

Divorce 1261

Chapter 1261 The Burning Notebook

The Burning Notebook

Atlas paid no mind to Navi's attitude. He strode over and pulled me into his arms. "Are you hurt?"

Navi's men raised their guns, and the atmosphere tensed up. Millard stepped forward, pointing at Atlas. "Back off!"

Atlas ignored him completely, his eyes filled with concern as he looked at me. I gave him a reassuring squeeze and shook my head. "I'm fine."

Our eyes met, and we shared an unspoken understanding. It seemed he knew Millard's men had turned against him.

"Hand over the notebook!" One of Navi's guards demanded, pointing his gun at us.

Cane immediately bellowed, "Step back!"

The guy glanced at Cane, noticing smoke rising from the notebook's edges.

Startled, he took a step back, aiming his gun at Cane. "Give me the notebook, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Empty threats mean nothing," Cane scoffed.

"You dare to defy me on my turf?" Navi was furious, his eyes fixed on the notebook, fearing it might vanish into thin air.

Even his lips trembled with fear as he hysterically yelled at the guard.

The guard lunged at Cane, as several others in their group swiftly aimed their guns at his head. Tristan deftly snatched the gun from one of Millard's men, shifting his aim toward Navi's head.

Chaos erupted in the hall as Tristan roared, "I dare you guys to move!"

I was shaken by his assertiveness, realizing he had hinted at his intentions twice before. Those people truly didn't dare to oppose him.

The guard looked incredulously at his men who had turned against him, infuriated. "How dare you?"

With guns still pointed at us by Millard's men, the situation appeared evenly matched. However, the notebook was still in Cane's hands, its edges smoldering, on the brink of bursting into flames.

Atlas pulled me back to the sofa, lazily sitting down and facing Navi.

"Hand over Rory," he demanded, unwavering.

Tristan jabbed Navi's head with the gun barrel.

Navi, fuming with anger, glared at Atlas. "Dream on!"

Cane lowered the notebook a bit more, its edges now red-hot.

Navi stood up abruptly. "Stop it, Atlas! Make him stop."

Atlas smiled leisurely. "If you want to cut your losses, then release him."

"Atlas!" Just then, a person emerged from behind the screen in the hall. It was none other than Stella, who had supposedly returned to Trestlewood.

Atlas burst into laughter, looking at Navi. "So, you're playing games with

me. Planning to attack me after

luring me away and then use

decoy maneuver?"

to

Navi stood frozen, looking at Atlas with a helpless expression. The slowly burning notebook disrupted his focus.

But I noticed something. Cane's large hand firmly gripped the notebook, controlling its burning pace.

Stella hurried to us. "Atlas, let's talk. things

ut. There are many things e

you don't understand. Give me a chance, and I'll explain."

"A chance?" Atlas raised an eyebrow, his gaze shifting between Stella and the notebook. "What do you consider as a chance?"

"Atlas." Stella looked at Atlas's face, then glanced at the notebook with urgency in her eyes.

"Fine, I'll give you a chance." Atlas looked relaxed, gazing at Stella's anxious face. "Hand over Rory."

"Alright, but make him stop, and I'll have Rory brought here right away," Stella said.

But in the next moment, she tried to grab me without any warning.

Chapter 1262 Dramatic Changes Unfold

Dramatic Changes Unfold

Just as her hand was about to touch me, Atlas kicked her away and quickly knocked me down onto the sofa.

Two crisp gunshots echoed in the hall, then a dull thud. It was followed by a commanding roar, "Nobody moves!"

The previously restless hall fell silent once again.

I found myself pinned beneath Atlas's tall figure, utterly bewildered by what had just happened.

As Atlas lifted me, I finally took in the scene before me. The sofa behind us had been pierced by bullets, leaving a gaping hole, indicating these were no ordinary bullets.

I grabbed onto Atlas, looking at him with horror. He shook his head reassuringly. "I'm fine."

It was then that I noticed the motionless big guy lying on the smooth ivory-colored marble floor beneath us. He lay there without a sound.

