

Divorce 1241

Chapter 1241 Don't Be Too Arrogant

Don't Be Too Arrogant

"Yes, of course, I have my purpose! You've kept him imprisoned for so many years. If I didn't have sincerity, do you think you could still sit comfortably here?" Atlas gave Navi a straightforward answer.

Navi suddenly smirked arrogantly. "Mr. Atlas is indeed still young and vigorous."

"You talk to me about sincerity yet still play tricks? Do you think business is conducted this way? Do you even understand what that concept is? Or perhaps you're just too self-righteous?" Atlas lazily leaned back on the sofa, but his aura was intimidating.

"So, is this your purpose for coming here?" Navi suppressed his smile, and his gaze turned sinister.

"I came to your base to see what exactly made you so unruly."

It felt like Atlas was questioning Navi's base. Atlas came and went as he pleased, as if walking on flat ground.

Navi was indeed somewhat provoked. "Young man, don't be too arrogant!"

"Then you really haven't seen what arrogance is!" Atlas showed no sign of backing down.

I felt a bit nervous. Why did it seem like Atlas was deliberately trying to provoke Navi?

I glance at the line of armed guards stationed at the hall's entrance. And there were just the five of us.

The situation was disparate, and it seemed like Atlas's words left no room for negotiation. If things turned violent, we would be at a disadvantage.

"You're definitely too arrogant!" Navi took a sip of tea while trying to hide his rage by reaching for the teacup on the adjacent table.

"It seems that you're ignorant. In business, you need to do your homework! If you don't understand your opponent and still try to play tricks, aren't you afraid of stumbling? Haven't you heard of the phrase 'pride comes before a fall'?"

Atlas gave Navi a disdainful glance as his remarks somewhat irritated him.

The teacup in Navi's hand broke with a loud "crack," splattering water all over the place.

Suddenly, a group of armed guards rushed in with all their guns pointed at us.

Atlas remained unperturbed. He

er

glanced at the leader who had rushed in and disdainfully asked Navi, "Is this your security? Your sincerity? It seems I've overestimated you! You truly lack

any sense of dignity!"

"Stop talking nonsense! This isn't a place where you can come and go as you please!" An angry, bulky man behind the leader yelled and pointed a gun at Atlas.

Atlas withdrew his gaze from Navi and looked at the man speaking.

"Do you know the consequences of threatening me?" Atlas's lips curved slightly.

Even though I was short of breath, I stayed composed. I also imitated Atlas's gaze, looking at Navi.

Seemingly unconcerned, Navi got up

and brushed off his crimson clothes. He gave a false smile and said,

"There are rules here, too. Young et

man, you should follow the rules. wherever you go. When visiting someone else's home, you should also be polite!"

Atlas sneered, "Polite? That's reserved for those worthy of respect! You?"

Behind the burly man, another man with a fierce expression stepped forward. He looked to be in his thirties, and his skin was fair. He would have looked like a scholar if not for his sinister aura.

He pointed his gun at Atlas while gritting his teeth and yelling, "Boss, why waste words with him? To make him learn his lesson, we have to teach him one! Certain places are intended for visits, while others are not.

He started to draw closer as he talked. Atlas remained unfazed, but Cane came forward angrily and glared at the man. "Do you think I'm not here?"

The tension in the air increased abruptly, with neither side giving an inch. When I was going to say something to diffuse the tension, a familiar voice suddenly called out, "Dad... I'm back..."

Chapter 1242 Unexpected

Unexpected

I withdrew my cold gaze and looked towards the entrance. Upon seeing it, I was genuinely surprised. I thought I misheard, but I didn't expect to see someone I knew well stepping into the hall.

The person who entered was Stella White, who had been missing for a long time. Even Atlas's expression froze slightly.

As I looked at Stella, I felt a bit dazed. Did Stella actually call Navi "dad"?

My mind was spinning rapidly. Initially, Atlas suspected her of being affiliated with the organization, but now it seemed inevitable. Still, how did she get involved with Celine Pierce again?

