

Divorce 1211

Chapter 1211 Hidden Forces at Play

Hidden Forces at Play

"Have you found out anything?" I asked.

"They're just speculations for now. There's more to our fathers' situation than just the plane crash. The non-organization must have hidden secrets from our fathers. Also, Navi must have caught wind of some information, which is why he's reluctant to let go easily," Atlas explained.

"What do you think it could be?" I asked.

Atlas shook his head slowly. "It's hard to tell at the moment. We'll only understand the whole picture once we rescue Rory."

I felt even more pressure. What exactly had happened to my dad? What made him suffer for 20 years?

Atlas said patiently, "That's why I didn't want you to come. This game is unpredictable, but for us, saving your dad is crucial."

"But can Xavier really help us?" I asked, feeling a bit worried.

Atlas scoffed. "It's just a matter of each side getting what they want. Navi caused Xavier a lot of trouble over the years, and Xavier has been wanting to get rid of him for a long time. But Navi isn't someone to mess with. He has considerable influence on the dark side as well.

"This time, we're leveraging each other's strengths. Whether they win or lose doesn't affect us much. They're not saints. So, our cooperation is mutually beneficial," Atlas explained.

"But what if Xavier doesn't cooperate?" I asked.

"I never engage in battles I'm not sure of winning," Atlas replied coldly.

His answer left me silent. How could Atlas handle both sides in Bermuda? How could he not feel pressured?

It was no wonder he didn't want me to come.

"Where's Navi now?" I asked him.

"I got some intel yesterday that he's back at his old haunt."

"Why didn't he call me later?" I wondered why he had proposed the exchange but then went silent.

"I intercepted your calls on my phone. That's why I didn't want you to bring your old one," Atlas said, teasing me. "Are you still mad?"

I nestled into his arms obediently. "No. I know you have plans, but I want to see Dad as soon as possible. H-He's been suffering for 20 years."

In all these years, none of us had it easy. Especially my biological father, who was always on the run, and ended up as a bargaining chip. He even became disabled.

These thoughts made me feel indescribable pain. In this circle of people, I didn't know who was right or wrong, and there was no way to measure that.

And the instigator remained aloof, acting as if nothing was wrong.

I gritted my teeth. "No matter how this ends, I have one request. Celine cannot be spared."

Atlas tightened his arm around me. "Don't worry. My grandpa has been calling repeatedly, asking us to go back. This has dragged on for too long. After this is over, it's time to take

you back to Nocturnia

"And I feel that Stella must be planning something. She's been silent for too long. I'm a bit worried."

I turned to Atlas and said, "I'm

curious why Trinity has been with

her all this time. But she hasn't said

anything to me. Do you think something fishy is going on?"

Atlas kissed me. "Trinity's fine. Stella is in our sights, too. Don't worry, I've got her marked."

We both fell silent for a while before I spoke up again.

"I didn't expect my dad, the one at home, to be involved. But they're also victims." I sighed.

"They're not victims. In this ordeal,

there are no victims, only those who

raised you trying to make amends. If we can save Rory, it'll be his redemption," Atlas said softly, playing with my hair.

Just then, the doorbell downstairs rang, and he quickly got up. "I'll get it. You freshen up. Let's eat."

"Okay, sounds good," I replied.

He rushed downstairs, and I hurried into the bathroom to freshen up. After washing up, I put on a long skirt and went downstairs.

All this sudden activity left me feeling drained and starving.

Chapter 1212 Preparing for the Coming Storm

Preparing for the Coming Storm

Downstairs, Atlas had already set the table, but I didn't see anyone delivering the meal.

As soon as I saw the delicious spread, I felt invigorated, almost unable to control myself. I was eager to dig in right away.

Atlas seated me and skillfully sliced the steak, placing it before me. I wasted no time and started eating. The lobster here was exquisite, and I indulged in its flavors.

While eating, I looked at Atlas and asked, "Do you think it's possible to find clues about Gemma?"

It had been a wish of mine to find my parents' biological daughter.

Atlas shook his head. "It's hard to say since we're not insiders of Navi's organization. But I've already instructed Dylan to get close to the senior members around Navi. However, this requires careful negotiation, and we can't rush it, or it could be dangerous."

"Is Navi's headquarters here?"

