

Divorce 1251

Chapter 1251 Firm Belief

Firm Belief

He looked at me, clearly unsettled.

"Do you know why I said that?" I asked Millard.

He seemed taken aback by my sudden question but quickly asked, "Why?"

"Because before I came here, Anson told me that if I encountered any trouble, I should find someone specific," I said, pausing intentionally and looking at him.

He immediately became eager, putting his leg down from the stool and asking, "Who?"

"Someone called Millard Huffman," I said firmly.

I didn't know how I dared say that, but I did. My logic seemed clear, and I came up with it on the spot.

I was taking a risk, but there was no turning back now. Hence, I continued, "He asked me to find where this person is. Oh, right. He wanted me to check if this guy is still working for Navi too."

"You're lying!" Millard roared.

He was right. From my understanding of Anson, he wouldn't give Millard a second chance, even if he knew Millard was working with Navi. Millard betrayed him, after all.

Plus, he had so many men working for him. I was sure he knew exactly where Millard was.

I had to find a reason to convince Millard that I was telling him the truth. That was the most important thing to do now.

"Hah! You don't understand how soft an old man can be toward his child," I said calmly, then asked him, "How long have you been away from the Huffman family?"

"12 years," Millard replied stiffly. "At the time, his daughter was only in her teens."

"Do you know why he asked me to handle this matter?" I asked him again.

"No," he said, completely puzzled.

Everyone else was silent, listening to our conversation as if it were a story. Even Tristan was listening intently, but he was still wary of any changes in the situation.

"Because to him, this matter is the most humiliating thing in his life. You've embarrassed him in front of the Huffman family," I said, observing Millard's expression.

He looked bitter.

"Many were eyeing this position, but Anson only had one adopted son, which was you. But you've proved that he was wrong. How could he ask his subordinates to investigate this matter? This is why he hasn't taken in any more adopted sons since then."

I was impressed by my own eloquence. From Millard's expression, I could tell that he believed every word I said.

"When this incident first happened, someone investigated your whereabouts. Anson flew into a rage and forbade anyone from mentioning it again. He did this to establish his authority in front of everyone and to save whatever little pride he had left.

"But when I told him I was coming here, he hesitated for a long time. Only after I kept pressing him did he mention this matter and your name. He asked me to find out if you're still alive and how you're doing."

I noticed Millard's hands clenched into fists.

"Do you know that he's getting old, and his health hasn't been great these past two years? Trinity is just a girl. I completely understand his thoughts. He now lives in memories of the past and still cares about you. That's another side of Anson that no one knows."

I smiled faintly, giving him a moment to digest the information.

Then, I looked at him and sighed, "You had plenty of opportunities, but you ruined them yourself."

"A while ago, something happened

to Trinity. Anson told me he never wanted to hand over the Huffman, family to Trinity. He just didn't have anyone he trusted enough to

manage the family. He sounded disappointed in you because he knew your potential."

"What happened to Trinity?" Millard immediately asked.

It seemed he still cared a lot about Trinity.

"She went missing. But there's news of her now. Anyway, Anson once talked to me about the Huffman family's affairs. He hoped for a man to take over the family so that Trinity could live a normal life, get married, and have children with the man she loves.

"But unfortunately, he doesn't have a son. He mentioned that he once had an adopted son, but he pushed him too hard, and the rest of his words went unsaid. I think... it must be you, right? Did he adopt any other sons?"

Chapter 1252 A Matter of Utmost Importance

A Matter of Utmost Importance

I was impressed with myself. I managed to improvise so convincingly.

In the future, when I no longer wanted to hustle in the business world, I would definitely write books. I was sure storytelling was my ticket to success. Even I almost got swept away by my own story.

Millard looked at me, his gaze somewhat blank. He shook his head slowly and said, "No..."

His confusion only fueled my satisfaction. I was confident that I had led his thoughts astray, and even his entourage seemed caught up in the moment.

"That's it. He said he shouldn't have rushed you into this, that he was too impatient with you. He's frustrated because he thought you could do better, but you let him down." I looked at Millard with open arms, expressing deep regret and pity.

Millard wore an embarrassed expression. He was showing signs of nervousness and regret. Seeing his expression, I quickly added more pressure. "Forgive me for being blunt, but have you ever reflected on this? If Anson hadn't saved you back then, allowing you to fend for yourself, would you still have had a carefree childhood?" I pressed, watching him closely. "Perhaps you wouldn't even be alive today."