What kind of existence was she exactly?

The atmosphere in the hall immediately became tense. Stella froze when she saw the scene in the hall.

She probably didn't expect the situation here to be so tense. When her gaze fell on Atlas, her eyes narrowed.

However, when he gazed at her, Atlas was already back to his cold demeanour. The profound gaze on his handsome face was like two sharp blades piercing through Stella, causing her to freeze on the spot. She had no idea Atlas would be here.

There was avoidance in her eyes, and her gaze finally settled on my face.

Today, she was dressed in a sleek black outfit with her hair tied up high in a ponytail. Her makeup was as exquisite as ever, but the slight upward curve of her eyebrows gave her a fierce and icy demeanor.

Atlas's remained silent and his gaze was fixed on her face. I also stared at her contemptuously, wanting to hear how she would explain.

With a glance at Navi, Stella's eyes shifted, and she joyfully ran to Atlas. "Atlas! What are you doing here?"

"Honey, this cousin of yours is something! She's everywhere, and no occasion is complete without her. But things have gotten a bit complicated." Before Atlas could speak, I preemptively addressed Stella. "I'm really curious, who is your real father?"

Stella heard what I had said, glanced at me with a confused expression, and grinned. "Ms. Chloe!"

"Call me Mrs. Chloe!"

I immediately interrupted her and corrected her.

"Oh? Does that mean you've been promoted?" She retorted.

"This position is rightfully mine!" I said domineeringly. "But, Stella, correct me if I'm wrong, isn't your father Rory White? When did he become Mr. Navi?"

She pursed her lips. "As far as I recall, Miss Chloe... oh, Mrs. Atlas, you've had quite a few stepfathers too, haven't you?"

"... Oh! Stepfather!" I sneered. "It

seems you are associated with all sorts of wicked people. You're right about one thing: you do know me

well! However, I know my biological

father is Rory White!"

I looked at Stella with a bit of mockery. "So I dare ask, which one of them is your biological father? Oh... and by the way, it seems you borrowed your name too?"

"Insolence!" Navi reprimanded sharply.

I disdainfully looked at Navi. "Aha! Mr. Navi, don't get all high and mighty. 'Insolence' is a word you're not worthy to say. I've been polite enough. You've imprisoned my father for so many years, so how dare you say those words to me?"

I looked sharply at Navi, strangely feeling much calmer since Stella interrupted us.

"The situation is so dramatic. Someone impersonating me, openly imprisoning my father, and shamelessly trying to negotiate terms here! What a despicable character," I uttered disdainfully.

"Guards!" Navi roared.

"Dad!" Suddenly, Stella exclaimed while walking to Navi's side. "Calm down! After all, we're all family! He's my cousin!"

Upon hearing Stella's words, Navi restrained himself. Stella then turned to Atlas, who had remained silent.

"Atlas! I really didn't expect to see you here!"

"It seems I should be asking you that question," Atlas said, still sitting there leisurely. His gaze toward Stella was unfathomable.

Stella froze for a moment, then quickly spoke, "Atlas! Some things are better explained elsewhere. Since you're discussing business, won't disturb you. I'll be going back to Nocturnia in a few days. Grandfather has always wanted to see you, right? We'll come back then!"

Love

Chapter 1243 You Dare Threaten Me

You Dare Threaten Me

She gave the impression that nothing important was happening.

She maintained her composure throughout the whole time I was observing her. However, it was evident that she still held some weight in Navi's presence.

The links between Navi, his daughter, and the organization were quite complicated.

I couldn't help but feel a bit amused. Everyone had concealed objectives, yet they were all like puppets frozen in place.

However, I was pleased. This standoff was good news for those in action, like Dylan and his group. It finally made sense to me why Atlas had been acting so hostile and trying to provoke Navi just now.

He probably wanted to create the current situation to give Dylan a chance.

Atlas looked calmly at Navi. "Is this the person you've been waiting for?"

