

Divorce 1381

Chapter 1381 Telling Dirty Jokes at the Slightest Movement

Atlas was genuinely frightened. Seeing that I could still move, he immediately carried me out and gently placed me on the bed, his large hand resting on my waist. "Does it hurt? Hmm? Tell me if there's anything wrong. Don't hide it!"

I relaxed a bit and took a deep breath before shaking my head. "I think I'm fine!"

"Did you slip?" he asked, looking at me.

"Yeah! It was close!" I looked at his anxious, handsome face and smiled. This man was genuinely attractive; even his nervous expression was charming.

He quickly fetched my nightgown and gently helped me put it on. Still uneasy, he asked, "Should we still go to the hospital just in case?"

"It's okay, I didn't fall, just twisted a bit." I pulled him back to me by grabbing his already upright body. "Let's check tomorrow, and it's about time for a prenatal checkup."

"Are you sure you're not uncomfortable?" He nervously looked at me and kissed me lightly. "It's my fault. I won't let you shower alone next time."

"I'm fine. I want to eat. What did you bring me?" I quickly changed the subject, or else I was sure he'd be anxious all night.

He glanced at me again, and I blinked and pouted, "I'm hungry."

Only then did he turn and bring over a small bowl from the bedside table. As I was about to sit up, he pressed me back down. "Don't move, I'll feed you. It's avocado."

Seeing his nervous appearance, I smiled and obediently lay back down. He quickly picked up the spoon, scooped the avocado, then fed it to my mouth.

I closed my eyes in contentment, making a blissful expression. "Hmm... It's so smooth, and delicious!"

Then I looked at him and said very seriously, "Do you think I'll get fat if I eat like this?"

"No! Even if you do, it's okay. I enjoy your plumpness. More cushioning," he said with a wicked smile.

"Hey! You're making dirty jokes again! Men are really... Why do you always think about that?" I jokingly scolded him.

"Where? Are you thinking too much?" He pretended to be serious. "I mean, the feeling of softness is good!"

I was dizzy. "Are you saying you're not thinking about anything else?"

He smirked devilishly, his smile so charming it could enchant all beings. He fed me another spoonful and continued, "I mean if you eat more avocados, our future daughter will be beautiful and lively."

I laughed freely. "What about a son?"

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"I've said it before, both a son and daughter are our treasures! Just think about it, they're our sequel Isn'tat exciting?" He patiently fed me. "Want some more?"

"No. I'm going to sleep." I was feeling exhausted, my eyelids fighting to stay open.

"Are you sure you're okay with moving around a bit?" he asked, looking at me.

"I'm fine. Don't worry." I said, closing my eyes and yawning before turning over to sleep.

When I opened the curtains after I woke up, the outside was already filled with the sounds of birds and the fragrance of flowers.

Atlas had long since left my side, and the bed was cold. I was a bit puzzled. How long had he been awake?

The burden on him was too heavy, especially this time bringing back his father. He was adjusting his entire plan, and I couldn't help him.

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I thought that this time, with Archie's

return, they must have a new plan

However, I still had some lingering

doubts about his decision to

transfer all assets to my name.

I always felt that this preparation step indicated that something big was about to happen.

Chapter 1382 Mysterious Premonition

I had trouble falling asleep after thinking that. I had to go to the company today. After signing the second phase of the Rivendell project with Atticus, I didn't have a chance to discuss things with Ryan.

I needed to plan. I decided to go with Atlas if he wanted to return to Nocturnia to see his grandfather.

Even if his grandfather didn't want to see me, I wanted to go with Atlas. After all, the allure of that home in Nocturnia was too strong for me. Everything there was described to me by Atlas, but I had no memories of it at all. I always hoped to return there. Perhaps it would trigger a memory. People who hadn't experienced this couldn't understand the feeling of missing a piece of memory. It felt like leaping across a void, and suddenly, I was back to when I was fifteen.

Every time Atlas described those scenes to me, it felt painful. Those ten years were exactly what I wanted to remember because it was the sweetest and happiest!

There was my real mother there. My entire childhood was spent with Atlas, and there were the thrilling moments of our escape! I wanted to know everything!

But I also knew that this time, Atlas didn't want me to go with him because I was pregnant. He was worried about my health, but I also had a premonition that it wouldn't be simple this time. Perhaps something significant would happen; even subconsciously, I felt it.