A stream of blood flowed outward from a hole in his head, rapidly spreading toward my feet.

It was a horrifying sight. I couldn't help but retch and moved back in horror.

"Don't be afraid." Atlas immediately held me close, covering my eyes.

But the thick scent of blood made me feel nauseous, and I couldn't stop gagging.

Atlas quickly moved me to a different spot, still holding me protectively as I struggled to control my heaving breaths.

"Do you still want to resist, Navi?"

I finally recognized the voice-it was Dylan.

It was Dylan who had fired the shots that killed the big guy. If he had been even slightly late, the situation could have turned dangerous.

"Where's Rory?" Dylan's gun was also aimed at Navi's head.

Navi burst into laughter suddenly. "Do you think you've won like this?"

The moment Navi spoke, Dylan shot his leg. Navi groaned and fell to his knees, but he continued to roar, "Atlas! You can't..."

"Don't touch him! I'll go..." Millard shouted, "Release him, and I'll go find Rory for you."

I knew this was Millard's best chance.

"Millard!" Navi looked at Millard.

"Boss, I can't let you die like this. As long as we're alive, there's still hope."

Millard pretended to be pained. "Don't touch him!"

Stella shouted, "Millard!"

"Ms. Stella, you can't neglect the boss like this." After saying that, he turned and walked away, followed closely by Tristan.

"You won't succeed." Navi gritted his teeth, still staring at what Cane held in his hands.

Cane smirked, flipping open the notebook and decisively lighting it with a lighter.

Instantly, flames erupted from the aged paper.

Stella

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fired a shot. The

hit thOut to rush forward it explode into fragmente ng

ground in front of her, J

Stella screamed and scrambled backward.

"Dylan! How dare you?"

"Hah!" Dylan looked disdainfully at Stella. "Who do you think you are? Slut!"

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For some reason, Dylan's words made me burst into unexpected laughter. It turned out that in his eyes, this 'Stella' was defined like that.

Seeing me smiling, Stella hysterically shouted, "Chloe, don't be smug now! You think you can see that old bastard? What I can't get, nobody else can..."

Before she could finish, Dylan raised his head and fired a shot, not at the ground this time, but at her shoulder.

She screamed, clutching her wound and glaring at Dylan with gritted teeth.

I glanced out the window. The sun had already set, and I looked at Atlas with concern, whispering, "What time is it?"

"6.25," Atlas replied.

"What?"

I suddenly felt uneasy. It was 6:25?

Chapter 1263 Unexpected Attack

Unexpected Attack

Stella seemed to sense my emotions and turned to me, "Chloe, stop deluding yourself. You'll never see him again. Just consider him dead from that plane crash years ago!"

Then she laughed maniacally. "It was him who killed Louis and his wife. Atlas, you still treat her like she's a treasure, but if it weren't for Rory's betrayal, how could Louis and Hana have died? Now you're even embracing the daughter of your father's murderer! You're a good son indeed."

"Who are you to say all those things to me?" Atlas looked down at Stella, who was crawling on the ground nearby disdainfully.

"Hahaha... You'll regret it sooner or later. You want to find Rory? Forget about it. And Atlas, let me tell you, this time you might not be able to escape because... my people are arriving soon."

"Then I'll see what your people are capable of," Atlas said nonchalantly.

"Since you're heartless to me, don't blame me for being indifferent to you. You're not the only one who can strategize, my dear cousin." Stella laughed wickedly.

Just then, Millard ran up, followed by a shake of the head from Tristan behind us.

My body shook, and I angrily shouted, "Where are they?"

Navi laughed recklessly, and Dylan's eyes turned red. He raised his hand and fired another shot at Navi's other leg. "Tell me, where are they?"

Before Navi could speak, a group of men in black burst in from outside. They didn't bother with questions and immediately started shooting, disregarding which side people were on.

Chaos ensued as they advanced.

Atlas swiftly moved, sheltering me behind a pillar in the hall. Cane tossed the burning notebook away, shielding us, while Atlas drew a gun from behind and held me tightly.

Dylan discarded Navi and started shooting outside.