"What? Mr. Atlas, who am I waiting for? Are you interested?" Navi still seemed displeased, sitting back in his seat with a cold expression.

Atlas suddenly stood up. "I'm not interested anymore! Goodbye!"

With that, he reached out and pulled me up. He was ready to leave.

Navi's voice turned sinister. "Mr. Atlas... Do you really think this is a hotel to come and go as you please?"

A mysterious smile appeared on Atlas's face as he turned around slowly to look at Navi. He provocatively asked, "What else?"

"You're really arrogant!" Navi's face darkened.

"That's right! This is me, and I only brought my entourage with me!" Atlas looked disdainfully at Navi. "Since you're undecided, take your time to think!"

The scholarly-looking man stepped forward again. "Boss, he..."

"You have no say here! Shut up! Who do you think you are?" Navi roared in anger.

The man's face turned even paler instantly. His expression twisted strangely. Navi's words must have wounded his pride.

I speculated that this person was not only ruthless but also narrow-minded. It was even possible that he harbored resentment towards Navi's reprimand.

Atlas didn't even glance at them. He wrapped his arm around my waist and said, "It's time for breakfast. Let's go!"

I gave him a calm smile and cooperated, "I'm hungry already!"

The burly man who had rushed in pointed his gun at Atlas's head. "Move, and I'll shoot!"

A chill suddenly emanated from

Atlas's handsome face as he stared coldly at the leader. "You really don't

know your place! Navi, teach your men some manners!"

Then, calmly raising his hand, he used two slender fingers to disarm him and ominously said, "This is your only warning!"

"Atlas!" Stessa, who had been

watching the scene unfold, moved

quickly to obstruct Atlas's path "Atlas, don't forget to visit Grandpa!"

It was as if she genuinely regarded herself as a member of the Pierce family.

With a smile that deviated from his usual demeanour, Atlas glanced sideways at Stella and patted her shoulder. "It's not your concern!"

With that, he walked away with me, leaving the room in front of everyone.

I was pretty nervous. I had never seen such a scene before.

The burly man watched us leave and urgently looked at Navi, calling out, "Boss!"

But surprisingly, Navi didn't say anything this time. He just watched us leave his living room.

When I sank back into my seat in the car, Atlas chuckled. "What's wrong? Are you scared?"

"I've never seen such a situation before. Aren't you afraid?" I asked

him without hiding my irritation "Are we just going to leave like this?"

"Our mission is already accomplished!" He raised an eyebrow and said, "Besides, I can't let you continue to be afraid!" "Accomplished?" I asked, "But... what about those inside?"

"Shh!" Atlas made a hushing gesture to me, then instructed Cane, "Leave here and go to Goldengrove for breakfast!" "Understood!" Cane responded and started the car.

As the car started, I still felt very nervous and asked Atlas, "How do you know he won't make a move?"

"He's uncertain. Why else would I dare to enter with only two bodyguards?" Atlas said calmly to me.

Feeling a little worried, I turned to face Atlas and asked, "Don't tell me you were gambling?"

Atlas smiled cryptically.

Chapter 1244 Further Confirmation

Further Confirmation

As we left the region and returned to the main road, we saw a sizable village nearby. It was vibrant because it was on the main road, lined with several restaurants.

Before getting out of the car, Atlas made a phone call.

I asked quietly, "Why didn't we leave?"

"Just to let Navi know that we dare to openly appear under his nose, it puts invisible pressure on him! Stella is an insider of the organization; she probably came back to guide Navi," Atlas whispered to me.

"But what about Dylan and the others inside?" I felt a bit anxious. "I wonder if they've found any clues yet."

"I believe they will soon!" Atlas said confidently.

"How do you know?" I asked back.

"Once Stella gives Navi a direction, he won't stand still!" Atlas said. "We'll eat and wait at the same time!"

"Are you saying that Stella might lead my dad out?" I asked.

"Even if she doesn't take, Navi will definitely make a move, which might make it easier to find out his exact location!" Atlas said confidently.