As I said this, I couldn't help but think of myself at 10 years old.

If my foster parents hadn't risked their lives to sneak me out of the hospital back then, I might have become a puppet for these people too.

I may have ended up like that impostor, Stella.

"But instead of being grateful, you showed your greedy nature and disappointed him. He thought you were just a rebellious child who would eventually learn from his stern teachings. But what did you do?" I pressed him again.

"Stop it!" he shouted at me.

All of his followers glared at me.

Seeing him fuming with anger, I thought to myself that my storyline was foolproof. Even if I made a mistake, could fix it. After all, this beast was most afraid of being looked down upon by others. That was the soft spot I had to exploit.

"But why did he break my leg? And why did he say I was unworthy?" Millard retorted loudly.

I pretended to be calm as I glanced at the others around us. Tristan's gaze remained cold and composed.

"It looks like you're just careless. You really don't understand a parent's heart. If this were your biological father scolding you like this, would you still be this angry? Would you

still betray him?"

I looked into his crimson eyes confidently. I was sure his regret stemmed from a deep understanding of his mistakes.

"The more he treats you harshly, the more he values you. Do you understand his intentions? Was I wrong to say it's a pity that things ended this way for you?"

He stared at me, speechless. I could tell he was touched.

Taking advantage of this moment, I continued, "And yet, you've ended up working for Navi. Do you think Navi

trusts you? After all these years, aren't you still just his lackey?"

I felt a twinge of nervousness, but contrary to my expectations, Millard didn't react. Instead, he stood there dumbfounded, seemingly pondering my words.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"That so-called daughter of his is just Navi's adopted daughter, right? Didn't Navi steal her from someone else all those years ago? You must have known about that, right?"

I deliberately mentioned Stella because I wanted to find out if she was the daughter of my adoptive parents. Millard didn't respond, his eyes showing a hint of doubt. Perhaps he hadn't expected me to know so much. Seeing his expression, I mustered the courage to ask him another crucial question.

Chapter 1253 Sowing Discord

Sowing Discord

"If he trusts you, would he keep you in the dark about who Rory is and where he's hidden?" I risked it all.

"But Stella knows. In his eyes, you can't even be compared to a woman. Yet you're sacrificing everything for him. What exactly has Navi given you in return for such loyalty? Is it worth risking your life for him?" I struck his sore spot because I was certain it was what he cared about most.

Sure enough, he turned to me abruptly, pointing a finger at me. "How dare you try to sow discord between us?"

His expression changed quickly, making me nervous.

But as I met his gaze head-on, I suddenly calmed down. I feigned anger and retorted, "You're just a puppet, unable to make your own decisions. Yet Anson still thinks about you after all these years."

"If you had been as loyal to him back then as you are to Navi now, you would have risen to prominence in the Huffman family. At the very least, you would have been the top commander, with everyone else beneath you."

"But what about now? You're nothing, yet you dare say Navi trusts you? You dare say he hasn't used you? Then tell me, where is Rory? Do you know? He only trusts two people with that information, and you're not one of them."

I hit him where it hurt.

"In the basement of his main hall. Of course, I know," Millard retorted defiantly.

My heart raced violently at his words. I was ecstatic, feeling like I was on fire.

"Even if you know where he's hiding Rory, can you get in there? Do you know the secrets about Rory? Stella does."

"That's because he raised Ms. Stella since she was young!" he yelled.

This only fueled my excitement further. So Stella was indeed adopted.

"But you were also raised by Anson. Do you know where you went wrong?" My voice betrayed my agitation.

His followers behind him were all

ears, holding their guns as if they

were tired, Most of them were

locals, nodding along cluelessly. But

there were two pairs of eyes that kept shifting, following my narrative.

I knew they understood what I was saying.

Sure enough, one of them spoke up. "Millard, don't waste time with this girl. She's trying to divide us. What's past is past. Do you really think you can turn back time?"

I turned to that person abruptly.

"Hah! You're a narrow-minded person. I'm just reminding Millard here. If it weren't for you guys, Millard wouldn't have gone astray or missed the opportunity to lead the

Huffman family. You envied him and

dragged him down!"

I cursed myself inwardly for giving away too much but managed to turn the tables. Millard scrutinized me.

I took a gamble by saying that.