I saw Stella on the opposite side, now hiding behind another pillar, but facing away from us. It was evident that the intruders were not affiliated with any side.

Gunfire erupted in the hall, with Atlas not only protecting me but also returning fire outside.

It was then that I realized how much of a burden I was.

Suddenly, from around the corner leading to the back, a small head appeared, peeking into the hall—it was Anya.

I gestured for her to retreat, but she

kept her eyes on Navi, who everyone ignored. He was struggling to crawl toward the main seat against the wall.

Meanwhile, both sides inside the hall were firing indiscriminately.

Stella was yelling, "Millard, catch that woman!"

Before she could finish, a bullet hit the pillar next to her, and she immediately took cover.

The outside firepower was too intense, with casualties already outnumbering those left alive. The later reinforcements weren't numerous, but they were highly skilled.

I knew it was impossible to leave now. We could only hope for reinforcements to help us before we could escape.

The number of people inside the hall was dwindling rapidly, and they were clearly struggling to hold their ground.

Cane shouted, "Dylan, take Mr. Atlas and Mrs. Chloe out from behind! I'll handle things here."

Hearing this, Stella yelled, "Millard, block that exit!"

I felt desperate. If Millard really blocked our retreat, we would be trapped.

I looked at Atlas, who was protecting me and firing outside. My heart ached. How could I have burdened him like this if it weren't for my stubbornness?

"Honey, let go of me, I can do it!" I shouted at him, trying to push him away.

But he tightened his grip abruptly, glaring at me. "You're not leaving my side."

Two bullets flew past us, and I quickly retreated, not daring to move recklessly.

My eyes caught Anya, who had quietly sneaked in. I was shocked by her audacity. Why was she so daring?

At this moment, her eyes were fixed on Navi, who was still crawling toward the main seat.

"Dylan, take them out now! I'll cover you... Go!" Cane shouted at Atlas.

Chapter 1264 Exploiting Both Sides

Exploiting Both Sides

The hall was littered with countless corpses, devoid of the luxury it had when we first entered. It was now drenched in blood. Those who could stand up against the attackers were few. We were outnumbered, facing a dangerously precarious situation.

Cane leaned against the pillar on our side, gasping for breath. He looked toward us and said, "Mr. Atlas, I'll cover you. Take Mrs. Chloe out through the rear hall."

Before Atlas could respond, we heard Stella's triumphant laughter echoing in the hall.

"Are you guys trying to leave? Forget about it. Chloe, how does it feel? Exciting, right? Today, you won't be leaving here alive. Do you regret everything you..."

Before she could finish her words, Atlas fired a shot, and her scream abruptly ceased.

I clenched my teeth in frustration, cursing myself for not having a gun.

Atlas tightened his grip on my arm and murmured, "Hmph. Today, her fate is in her own hands."

Suddenly, the gunfire outside intensified, while the shooting from inside seemed to decrease significantly.

Atlas's tense muscles relaxed slightly, and he let out a sigh of relief against the pillar.

"Reinforcements?" I asked Atlas.

He smirked and nodded toward the exit leading to the rear hall. "Darling, we'll leave from there together."

As he spoke, he nodded toward the rear hall entrance.

Just then, from the corner of my eye, I saw Navi who had crawled to the wall, suddenly stand up. He swayed unsteadily, but with a shaky hand, he pressed something, and the wall slowly cracked open.

I stared in disbelief at Atlas, who also seemed surprised. But he quickly regained his composure as he exclaimed, "Secret passage."

"Is he trying to escape?" I was astonished.

Navi was about to move toward the wall when a crisp gunshot rang out. Navi's body staggered, froze in place for a few seconds, then fell backward with a loud thud.

The sound was shocking.

I saw Anya raise her hands with a gun, staring blankly. It was obvious that she had fired the shot.

At that moment, Dylan leaped up.

Seeing Anya stupefied, he rushed

over and tackled her behind a row of sofas. Gunshots followed, and I was

terrified. If it weren't for Dylan' W

quick reaction, Anya would have been shot.

The little girl had finally avenged her parents with her own hands.