I ultimately agreed with his inference. Since Stella had been confirmed as part of the organization, she must have returned for Rory, which would lead to action.

The organization feared Rory falling into Atlas's clutches the most.

Having been under Navi's control for so long, Stella couldn't be unaware of this as Navi's foster daughter. She was genuinely adept at playing both sides.

I couldn't comprehend why the organization hadn't demanded Rory's return. Stella most likely did this.

What kind of person was she in the organization to be so flexible? Could she keep Navi and the organization at peace? Could she still manipulate Celine Pierce?

I had to admit I had underestimated Stella.

We had breakfast in the village. I knew Atlas was doing it on purpose, and I knew that deep down Navi knew we had yet to go very far, either.

And I was sure there were quite a few of Navi's men in this village. Atlas took me back to the nearby inn to relax after breakfast, having Cane set up two rooms.

I was anxious. How could we 'rest' at a time like this? It was bold.

After noticing my discomfort, Atlas comforted me as he massaged my shoulder, "Stay calm!"

Although he said that, there was still no good news from inside, which made me restless.

Stella didn't come out either. I turned

to Atlas and said, "Stella is worth studying. She seems to be extremely familiar with this place. Weren't you suspicious of her connection to the organization before?"

Atlas had been meditating all along. "It's not inconsistent with her identity. She might be the person we're looking for!"

His words surprised me. I looked at Atlas's face and asked, "Are you saying... she might be Gemma?"

Atlas reached out, pulled me closer to his chest, and kissed me on the forehead. "We need further confirmation!"

"How do we confirm?" I questioned Atlas skeptically.

Atlas looked at me with a mischievous smile but didn't answer.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked irritably. "You seem relaxed, but aren't you worried about the people inside? Don't forget, we have less than nine hours left!"

"So we need to stay calm even more," Atlas reminded me.

"But there's still no news. It's broad daylight, so it's not convenient to act. We don't know the situation inside either. This Stella suddenly appears, I don't know what's going on What if..."

"No 'what if'!" Atlas said firmly.

"But why haven't we received any news after so long?" I was still worried. "And Loak disappeared. Do you think there might be a problem?"

"No."

As we talked, Cane knocked on the door and said to Atlas, "Stella has left the base and didn't take anyone with her. I've already sent someone to keep an eye on her!"

"Tell the people inside to be careful

and be prepared to act as soon as there's news from inside!" Atlas instructed, "But there seem to be many strangers in the village today. Should we adjust..."

"No, don't alert them!" Atlas immediately stopped Cane's suggestion.

We stayed in the inn, maintaining a calm appearance, but only we could feel the undercurrents surging.

Chapter 1245 Turning the Tables

Turning the Tables

Cane received a message that Stella walked straight to Navi's residence upon returning to Trestlewood. A van left Navi's estate just now and proceeded directly to the airport.

This news caught us off guard.

A van?

I looked at Atlas a bit uneasily. "...Is it possible that..."

Atlas didn't answer me but fell into deep thought.

"Sir, should we send someone to intercept?" Cane asked Atlas.

"No! Just keep an eye on her! Don't intervene!" Atlas paced back and forth momentarily, then suddenly said to Cane, "Fight fire with fire! Arrange for a car to create the illusion that we're returning to Trestlewood. Switch cars at the Hingmiles Creek intersection. Warn them to be cautious-there's bound to be an attack!"

Cane immediately arranged everything. We hastily left the inn, got into the car, and headed straight for Trestlewood.

I looked at Atlas in the car and asked, "Are you still sure that the person is in the base, not in Trestlewood?"

Atlas reached out and hugged me tightly. "Trust me!"

Just as our car was close to leaving Goldengrove, Atlas received a call from Navi inviting us to have lunch together.

"Sorry, Mr. Navi! I have something to do in Trestlewood. I won't be able to join you for lunch. But we can have dinner together in Trestlewood!" Atlas's tone was almost theatrical.

After a few words, he hung up the phone.