He shook his head. "No, I just came back from there this morning."

I caught onto something. "You've been there before?"

"Yeah. I went straight there after landing. He has a production base there, and it's a well-hidden place with tight security. The conditions are quite tough there, too." Atlas emphasized.

"Are you afraid I'll go there?" I asked.

"Not really. Navi returned to Trestlewood last night," Atlas said casually. "He went straight to the base, probably to arrange something."

"Does he usually stay at the base?"

"No, he mostly stays in Trestlewood. His trusted aides manages the base here, which is even more secure than a prison." Atlas wiped his mouth with a napkin, then said, "No one can even get close."

I paused with my fork in hand. "What about Dylan and the others?"

"They're also working tirelessly to infiltrate. The environment there is extremely harsh. Even Navi isn't there all the time. And the mosquitoes there are as big as golf balls. Until we have accurate information, we'll stay here." Atlas explained.

I almost burst out laughing. "Don't exaggerate. Mosquitoes as big as golf balls? I'll only believe that when I see it."

He glanced at me, disdainful. I was sure he said that on purpose, fearing I'd rush to Navi's base.

Though I knew it wasn't as exaggerated as Atlas made it sound, I could imagine the secrecy there.

But the thought of my dad being imprisoned there made the food taste bland.

"Is Arnold's place far from here? Do you know where it is? After dinner, let's take a walk and check out his place." used the walk as an excuse. Otherwise, I could see him settling in here and becoming sedentary.

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I didn't come here for a vacation. I couldn't just sit still.

"Sure." He agreed. "But you need to eat more."

I nodded obediently, reluctantly feeding myself more.

Atlas noticed my subdued mood. "While we wait for news, we need to rest and enjoy life to the fullest. That's the way to go."

Then, his gaze locked onto mine. "Clear your mind. Got it?"

"Got it." I nodded even though I didn't know what he meant.

But then again, I couldn't believe that he asked me to enjoy life when he was the one who slipped away without a word.

As if he could read my mind, he added, "Waiting is also an action, you know that?"

I collapsed on the sofa, laughing at his words while he pulled me up. "You're going to choke. Sit properly."

"How do you know exactly what I think like a mind reader?" I stared into his eyes.

"If I can't even do that, how can I be your husband?" he asked seriously.

"You sneaky guy, when did you

become so good at sweet-talking? How much practice did it take? How

many people have you

sweet-talked?" I teased him.

"It's self-taught. It's my life's mission to sweet-talk you. I never get tired of it, and no practice is needed," he declared.

I finally ate until my stomach bulged.

No matter what, I couldn't stay.

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Chapter 1213 I Misspoke

I Misspoke

He had no choice but to compromise and left the room with me. Standing at the door, he pointed to several villas below. "Our people are staying there."

I glanced down, marveling at the beautiful surroundings. Each villa was perfectly spaced among the lush greenery. Our villa was relatively larger, with a sparkling blue swimming pool nearby. It truly was a leisurely place.

"Let's go see them," I suggested, leading the way down the path.

Atlas happily followed beside me. "Arnold said he'd leave once I'm with you. I need to ask when he's planning to leave."

Just then, Atlas's phone rang. He quickly stopped, and I looked at him, listening intently as he answered the call.

He simply responded with an "okay," and I couldn't hear what was said on the other end.

"Good. Have someone keep an eye on things." Atlas instructed before hanging up.

I hurriedly asked, "What's going on?"

"Navi left the main residence. It seems like he's meeting someone and planning something."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"The exchange," Atlas replied.

I immediately tensed up. "So, you mean he might bring my dad back here? Otherwise, how would the exchange work?"

Atlas shook his head. "Not necessarily."

"What do we do then?"

He glanced at me, pulling me into an embrace, indulgently uttering just one word, "Wait."

Hearing his words, I could only pout in resignation. "Okay then."

Since Atlas's people were already monitoring Navi's movements, there was no rush for us. Waiting was indeed the best course of action.

As we arrived downstairs, Arnold emerged from one of the villas.

He quickly asked, "Had dinner yet?"

I nodded, then asked, "When are you leaving?"

Arnold's expression darkened. "What's this about? Are you trying to chase me away now?"

I realized my question was tactless. I chuckled nervously as I explained, "No, why would I do that? I'll miss you if you..."