Because of this, I had to go with him. After all, I was already Atlas's wife, so I had an additional responsibility!

Especially since he entrusted all the assets to me, I still felt uneasy, although the reasons were convincing; something wasn't quite right.

I had no idea that the ATL Empire covered so many fields. I had only heard that Atlas was involved in many business circles, but I didn't expect it to be this many, and they were all up-and-coming industries!

This man seemed to be born to rule over the business empire. How could his brain be so effective?

No matter what business fell into his hands, it seemed to take root, sprout, and grow like gold. It was like shaking a tree, and gold coins would rain down.

Thinking about this, I almost burst out laughing! What kind of godlike man was this?

I glanced out the window, where the sun was shining brightly. I quickly rolled out of bed, cleared my mind, and got up. I felt perfectly fine! Fortunately, it was just a false alarm!

Thinking back to last night, it was

terrifying to contemplate. If I had fallen, the consequences would have been unimaginable. My hand involuntarily went to my abdomen, grateful that nothing had happened.

Atlas was startled when he suddenly pulled open the door and saw me standing on the ground with my

hands on my abdomen. With

worried eyes, he hurried over

asked, "What's wrong? Are you uncomfortable? Huh?"

I observed his expression. He, who was usually calm and composed, was now anxious.

Seeing that I didn't speak, he was at a loss. "Where? Where does it hurt? Sweetheart, speak!"

I chuckled, "When did I look uncomfortable?"

"Then you..."

He looked at my hand on my abdomen.

"I'm just grateful I didn't fall last night!" I said, "You're so nervous!"

He suddenly kissed my lips, stopping the words I was about to say.

This deep kiss lasted a long time, and I felt something different about him. I pushed him away, blushing, "Alright! I need to freshen up and eat!"

He grumbled behind me as I walked away, "Tease me and then run away?"

"Serves you right! Who asked you to

bring this on yourself?" After

speaking, giggled and quickly rushed into the bathroom. As soon as I stepped into the bathroom everything in front of me stunned me

Chapter 1383 A Night of Sleep

I stood there dumbfounded, looking at everything in the bathroom. For a moment, I thought I had entered the wrong room.

A new material made explicitly for children's restrooms, anti-slip boards with granular massage particles covered the entire bathroom floor. I felt incredulous. I didn't know what had happened while I was sleeping.

Atlas gently wrapped his arms around me from behind. His large hand rested on my abdomen and softly asked in my ear, "Do you like it?"

As I turned to face him, a sensation I had never experienced began to surge in my body and spread throughout my heart.

"When did you do this?" I asked softly, a bit coquettishly. My heart was utterly captivated.

"I couldn't let the danger of last night happen again. Jim bought this. He wanted to install it in the bathroom for our daughters. I did it last night so you wouldn't slip again!"

I was startled and asked, "Are you saying, Ava and the others' bathroom was also installed?"

"Yes! I can't just take care of the mom!" he said matter-of-factly.

I was sincerely moved. This man had gone above and beyond for us.

"You did it all by yourself?" I asked incredulously.

Our bathroom was quite large, and combined with Ava's bathroom, he must have worked all night.

I turned around and wrapped my arms around Atlas, pressing my face against his chest. At that moment, I felt an overwhelming happiness. I didn't know how many world-saving deeds I had done in my past life to deserve such a perfect man.

"As you do this, I can't resist anymore, you know... I'm very..." he whispered, pulling my hand somewhere.

Oh no! This man, this one thing, he's always game...

I quickly escaped his embrace, glanced at him sideways, and said blushing, "Can't you be serious?"

Then I fled into the bathroom, and

he followed suit. He leaned against the door while looking at me and said, "How can our relationship be serious if we don't reproduce? Where will our son come from?"

"Get lost! I'm going to brush my teeth!" I pretended to be angry.

With a charming smile, he leaned in to kiss me before turning around and leaving the room.

He had chosen my outfit for the day and arranged it nicely on the bed before I had even gotten dressed.

"I'll take you to the company later," he said as he changed clothes in the dressing room.

After getting dressed, I walked downstairs to have breakfast. The spacious dining room suddenly felt so empty after the Beringer family left.

"Are you going to work today?" my mom asked as she prepared my meal.

"Yeah! I started working at ATL Empire yesterday, so I have to go to the company today to check on things. There's a lot of work piled up." I said to my mom while eating. Then I asked, "Where's Dad?"