Anyone who could speak Foswood's language around Millard was either sucking up to him or was of the

same ilk. They must have been not

among the lackeys who followed Millard around, and the ones who had given him bad advice,

Otherwise, why would Millard have defected to Navi? Obviously, there were no good people around him.

"Do you still believe them? Then take me to see Navi. You don't even value the position of the Huffman family's head, let alone want it. You're indeed

a damned fool. I think you'll spend your whole life as a lapdog." I scornfully glanced at Millard.

"If it weren't for these people around you back then, you wouldn't have ended up like this, nor would you have pined for the child you once were!" I kept provoking him.

Then, I turned and walked back to the table. I was incredibly thirsty, but looking at the old man's corpse and smelling the blood in the room made my stomach churn.

I suppressed the urge to drink.

Now, all I wanted to do was figure out how to get out of here. I knew where my father was being held, and I needed to inform Atlas before it was too late.

Chapter 1254 Striking at the Right Time

Striking at the Right Time

Millard looked at me calmly as I sat back down.

I spoke again, asking, "Millard, do you understand the phrase 'turn over a new leaf'?"

"Don't believe her!" that guy shouted. "Take her away, Millard, and you'll earn a big reward. Do you know she's the boss's best leverage? I've known for a long time. She's Atlas's weakness! Millard, listen to me!"

I looked at Millard, feeling uneasy. This guy seemed cunning and insightful. It was now or never. If this scoundrel won, I was done for.

Tristan chuckled sarcastically, saying, "Mrs. Chloe, there's no need to convince him anymore. When you go back, don't mention this. Just pretend you didn't see anything. It's useless to reason with such people.

"They're content being lackeys and don't care about being the head of anything. They're not interested."

The scoundrel smirked. "You want to go back? Dream on."

Hearing his words, I glanced at Millard. "It looks like I was right about you being a coward, letting this scumbag manipulate you."

I cursed at the scoundrel, but my words seemed to sting Millard.

"I'm going to kill you!" the scoundrel said menacingly to me.

I looked at him, and he continued to stare at me blankly. I retorted, "Moron."

Unexpectedly, the scoundrel lunged at me.

Tristan stepped forward to shield me, but the dozen or so henchmen behind him quickly raised their guns again.

The tension in the room skyrocketed.

"Don't move! If Millard dares to lay a finger on me today, Anson will be done with him for good, and I'll have done a good deed for the Huffman family. Even if I die here, Anson will soon get the news, and my death will be worthwhile."

I looked at Millard, speaking slowly and deliberately, "But do you know what will happen next, Millard?"

He looked at me with a complicated expression, indicating his internal struggle.

I stared at him, equally nervous. I was gambling, and if I miscalculated, all my efforts would be in vain.

I gritted my teeth, pretending to be calm as I continued, "If you make another mistake, there will be no turning back, not even a sliver of a chance. And, Navi-

Before I could finish, the scoundrel interrupted me.

"Millard, don't listen to her

nonsense!" he shouted, then quickly lunged at me again. "You think you'll get a free pass just because you have something from the Huffman

family? Today, I'll show you've

But before he could finish, a horrifying scene unfolded.

Without warning, Millard's dagger pierced through the scoundrel's chest.

The sound of flesh being prated sent chills down my spine. I pretended to remain calm but couldn't help gasping in shock.

Blood gushed from the scoundrel's mouth as he stared at Millard, his mouth still moving, "You... you..."

Millard gritted his teeth, his voice filled with malice, "I'm the only one who can kill her! Who do you think you are? You've meddled too much in the Huffman family's affairs. It's not your place to be in charge of me.

After saying this, Millard pushed the dagger in deeper. The scoundrel's eyes widened, and he slumped to the ground, collapsing beside the old man. Two lives were gone just like that.

Millard proved to be ruthless, just as he said. No wonder he claimed that everyone in this village died at his hands.

His followers stood there

dumbfounded, and one of the locals

shouted something. Millard

immediately pointed his gun at him,

cursing in their dialect. The local

nodded quickly, not daring to speak again.

Seizing the opportunity, I looked at Millard and whispered, "Millard, I'll tell you another secret."

Chapter 1255 Desperate Straits

Desperate Straits

He turned to me curiously.

I looked at him. "This time, Navi has no way out."

"What are you talking about?" He looked at me incredulously. "What do you mean?"

His attitude told me he didn't believe a word I said.

I looked at him, reiterating, "He has nowhere to escape."

"That's impossible! Are you really trying to deceive me?" Suddenly, he seemed to snap out of it.