Meanwhile, the wall had opened to reveal a door. I heard Millard shout, "Ms. Stella, hurry and go in."

But I didn't see him anywhere.

After he finished speaking, I saw

Stella quickly move toward the door. Millard immediately raised his gun and fired a shot at Stella's leg. Stella screamed in pain, fell to the ground, and blood gushed out.

"Millard! Y-You're betraying us?" Stella roared angrily.

"Fuck your 'betrayal.' I've never been

on your side. And now that the old

man is dead, you dare to provoke

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me? You bitch, who do you think you are? You're nothing but a useless woman!" Millard exclaimed angrily.

Then, he grabbed Stella and held her by the neck, shouting to the people outside who were still charging in, "If you move, I'll kill her."

But they paid no attention. It seemed that the outsiders were truly ruthless.

Millard let go of Stella, pushed her away, and quickly rolled behind a pillar. He shouted at me, "Mrs. Chloe, hurry and go in. This leads directly outside. Let's go."

As he finished speaking, there was suddenly a loud explosion.

It was over.

It was already 7 p.m.

Chapter 1265 Intense Explosion

Intense Explosion

Atlas swiftly ran toward the door with me while Cane and Dylan provided cover for us. I shouted to Atlas, "What about my dad?"

Atlas didn't respond to my question, and I couldn't help but cry uncontrollably.

Walking away like this, I felt like I might never see him again.

Atlas's face was grim, but he forcefully led me away amidst the intense gunfire and explosions, jumping into the door.

Once inside, Atlas hugged me tightly and wiped away my tears. "Don't cry. Ensure your safety so we can continue searching for him. I haven't given up, and I won't. Trust me."

I understood what Atlas meant and believed he wouldn't give up. But at that moment, my inner reluctance consumed my thoughts.

I struggled to control my emotions and tearfully looked at Atlas. "Take Anya. She's still young."

"Don't worry, they won't leave her behind."

After saying that, Atlas dragged me without hesitation into the depths of the secret passage.

The passage was narrow, allowing only two people to walk side by side. Atlas used his phone as a flashlight.

The dim passage kept vibrating, indicating the intensity of the explosions outside.

Dylan, who came in last, rushed ahead to clear the way. I kept looking back, worried about the situation outside.

The passage was shaking severely, suggesting a risk of collapse at any moment.

Atlas forcibly led me deeper into the passage, following Dylan.

As we ran, I couldn't bear to leave without Anya. "Atlas, let go of me. Anya hasn't come in yet. I have to take her out. She's still young..." "Listen to me," he interrupted, carrying me off the ground. "We've got to go!"

He didn't give me a chance to turn back.

Finally, we arrived at a door that blocked our path. There was a button on the wall, which Dylan pressed forcefully, and the door opened.

Once we stepped out of the

passage, we realized it was a fake tomb, with a large burial chamber surrounded by overgrown grass concealing the hidden stone door.

Navi was indeed cunning. He had prepared for his escape.

But he probably never expected to lose both his legs or that Anya would finish him off, fulfilling her wish for revenge for her parents.

I took a deep breath, suppressing my anxiety and reluctance.

When we were outside, the explosions continued relentlessly, deafening our ears.

"We need to leave here quickly," Atlas said to me.

"But..." I wanted to say that Anya and the others hadn't come out yet.

"We need to find a safe place to hide. We're too close to the explosions here, just in case," Dylan interjected. "Let's go."

Dylan spoke up, and I didn't have the heart to argue. After all, these people risked their lives for my father.

Though we couldn't save my father this time, I believed no one would directly harm him. After all, whichever side found him, it wasn't to kill him.

If they wanted him dead, it would have happened long ago.

I became more convinced that my father must have some secrets, sparking the interest of various parties.

However, my concern was that once

he fell into the hands of the

organization, rescuing him would become even more difficult. That was the cause of my anxiety, but I was sure Atlas was more anxious than I was.

After Dylan urged us, he turned and rushed into the dense forest ahead. Atlas carried me and followed closely behind.