"Who are you going to miss?" Atlas interrupted, suddenly behind me. "It looks like I've really spoiled you too much."

Uh-oh. What was going on here? How did it suddenly turn into a quarrel?

Arnold wasn't holding back either. "What do you mean? Is she your property? She can have her own thoughts, you know?" "You have a problem with that?" Atlas replied coldly.

"Hmph! You can act all you want. Atlas, if anything happens to my sister, I won't let you get away with it," Arnold snapped back.

Seeing them start to argue again, I quickly slipped into the villa

had just exited. I didn't

to

to them bicker endlessly.on

Actually, I knew deep down that their rapport was something ordinary people couldn't achieve. As long as I wasn't around, they'd calm down.

I realized everyone was inside the villa. Hana was chatting with Anya on the sofa in the living room,. seemingly having no language barrier and already quite familiar with each other.

Arton was opening a coconut. Seeing me enter, he quickly handed me the freshly cut coconut and a straw.

I accepted it and asked them, "What are you guys eating?"

Hana smiled and replied, "We ordered some snacks. Arnold said we'll barbecue on the beach tonight, so we didn't eat much."

raised an eyebrow. These two were already quite close.

Anya smiled at me. "Home-cooked food. They're delicious. I'll order some for you next time."

I sat beside her, asking, "Do you miss home?"

Anya fell silent immediately. Thinking she didn't understand me, I asked again.

But she sighed softly and said, "There is no home for me here anymore."

As soon as she said that, I saw the sadness in her eyes. I had said the wrong thing.

Chapter 1214 Cruel Questions

Cruel Questions

Hana looked at her and asked her something in Cirencester's language, which I didn't understand. Anya lowered her gaze. "My home used to be here in Trestlewood."

In that instant, Anya's face darkened. I looked to Hana, who translated their conversation for me.

I gently patted Anya's hand and said, "I'm sorry."

Though Anya shook her head, her emotions seemed affected. She spoke softly and rapidly.

Hana translated swiftly, relaying Anya's words almost as soon as she spoke them.

"She says, 'My family used to live in this city, and my parents ran a small business. My mother sold souvenirs and other items, while my father sold amulets. Though the business was small, we lived comfortably. My father loved us and often took us on outings.'"

I kept my eyes on Anya's beautiful, innocent face, now tinged with a hint of sorrow.

Anya's recounting seemed somewhat pitiful, and she was completely immersed in her memories. Her ability to recall everything from her childhood made me envious, as she remembered everything vividly, while I couldn't.

"We also did business from a young age, selling items to tourists. Later, my father met an employer who supplied us with cosmetics to wholesale. We became distributors, responsible for delivering goods to various vendors."

I immediately understood what she meant by 'cosmetics' business. The image of those 'cosmetics' appeared in my mind-the ones Navi built his wealth with.

He had also deceived my adoptive father with the same strategy, and my father turned out to be the source of it all.

It appeared that Navi had deceived quite a few people. Even around me, two families had fallen victim to him.

I shook my head lightly, admitting that fate was an inexplicable miracle.

"At that time, our family was very grateful to him. Just delivering goods could earn us a lot of money, and it was much easier than street peddling." Anya's eyes widened as she looked at me, twirling her fingers around.

"The business grew large, and people from neighboring countries came to my father for goods. One time, my dad got drunk and accidentally broke a bottle of cosmetics, revealing what was inside.

"My father was scared, but my mother was greedy. My brother and I didn't understand what it was then."

As Anya recounted the situation, the scene played out vividly in my mind.

"My father said, 'We can't continue this business. But my mother dragged him to the storage room for a big argument. After they made up, my father resumed deliveries as usual. But I noticed he wasn't as cheerful as before, and he became cautious.

"But the more he feared something would happen, the more it did. Once, he was robbed while delivering goods, losing a whole crate of

products, which led to big trouble. After that, there was no peace in our lives, with people coming after us."

Anya's eyes were red, and her tears were falling freely now.

"My mother finally realized the danger of the business and suggested we flee. We were all in agony over this. Our home was really nice, but several groups were after us, and my father chose to run.

"But we were caught and brought to a tribal settlement in the mountains. There was a small town there, which was the big boss's base. He brought our family of four there.