"He's working in the yard. He got up very early this morning and seemed very excited, I don't know what got into him my mom said with a smile, "Ever since your real father came back he's changed completely, happy as can be!"

Of course, I knew what my dad was excited about, but hearing my mom's words, I realized that my dad hadn't mentioned building the lab to her last night. He must be afraid that she would object.

So I didn't say anything either. It's his choice; he can explain it to my mom himself!

I took over the conversation, saying, "They have a lot in common!"

"Yeah! Rory is a peaceful gentleman. What a good, modest gentleman!" my mom exclaimed, then asked me, "Did he say anything about when he

could treat his leg? If he could stand up again, that would be great"

"Let him recover his physical fitness first! Otherwise, he might not be able to handle the surgery."

"That's true, he's suffered these past few years," my mom sighed, "How nice it would be if your real mom was still with us."

I put down the spoon and fork, and then I looked at my mom.

Chapter 1384 Kissing in Public

"Maybe heaven made a mistake. Originally, I should have been your daughter!" I looked at my mom sincerely and said.

I said this because Grandma Rose had gently reminded me to take good care of this mother who reared me, to make her feel comfortable in my home, and never to cause her heart to be uneasy.

My mom had meticulously cared for me for the past 20 years. There was nothing I could fault her for.

Sometimes, I even thought that if none of this had happened, I would never know the secret of my identity.

After all, my biological mother left me too early. Since there were regrets, I couldn't let there be any more regrets.

My mom immediately stopped me, "Chloe, you can't say that. To have a daughter like you, even if it's just for a day, is the blessing of your father and me. Moreover, we've been mother and daughter for so many years, I'm content."

"Mom!" I said in a spoiled tone, "What do you mean 'content'? Without you, would there be me?"

"Alright, alright. Let's eat." Heartache filled her eyes as she glanced at me.

I grinned at her. Suddenly, I thought of their little girl. If Stella wasn't the one, then where was she?

Deep down, I believed that she must still be alive. Someday, I would find her for them.

After I finished my meal, Atlas had just come downstairs. He held my hand and took me to work. In the car, I asked Atlas, "Are you planning to build a laboratory in the warehouse district?"

Atlas nodded, "I also think the warehouse district is the most suitable, safe, concealed, and convenient. He can walk through the underground passage to the laboratory every day. Even if he comes back late at night, it's still safe!"

Thinking of my dad's urgency, I was relieved. He was, after all, a highly knowledgeable Ph.D. holder in chemistry.

"I might go to Bourdamun today!" I informed Atlas, "I might come back later!"

"I'll go with you," Atlas said.

"No need, I'll have Carol drive me! I won't drive myself!" I knew Atlas was worried about my safety if I drove myself.

I didn't feel uncomfortable during this pregnancy, except for being sleepy when there was something to do.

Even morning sickness was rare,

unlike when was pregnant with Ava, when was vomiting constantly. It seemed so different this time, and I knew firmly that this one was a son for some reason.

"Then I'll send someone to be with you," Atlas said. "How about Tris?"

"Tris?" I repeated, and Tris's face involuntarily appeared in my mind. This young man had left an excellent impression on me. "Okay!"

I readily agreed. After all, Tris and I had been through life and death together and had a tacit understanding.

When we arrived at the company,

Atlas got out of the car first, went

around to the other side, and

assisted me in getting out of the car. He then escorted me to the

building's entrance. "Go up. Don't tire

yourself out. If you go to

Bourdamun, just let me know."

"I know. Hurry up and go. You'll become the center of attention in the whole building if you stay here any longer."

"Am I that unbearable to be seen?" He looked at me displeasedly.

Then, suddenly, he reached out and grabbed the back of my head. Before I could react, he quickly leaned down and kissed my lips,

biting my lip fiercely before releasing

me

With a sinister smile, he turned and walked away, "I'm leaving. Don't forget to let me know when you go to Bourdamun. Be safe!"

"You..." I was speechless with anger. Why did it happen more often the more I feared it would?

It was working hours, and people were everywhere inside and outside the building.

But he acted as if nothing had happened, turning around casually and waving to me behind him.

I blushed, and I quickly fled the scene. Still, I spotted a group of female elites staring at me with wide eyes, pinned to the spot by our deeds just now.

It seemed like I had done something indecent, and I wanted to disappear.