"Whoever you are, if you think you can fool me or play games with me, just look at what happened to these two." He pointed at the two bodies on the ground.

"Don't think that I have to respect you just because you've got the Huffman family's backing. That's nonsense. Since I left the Huffman family, I have no intention of going back to them."

Tristan sneered at him and said, "Mrs. Chloe, do you see now? He's just a fool. Otherwise, he wouldn't have blindly switched to the dark side. Too much talk leads to mistakes. He's not a truly smart person."

"Say that again, and I'll kill you!" Millard glared at Tristan.

I looked at Millard and shook my head gently. Standing up, I walked over to Tristan and then addressed Millard, "Then I have nothing more to say. You can do as you please since it has come to this."

"But let me tell you, Navi sending you to attack Atlas means he's already discarded you as expendable. Don't tell me you didn't ambush Atlas's car. Do you know why there was no one in the car?"

I looked at him with disdain, and my tone naturally turned cold.

"Because Atlas had already anticipated this. You're still alive because Atlas let you go so you could deliver the message to Navi."

His sudden change in attitude, now a bit subdued, indicated his discomfort about the topic.

"Your impatience betrayed you. You reported the car plunging into the river, but then you realized no one was in the car, right? If Atlas wanted you dead, do you think you would

of me?"

still be standing here in front old

As I finished speaking, Millard seemed petrified. His gaze toward me was blank. I knew my words had hit him hard.

Judging from the amount of time he took to reach me since Atlas left, he must've realized that Atlas was no longer here to protect me and that I was not in the car earlier. Hence, he came over to this place.

Seeing his reaction, I secretly rejoiced. It seemed my deduction was correct again.

"If Navi really valued and trusted you, would he have sent you to do this? What do you think Atlas is capable of? He's a man who can influence the world with a flick of his finger. Dealing with someone like Navi is child's play for him."

My tone was quite arrogant, and my gaze toward him showed a hint of mockery.

"Atlas just wants to save my father. Let me clarify this. Rory is the person Navi is holding captive. He is my father and Atlas's father-in-law."

Since we've reached this point and Xavier's plan has already begun, I no longer need to hide anything.

If he still failed to grasp the situation, then there was nothing I could do. As Tristan said, it would be like talking to a brick wall.

"Y-Your father?" Millard was a bit shocked this time, looking at me with a confused expression.

"If it weren't for my father being held

captive by Navi, do you think we would have risked our lives and come to this place? Since he's

targeting my father, do you think he still stands a chance of

My tone carried a hint of

resentment.

Chapter 1256 No Chance of Survival

No Chance of Survival

The way I spoke wasn't an act but my instinctive reaction. "I won't spare anyone who dares harm my loved ones, no matter who they are."

Even Tristan looked at me in astonishment after I said that.

"Navi kills recklessly for his own gain. He targeted my father and harmed my foster parents. Why should I let him continue to live?" I pressed Millard aggressively.

"Hmph! How ridiculous. Besides, Navi's cunning. Do you think he doesn't know about the fierce conflict within his ranks? Do you really think he values you by sending you to do this? You're overestimating yourself," I sneered. "He's just using you as a scapegoat, nothing more. You..."

I gestured toward his henchmen, saying ominously, "You're just his expendable pawns. He doesn't give a damn about your lives."

"Do

you think you understand him? Aren't you being a little too arrogant?" Millard still struggled, but I was sure he was just looking for a more solid excuse for himself.

"Arrogant? Navi is just a rat in Bermuda. Even Anson would have to show us some respect. Crushing Navi would be like squashing an ant. Let's see how this unfolds. But I would advise you to be more astute."

At this point, another of Millard's henchmen, who understood what we were saying, glanced at Millard in approval. There was urgency in his eyes, as if he was agreeing with my words.

"But you seem smart. When you saw Atlas's car leave, you came here immediately. Were you planning to capture me and present me to Navi for glory? Then let's go."

I didn't look at him and started to walk out.

"Wait..." Millard sighed. "Is what you said true? Navi has powerful backers."

I snorted again, lifting my sharp gaze to meet Millard's, abandoning my pleading tone. I felt that unless I got tough with him, he would think I was deceiving him. Talking to him sternly now would give him some

clarity. he

"Backers? Are you talking about the Non-Organization? Look at his backers. They're just driven by self-interest. If Navi loses his value to them, would they still be on his side?"