"He said running away was a betrayal to him, and we needed to pay a price for doing that. Then, he made us stay there and work as laborers. My brother and I never went to school again, as we became his servants."

"What happened later? Why did you say your parents died at Navi's hands?" I asked Anya.

I knew my question was somewhat cruel. Her eyes met mine, and then she quickly looked away again.

I could see the fear in her eyes.

Chapter 1215 Tragic Fate

Tragic Fate

As soon as the words left my mouth, I regretted them. I shouldn't have rubbed salt in Anya's wounds like that.

Arton had already opened two coconuts, handing one to Hana and another to Anya.

"I'm sorry," I said sincerely.

Anya shook her head. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she said, "It's not your fault, Mrs. Chloe."

Then she continued, and Hana continued to translate for me.

"It's because, one day, the person who robbed that crate of goods appeared before Navi and recognized my father.

"My father also recognized him, but he couldn't speak by then. He was mute, pointing at that person and trying to explain to Navi, gesturing and making noises. He wanted to tell Navi that the person was the one who robbed us and that he was innocent.

"At first, that person was nervous, but when he saw my father's condition, he became brazen. He accused my father of embezzling his money right in front of him."

I shook my head helplessly, knowing the likely outcome.

As Anya looked at me, I noticed her eyes were hollow like black holes. "Even though they had stolen that crate, he accused my father instead, claiming he had already paid my father. And he blamed Navi for not protecting his people.

"Navi immediately pulled out a gun and shot my father. My mother lunged at that man, wanting to fight him, but Navi shot her too."

Anya's hands trembled as she held the coconut, her fingernails digging into it.

"My brother and I were both there, serving them dinner, and we watched helplessly as our parents died in front of us. My brother wanted to fight that man, too, but an old woman grabbed him and saved his life.

"I was so frightened. I was about to cry when my brother covered my mouth and saved us both. Afterward, my brother said he would avenge our parents." Anya was now choking with sobs.

Hana translated this segment, her face turning pale, and my heart felt heavy.

After calming down, Anya said, "My brother said that Navi knew that the person framed my father. But Navi to intimidate that person, killed my parents in front of him just so the man would continue to work for him."

"What a deceitful man," Hana commented.

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But from what I knew of the situation, it probably wouldn't be that easy.

Navi's roots ran deep. Over the past 20 years, his influence was extensive. Killing Anya's parents wasn't just to intimidate that person but to silence him.

No wonder Atlas was hesitant to take action. Unless we completely got rid of him, he would remain a threat in the future.

While Hana comforted Anya, I didn't want to say anything. The best comfort for her fragile heart would be to get rid of Navi.

I turned to look out the window and saw that Atlas and Arnold were no longer in confrontation. They were leaning against the railing outside and talking calmly.

That was just how they were. They

were absolutely in sync when it came to serious matters. But Atlas seemed particularly averse to Arnold being near me, as he was always

overly clingy.

I took another sip of coconut water and then set it down. I was about to leave when the two of them walked in.

Atlas walked to me and said softly, "If you're tired, you can return to our room and rest for a while. It's still hot outside at this time. I need to go out for a bit, probably for about two hours."

I scrutinized him, wanting to ask where he was going, but I couldn't appear too clingy with so many people around.

Besides, Atlas's people were here, so there must be something he needed to take care of. I just nodded and didn't say much.

Atlas seemed to sense my displeasure, pondered momentarily, and then said to Arnold, "You can take them out for a walk, but don't go too far or stay out too late."

I felt relieved to hear that. "Okay, you go ahead with your work. We'll make our own plans."

Chapter 1216 Lurking in the Shadows

Lurking in the Shadows

My tone came off as clearly dismissive.

Atlas pinched my cheek. "Seems like you're trying to get rid of me. You're a wild girl, aren't you?"

I smirked. "Come on, you said you had something to take care of. I can't just tag along and bother you, right?"

When he heard me say that, he had no choice but to let go. "I'll make sure to come back for dinner with everyone."

He looked at me affectionately and raised an eyebrow before turning and leaving.

I cursed under my breath, "Can't he tone it down? There's so many people around."

As soon as he left, I turned to Anya, bending down to get her attention. "You're the tour guide. Let's go get some fresh air."

Sure enough, she wiped her tears and smiled. "Okay."