Chapter 1385 No Sense of Restraint

As I nervously walked into my office, my heart raced like a joyful little deer.

Carol grinned as she followed me inside. I blinked suspiciously at her.

"What are you smiling about?" I couldn't help but ask.

But the next moment, I realized the reason behind Carol's smile.

I pursed my lips and pointed outside, asking anxiously, "...Did you see it?"

"Haha, so romantic!" Carol suddenly exclaimed with a lovesick expression.

I rolled my eyes in exasperation and scoffed under my breath, "Only you young girls like romance!"

Carol laughed as if she had gained some advantage, "I do like it!"

I didn't want to be so flashy. It's all because of that man; now he's increasingly unrestrained.

I made a silent resolution, "Wait until we get home tonight; I'll have to talk with him. Can't he have a bit of restraint?"

However, Carol disagreed, "I don't think so!"

"Get Grayson to come over!" I said bluntly with a firm tone.

Carol was suddenly stunned, "Chloe, what do you want to do?"

Carol felt slightly uncomfortable and blinked her starry eyes at me in confusion. She thought I wanted to find Grayson to retaliate against her for being too nosy.

"I need to talk to him about something," I glared at Carol, "Looks like it's a waste of time. Can't you think of something serious? Stop being so petty!" She was taken aback for a moment, and then she excitedly took up the phone and blushed.

"Also, Ryan has arrived, let him in!" I said. I then walked briskly to my desk, with a serious expression, "Oh, and call the HR manager, Gibson Jarrett, too!"

"Okay!" Carol said, then walked out of the office.

It wasn't long before Ryan walked in, "You're here? Why did you skip out again yesterday?"

I gave him a relaxed smile, motioned for him to sit, and remarked, "Yesterday is yesterday! What do you mean, skipping out?"

He sat at my desk and stared at me, "Can't you respect your job a little?"

I pretended to be mysterious and said to him, "Yesterday's matter was quite big!"

"You're just fooling me!" Ryan said disdainfully, "So, what do you want?"

"Well, I want to go check on the progress in Bourdamun, and since Fred has already moved to Bourdamun, I need to see him. I also want to meet Noah Kent."

"Do you want me to go with you?" Ryan asked me.

I thought momentarily. "You handle your tasks first, then come with me later."

Ryan immediately got up and said, "I'll go now, and we can discuss the other matters in the car. It saves time this way."

"Okay," I replied.

Just then, Gibson, the HR manager, walked in and asked, "Ms. Chloe, did you call for me?"

"Have a seat." I gestured to him, then asked, "How's the recruitment going?"

"Everything is going smoothly. The assessment criteria have been set, and I've had Ryan review them 11 bring you a report later, along with the regular assessment criteria."

"Have they come for the interview?" That was what I was most concerned about.

"Yes, Mr. Ryan handled the

reevaluation, and it is now complete. They had no objections." Gibson's

performance was excellent; this

young man was efficient at work. Ryan chose him.

"The assessment system must be sound, but the most important thing is to stick to it. We must conduct regular assessments in the future to maintain consistency." I looked at Gibson and said, "Especially for our construction management staff. There can't be any loopholes!"

Gibson nodded. I felt more relieved; once the people from Ardora came over, the pressure on Tanum would ease, and the gap wouldn't be significant.

I also asked about the current staff situation. Although Gibson hadn't been here long, he efficiently handled things, and his fluent responses reassured

me.

Grayson knocked on the door and entered. Gibson hurriedly left to attend to his work.

I got straight to the point with Grayson, "Grayson, I have a task for you!"

"What task?"

Chapter 1386 Elite Troops

I briefed Grayson about the situation with Fred Myers and his brothers. I said, "I want you to look into the Myers family's past and find out more about Fred Myers. Next, we need to get Fred Myers to fall into the trap himself."

Grayson immediately understood my meaning. He nodded and said, "Understood. I learned many things when I was in Solaris last time. Don't worry. It won't be a problem to make him behave from now on."

"This needs to be handled meticulously and naturally. We can't have any trouble from this in the future," I cautioned Grayson. "Only the two of us need to know about it."

"Understood."

I trusted Grayson. I was sure he had dealt with such matters before.

"How's progress in Solaris? Your focus should be there in the future. I'm not comfortable with anyone else intervening, but I'll be more at ease with you there. I'll assign someone to take care of things here." I instructed Grayson, "They're close to the Beringer family. You know what I mean." Grayson nodded, and we tacitly understood each other.

