I'm caught one day, I'm willing to accept the consequences!" My dad was already pale at this point, "But, the final formula in this notebook is for detoxification. Even long-term toxins can be gradually diluted!"

Atlas's eyes suddenly lit up, "Oh? Are you saying that this formula, instead of being toxic, is actually for detoxification?"

My dad nodded, "Yes, that's why, even though I wanted to become a chemistry teacher in Bibury, I was tirelessly hoping to correct my mistakes using the laboratory there! To atone for the heinous crimes I've committed! To alleviate my sins!" "Fight poison with poison?" Atlas mused.

My dad remained silent for a long

time before raising his head again. "Well... once you rescue Rory White, I-I'll I-I'll go back to Bibury with Moiral We've already discussed it last night. Navi won't desire that house

anymore. I can still go back there... and live a simple life. I..."

Chapter 1194 Can't Be Without You

"Dad! What are you saying? You and Mom can't go anywhere. This is your home! Wherever I am, you'll be there too!"

I quickly expressed my stance. Although I couldn't remember the days of fleeing, since they protected me and kept me alive, I had no reason to let them be alone.

"Even if my biological father comes back, you're still my parents. Although I don't remember what happened in my childhood or the days of fleeing, you've taken care of me for 20 years. I'll never forget that. Because of this, you have the right to live with me." "W-We're sorry for you! It's because of us that you were forcibly separated... that..." My mom spoke guiltily.

"Let's not talk about that now! You kept her alive regardless, so you're my benefactors!" Atlas quickly spoke up. "We don't need to dwell on this. The most urgent matter now is to rescue Rory. I'm afraid of unforeseen circumstances!"

"But... he went back..." My dad hesitated to speak.

I knew he was afraid.

"Although I let Navi escape back to the Bermuda this time, we can't give him another chance to catch his breath! This time, we must completely eradicate Navi. Only then can we find stability."

"Will it affect you?" My dad asked worriedly.

"Affect me? He can't affect me! But he did use Rory to control me. So I must make him understand that there's a price to pay for harming my loved ones!"

Atlas's tone was unquestionable. "My people are already with him, but we haven't found Rory's hiding place yet. So yesterday, I only showed him the pictures. Navi calculated that correctly. The book wasn't on me, nor was it in Bibury. That's why he ultimately let you go." "I anticipated this. Since he would take this step, we must turn the tables and use this notebook to get Rory back."

I looked at Atlas and asked urgently, "When will you leave?"

"I still need to make some

preparations I'm afraid I alone won't

be able to control that side,

startled. And Rory isn't just meene

especially now that Navi has been

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concern. There are also the Anti-Organization and Celine who

want him dead, hence I need to plan carefully!"

Then he turned to my parents and said, "Things are clear now! Perhaps disposing of Navi will truly confirm whether your daughter is still alive! What do you think?"

My mom instantly became terrified and was unable to speak. My dad reacted quicker, stammering as he asked Atlas, "You... what do you mean... our daughter might still... be alive?"

"Don't get your hopes up too high, but since you haven't seen her body, there's still a glimmer of hope. As they say, seeing is believing, right?" Atlas gave an ambiguous answer.

My mom immediately knelt before

Atlas, grabbed his hand and pleaded, "Atlas, please help us! We need to know our daughter's whereabouts. Even if she's dead, we need to know h-how she died!"

Atlas quickly extended his arm to lift my mom. "Mom! Don't do this. We've been investigating this matter all along. Many chains are broken due to your battles to survive, making it difficult to find complete evidence and reconstruct the truth. Maybe this time... it's possible!"

Atlas embraced me and said, "Chloe, stay with your parents! I need to go back to the company and make some preparations."

I nodded. "Okay, go ahead!"

He glanced at me with relief, then kissed my forehead affectionately. "Be good. I... might come back late."

Atlas gave my parents a quick instruction before turning around and leaving. I saw him get into the car with Cane and quickly disappear from our sight.

After he left, the atmosphere among the three of us became awkward.

Ultimately, my mom couldn't hold back anymore and burst into tears. She hugged me tightly and said, "Chloe! My child! I'm sorry for you, but I can't be without you! I really can't!"