I couldn't just stay cooped up in the room. The beach didn't appeal to me much, and although the seaside here wasn't as tranquil as in Foswood, it was better than doing nothing.

Plus, I needed to keep Anya occupied so she wouldn't dwell on those tragic memories.

Hana asked Anya about fun places to visit. She immediately brightened up and rubbed at her face, shaking off the gloom from earlier.

"Where do you want to go, Mrs. Chloe?" Anya asked.

I thought for a moment. "Let's go somewhere you think is beautiful. Or we can go somewhere you want to go."

After all, this was Anya's hometown, and she knew it well. I was sure anywhere she liked would be a good place.

"Let's just walk around, then." She glanced at me, thought momentarily, then smiled brightly. "I'll take you to buy some of our local clothes."

I agreed. That sounded fun. Besides, it might help conceal my identity.

She grew excited when she saw my eager acceptance.

As we stepped out, Atlas sent another man over. He clearly didn't trust me to go out alone.

Arton had silently trailed behind me, never leaving my side.

Outside the hotel, the bustling crowd consisted mostly of tourists. It was easy to tell at a glance. The were busy selling all sorts of

souvenirs, while the ones

through the souvenirs were

definitely tourists.

At this moment, I saw that this place existed solely because of tourism. The locals survived on this model, which was the main economic feature here. So when Anya said that she had been doing this business since she was young, I totally got it.

The blazing sun outside made me feel lethargic.

The intense activity I was involved in as soon as I arrived had left me a bit tired. I felt sluggish and sleepy now.

But everything here was so captivating. After all, it was my 'first time' abroad, since I had no memories of anything before.

Anya stayed by my side, telling me about everything. I was very interested in watching the street vendors sell all sorts of things, including fruits.

Anya was definitely savvy and drove away some deceitful vendors fiercely.

Today, Anya was wearing light pink sportswear, and her waist-length hair was tied up high in a ponytail. Living in Eoswood these past few months had made her skin more radiant, a far cry from when I first met her. She seemed like a completely different person.

Hana, on the other hand, was gentle and serene, and obediently followed me on my other side, with Arnold and Arton behind her.

The other man Atlas sent was dressed very much like a local today. He didn't stick close to us, but trailed us from a distance. You wouldn't know he was with us if you didn't pay attention.

I understood that this was all for security reasons.

As we strolled along, admiring the exotic sights and checking out interesting trinkets, I felt content. I Atlas were here, I was sure he

wouldn't have brought me to

n

a place

like this, since it was crowded and chaotic.

Arnold was completely different from Atlas. He loved the hustle and bustle. Despite his upper-class background, he was down-to-earth and not pretentious at all.

It was clear he had a soft spot for Hana. His casual but sincere care definitely came from the heart. Hana looked interested in Arnold too, so they might hit it off.

Since we had Anya, we managed to avoid a lot of fake and badly-made items.

At first, those people were resentful, but Anya knew her stuff. They gradually realized we had an expert among us and stopped bothering us. But for some reason, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was off, as if there were eyes watching us.

Chapter 1217 Instantaneous Occurrence

Instantaneous Occurrence

I glanced back occasionally, but couldn't see anything suspicious.

Arnold noticed me looking around and softly asked, "What's wrong?"

I averted my gaze and said, "Nothing."

I stopped worrying about it after a few glances with no hint of trouble. After all, a 'professional' soldier was trailing behind us. He couldn't possibly miss any shady characters.

When we reached the clothing market, Arnold frowned and said, "We shouldn't buy any clothes here."

When Anya heard Arnold's comment, she suddenly seemed to remember something. She stuck out her tongue, looked at me, and said, "Mrs. Chloe, I... I forgot."

She seemed eager to express herself, but couldn't seem to remember the words for what she wanted to say.

Hana communicated with her for a moment, then looked at me and said, "She means she forgot that the clothes here are too cheap."

I glanced at Arnold and said to Anya, "It's okay. Let's buy a set as backup. It might come in handy, right?"

I had noticed that the local girls here were also wearing similar sporty casual outfits, showing the city's inclusivity. There were people of different nationalities, so varied clothing choices were no big deal.

I just wanted to learn about the local customs and culture.

Hana and I each picked out a dress, which made Anya very happy. I bought her two sets of clothes, and although she insisted she didn't need them, she finally accepted them when Arnold said they were for work.