I looked at him coldly, saying arrogantly, "Believe it or not, you'll still be his sacrificial lamb. In Navi's plan, you have no chance of survival."

"What do you mean?" Millard asked. I almost burst out laughing. I could see it now. He had completely fallen for my ruse.

I couldn't help but admire my own eloquence. I was a natural at this.

Even Tristan's eyes were full of admiration.

"What do I mean? You're only alive right now thanks to Atlas's mercy. He spared you once. You should thank Anson for that. Before I left, he reminded me to wear this jade

pendant."

I instinctively reached out and touched the jade pendant around my neck.

I appreciated Anson's reminder.

Then I put the pendant back into my shirt and said calmly, "He

anticipated that he might encounter you in his confrontation with Navi. He trusts that when you see this jade, you'll remember the time you spent with the Huffman family and show some leniency. It looks like he still understands you."

I couldn't resist rubbing it in, then I continued to assert my dominance.

Chapter 1257 Deceived and Trapped

Deceived and Trapped

"Once Atlas finds out who dared lay a hand on me, he'll deal with them. Navi can easily abandon you at a critical moment, saying it was his subordinate's decision and had nothing to do with him. You can judge for yourself."

After saying that, I calmly sat down. The smell of blood in the room and the tension of betting my life on this story I had made up made me feel exhausted and extremely uncomfortable.

I glanced at Tristan. "What time is it?"

I asked that question to maintain my composure, but to be honest, I really wanted to know the time. My mind was on fire, and I had no idea what was happening inside or what this ruthless killer, Millard, would do.

Tristan raised his hand to check his watch. "It's 4 p.m., Mrs. Chloe."

I grew nervous. There were only three hours left until Xavier's operation.

Millard looked at me calmly, but he seemed a little nervous himself. He scrutinized me intently, afraid I would deceive him.

"You can take me back to your base since Atlas is there. You can easily hand me over to Navi too," I continued to goad him. "Or maybe you have followers you can trust at the base. You can ask them if Atlas is there."

I tried to give him a way out. I was sure Atlas must be at the base by now.

Millard looked at me then turned to say something to his men before stepping out.

His men immediately perked up, and Tristan tapped my shoulder. "Mrs. Chloe, may I pour you some water?"

I glanced at him. When I saw the brightness in his eyes, I understood the hint. He was asking me if he could take action.

I surveyed the armed men around us. There were roughly 13 of them, not including Millard, who had left.

"No." I shook my head. We were entirely outnumbered, and I couldn't let Tristan take the risk.

At this moment, Millard returned briskly to the room.

His face was more contorted, and he seemed paler. He stared at me intently, circling around me without speaking.

I was certain that he had confirmed what I had said.

Tristan looked at Millard. "What now? Do you see the truth?"

Millard suddenly rushed toward me, and Tristan immediately shielded me. "Stay back!"

Ignoring Tristan completely, Millard approached and looked at me emotionlessly. He almost looked like he had lost his soul.

Then he spoke sinisterly, "If I help you, what's in it for me?"

I breathed a sigh of relief, feeling the tension in my nerves dissipate.

Meanwhile, Millard grew more anxious after asking that question. It was as though my tension had been transferred to him. "It depends on what you want."

I looked into his eyes as he stared back, seemingly trying to figure out if I was lying. He focused intensely on me, afraid of missing details.

"Will you give me whatever I want?" he asked.

"Tell me what you want." I remained composed, and my tone was firm.

He looked at me, and I met his gaze

without flinching. I knew what y

doing. As long as he was

up Thad the upper hand.

The room fell silent, and the atmosphere felt oppressive.

I wasn't in a hurry. I looked at him arrogantly, waiting for him to speak.

"If... if I want to return to the Huffman family, can you help me with that?" He finally voiced his biggest dream.

I looked at him, incredulous at his request. Then I smiled lightly, and his eyes suddenly flickered, his face turning cold.

"You can't do it?" He saw my

indifferent expression and felt embarrassed and angry. Suddenly, he raised his gun and pointed it at my head. "Are you playing me?"

Chapter 1258 It's Settled

It's Settled

When I saw his eagerness and lack of composure, I quickly spoke up. "You've got it all wrong. I asked you to speak, so I can definitely help you. "Anson wouldn't have left any leeway if it were impossible. He's old. He misses those who used to be around him, especially since you were once his adopted son and called him father." My tone left no room for doubt.

But in my mind, I thought about it.