Atlas's expression brightened as if he had just breathed a sigh of relief. I understood that Navi's call just now was equivalent to revealing himself. He wasn't dumb. He was just muddying the waters.

But this murky water wasn't clear to begin with and didn't affect Atlas's judgment at all. I admired Atlas even more.

Coincidentally, Hingmiles Creek was just ahead. There was an intersection, and just as our vehicle was about to pull into the intersection, two cars that looked exactly like ours shot out of a nearby side road, and our car veered into the side road.

The speed of the switch was breakneck. Our car stopped in a concealed place not far away, and a gray car soon quickly chased after us.

Cane saw the chasing car through the rearview mirror and asked Atlas, "Sir, are you sure Stella is using the old trick of luring the tiger out of his den?" Atlas didn't answer but kept pondering.

After a long while, he finally spoke, "Wait for the news from Trestlewood! Also, when the other car moves, we'll return to Navi's base and turn the tables!"

Then he dialed a number on his phone and instructed over the phone, "Be prepared, I'm going back to the base! Follow my orders! Be prepared for backup!"

After hanging up the phone, he hugged me tightly and said

solemnly, "Chlo! I'll take you to our backup station ahead. You wait there.

e. You can't follow me for the next extractions. You'll hinder my movements. After it's done, I'll come to pick you up!"

"But..."

Atlas didn't let me finish and said, "Listen to me! I'll bring Dad back. Trust me!"

After that, he tightened his arm around mine and said to Cane, "Let's go!"

Cane started the car, and the vehicle quickly moved forward. My mood was quite complicated.

I wanted to fight alongside Atlas back to the base, but I knew my presence would restrict him.

Returning to the base was extremely

risky, I knew in my heart. I wanted to accompany Atlas to face it together. However, I was sure that this time, Atlas wouldn't give me the chance.

When we arrived at the small village ahead, I realized this was probably where we got off last night. There were about a dozen households in the village. The village was quite dilapidated, with some ruins as if it had been abandoned.

Atlas led me to the most exquisite bamboo home, where an elderly guy lived in simplicity.

He smiled instantly upon realizing that Atlas had arrived and continued conversing with Atlas.

Atlas nodded, then handed me over to the old man and left the bodyguard who had been protecting us with me, telling him to watch me.

Just then, his phone rang. Without even looking at the screen, he immediately answered, "Speak!"

Chapter 1246 Ambushed

Ambushed

I listened intently to the voice on the phone, catching snippets of conversation. I managed to hear “ambushed” and “cars are destroyed”. Stunned, I turned to Atlas, realizing he was right all along. They did attack our cars.

If we hadn't been prepared, we'd be in danger. It was terrifying just to think about.

"Is everyone safe?" Atlas asked, his expression serious. He nodded at the response before ending the call.

He turned to Cane. "Just as I thought. They ambushed the cars, but everyone's safe."

"No one's injured, right?" I asked anxiously.

"None at all," Atlas assured me.

When I heard that, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's definitely a decoy tactic," Cane chimed in. "I'll alert them to be prepared."

Atlas held me close, patting my back gently. "Don't worry about me. Just stay put and wait for me to come back."

I nodded, holding onto him. "Okay. Stay safe. I'll be waiting for you to return."

I wanted him to feel assured. I didn't want to worry him.

He hugged me tightly, then let go. "I'll be back with good news. Once I've handled your dad's business, we'll head home."

I grabbed him, pushing our bodyguard toward him. "I'm not leaving. He should follow you. It'll make me feel better."

"No, he stays with you. That way, I can relax, and he can contact us if necessary."

I reluctantly nodded as he kissed my forehead. "I'm off."

He looked at the guard. "Take care of Chloe."

"Yes, Mr. Atlas."

With that, Atlas released me, walking away with Cane without a backward glance. They got into the car, which which sped off, disappearing from view.

swne

My heart suddenly felt empty as a sense of aimlessness washed over me.

The old man ushered me into the house, which, though humble, was neat and tidy.