Chapter 1195 Losing Emotional Control

I knew she was heartbroken, of course, even more heartbroken about her biological daughter whom she had carried for ten months and raised for ten years. But I knew her feelings of attachment to me were genuine.

My dad couldn't control his emotions either and burst into tears. The three of us hugged each other and cried bitterly.

I couldn't lose them. I had only been with Rory White and Lucille White for ten years and didn't remember anything from those years. Perhaps if I never recovered those memories, they would just be relatives with shared genetic material to me. The ones who had truly cared for me were the elderly couple in front of me.

Rose eventually made her way downstairs at this precise moment, ending our uneasy silence. She also asked a lot of questions about their daughter.

Unfortunately, due to their fugitive status, they had nothing about their daughter, not even a photo.

It was then that I understood my mom's kneeling just now. Atlas was correct. Navi seemed to be the only one with the authority to find any trace of their daughter.

But one thing, I had speculated that their daughter would be named "Kylie." But no, their daughter's name is Gianna Paul, also known as Gemma. According to them, we didn't look alike at all.

Communication between people is crucial. With Grandma Rose present, much of our awkwardness was smoothed over. Coincidentally, Arnold returned with the two children and Hana. From the sweat on the two children's heads, it was clear that they had had a lot of fun.

Before I could even greet Hana, my precious daughter rushed over and hugged my leg. "Mom, today was the most fun day I've ever had! Guess where we went? It was so exciting!" Ava's expressions were very colorful.

I glanced at Hana, and she smiled so sweetly that it was heartwarming. I always felt like Hana's smile was somewhat familiar.

"Where did you go?" I asked Ava.

"Uncle Arnold and Aunty Hana took us to the national park, and there's a children's amusement park inside. It was so much fun! You never took me there! Uncle Arnold knows everything, it's all stuff you don't know!" Ava's tone carried a hint of disdain. I pinched her nose, "Your uncle spoils you!"

"Uncle Arnold is the best! Uncle Arnold and I are besties!"

My mom looked at the two sweaty children and quickly got up, saying to them, "Let's go! I will give you two a bath and change your clothes, then only come down to play Look at all this sweat!"

"Yeah, be good and go take a bath with Grandma! We'll ask Aunty Hana to stay for dinner later!" I said to Ava.

She naturally agreed. She acted

like

a little adult and said, "Aunty Hana, talk to Mom! I'll go take a bath, and then I'll come down. You have to stay for dinner with us!"

Hana smiled and nodded, "Okay!"

Without delay, Arnold approached Hana and asked, "Do you want to shower too? It's scorching hot today, and it's stuffy!" Hana glanced at me embarrassedly. "Is it okay?"

"No problem at all. I have many guest rooms here. Have Arnold show you the shower. It'll be more comfortable, and we can have dinner downstairs later and Chat!"

Arnold promptly said, "Alright! I'll obey!"

Then he looked at Hana, "Don't be shy!"

Hana looked embarrassed as she smiled at me, then greeted Rose before following Arnold upstairs.

Rose watched their departing figures and quietly said, "I feel like this girl is somewhat similar to you! Very gentle!" When I heard her say this, I looked at her in surprise, "You feel the same way? I also feel like her smile is somewhat familiar!" After they went upstairs, I saw my dad silently go upstairs. Looking at his somewhat sad figure, I suddenly remembered something.

I quickly told Rose, "Please wait for me for a moment. I have something for my dad. I'll come back to accompany you in a bit!"

I hastily ran upstairs. After locating the tiny glass bottle I had brought back from Solaris, I tapped on my parents' door, "Dad!" "Come in!" My dad's voice sounded unusually hoarse and tired.

Chapter 1196 The Dignity of a Man

I pushed the door open and walked in, spotting him slouched on the couch in the room, looking dispirited.

Quietly, I approached him. "Dad."

He lifted his head, and tears welled up in his eyes. "Chloe..."

Seeing him like this tugged at my heartstrings. I understood the pain my adoptive parents had carried and the hardships they had gone through. I believed in their love for me.

My nose tingled. I went over and bent down to him. "Don't be like this, Dad. You and Mom are my parents. If you hadn't risked your lives to bring me out, I wouldn't be here today. Without you, I might not have found Atlas. I might not even be alive." He grasped my hand and said, "Chloe, bringing you out into this world was the best decision I ever made."