Then Arnold took us to a luxury mall. Surprisingly, the mall here was no less impressive than those in Foswood, just with more local brands.

I only picked out two outfits because I'd be returning to Foswood soon and wouldn't need them. But I still asked Anya's opinion on everything. I could leave them for her when I left.

Arnold chose gifts for Ava and Jenny and even brought a unique gift for Grandma Rose. Of course, he got something for Hana too, despite her protests.

I helped him pick out a lot of them because according to the plan, he'd be going back before me. If my dad could come back with us, we might not have time for any leisurely trips like this. We would have to return to Foswood immediately to avoid any mishaps.

I bought some snacks for Charlie too.

After a tiring shopping spree, we returned with our arms full of shopping bags.

As we left the mall, we saw the city lit up with golden lights.

Just then, Atlas called. "Why aren't you back yet?"

I realized we'd been out for hours. It was time for dinner.

"We're on our way back," I replied with a smile. "Are you back already?"

"You little trickster. You told me to rush back, but you're in no hurry to leave," he teased. "Where are you?"

I looked at Arnold and said, "Atlas asking for our location."

Arnold immediately replied, showing that he was familiar with the area.

Atlas said, "Wait at the entrance. It's cool inside the mall. I'll pick you up."

Before I could say anything, he hung up.

I told Arnold and the others that Atlas was coming, and we waited in the lobby.

Arnold said, "Looks like he does have a conscience."

Then he gestured to the lounge and told us girls, "Go sit over there. I'll let you know when he arrives."

I glanced back at the lounge in the lobby. It was nice, with moon-white leather sofas sparkling under crystal lights, exuding an air of luxury.

There weren't many people resting there, and there was even a bar nearby. I felt thirsty, so I headed to the lounge.

Arton saw me heading over and

quickly picked up our big bags of et

shopping, saying to the girls, "Let's go sit there. I'll get some drinks for you girls."

Just as Hana, Anya, and I walked toward the lounge, someone

suddenly rushed in through the

entrance, shouting, "Madam! Hurry, go inside!"

I was startled, unsure if the person was calling for me.

In my momentary daze, Arnold quickly grabbed me and pulled me inside, giving Hana a push too, "Go!"

At the same time, a deafening sound came from behind.

Chapter 1218 Sudden Turn of Events

Sudden Turn of Events

Anya was stunned by the sudden turn of events, and I shouted, "Anya!"

Arton reacted quickly too. He dropped what he was holding and grabbed Anya, running toward us.

The lobby erupted into chaos. People scattered in all directions, screaming and ducking for cover. Some even fell to the ground.

I dared not look back, but I could vaguely sense gunfire behind us, aimed at us.

Arnold pulled both of us with him and ran toward the bar, where the back entrance would lead to a safe passage.

But just then, Arnold stumbled, his body jerked, and he suddenly let go of my arm. I was flung away by the momentum and fell to the ground. I heard Hana exclaim, "Arnold!"

I quickly looked at Arnold and saw that he had been shot in the upper arm. He ignored his injury and pressed Hana against the wall behind the bar. Then, he reached back to grab my ankle and pulled me toward him, hiding us behind the bar.

"Arnold, you're injured!" I shouted. He shielded me, extending his injured arm to protect us. The sight of blood flowing from his arm was disturbing, and his face had turned pale.

"Shh." Arnold gestured for us to keep quiet. We listened intently to the sounds outside.

The gunfire continued outside the entrance, and many people crowded around us. After all, there were not many places in the lobby to take cover. The lobby had descended into chaos, with screams and cries filling the air. Some people who had been shot lay on the ground, screaming in despair. I looked around at the people hiding here but couldn't see Arton or Anya. I felt worried. This place didn't seem safe. If the assailants broke in, they would probably come here first, and that would bring dire consequences.

Someone who had been wounded in the leg fell right in front of us. People screamed and recoiled, pushing us back.

The gunfire continued relentlessly, indicating that there were also people shooting from inside. Otherwise, the assailants would have stormed in already.

I realized now that the person who had rushed in earlier, the man Atlas had sent to guard us, must be holding off these attackers.

Arnold craned his neck to look at the people hiding here, then said, "We need to find a way into the safe passage."