I wasn't lying to him. Returning to the Huffman family would definitely not be an issue, but dealing with him afterward would be another problem. After all, he was a ruthless killer, and figuring out how to deal with him would be crucial.

When he heard my words, Millard, who had been waiting anxiously, suddenly brightened up. I could even see a faint smile on his face.

I continued calmly. "However, as the current adopted daughter of the Huffman family, I can't let the Huffman family take a wrong step because of me. "So, how do you plan to return? With what identity? You'll have to figure that out yourself. Based on your current state-working for a ruthless man, killing without hesitation and showing no signs of remorse there's no way you'll pass the test, let alone become the true head of the Huffman family." "That goes without saying. I'm well aware of that," Millard said confidently.

"That's good. I'll find a way for you to do that, but your performance is up to you." We had entered into a negotiation.

After a moment of thought, I continued, "You grew up in the Huffman family. Although the Huffman family walks a fine line, it has its own strict rules. You need to accept them. As long as you sincerely repent and abide by the Huffman family's rules, I'll support you returning."

"Agreed." Millard finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"After all... even though I'm still somewhat favored in the Huffman family and am grateful for Anson's affection, this is not an empty boast. So, you need to remember this: if you remain as you were before eager for quick success and narrow-minded-I won't agree to bring you back. I can't afford to embarrass myself like that."

I made things clear, adding some pressure. "The path back won't be easy."

He nodded, understanding. "Of course."

"But how will you help me? That's the most important question right now. I'm not some kind of savior. I hope you'll stand on the right side even in this situation. I do need help, but. lowered my voice, glancing at the armed men and hinting at something.

Millard immediately understood my meaning and looked at his armed subordinates.

After some thought, he said, "So, you want to rescue Rory?"

I looked sharply at him. "Yes. I want to save my father."

"Alright, but you'll have to come back with me because I've already told Navi that I've found your trail. And you're alone." I had no doubt that Millard was telling the truth.

Since Atlas was at the base, I wanted to go back there.

"Don't worry, I take you back and ensure your safety. After all, when I return to the Huffman family, I'll

need you help to mediate. That's et

my condition. As for Anson, I'll

prepare a gift for him separately. I am not an unreasonable person."

Millard had thought this through. No wonder the people in this village had all become sacrificial lambs.

Perhaps this was the "gift" he was giving to Navi.

"Deal. I'll go back with you." I quickly agreed, but I glanced at his subordinates, and Millard immediately understood.

He turned around leisurely and said a few words to his men.

Chapter 1259 Plans Laid Long Ago

Plans Laid Long Ago

When the men heard what he had to say, they looked at each other in confusion, then turned to Millard. But none of them spoke.

Millard glanced at them, growing impatient, and said a few more words before waving and turning away.

Then, the room fell silent. Millard asked another one of his men who could speak our language, "What do you guys mean?"

He glanced at the two bodies on the ground without hesitation and said, "We'll obey your command, Millard."

Just as those two were about to retreat to the door and turn around, Millard, who had been standing with his back to them, suddenly turned and fired two shots.

The two men fell to the ground.

His swift actions startled me, and Tristan quickly reassured me. "Don't be afraid, Mrs. Chloe."

Millard's expression was peculiar as he shook his head and said, "I can't let you go back and plot against me."

Millard was ruthless. We couldn't leave him alive.

I discreetly glanced at the other men, who all had pale faces and expressions of resigned determination.

I knew they had no objections now.

Millard looked at me and said, "Shall we go?"

"Alright." I stood up and glanced at the old man lying in a pool of blood. I clasped my hands together and silently mourned for a moment.

It was all over now. Someone would come to deal with this.

I heard Millard speaking rapidly to his subordinates, presumably giving them some instructions.

Then, Tristan and I followed them outside.

Tristan whispered, "Mrs. Chloe, can we trust him?"

I whispered back, "Play it by ear. Quickly send out the message with our location and our situation. Time is running out."

When Millard and his men caught up, I said, "I need to tell Atlas what's going on. Otherwise, he might act against you."

Millard nodded. "Alright. Go ahead. I trust you, but don't betray me."

"I give you my word as a member of the Huffman family," I assured him. "If you don't object to it, I can call Anson after everything ends."

Millard looked guilty. "Let's save the man first."

His words made me truly respect him. "Then let's save him."

Walking behind them in high heels was tough, especially on this difficult terrain. I usually struggled even on flat ground, and now I was even more anxious.