"I know how much you both love me. Throughout these twenty years, you've showered me with warmth and care, giving me a home," I said sincerely.

"Maybe forgetting those past memories is a form of happiness for me," I reassured him.

"I might have lost the memories from the past, but I know that throughout these twenty years, you've taken care of me with all your heart and raised me well. I didn't manage to spend much time with my biological parents, and I don't even remember their faces. "In reality, you are my true parents. I cherish every moment with you. Let's forget all this, okay? It doesn't matter whether my biological father returns or not. You're still my parents."

Before I could finish, my dad hugged me, sobbing loudly. "I'm sorry, Chloe. It's my fault for making you lose your memories. It's all my fault."

Moved, I leaned into his embrace, remembering how warm it always felt.

He continued, choking on his words. "This was all my idea. I was afraid of losing you. I already lost a daughter. I can't lose another one! We were selfish for bringing you out, since we only did it so you would become our daughter." "I understand, Dad."

"I've made too many mistakes in this life. I've wronged many people. I've let so many people down...

"I owe everything to your mom. I haven't given her a great life, where she can live in comfort. She's been living in fear and running away with me all her life."

At that moment, I fully understood Dad's regret.

"What I feared most was that one day, you would find your family and leave us. Our affection for you has grown since the day we took you away, making it harder to let go. We were afraid you'd leave us one day, and now that day has come. I..."

He was emotional, and I saw him break down in front of me for the first time. He looked like a helpless child as he let go of his dignity as a man.

He clung to me tightly, fearing that if he let go, I'd disappear.

I understood his anxiety. After all, he had already lost one daughter. Losing me again would drive those two to despair, possibly even to the point of taking their own lives.

"I won't leave you, Dad. I never will. Please don't do this. Your heart's not well. I've said it before, wherever I am, you and mom will be there."

Those words echoed my true

feelings. I had a daughter myself, and I fully understood their fear of losing me. They had no idea what happened to their own daughter i had lived with them almost half their lives, and if I left them now, they wouldn't be able to accept it.

"Dad, Atlas and I will definitely search for Gemma. Believe us. If we find her, we'll bring her back, no matter what."

When he heard my words, he wiped his face and looked at me. "Do you think you can find her, Chloe?"

"Just trust Atlas, Dad. As long as Gemma's alive, we'll find her. He's already planned what to do with the leaders in Bermuda. I believe we'll be able to bring Navi to justice soon. When that happens, we'll find out what happened to Gemma.

Chapter 1197 Who is She Really?

Who is She Really?

My dad's expression remained blank, but he didn't let go of my hand. "Chloe, do you think she'll remember us?" Honestly, his question felt a little selfish. It pierced into my heart like a knife.

After a while, I managed to ease the pain in my heart and nodded. "Yes, I'm sure she'll remember you both."

Tears welled up in his eyes as he looked down at my face. "I'm sorry, Chloe. I'm really sorry."

I understood the meaning behind his words. He was sorry for my lost memories.

After comforting him for a while, he gathered himself and ruffled my hair. "I never regretted saving you, Chloe. I only regret walking the wrong path and wasting precious time."

Through gritted teeth, he said, "That's why I hate Navi. We need to bring Navi and his gang to justice, whether or not we find Gemma. I'm willing to face the consequences. I could testify against them!"

"Don't think about that right now, Dad. You should take care of your health first. Atlas and I don't have any more family, and you can't leave us with no one to rely on." I said earnestly.

"My biological father is still alive, but I don't know how he's doing right now. They killed my biological mother. We only have you two, so you need to take care of yourselves. That's what we really want."

"We're really grateful that you're both willing to accept us, and that you don't hold any grudges against us."

"How could I hold a grudge? Atlas wants to make this house more lively so it feels like a real home."

At this point, I remembered why I had come here.

"Dad. I have a favor to ask." I wiped my eyes, looking at him tearfully. I smiled and shook the bottle in my hand. "This is definitely not just any plant. Please help me plant it."

He pulled me up, and my legs felt a little numb.

He took the small bottle from me and looked at the seeds inside. "What is this?"

I explained where it had come from and said, "I feel like this is an extraordinary plant. I've already stored the meteorite fragment safely, but I've been hesitant to plant this on my own. I'm afraid I won't have time to take care of it, so I'm handing it over to you, Dad. I'm curious about what this thing is."