When the people around us heard Arnold's words, they looked toward the safe passage. They all

understood that it might be the only safe place. But no one dared run there first, fearing they would

become targets.

But just then, the crowd panicked again as someone shouted, "They're coming in!"

Arnold looked visibly agitated now. He grabbed me tightly and said to Hana, "Stay behind me and stick close." "Okay." Hana nodded vigorously.

I understood that Arnold wanted to lead us to the safe passage.

As he was about to pull me toward the crowd, saw a man with a gun rushing toward us. It was too late. instinctively pulled Arnold down, my eyes wide with fear, my voice

trembling as I whispered, "Oh no..."

As the man with the gun came closer, there was a 'bang,' and he fell to the ground, lifeless. His eyes were still fixed on us.

Several women screamed, and more gunfire erupted from the entrance, even more intense than before. Someone shouted loudly, but I couldn't make out what was happening.

In an instant, the lobby fell silent. I heard an urgent voice calling my name. "Chlo! Chloe!"

I recognized Atlas's voice.

"Atlas..." Trembling, I sat down on the ground and answered, "I'm here."

The people hiding here all looked at me. I heard footsteps hurrying toward us and someone coordinating the evacuation of the crowd.

At that moment, a figure appeared before us, and Arnold collapsed to the ground.

Atlas quickly pulled me out of the

crowd and into his arms. His familiar

embrace made me feel incredibly

safe, as though I had survived a

disaster. I hugged him tightly and

was moved to tears.

Atlas looked at the trembling crowd still hiding here and ordered, "Leave, quickly!"

Chapter 1219 Arrival of the Saviors

Arrival of the Saviors

The group stood stunned, gazing at the handsome man before them as if he were a god descended to earth. Then, they reacted to Atlas's words, quickly getting up and rushing outside, leaving only a few of us behind.

I suddenly shouted nervously, "Arton! Anya!"

As I called out, Arton responded, "We're here!"

Following the sound, I saw Arton protecting Anya, emerging from behind another part of the bar.

When I saw they were unharmed, I collapsed into Atlas's arms in relief.

"Thank heavens," I breathed out.

He patted my back reassuringly. "It's okay. Don't be afraid."

"Arnold is injured." I quickly looked at Atlas. "We need to take him to the hospital."

Hana was squatting beside Arnold, holding his injured arm.

Arnold looked at Atlas and asked, "What's going on? Whose men are they?"

Atlas didn't answer his question. He barked an order at his men. "Take him to the hospital immediately!"

Arnold tried to get up. Hana and I helped him to his feet.

"There's no need for that, it's just a light wound," he said nonchalantly, looking at his arm.

"Go to the hospital and get it bandaged," Atlas commanded.

Hana and I said in unison, "I'll go with you."

Arton added, "I'll go too."

"You stay here, Chlo. Arton, you come with me," Arnold ordered, but Hana was worried, and she quickly interjected, "No, I'll go with you."

Several of us escorted Arnold outside.

As I tried to follow, Arnold stopped me and glanced at Atlas. "Watch over her."

Atlas nodded firmly and hugged me tightly. "Let's go back to the hotel."

Atlas led the way, followed by me and Anya. Protected by his men, we left the chaotic lobby. There were still injured people lying on the ground, and the pristine marble floor bore several alarming bloodstains. The glass doors of the mall had

been shattered.

I realized that things could have been much worse if those thick glass doors hadn't bought us some time.

The once opulent lobby now looked dilapidated, as if it had survived a disaster.

Many cops had arrived at the entrance.

Back at the hotel, Atlas settled me in and asked Anya to stay by my side. He said softly, "Don't be afraid. It's safe here. All our people are outside. Don't go out. I'll be back soon."

"Okay." I nodded. I felt much calmer since he was here. I was no longer as panicked as before.

He kissed my forehead and quickly left the room to handle the aftermath of the incident.

As I watched him disappear at the

door, I thought that Arnold's concerns were not unfounded. This place was chaotic, with gunshots ringing out openly. It was clear that security here was far from satisfactory.

Anya still looked pale, her big eyes filled with fear. She timidly said, "I... I'm afraid something will happen to you, Mrs. Chloe."

I smiled faintly and hugged her. "Look at me, I'm fine."