He had been busy with affairs in Solaris during this time, so he naturally understood the internal situation, perhaps even more precisely than me. After all, he was Atlas's right-hand man.

The brothers, Grayson and Gavin, were currently in charge of two equally important areas. I couldn't risk causing them undue distraction.

"Pay attention to Denton Terrell's movements in Bourdamun," Grayson reminded me. "I won't withdraw surveillance on the people here. They're already familiar with the ropes, and having them here will reassure me too."

I pondered momentarily and nodded, "I had almost forgotten about that thorn."

"I've arranged for someone to keep an eye on him. There's been no sign of activity; they're lying low and they seem to be waiting for an opportunity." Grayson thought momentarily, then said, "It shouldn't be a problem in the short term."

"I'm thinking of going to Bourdamun now," I said.

"I'll go with you," Grayson said. "I need to explain a few things, too."

"Let's go then! The sooner, the better!" I said. "Ryan will come along too."

After that, we got up. Just then, Carol knocked on the door and came in with two drinks. She was slightly surprised when she saw that we were getting ready to leave. "Are you going out?"

I glanced at her. "Yes, I'm going to Bourdamun."

"Should I come with you?" She looked at me expectantly.

As she was about to speak, we heard another knock on the door. Carol quickly put down the tray in her hand and went to open it. Unexpectedly, Tris entered.

Carol hadn't seen Tris before, so she was momentarily stunned. As she was about to speak, she was interrupted by Grayson's exclamation.

"Tris?" Grayson approached and gave him a friendly punch. "What are you doing here?"

Tris bowed slightly to me with a smile, then looked at Grayson, "Mr. Atlas asked me to follow Ms. Chloe."

Grayson looked at me and said, "I guess I have nothing to worry about! Tris is an elite, Ms. Chloe. He's very skilled."

I smiled. "We went to Bermuda together."

Grayson smirked mischievously. "You've seen his skills?"

"I have." I smiled knowingly.

"Then let's go! There's no need to say anything more. Mr. Atlas is wise!" Grayson said, leading Tris out.

Carol looked at me and asked, "Should I come with you?"

Before I could reply, Grayson immediately spoke up. "Just take care of things at home."

Carol looked displeased. "You're everywhere."

I patted Carol on the shoulder. "You don't have to go this time. Ryan will be there too. You stay at home."

"Okay." Carol immediately agreed, but her eyes still showed some reluctance as she glanced at Grayson's departing figure.

I knew they were rarely together,

especially now when Grayson had

been in Solaris all along. Poet

inevitable that Carol would

him.

But what could I do?

This was a critical period, and I could only focus on one thing at a time.

We got into the car Tris had brought, a Maybach. Tris told me, "This is the car Mr Atlas arranged for you. It will be for your exclusive use in the future."

Ryan chuckled. "Looks like Ms. Chloe is being treated very well."

"When I'm not at home, you can use it as you like," I said generously.

Ryan looked at me immediately, "Are you going to skip out on us again?"

I looked at him helplessly and smiled awkwardly. "I... I have to go back to Nocturnia at some point. I don't know when that will be, though."

Ryan was purple in the face. He said, "I knew you wouldn't be so nice!"

Chapter 1387 Boarded A Thief's Ship

Grayson, who was sitting in the front, immediately turned around to look at me. "Ms. Chloe, are you going back to Nocturnia?" "Yes," I affirmed. "I want to see my family. This is something between me and Atlas. I won't let him face it alone."

"Looks like the capitalist is going to exploit someone again!" Ryan looked at me and said, "He has a convincing reason, too!"

"Do you have any objections?" I looked at Ryan provocatively.

But I secretly believed that Ryan would eventually need to take over this company entirely. I couldn't promise that I would be able to visit the company every day after giving birth to the baby, after all.

And I couldn't guarantee that I would report to the company during the several months of pregnancy, either.

Ryan must have felt a little trapped.

"I don't have any objections, but I feel like I've boarded a thief's ship," Ryan said. "I can't get off now."

Grayson chuckled. "I'm afraid you'll never get off in this lifetime," he teased.

"Are you saying she's going to exploit me for a lifetime?"

"Don't worry. Soon, you'll rise from being under one person to being above ten thousand. Many people are eager to be exploited like that. Don't be so modest." Grayson glanced at Ryan.