He looked at the seeds in the bottle, then back at me. "Aren't you afraid I'll ruin it?"

"You're more skilled and patient than I am," I replied half-jokingly.

Actually, I just wanted to give him something to hang onto mentally. My mom had Ava to divert her attention, but my dad didn't have anything. He would surely put his all into this task.

Just then, my mom walked in. She was surprised to see me in the room.

"Chloe."

She glanced at my dad. I knew she understood him the best.

"I'm assigning a task to dad." I smiled at my mom playfully, then nodded at what my dad was holding.

Apparently, she could sense that my dad wasn't in a good mood.

"Well... the kids are done with their bath. Call Atlas and ask when he's coming back. It's time for dinner. Hana's been playing with the kids all day She must be hungry," my mom said cautiously.

"Sure, Mom. I'd do that right away." I stood up, but before leaving, I looked at her and said, "Mom. I'll always be your daughter. No matter what happens, that will never change. You two aren't allowed to think about leaving me."

My mom suddenly choked up.

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"Why are you both so sensitive? You must be getting old." I walked over, hugged her, and said, "You're precious to me, Mom. Look at how

many dads I have. You're my only

mom. How could you abandon me?"

As I teased her, she finally broke into laughter, pushing me away. "I'm willing to let you go, but I can't bear to lose Ava. She's my life..."

After saying that, she started crying.

I pretended to scold her. "Oh, come on. This is fate! Since you took me away back then, you're responsible for taking care of me forever! Let's go, it's time for dinner."

With that, I pulled my mom out. What could be more important than this kind of family love?

But she was right. They might be willing to let me go now, but they would absolutely never part with Ava.

## Chapter 1198 Complex Relations

### Complex Relations

Downstairs, Hana had finished showering and was helping Ava with her hair while Jenny waited. The three girls chatted and laughed while doing their hair, creating a heartwarming scene.

Meanwhile, Arnold kept teasing and bothering them, provoking protests from the girls. We heard high-pitched shouts and bursts of laughter from time to time.

Grandma Rose sat there, watching Hana's every move as if appreciating a beautiful scene.

It seemed that she had developed a liking for Hana.

The atmosphere was peaceful, and I thought it would be wonderful if our lives could continue like this.

I checked the time and realized it was almost 7 p.m.. The sky outside was getting dark, but Atlas still hadn't returned.

He must have been very busy this afternoon.

"Let's have dinner," I said to everyone.

My mom asked, "Chloe, did you call Atlas?"

"Oh. I'll do that now." I helplessly picked up the phone and dialed Atlas's number, only to find that it was turned off.

His phone must have run out of battery. Otherwise, it would never be turned off.

He might already be on his way home by now. I hesitated for a moment and considered calling Cane, but I thought better of it. If he was really busy, he would be in a rush.

I hung up the phone and looked at Jim. "Let's not wait, Jim. You can serve the dishes now."

Everyone happily walked toward the dining room. Hana knew where to go, as this was probably her third time here. On top of that, she was already familiar with everyone in the family.

Ava insisted on sitting next to Hana, and I realized that my daughter was quite the little troublemaker.

In the end, Hana was sandwiched between the two little girls, leaving Arnold with no choice but to retreat in silence.

Hana and I exchanged a smile, feeling helpless for Arnold. Even my mom noticed what was going on. She wanted to separate the children, but Arnold quickly intervened.

I was sure that my daughter had forcefully brought Hana to Pleca Park. Of course, Arnold definitely approved.

It seemed that he was interested in Hana. Otherwise, he wouldn't have rushed back to Foswood when he learned that Hana was back.

With Hana around, my parents' emotions had already adjusted well.

During the meal, I asked Hana about her vacation.

She sighed and said, "Some things have been happening at home recently, and it's been chaotic, so I had to extend my vacation."

I suddenly remembered that she was from the Avila family in Yare. I wondered if she and my mother were from the same Avila family.

I had always wanted to ask Arnold about this, but recent events had made me forget.

After dinner, I suggested to Hana that we take a walk in the courtyard together.

The weather today was really humid. We hadn't felt it when we were inside with the air conditioning. But as soon as we stepped out of the hall, we felt the hot, stuffy air rushing toward us and quickly retreated.