He poured me a cup of tea, motioning for me to drink.

I realized I was thirsty. After thanking him, I took a sip, then turned to the bodyguard. "What's your name?"

"My name is Tristan Mccarty, Mrs. Chloe. Just call me Tris," he replied respectfully.

"Did we go to the mountains behind here last night?" I asked Tristan.

"Yes." He nodded.

"Can we go there again? We need to see what's happening at the base," I said.

Tristan hesitated, eyeing my outfit, then shook his head. "It's better to wait here, Mrs. Chloe. Your clothes aren't suitable for the woods, especially with so many snakes and insects."

"Snakes and insects?" I was shocked. "I walked through there last night."

"It's different in the daytime. The

woods are dense, teeming with snakes and insects," Tristan explained seriously. He suggested, "Why don't you take a nap? You didn't get much rest last night."

I glanced at him. I'd be really carefree if I could sleep now.

Annoyed, I realized I'd forgotten to change clothes. I was still wearing the dress from the base, and worse, I was in high heels.

I was definitely not dressed for the mountains, but I couldn't just sit here and wait.

Just as I was feeling restless, Tristan suddenly pulled me up from the chair, intending to lead me out, but it was too late.

Two armed men burst into the bamboo house without a sound.

Chapter 1247 Ruthless Killers

Ruthless Killers

Tristan immediately shielded me, facing off against the intruders.

This sudden turn of events made me nervous. I stared in astonishment at the menacing group before me, led by the same man I'd seen confronting Cane earlier in the day.

His fair complexion contrasted sharply with the intense malice in his eyes. Peering past Tristan, he locked eyes with me while grinning wickedly. Tristan stood firmly in front of me, ready for combat.

The old man unexpectedly rose in fury when he saw Millard. He positioned himself in front of Tristan, glaring angrily at the intruders and shouting at them, clearly agitated.

The leader, faced with this sudden defiance, glared back. His smile was sinister, sending shivers down my spine.

He cursed under his breath.

I whispered to Tristan, "They're Navi's men."

Tristan remained calm, standing steady in front of me. "Don't worry, Mrs. Chloe. Navi seems to have many tricks up his sleeve. This guy's just a vicious mutt."

His words made me realize Tristan was right. Navi was cunning and was clearly prepared for any trickery from Atlas.

The man in front of us was just Navi's attack dog. They realized they'd been deceived when they found that the cars were empty.

The leader glanced at us both, raising his eyebrows provocatively.

I couldn't help but feel nervous, not about being caught by Navi, but for Atlas's safety. If Navi was prepared, would it be dangerous for Atlas to return to the base?

Before I could gather my thoughts, an unexpected turn of events unfolded.

As the old man pointed and yelled at the intruders, one of them suddenly drew his dagger and swiftly struck him. The old man's furious shouts were silenced as he clutched his neck staggering and collapsing to the ground.

His eyes never left my face.

Something warm splashed onto my face. I wiped it instinctively, and saw my hand stained with blood. I gaped in horror at the old man on the ground, blood pooling around him.

He twitched for a moment, and soon lay motionless.

I gasped and stepped back, feeling a mix of shock, sorrow, and anger.

"You monsters! He's just an old man! You're utterly ruthless," I spat at the intruders. The leader was still clutching the bloodied dagger.

Tristan was worried I'd be scared. He remained vigilant as he comforted me. "Don't be afraid, Mrs. Chloe."

"You had no right to kill him!" I snapped, pointing at the lifeless old man on the ground.

When his subordinate heard my rage, he chuckled mockingly. "Are you surprised, young lady? You're really soft-hearted."

"Because you're nothing but a beast!" I cursed at him.

He spoke my language fluently, and he even had a Foswood accent.

"You see, this is the fate of those who defy us. It wasn't just him. Everyone in this village died at my hands." He spoke triumphantly, relishing his deeds as though they were something grand, reveling in his actions.

"He escaped by chance last time. I let it slide. I didn't bother because I wanted him to live. But he didn't appreciate it and kept making the same mistake.