"But don't you think she's taking advantage of me?" Ryan asked Grayson.

"And don't you think you're taking advantage and playing hard to get?" Grayson bluntly retorted.

Everyone laughed. The atmosphere in the car was quite relaxed.

Our work atmosphere had always been relaxed. I knew that Ryan was just saying that. He was loyal to me, and he never complained.

If he did, it was because he genuinely worried when he didn't see me for a few days.

He had given up superior conditions overseas and returned to Foswood, choosing a small company like mine. He was loyal, of course. How could he want to leave?

Besides, this was ATL Empire.

The car sped along. We arrived at New Bourdamun in the blink of an eye. Tall structures stood closely together like mushrooms after a rainstorm, and I was eager to visit the construction site first.

I didn't expect things to progress so quickly. It was already taking shape, standing firmly south of Old Bourdamun.

Our project had started as a whole, and the road connecting New and Old Bourdamun was already complete. Every day, citizens of Old Bourdamun came to the new site to watch, showing genuine interest in the construction here.

They didn't want to miss any changes.

We looked around everywhere, and everything seemed to be in place. They were professionals indeed.

I saw Arton working at the construction site. He had become much more robust. He looked at me from afar but didn't come over to talk to me, indicating that he had cleverly not revealed our acquaintance.

That reassured me.

John, who was also at the construction site, quickly rode over on his motorbike to see me after hearing that I had arrived. He was a lot more tanned. "Ms. Chloe! I heard you were coming, so I came here specially to see you!" John pulled up on his motorbike in front of me and removed his helmet with a smile.

"You're here too?" I was a little surprised. "I didn't see you just now."

"I was inside the building. I've been here all this time. Construction is progressing quickly, and I'm afraid of any potential losses." John was very responsible. He pointed around us. "About one-third of it has already been completed!"

"Only one-third?"

I was surprised. As I looked at the rows of buildings rising one after another, I thought that more than one-third had been completed. But there was still a long way to go before the overall completion.

"Can I request something, Ms. Chloe?" John asked.

"Go on," I replied eagerly.

"I need a few more people. There's

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not enough of us here." John looked at me and said, "We can't neglect safe production and quality. The people who work under me are struggling to keep up with work the construction site every day."

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"Alright. I'll arrange for HR to recruit more people immediately," I said decisively.

"Before they start, they need to familiarize themselves with the various quality standards. They can start working after the assessment. Otherwise, I really won't be able to manage." John made his request.

"Don't worry about it. I'll get them to develop a plan immediately, conduct some interviews, and provide training before the assessment," I assured John.

John didn't say much more. After speaking, he put on his helmet and rode his motorcycle back to the construction site in a flash.

Chapter 1388 Caution Leads to Everlasting Success

Noah Kent knew we were here and came to the construction site to meet us in person before we could ask to see him.

Noah was proud as he looked at the emerging New Bourdamun. He had built this single-handedly during his tenure. Anyone would feel proud looking at the new city rising from the ground.

I discussed the matter of Old Bourdamun with him. After thinking momentarily, he suggested that both companies join forces and invite their senior leaders to a project briefing.

I had no objections to this proposal, and Ryan and I agreed.

Noah promised to schedule the meeting and send out invitations to the senior leaders.

I readily agreed. After all, once the negotiations were successful, it would be another achievement for Noah. I would consider it a win as long as we secured the project. That was the result I wanted.

As for the process, I was happy to extend this favor to him.

So, we quickly reached an agreement on the plan.

Noah invited us to lunch, but I declined. I felt it was best to keep a low profile because it wouldn't make him look good.

It was best to handle everything officially and discreetly so as not to attract attention and avoid trouble.

After Nelson Terrell's incident in Old Bourdamun, we had to be cautious.

No one knew when trouble would arise unexpectedly. If someone with ulterior motives brought this up later, it would be difficult to explain. Caution was the key to long-term success!

Noah understood my intentions and didn't say much. He left after we finished our discussion.

After we toured several locations, I called Fred to set a lunch date. This would allow us to talk business, which was customary, and avoid getting into trouble.

When our car arrived at Fred's place,

I was surprised again. It had just been an empty area last time I was here, but now, there were large, massive factory buildings with frame constructions growing out of the ground. It was tidy and

well-organized, and appel

to be

bigger than the factories in Solaris.

Fred thanked me for the wonderful idea and seemed extremely satisfied.