"It's too hot. Let's just sit in the side hall." I took her to our side hall, which was very comfortable. There were rocking chairs in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, and we sat there, feeling extremely cozy

I asked, "I heard Arnold say you're from Yare?"

My question didn't surprise her at all. She nodded seriously, "Yes, I'm from Yare, and I studied in Monora."

"If Arnold hadn't mentioned it, I wouldn't have known, since you can speak our language so well. I thought you were from around here all this time." | deliberately said that to make myself appear casual.

"Yes. I've always liked Zydan, and I

also knew that the interior design

market in Zydan had just matured. had a premonition that my career e would be based here, so I learned the local language from early on. Fortunately, my teacher was from Foswood." She was casual about the topic as well.

"Oh, no wonder your pronunciation is so good." I asked further, "In Yare, is the Avila surname a common one?"

"Yes. Many influential people there have this surname, and they're spread out all over the country. The connections between the group are complex."

Her choice of the word 'complex' caught my attention. I wondered if she had intentionally chose to say that.

"My mother was from Yare, and her surname was Avila too." I got straight to the point and looked at Hana. "I'm just wondering if you knew her."

Chapter 1199 Remarkably Intelligent

Remarkably Intelligent

"Oh, really?" She seemed surprised, then looked at my mom without hesitation and said, "I didn't know she was from Yare."

I smiled faintly. "Not this mother here, but my biological mother. Her name was Lucille Avila, and she was probably from a noble family in Yare."

"In that case, I wouldn't have known her. Our family is just middle-class. In Yare, we're just an ordinary family." Hana's response was quick, and she was clearly distancing herself from any connection.

If their family was really ordinary, how could they afford to send their daughter abroad for further studies, especially to Monora?

I wasn't swayed by her words and said gently, "Some changes happened in my family. My father was framed, my mother was killed, and I lost all my childhood memories. Later, I found out that my current parents were not my biological parents. Back then, some people wanted to kill me, and they saved me, allowing me to live."

"Oh... is that so? You don't remember anything from before?" she asked.

"Yeah, I don't remember anything from my entire childhood. My memory only starts from before the high school entrance exam, so I want to understand Yare. I'm especially interested in the Avila family in Yare, since that's my mother's maternal family. That's why I felt a special kind of connection to you when I heard you were from Yare and had the Avila surname."

After saying that, I looked at Hana, who was sitting beside me in the rocking chair. "I don't remember what my mother looked like."

"Why is that? How could you not remember anything?" Hana looked at me, clearly concerned.

I kept staring at her. She seemed to realize her reaction and quickly covered it up. "Then how did you find out you were Lucille Avila's daughter?"

As soon as she asked me that, I chuckled internally. My mother's name sounded natural when she said it, and I was sure she had intentionally avoided the topic earlier. She probably knew about my mother's family and might even have some connection to them.

After a moment of thought, I began to recount the events I knew to Hana. "I couldn't do anything about any of it. It happened when I was just 11 years old.

"Suddenly, one day, my father was

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reported dead. He was on the same flight as Atlas's parents' when their plane crashed. My mother was deeply in love with my father, and she was devastated. but her sharp mind sensed something suspicious about my father's death.

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"She secretly investigated and uncovered the truth, only to be ruthlessly killed. She made my favorite fried chicken on the day she passed away. But when I returned from school, I had lost my mother

forever." I narrated this tragic story quietly.

"Did you not remember all of this before? Did you... regain your memory?" Hana asked, scrutinizing me, and her face unconsciously became cold. At this moment, her expression showed a natural aloofness.

I continued to stare at her, shaking my head. I explained to her how I had learned all this.

She listened attentively without interrupting me, but I could see fluctuations in her expression from time to time.

When I finished, she sighed softly. "I didn't think such ruthless people could exist. Does your biological father know that your mother is no longer alive?"

She had asked a practical question, and I wanted to know the answer too.

Once again, I shook my head. "We still don't know where he is. We only know he's in the hands of a group in Bermuda, but we're not even sure if he's alive. We also don't know if he's aware of my mother's death. If he doesn't know yet, I can't even imagine how he would feel. They were deeply in love."