At that moment, the image of the man who had suddenly appeared before us then fell to the ground kept replaying in my mind. If that had happened a moment later, our entire group might have been in trouble.

If Arnold had been shot somewhere else while protecting me...

I shook my head. I didn't want to think about it. If that had happened, how could I face Archie? My stubbornness had led to this disaster.

And then there was Hana. I hadn't figured out her identity yet.

If she really was a part of the Avila family I was investigating, I would be the root cause of all this trouble. My mother was already gone, and if I hurt the Avila family because of my actions, it would be unforgivable.

Also, Arton was the hope of the Reese family, and he had just reunited with his son. If something happened to him, I would forever be indebted to the Reese family.

And Anya had found my father for me and returned here. Her brother had been working hard for me all along.

The more I thought about it, the more terrified I became. It was chilling.

Half an hour later, Arnold returned to the hotel and came straight to our room. His arm was wrapped in bandages, and his complexion was a little pale, but he was still his usual mischievous self.

He came in and immediately asked, "Are you scared now, Chloe?"

I grabbed him nervously and asked urgently, "How are you? Is your arm badly injured?"

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Relentlessly Pursuing Them

When my hand touched him, he suddenly fell, and I exclaimed, "Arnold!" As I hugged him, he smirked at me mischievously.

I was exasperated. "You scared me to death. How bad is your injury?"

Hana looked at me and said softly, "The bullet just grazed his skin."

Arnold joked, "See? What did I tell you about me being lucky?"

"I can't believe you're still joking. If anything happened to you, how could I face Archie?" My voice trembled.

"He still has you and Ardie anyway. What are you worried about?" he shrugged.

"Nonsense!" I glared at him. "You and Hana should go back and rest properly tomorrow. It's too dangerous here. You shouldn't stay."

"You've only realized how dangerous it is here now? I warned you about this before we came. Didn't you believe me?" Arnold's tone was serious. "Would I have been injured if you had listened to my advice?"

His words made me even more uncomfortable. "That's why I want you to go back. And Hana, no matter which Avila family you're from, I won't allow anything to happen to you because of me."

As those words escaped my lips, tears welled up in my eyes.

Arnold was right. He wouldn't have been injured if I hadn't insisted on coming here.

My words had just revealed my intentions clearly and hinted that I had already confirmed Hana's identity as my mother's relative and, thus, mine too. Hana didn't respond, but the gentleness in her eyes confirmed my suspicion.

"Do you think I can just leave you here and rest? How can I go back like this?" Arnold asked sternly, now resembling an older brother.

"Atlas is here. He won't let anything happen to me," I argued.

"Him? He's already spoiled you rotten." Arnold didn't hold back, his expression stern.

"Anyway, he is him, and I am me. If I were still abroad, I wouldn't have seen any of this. But you're here with me now. If I let you stay here in such a dangerous place and run back home alone, what kind of brother would I be? My dad would beat me up if I did that. It's not something a Beringer man would do."

He was determined to stay.

"But..." I wanted to say something else, but Atlas strode in with Cane behind him.

As they entered, I had to swallow my words.

Atlas looked at my face, sensing that something was amiss.

"What's wrong?" he asked, then glanced at Arnold.

I quickly looked at Atlas and asked, "Who did it? Was it Navi's people?"

I was trying to change the subject, but I also wanted to know the answer to this question.

"It definitely wasn't Navi's people." Arnold said firmly, looking at Atlas.

Atlas glanced at him, indicating that Arnold's guess was correct.

"It wasn't?" I was surprised. If it wasn't Navi's people, then who would target us?

As I locked eyes with Atlas for a moment, a name suddenly popped into my mind. I gasped and said, "Could it be Denton? It

Atlas didn't deny it.

swnee him!"

"Looks like this guy is asking for trouble." Arnold gritted his teeth. I have to settle the score with him. He's relentless. He hired assassins and tried to attack us while we were in a foreign country!"

Everyone was shocked to hear Arnold's words. I looked at him and asked, "Assassins?"

"The ones who attacked us were all foreigners. Of course they were

assassins," Arnold cont

Atlas glanced at him, then turned to Cane. "Get dinner ready."

"I've ordered dinner. Let's have it here." Cane suggested.

After all that commotion, nobody had any appetite for dinner, to be honest.