Dylan settled us in a small clearing

in the forest and said, "I'll go back to support Cane for a bit. Mr. Atlas, you take care of Mrs. Chloe and stay hidden. I'll be back soon."

"Bring Anya back to me," I quickly added.

Dylan nodded solemnly and turned to head back outside.

Chapter 1266 The Attack Begins

The Attack Begins

Atlas led me to hide behind a few tall trees, holding me tightly in his arms and staying vigilant.

Through the gaps in the leaves, I could faintly see a sea of flames outside, accompanied by deafening explosions.

The base was being destroyed.

I wiped my face and forced myself to suppress my emotions. I didn't dare say a word.

Although we hadn't rescued my father, I had to admit that we tried our best. Atlas risked his life to infiltrate the base, and I had no reason to blame him.

Many people had followed us to risk their lives for my father too. Some had even sacrificed their youth. What more could I ask for?

Choking back tears, I said, "There are still so many innocent children in the village."

Atlas hugged me tightly, his face filled with guilt. "I'm sorry. I couldn't save your dad."

When I heard his words, I couldn't control my emotions any longer. I buried my face in his chest and cried, "I have a feeling that once we leave here, I'll never see him again."

"No, I won't let that happen. Trust me, I'll keep searching!" Atlas tightened his arms around me, his voice hoarse. "I arranged for our people here to tell the villagers to protect those children. They should be safe."

"But this place has almost been razed to the ground." I wiped my eyes.

The sound of rustling came from the forest, and Atlas cautiously pulled my head closer to his chest. I felt silent.

"Mr. Atlas."

Atlas glanced outside, then sighed and said, "It's them."

I quickly parted the leaves to look outside. It was Cane, Dylan, and some of our followers.

Cane's arm was injured, and blood stained his sleeve. The others also had varying degrees of injuries, indicating the dire situation outside.

"Where's Anya?" I couldn't see her among the crowd and felt anxious. "Where's Anya? What about Tristan? Why haven't they come back?"

"I didn't see her when I left, Mrs.

Chloe, and the place has been completely destroyed. Tristan. knows about this exit, so he should join us soon." Dylan looked at me, feeling a little embarrassed

Atlas immediately said, "I'll tell Xavier to stop the attack. We need to check on the situation there."

"Yeah. I've been inside, but I haven't

seen Loak. I've searched

everywhere, but I haven't seen him." Dylan looked at Atlas with suspicion evident in his tone.

"Logically, he wouldn't..." Dylan looked at Atlas.

I understood what he meant.

"He wouldn't," Atlas affirmed confidently. He had always trusted Loak.

Just then, I faintly heard shouting. I quickly said, "Shh! Listen..."

I seemed to hear a faint voice calling out among the explosions. I exclaimed in shock, "It's Anya!"

I tried to rush outside, but Atlas immediately grabbed me. Cane, Dylan, and the others rushed into the forest again.

Only then did Atlas take me and follow closely behind.

By now, it was getting dark.

As we emerged from the grove,

illuminated by the flames from the explosions, I saw a frail figure struggling to carry someone uphill, Anya walking beside them.

She spotted us and shouted, "Mrs. Chloe, come quickly!"

The shaky figure lifted his head when he heard her. I gasped, "It's Loak!"

Chapter 1267 A Surprise

A Surprise

Everyone could see that it was Loak, who had been missing all this time. He seemed to be smiling lightly.

By now, Cane and Dylan had reached them. Together, they lifted the man off Loak's back, exclaiming loudly, "It's Mr. Rory! It's him!" Joy surged in my heart. "Dad!"

As I was about to rush over, I saw Loak collapse.

"Loak!" Anya's crying voice echoed.

Stunned, I looked at the man they had brought down and then at the fallen Loak. My first instinct was to rush to Loak's side.

Atlas came over to check on Loak's injuries. I saw that he was wounded in the abdomen and chest. Blood was still oozing out from his wounds.

"Loak. Wake up." I tapped his face gently. He was terribly pale now, indicating his severe injuries.

Anya sobbed uncontrollably, kneeling beside me and pleading, "Mrs. Chloe, save my brother. Please save him."