Millard said to the man beside him, "Get the car to pick up Mrs. Chloe."

I glanced at him in some concern, and he immediately understood. "Don't worry. He's different from the one who just died. That one was a schemer. He was always trying to manipulate me. I've been wanting to deal with him for a while. This one is loyal."

The boy ran outside and quickly brought the car. We all got in, and the car swiftly returned to the main road, heading straight for the base.

Tristan had already sent a text telling Atlas our situation.

Millard said, "Mrs. Chloe, will Mr. Atlas cooperate with me when we get inside? Navi is cunning and ruthless. I'm not afraid of him, but I'm afraid it will affect my search."

"That won't be a problem. You can count on it," I assured him confidently. "But you need to make sure my father is safe."

"That depends on what's going on inside. I've never seen him before." Millard glanced at me sneakily.

I knew he was afraid I would doubt his abilities. After all, I had just given him an earful and called him a pawn.

This man was incredibly proud,

cunning, and crafty; otherwise, he wouldn't have climbed to Navi's side in a foreign land. He was ruthless, and he clearly wasn't dumb.

Furthermore, he wouldn't have left the Huffman family if he had seen a glimpse of hope for himself back then.

But over the past few years, he must have realized where his true value lay. That was why he wanted to turn back.

His promise to give Anson a gift must have been planned long ago.

Chapter 1260 The Walking Dead

The Walking Dead

I knew exactly what to expect from him. Using him might benefit us in the short term, but he might become dissatisfied and resentful in the long run. That worried me, which was why I had spoken out earlier.

I couldn't risk planting seeds of trouble for the Huffman family.

As the car reached the gate, we entered the village without running into any obstacles, since Millard was with us, and headed straight to the main building.

I saw Atlas's car parked there, so I knew he must be in the hall right now.

When the car stopped, Millard cautioned, "I might be harsh to you later, Mrs. Chloe, so I'd like to apologize in advance for that. You need to give me a chance to find your father."

"Don't worry about that. Finding him is the priority," I reassured Millard.

I had taken a risk from the moment Millard claimed to be a member of the Huffman family. I was gambling, taking a chance.

But at this point, I had no other choice.

As we exited the car, Millard and his men pretended to push and shove us as we walked inside. Millard had a triumphant demeanor, striding in as if he owed no allegiance to anyone.

The atmosphere in the hall was somewhat "peaceful" and not as tense as I had imagined, but I could still sense the difference in the auras of the two

men.

But when Millard "ushered" me in, Atlas's expression changed instantly. He looked cold and gloomy now.

He remained seated, his gaze sharp as he looked at Navi, gaze filled with hostility. "You sealed your fate by attacking my car, Navi. And now you're even going after my people?"

Navi glanced at me with a smirk, casually saying, "My subordinates went too far, Mr. Atlas."

"In that case, let her go." Atlas's tone was commanding.

Navi's expression flickered as he set

down his teacup and looked at Atlas indifferently "Since my subordinates offended Mrs. Chloe, your

resentment may not be so easily. resolved. Why don't we speak

frankly? If you want to take

Chloe away from here, you

let go of the notebook. We'll each get what we need."

I stepped forward without fear and glared at Navi. "What about my father?"

Navi looked at me disdainfully. "You really don't know your place, Mrs. Chloe. You're already in trouble yourself, but you still care about that half-dead man?"

"Then you won't get the notebook!" I declared firmly.

My heart tightened. What did he mean, "half-dead man"?

"What have you done to him?" I demanded, about to charge forward again.

Millard immediately stopped me, and I struggled.

"Do you really think a notebook can be exchanged for the lives of two people? We don't do business like this, Mrs. Chloe." Navi chuckled arrogantly.

"You know how George joined me

back then, right? Ah, right, he's your adoptive father. Since I could subdue one George, there could

easily be a second, a third, and many

more to come. So, little girl, don't push your luck." Navi sneered.

I tried to take a step forward again, but Millard immediately blocked me while his men pointed their guns at me, looking vicious.

Tristan stood in front of me.

Atlas snorted. "It's up to you which

path you take next, Navi. The way forward is in your hands. Since you've made yourself clear, there's nothing else to discuss. Cane!"

Cane immediately took the notebook out of his pocket, smirked, and lit a match, setting it on fire. Navi's expression changed instantly. As the flames reached the notebook's edge, he roared, "Go get it!"