"Let me tell you, young lady. His death is normal. It's more unusual to stay alive around here." He laughed boisterously.

"What did you say?" My voice trembled with fear.

Chapter 1248 The Traitor of the Huffman Family

The Traitor of the Huffman Family

Facing this murderous demon, I didn't feel as brave as I was pretending to be, but I maintained a facade of righteousness.

"Don't you understand?" He taunted. "Let me enlighten you. This village is quite something. When I set it ablaze, everyone was sleeping soundly. One torch, one barrel of oil, and they were all gone. Fascinating, isn't it?" He boasted.

He asked me, "Do you know why I did that? Because they defied me."

His words left me dumbfounded. No wonder the village seemed so small. There was a harrowing tale behind it.

I glanced at the old man who had smiled kindly at me moments ago, chatting away in a language I couldn't comprehend. Now, he lay cold and lifeless.

The stench of blood filled the room.

I thought I even detected a hint of a burning smell.

The whole village had been burned alive, he said.

He was a maniac.

"The old fool was quite resilient, wasn't he? He was still kicking after all these years, and he dared to curse at me." He sneered, kicking the old man's body and spitting on him. "Damn. How dare he do all that? Is there anything else I can do other than killing him?"

"Aren't you afraid the spirits here will haunt you?" I glared at the leader furiously.

"Hmph. Since you put it that way, I'll exterminate this place. They can all try to get me together." He laughed loudly. "They're seeking their own death by coming here."

He was clearly talking about me.

I lunged forward, wanting to slap him, but Tristan quickly restrained me by pulling me back.

During the struggle, the jade pendant around my neck became exposed.

The leader's eyes locked onto it almost immediately. "What?"

I.n

Tristan held me tightly. After all, we were outnumbered with guns pointing at us. He didn't dare underestimate the enemy. The best thing he could do now was protect me from harm.

"You! Who are you? How do you have this jade pendant?" the leader asked, looking unsettled.

I thought that he was jealous I had the pendant.

"How do you know about this pendant?" I countered, staring him down, realizing he understood its significance.

"That belongs to the Huffman family. How do you have something from the Huffman family?" He roared.

When Tristan saw what was going on, he whispered, "Be careful. Don't provoke him."

I glanced at him. Despite his youthful appearance, his handsome features exuded a mature aura of valor.

His cautious protection gave me

courage. trusted his capabilities, as anyone who could work by Atlas's

side wouldn't be anan.

I took a deep breath, steadying my nerves. I figured he must have been a former subordinate of the Huffman family.

"Since you know about this pendant, why are you questioning my identity?" I asked arrogantly.

"You! How are you connected to the Huffman family?" The leader stared at me intently, his emotions complex.

"No wonder you speak our language. You're a traitor to the Huffman family!" I hurled the accusation at him.

It was a wild guess. He spoke our

language

and knew where the jade pendant had come from, but was under Navi's command.

That meant only one thing. He had betrayed the Huffman family.

Chapter 1249 Devious Intentions

Devious Intentions

He suddenly became agitated, pacing back and forth, glaring at me. He laughed hysterically, then glared at me viciously, like a madman losing control.

Tristan shielded me cautiously, ready to attack at any moment.

"I can't believe Anson gave this to a little nobody instead of me. Anson, you've underestimated me!" He shouted. "Why did he choose you?"

To be honest, his behavior shocked me. I speculated about his identity and realized he must have betrayed the Huffman family. He must have a grudge against them from the way he talked about Anson.

"Damn it! I joined the Huffman family when I was ten and did everything for him like a dog. He said one thing but did another. He said he treated me like a son, but that was a lie!" He yelled.

"Since you're from the Huffman family, shouldn't you have remained loyal? You joined the Huffman family at ten, right? How did you end up becoming Navi's lackey?" I asked disdainfully, though I softened my tone.

I knew I couldn't confront him head-on since we were clearly outmatched.