"Atlas, we need to save Loak." I looked at Atlas.

Atlas got up and checked on them. Then, he took out his phone and made a call before he gave instructions to everyone. "We need to return now. If we carry them out of here, we might not be able to save him in time. Loak is badly injured too."

"Understood." Everyone moved without hesitation, and Cane immediately lifted Rory.

I couldn't shake the feeling of disbelief as I saw how my dad, who was unconscious, had been brought back by Loak.

Another follower came forward to carry Loak.

Cane glanced at all our followers. "We'll cover them as they retreat. Make sure no one gets left behind."

They roared in agreement, ready to sacrifice themselves if necessary.

Just then, some people ran out from the small door. They were dressed like Navi's men. Just as everyone was about to open fire, they shouted something, pointing inside.

Cane quickly stopped our followers. "Hold on!"

Moments later, Tristan and another guard emerged, carrying someone between them, struggling to get out.

I squinted and saw the person covered in blood-it was Millard. I gasped. "Millard? Has he been injured?"

I hurried over and saw that Tristan, who was also covered in blood, was supporting him.

"Tristan..." I looked at them in shock.

"It's not my blood, it's Millard's. The place collapsed. Some people couldn't make it out, and many Non-Organization people are still inside." "Collapsed?" I turned to Atlas. "If it's collapsed, what do we do? We can't go back, and their injuries can't wait..."

Atlas surveyed the terrain, pointed to

a relatively flat area, and said to

Cane, "Go there. Find a way to get through from there. I've already notified them to pick us up in

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helicopters. We need to act

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Everyone followed Atlas's orders and hurried in that direction. I held Anya's hand as I moved.

My high heels were hindering my progress on the road.

Atlas took off his coat, tearing it in half with his knife. Then, he removed my high heels and wrapped my feet tightly. That felt much better. Everyone shielded me and Anya as we ran toward the flat area.

At that moment, I had forgotten all about my exhaustion. I just wanted to leave this place as quickly as possible and save Loak and Millard. That was my greatest wish.

So I ran with all my might, disregarding my disheveled appearance.

By the time we reached the flat area, two helicopters had arrived. We boarded them immediately, taking off and heading straight for Trestlewood.

Chapter 1268 Suffering Severe Injuries

Suffering Severe Injuries

I couldn't help but feel overwhelmed. I never expected that Loak would run back with my father in those final moments. He had managed to do it amidst gunfire with heavy injuries as well.

I felt greatly indebted to him and I was determined to save him.

I stayed by his side with Anya while my father got in another helicopter. I wanted to see him properly, but I knew that Loak needed care more urgently. Millard was also now unconscious. Tristan told me that he had shielded us with all his might, preventing the Non-Organization from catching up to us. The final battle was fierce, and Millard had been shot multiple times.

"I didn't expect him to be so tough. He fought to the death against his subordinates and the Non-Organization. Without him, Navi's men would have been in chaos, and the reinforcements would have suffered casualties," Tristan said as he sat on the ground, looking at me.

"What about Stella?" I still couldn't shake off my resentment toward that traitor.

Tristan shook his head. "I didn't notice her. The place was in ruins, and we had to guard against the Non-Organization's attack, so we didn't pay much attention to her. She had a leg injury, but it looked bad.

For some reason, I felt conflicted. Despite my intense hatred for her, I secretly wanted her to survive until we confirmed her true identity. I wanted to settle the score with her slowly.

Atlas and also I suspected that she might be the daughter of my adoptive parents. There must be a story behind whatever had happened to her.

The helicopter landed at the largest hospital in Trestlewood, stopping at the hospital's small square. The medical staff who were already waiting swiftly took Millard and Loak inside.

As I comforted Anya, I felt worried. Both of them didn't seem to be doing very well.

Atlas understood my feelings and reassured me. "Don't worry. I've contacted top experts from Foswood to come to Trestlewood to check on them. Once they get through the critical period, we'll bring them back to Foswood for treatment."

"Mr. Atlas, you must save my brother," Anya pleaded with Atlas, her eyes full of hope.