I didn't know if this was a blessing or a curse. Noah's younger brother was challenging to deal with.

Now, I could only pray that Grayson would handle this properly.

As we entered the compound, Noah returned to Fred's factory. It seemed he really could predict things and knew that I would be here. Fred was currently recruiting workers.

Old Bourdamun was relatively

closed, so there were only a few

enterprises around. With the construction of the new city, more and more businesses were emerging, especially since Fred was among the first batch of companies to settle in Bourdamun.

Réregistrations were coming in a steady stream, which pleased Fred

greatly.

After the tour, Noah said goodbye and returned to the office for real this time.

We went to Fred's office, where he explained the situation to us in detail. He said they were currently installing equipment using fully automated production lines this time.

I looked at Grayson, who was silently listening to Fred's explanation. Of course, I couldn't miss out on any details, so I asked about the separation between him and Hugo.

After that, Grayson didn't join us for lunch. He said goodbye and left.

I knew his people were here, and he had come to deal with some business.

Fred arranged for us to go to the restaurant together. During the meal, Ryan and I put some pressure on Fred again, fearing there might be some oversight.

We left the restaurant together after

lunch. At the entrance, we saw several people walking in, and one of them made me pause for a moment.

What a small world, I thought to myself. I never thought I'd run into him here again.

Chapter 1389 A Plan Full of Potential

The man across from me noticed me as well. I saw his eyes tighten momentarily before fixing on my face. I didn't avoid his gaze and stared back at him.

Eventually, he averted his eyes and said something to the person behind him.

As we passed each other, he deliberately glanced at me again, and the corner of his mouth inexplicably lifted.

That man was none other than Denton.

The group of people who were with him didn't seem to be from Old Bourdamun. All of them, including a foreigner who was with them, seemed interested in everything in this place.

I thought to myself, when will Denton step into the limelight? I would be able to have a direct encounter with him then.

Unexpectedly, this opportunity had arrived quickly. We had all stepped from the shadows into the light, changing our respective destinies.

After leaving the restaurant, I said goodbye to Fred and got into our car with Ryan.

I felt a pair of eyes watching me from a corner.

In the car, Tris asked, "Did you know that man, Madam?"

I nodded, as it seemed Tris had already sensed something unusual.

"Yes, I do. He's the son of the former leader of Old Bourdamun," I said, truthfully.

"Denton Terrell?" Tris immediately said.

He glanced at me in the rearview mirror and continued, "I understand!"

Ryan said, "That guy seems like he's up to something. There's a sinister vibe in his eyes."

I didn't respond because Ryan didn't know a lot about the inner workings of Old Bourdamun. I didn't want him to know too much yet; it wasn't the right time for him to learn about this and would prevent any unnecessary worry.

As the car left Bourdamun and headed back to Foswood, I suddenly remembered the new city plan. I asked Ryan, "What's the situation with the negotiations for the two new cities adjacent to Bourdamun?"

"The agreement in Norton has already been signed, and the one in Anestin is under review. Everything will be fine once they've been approved," Ryan said joyfully.

"Looks like we have enough to do for next year. We can slow down a bit." I leaned back in my seat contentedly, feeling joy in my heart.

Our progress had become much smoother without the interference of Matthew and the others.

Ryan glanced at me and teased, "Looks like you're pleased!"

"As the new year approaches, we'll still be under a lot of pressure. We can have a good new year after we finalize this business, and you can take care of your personal affairs too. We can make some bold moves next year, right?" I asked Ryan.

"It won't be easy to settle all this by the end of the year." Ryan looked at me and said, "Stop mentioning my personal matters all the time!"

"Looks like we'll be launching several

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major projects next year, and everything else will be manageable. I plan to include Norton and Anestin in the key development project Old Bourdamun," I reminded Ryan. I had to realize this plan, which I had been eagerly anticipating couldn't wait to implement it immediately.

"We need to incorporate the plans for those adjacent cities.

Development here in Old

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Bourdamun can start early, followed by Norton and Anestin. But we should promote them all together. It will be on a bigger scale and create

momentum this way," I said eate

ambitiously. "The other projects are just a matter of routine replication for us, but the development of Old Bourdamun is different. It's a long-term, prosperous project with substantial returns. We need to put more effort into it."