"Why? Was he fair? Do you think I want to be here in this godforsaken place?" He stared at me resentfully.

I involuntarily took a step back.

"He said he treated me like a son, but that old bastard made my life hell. He never showed me any favoritism and always sent me to the toughest places.

"He'd punish me severely, even for

the smallest mistake. He treated me like a thief and never trusted me

with anything important." He ranted like a petulant child, clearly holding a deep-seated resentment against Anson.

"He called it love. Eventually, he sent me to this godforsaken place, claiming it was to toughen me up. Hah!

"Does he even know I can't afford to eat or dress properly here? When I tried to earn some extra money, he said I lacked ambition and wasn't thinking about the long term.

"Everything I did was wrong! What

was the point of calling me his son then? Damn it! Does he think I'm a three-year-old who can be fooled so easily?" He exploded, appearing incredibly aggrieved.

I snorted. It seemed Anson's judgment was spot-on. It was easy to test whether someone was gold or trash, and this petty man had no right to be a member of the

e

Huffman family. He was clearly deceitful.

"What's your name?" I asked.

He looked at me. "Why? Are you planning to run to that old bastard and tattle on me? It's too bad you won't have the chance to do that."

I laughed lightly and relaxed, dismissing Tristan's protective arm.

Then, I said, "You're really narrow-minded. I've never seen a man as petty as you are. I might be a woman, but I don't care for such petty things. It's a pity, though."

"What do you mean?" he asked angrily.

Chapter 1250 A Potent Remedy

A Potent Remedy

"I mean, it's a pity for you," I said calmly, my voice laced with regret.

He looked at me, his anger seemingly abating. He seemed confused by my words.

"You were supposed to be a capable member of the Huffman family, but you've strayed from that path."

He suddenly looked at me as though he had found someone who finally understood him. With a hint of helplessness in his gaze, he complained, "He's never valued me."

"What's your name?" I deliberately stalled for time, wanting to play mind games with him. I was hoping to get some information about where my father

was.

"Millard Huffman," he said angrily. "All I remember is my surname, Millard."

"That's a pity," I repeated.

He looked at me, growing more impatient. "Stop beating around the bush and get to the point."

"Anson gave you your name, right, Millard?" I wanted to confirm this with him.

"Yes, he did." He stood on a stool, studying me.

"He meant for you to remember your original surname, even if you had become part of the Huffman family at the time. That's why he made Millard your first name. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that's what he was trying to do," he replied.

I boldly continued. My words were blunt, but they seemed to affect him.

"It's a shame. You were too impatient. If you had been patient and worked hard, you wouldn't have ended up like this, someone else's lackey despite your success.

"You could have been master of the Huffman family. Even if you were just Anson's son, you would be ranked above so many others as well." He seemed to take my words to heart.

I continued, "You know Anson has no children, and he desperately wanted a trusted successor. You seem smart. It's a pity you didn't think any further."

"Do you think you have the right to criticize me just because you have the Huffman family's jade pendant? Who do you think you are? Are you even fit to say that about me?" he snapped, his pride wounded by my words.

"I don't know if I'm fit to say that, but I do know this is why you failed. You refused to listen to him. You thought you knew what was best and acted like you were already the master of the Huffman family. You were too demanding and impatient, which led to your downfall," I said with a smile.

His eyes and clenched jaw showed his unwillingness to admit I was right.

I was pleased at how my words affected him.

"I don't know you, but do you know why I asked your name?" I asked another question.

He looked at me silently.

"You were too impatient. You should

have put yourself in Anson's shoes and thought about it from his perspective. If you were Anson and you wanted to groom your successor, would you make a

decision like that so lightly? Wouldn't you test their loyalty?

"How else could he entrust the Huffman family to you? He even gave you the family's surname, which meant he considered you part of them. What more do you want? Have you ever looked back to see if he did the same for someone else?"

I bombarded him with questions, forcing him to confront his emotions. He didn't seem to know how to respond.

Seeing his confusion, I pressed on, giving him another dose of harsh truth.