"I will." Atlas nodded firmly, comforting her.

"How's my father?" I asked Atlas. He had returned on the same helicopter as my father.

"He hasn't regained consciousness yet. They're conducting a thorough examination on him now." Atlas informed me. I had been by Anya's side all this time and hadn't had a chance to see my father.

Worried, I asked, "Is his foot really beyond repair?"

"It depends on what the experts say. I've arranged for top specialists to fly directly to Trestlewood. They should arrive soon. As soon as Loak's condition stabilizes, we'll return to Foswood."

Atlas had everything arranged in an orderly manner, which relieved me.

"Why hasn't he regained consciousness?" I asked, feeling anxious. "Is something wrong?"

"He's a person of interest in various factions. There's no immediate threat to his life, but we can't stay in Trestlewood for long." Atlas looked at me, and we understood each other without words.

Cane's arm wounds had been treated, and he walked over with Tristan. I didn't see Dylan.

"Where's Dylan?" I asked Cane.

"He stayed behind to handle the aftermath," Cane replied.

"Go and see Mr. Rory, Mrs. Chloe. It's all my fault stopped you from taking care of Mr. Rory," Anya said cautiously. "Oh, and my brother said Ms. Stella gave Mr. Rory the

injection. After that, he passed

out."

"Stella?" Atlas and I exchanged a glance, and suddenly, everything made sense.

After consoling Anya, I followed Atlas to see my father.

This was the first time I had seen my biological father. From the moment I received news of him, I had stayed by Loak's side. I had also chosen to be on the same helicopter as Anya on the return flight.

After all, those siblings had risked their lives to save my father. I couldn't abandon them. From now on, they were my family.

But as I stepped into his hospital room and my gaze fell on the figure lying on the bed, I nearly broke down.

Chapter 1269 On the Verge of Death

On the Verge of Death

The man lying on the hospital bed before me was frail and weak. He was nothing but skin and bones.

He resembled a skeleton. His hair was gray, his cheeks were sunken, and only his cheekbones remained prominent, making him look much older than his actual age. But it was clear that he had been handsome. You could see it amidst his pallid complexion.

His condition made it clear that he had been confined underground for a long time. Coupled with malnutrition, he basically looked half-dead.

I couldn't imagine how he had survived these past twenty years.

He still hadn't regained consciousness. If it weren't for his faint breaths, I wouldn't have believed he was still alive.

I stood there awkwardly, unsure of what to do, my emotions running high.

Atlas embraced me and gently guided me forward. "This is your father. The examination results aren't out yet. Let's wait."

I turned to Atlas. "Is this really my father?"

"Yes, it's your father who loves you deeply." Atlas's gaze was serious.

After staring at him for a long while, I timidly reached out and held his hand. His bones were prominent, covered only by a thin layer of translucent skin, revealing the bones and delicate blood vessels underneath.

"Dad," I called out softly, choking up instantly.

He remained silent and deeply asleep.

Suddenly, a doctor hurried in, holding a stack of reports. He spoke to Atlas in detail, then handed him a sheet of paper.

At that moment, Tristan rushed over. "Mrs. Chloe, Millard has woken up! But he doesn't look good, and he wants to see you."

I immediately let go of my father's hand, stood up, and followed Tristan out, heading straight for the emergency room.

In the emergency room, I saw Millard lying on the stretcher. He was covered in blood, struggling to breathe. I hurried over.

"Millard..." I called out to him, and his unfocused eyes turned toward me, his face devoid of color.

"Mrs. Chloe," he said weakly.

I grabbed his hand. "Hold on, Millard. You can do it. I believe in you. I need to take you back to the Huffman family. You'll be very valuable to them." A faint smile appeared on his pale face.

"Can't go back... I just want to... say sorry to him..." Millard didn't seem to be in good condition.

Blood still trickled from the corner of his mouth, and I looked at the doctor next to me.

The doctor understood my silent request and gently shook his head.

At that moment, I completely forgot about Millard's past wrongdoings. After all, we had managed to evacuate safely because of his efforts. In the end, he sacrificed himself to save us all, allowing us to escape unscathed.