"After so many years, how could he not know?" Hana questioned.

"After that incident, he's been on the run, and he might be under that group's control. The one who harmed him was a classmate he trusted. Atlas and

I have been planning to rescue him, but we still don't know how it's going to turn out."

"You mean he's in Bermuda right now? How did he get involved with people from there?" Hana's questions were always on point, and I didn't believe she was just being smart.

So, who exactly was she?

Chapter 1200 His Phone is Still Turned Off

His Phone is Still Turned Off

Just then, Arnold walked over from the main hall and noticed the two of us chatting. He came over with a playful smile, saying, "What secrets are you two girls talking about? Care to share them with me?"

Hana smiled and answered with an excuse. "It's getting late. I should go home."

After saying that, she stood up from the rocking chair. "Could you please take me back?"

"What if I say no?" Arnold smiled playfully, looking mischievous. "You can stay here."

"No way!" Hana immediately retorted. Blushing, she said, "I have to go back even if it's late."

I knew she was sharing a place with Joyce, and they got along well. "How's Joyce's relationship with Ryan?"

Hana smiled. "They're doing very well."

"You have to give them some space, okay? If you stay here, I can show you a movie. We can watch movies all night if you want," Arnold suggested. Hana looked puzzled, "Here?"

I smiled. "It's true. There's a home theater in the annex, and we have a lot of classic movies.

At that moment, my little "matchmaker" rushed over. "Uncle Arnold, I want to watch a movie too. Hana, can we watch together?"

Hana immediately squatted down to hug Ava. "We'll do it next time, okay, sweetheart? It's getting late, and I have to go home." "No, you can stay here. There are lots of rooms in the house." She spoke with sincerity, her big, pleading eyes sparkling.

I sighed inwardly. She was a great wingwoman for Arnold.

Hana hesitated, and I smiled and said, "Go ahead. The new version of Avatar is excellent."

"Let's go." Arnold didn't hesitate and grabbed Hana's hand. "You're safe here. Don't worry."

Hana was led helplessly away by Arnold while Ava escorted them from behind.

As I watched them leave, I fell into contemplation.

It seemed that Hana's story wasn't as simple as she claimed. She hadn't told me the whole truth.

Since I had been left alone, I suddenly realized that Atlas would be coming home late today. I picked up my phone and checked the time, only to see that it was almost 9 p.m. He hadn't returned yet, and there hadn't been a call or text from him.

It was strange, because he would call me even when he was even a little late. He said nothing about it today.

I unlocked my phone and dialed his number. The automated voice rang on the end of the line again. "The number you have dialed has been switched off. Please leave a message after the beep."

Suddenly, in that fleeting moment, a flash of insight crossed my mind.

I quickly hung up and called Cane. His phone had been switched off as well.

My heart sank. Both their phones had been turned off. That was strange.

I quickly stood up from the chair and rushed upstairs to Atlas's study. After I turned on the lights, I went to the desk, but I didn't see the notebook. My heart sank. He must have set off for Bermuda.

So that was why he had seemed reluctant when he left. That realization made me slap my forehead.

I paced back and forth in the room, unable to accept it. How could he go to Bermuda alone? Hadn't we always said we would go together?

My only biological relative was there, waiting to be rescued. I couldn't just sit and wait for news of him here.

But they had already set off, and I didn't know Bermuda that well. How could I find them?

The more I thought about it, the

angrier I became. I was very upset with Atlas. He always acted as if he knew everything and made

decisions alone. I was fine with

taking the lead on other things, but this was about my father's life. Why should he deprive me of my right to do something about it?

If anything had happened to him, it would be my lifelong regret.

No, I had to go, I decided. I needed to personally bring my father back home.

As the thought flashed in my mind, I started thinking about people I could take with me. But none of them seemed suitable.

Grayson was focusing on the project

in Solaris and I couldn't ask him to leave. Ivanna was pregnant, and it wouldn't be right to ask her. Besides,

Oliver was still in the hospital, and he

wasn't doing so well.

I went through one person after another in my mind, feeling disheartened. Suddenly, I pounded the table and slapped my forehead.

Dylan had been out with Loak for so long. I had no idea what they were up to.

Loak?

I immediately thought of Anya. Yes, Anya would be perfect. She knew Bermuda very well!