Ryan's lips curled, and he looked pleased, "I want to connect with Muborough too. That way, it will become a fan-shaped area, with room for outward radiation. It will form an economic belt for tourism and leisure. There are mountains and water in this area where we can

invest more effort."

"Are you saying the mountainous area beside Muborough can be developed extensively?" I looked at Ryan.

He smiled proudly. "Yes, there's no more usable land in Muborough. Only the surrounding areas of Muborough and the mountains behind it have potential. If we can take over, the conditions and policies will be favorable, and we'll be able to make a big deal out of it."

I thought about Ryan's words and found it was reasonable. This way, we could incorporate Muborough, let it serve as a background, and connect it to Foswood, taking advantage of the point-to-surface advantage and ensuring security.

As I blissfully thought about the future, Tris suddenly stopped the car.

Chapter 1390 An Uncontrollable Situation

"What's going on?" I snapped out of my thoughts and looked outside, only to see a motorcycle parked by the road, with a man standing next to it. Tris said, "It seems he has something to say."

Naturally, Tris knew Arton. They had met during their time in Bermuda and had worked together for several days.

"Arton!" I murmured softly. I quickly reached out to open the car door. Arton got in.

"Ms. Chloe!" As soon as he got in the car, he said, "Sorry for the intrusion."

"No problem. Go ahead." I was sure Arton must have had a reason to block my car.

"Denton hasn't been seen at the construction site. Our site is too large and not centralized. I tried to contact the other points, and it seems several recruits have been dispersed over the area. There might be loopholes," Arton reported.

"I've made some inquiries and discovered that several newcomers have been wandering around. I'm afraid this is intentional, but I can't control them."

Arton said with certainty, "I spoke to my contact, the girl, but she didn't reply to me. I'm afraid we're acting too slowly. I've seen them. They're definitely not good people!"

"Oh?" I was a little worried after hearing Arton's words. It didn't matter whether those people were Denton's henchmen or just individuals with bad intentions. It wouldn't be a good thing for them to join our construction team.

But this problem was challenging to solve indeed.

After all, the construction site currently lacked manpower, and people could come and go at any time. It would take work to guard against this.

"I can't always call you. Those people are cunning, and I'm afraid they'll check the phones. It's hard to contact them without a reason. That's why I waited for you here in advance. There's no surveillance in this location."

"How much do you know about the strangers?" I asked.

"I'm not sure. I have no way of investigating the personnel at the construction sites." Arton looked helpless. "I'm worried. It's hard to control the area with so many strangers coming in."

I pondered momentarily, then took out my phone and called Grayson. "Can your subordinates keep an eye on the new workers?"

Grayson immediately replied, "I don't have the manpower to do that."

I remained silent for a moment. "I understand. Can you have your people on the site coordinate with mine, so we have a support system?"

"No problem." Grayson pondered momentarily and mentioned a person to me, and I informed him of Arton's situation.

"Those two can coordinate," Grayson agreed.

I thought for a moment. "In this

case, Arton and John can handle the quality supervision. That way, he'll have an excuse to go everywhere, which will make it convenient for him to move around."

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"Okay. But remember to tell Arton that my people are in charge, and he can deal with them directly. Don't be rash or have plans," Grayson

reminded me repeatedly.

"Got it!"

I hung up and explained the situation in detail to Arton and told him about

the people he needed to neg

witho also called John and asked him to transfer Arton.

This way, Arton would have a reasonable excuse to inspect everything and interrogate the personnel at various sites.

After Arton listened to my instructions, he nodded confidently. "This is much better, Ms. Chloe. I'll go back to the construction site now."

"Remember to take time to go home and see your son," I reminded him.

He grinned, "Got it. My son can talk now. He's full of mischief!"

"I'll have to go see him when I have time." I smiled at the thought of the little one. I missed him.

Without wasting any time, Arton got out of the car and returned to the construction site.

We continued on our way back to Foswood.

Before we entered Foswood, Carol called. I quickly answered, and she said, "Chloe, are you back?"

"We're still on the way. We're almost in Foswood. What's up?" I asked.

"I've just received an invitation to a private gathering from Mr. Arthur," Carol reported.

"Mr. Arthur? Arthur Morgan?" I asked. It seemed to me that only Arthur Morgan was well-known among the Mr. Arthurs.

"That's right. I called you right away because the event is happening tonight, seven o'clock at Diamond Hall in Orewood." "Tonight?" I repeated, thinking that it seemed a little last minute.