He was using his life to express his remorse.

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"Don't give up. You can do it. I'll call Anson right away." I turned to Tristan, who had entered with me.
"Tristan, give me your phone."

"No, he won't... forgive me..." Millard's eyes were fixed on the phone in my hand, his gaze showing a strong desire.

Tristan quickly took out his phone and handed it to me. I quickly dialed Anson's number. It was late, and he must be resting by now.

The phone rang a few times before it was picked up. I spoke quickly to Anson. "Dad, it's me, Chloe. I'm sorry to disturb you, but there's something I need to do. I found Millard, and he saved us. Dad, he... wants to talk to you."

I phrased it this way preemptively, putting Millard's good deed first, fearing that Anson might not catch on. After all, I didn't know about the grudges between them, and what I had said to Millard was just a strategy at the time. I hadn't had time to communicate with Anson, so I just made things up on the spot.

But right now, Millard was on the verge of death. He had saved us all, and I needed to fulfill his last wish.

Chapter 1270 The Devil's Regrets

The Devil's Regrets

There was a moment of silence, and I anxiously gripped the phone in my hand. Truth be told, I had been afraid that Anson wouldn't pick up or would say something hurtful.

In many ways, I had been lying to Millard before.

But this call was real. There had been no prior communication, and I wasn't sure if Anson would understand my hints.

Anson's silence made me incredibly nervous. I just wanted Millard to receive affirmation from Anson in his last moments.

Once again, I was betting on Anson's kindness.

But I didn't expect Anson to react like this. After a brief pause, he immediately said, "Millard? Did you really find him? Where is he?"

"Dad, listen, Millard wants to talk to you," I said, switching the phone to speaker mode and holding it up to Millard's mouth.

On the phone, Anson called out again. "Millard?"

Millard seemed to gain some strength, as if he had been injected with a stimulant. "Dad... I'm sorry. Dad, I was wrong."

His weak voice traversed time and space, reaching Anson's side, who seemed excited and anxious. "Is that really you, Millard? What happened to you?"

"I'll never... see you again. I was wrong. In my next life, I... I'll be your son again."

After saying that, Millard seemed to have exhausted all his strength. He looked at me with a smile, then tilted his head to the side and took his last breath.

I stood there dumbfounded. Anson was still talking. "What happened to you? Millard... Millard, where are you? Chlo, he... where are you?"

I numbly retracted my outstretched hand and said, "Anson, he... he's no longer with us. He was brave to the end and protected all of us."

"No longer with us?" Anson asked, suddenly seeming to realize something. He sighed deeply after a while.

"Anson, please don't be upset. I called you because he wanted to apologize to you. It was his dying wish. I..." I choked up, unsure how to explain this to Anson.

"You did the right thing. It's good that he repented in the end. I'm glad you're safe. Come back and tell me everything." Then, he hung up, but I could still hear the regret in his voice.

I handed the phone back to Tristan, my eyes fixed on Millard, who had already breathed his last. No matter how cruel and ruthless he was, his last smile was like that of a kind angel. At the very least, I had given him release.

Loak wasn't doing well either. The top experts from Foswood, who Atlas had called in overnight, had arrived at Trestlewood and went straight to the emergency room.

Anya first crouched in the corner, curled up, then knelt in front of the emergency room, constantly praying.

I didn't have time to see my father. I stayed by Anya's side, comforting her. I knew how helpless she must be feeling right now. She had lost her parents, and she couldn't afford to lose her last family member.

At 4 a.m., we finally received some good news. Loak had been pulled back from the brink of death. Anya collapsed to the ground, covered her face and cried. I patted her thin back.

Before I knew it, she knelt down in front of Atlas and me, thanking us repeatedly. "Thank you. Thank you so much. Thank you, Mrs. Chloe."

I quickly pulled her up and hugged her tightly.

An hour later, the results of my father's examination came out. He had been injected with a substance from the Non-Organization, which was the same poison Trinity had been poisoned with. It was the work of the organization.

Atlas immediately decided to return to Foswood.