

Divorce 1401

Chapter 1401 Oddly Familiar

Ernest was quite humble and polite, with a commanding presence. He stood out among others, with a solid family background that matched well with the Morgan family.

No wonder Arthur was all smiles. Anyone could tell he was genuinely happy.

Even the usually aloof Mia was now wearing a gentle expression as she stood beside Ernest. They exchanged glances and smiles, looking genuinely happy together.

"It looks like Mia is really pleased this time. Love can melt even the coldest hearts," whispered Lauren to me. Ernest is quite a catch."

Her words made me glance at Ernest again. I didn't know why, but there was something oddly familiar about his face, though I couldn't place where I'd seen him before.

I couldn't help but chuckle, prompting Lauren to ask, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing much. Just that I couldn't shake this feeling of familiarity when I looked at Ernest," I replied, still staring at him.

Lauren gave me a skeptical look. "That's highly unlikely."

I guess she was right. After all, he grew up in Monora, so where would I have seen him?

"It's a perfect match, isn't it? One family is in business, and the other is in politics."

I nodded in agreement.

After both families spoke, Ernest made a brief speech, all in the local language. It showcased his impressive eloquence. Then, they mingled with the guests, engaging in close conversations.

Soon, Mia and Ernest approached us. I congratulated them with a smile. Mia then introduced me and Lauren to Ernest, who greeted us like a gentleman.

Seeing Ernest up close, he seemed flawless from every angle, but that feeling of familiarity still lingered.

"Chloe, it's been ages. I heard your career is thriving." Mia smiled at me.

"Oh, it's nothing, but just smooth sailing. Witnessing your happiness today is what truly brought me joy," I replied modestly.

Ernest kept smiling at me, and something in his gaze made me uneasy.

"Mr. Ernest, have you ever come to Foswood before?" I casually asked.

Ernest quickly replied, "No, but I've always wanted to, especially since Mia is here."

His answer seemed to please Mia, who gave him a tender glance.

I shook off my thoughts. Maybe I was just overthinking things.

"How about we catch up sometime? I'll be in Foswood for a while," Mia suggested.

"Sure. I'll wait for your call," I replied, mindful not to take up too much of her time on her special day.

With that, Mia and Ernest continued mingling with the other guests.

Lauren watched their backs and kept admiring, "They're a good match. Mia seems genuinely satisfied with this husband of hers." I nodded, still watching Ernest.

Lauren nudged me gently. "Stop overthinking. He's never been to Foswood."

I chuckled and shrugged, "Maybe it's because he's so good-looking and meets every woman's aesthetic standards. That's probably why he seems familiar."

She raised an eyebrow and smiled. "That's possible."

"Oliver looks like he's recovering quite well," I remarked casually. "He looks good."

"It's mainly because he's in high spirits," Lauren said boldly, her gaze involuntarily drifting toward Oliver.

At that moment, Oliver was chatting happily with a few businessmen.

I glanced over to Atlas, who was talking to Leonard. A foreigner was also by his side.

"Lance is back. Doesn't that mean

he's

Lamning to return to Foswood

for good?" Lauren observed as

walked over to Oliver.

"He mentioned earlier that he's considering returning to Foswood for business," I confirmed her doubts.

"He has a good reputation and holds

the highest power in the Sunny family. So, his direction will

undoubtedly align with the family

But there's one thing I don't understand. Do you really think the Sunny family and Melvern can keep their interests separate?" Lauren wondered.

Chapter 1402 Clear Intentions

Lauren's thoughts mirrored mine. Under normal circumstances, things wouldn't be so clear-cut. Besides, we've already probed deep into this and found that Melvern's finances were robust.

Behind this financial backing, there was a lot at play. On top of that, Lance wanted to return to Foswood.

"Arthur is truly a bridge." I sighed softly. "I don't believe everything is crystal clear."

Lauren remarked, "The Morgan family's threshold isn't one that just anyone can cross. Seeing him here today indicates that he already has a direction in mind."

Then Lauren asked, "Didn't we see Atticus today? Thankfully, the project for the second phase in Rivendell has already been settled."

"Atticus should be on Celestis Island. He has a stalled project there, and it's quite sizable from what I've heard." I informed Lauren. "Since the beginning of the project in Rivendell, Atticus has been determined to secure it. It's his trap for Melvern."

"Let's not forget that it all passes through Melvern regardless of who sets the trap. And now, with Lance back..."

"What are you implying?" I didn't delve too deeply into it, but we understood each other.

After all, too many people were here, and it wasn't convenient for us to talk.

Lauren glanced around me, changing the subject. "Let's find somewhere to sit down. You're wearing heels today."

I nodded knowingly. "Sure."

We turned toward the sofa area, choosing a spot with a great view to take our seats. Since tonight's gathering was a dinner party, dinner would likely be delayed based on the current situation.

Those who could attend this gathering wouldn't miss out on such a prime opportunity, as this was where business opportunities were born.

I then saw Arthur chatting happily with Ernest, who seemed quite familiar with Atlas. Ernest had been holding Atlas's hand the entire time, giving off the vibe of old friends reunited.

But I was certain Atlas didn't know Leonard, let alone Ernest.

Lauren also noticed this situation and leaned in to whisper to me, "It looks like Mr. Arthur intends to establish a connection between his potential son-in-law and your man."

I nodded, pondering deeply. This move was quite obvious, and everyone in this hall was astute enough to notice it. However, why did they specifically target Foswood? All of a sudden, Foswood seemed like a lucrative target to everyone. Just then, Mia greeted a few guests before sitting opposite us.

Lauren immediately praised Mia, "You have excellent taste. Your future husband is truly one in a million. We're all amazed." Mia smiled gently. "He's been my classmate for four years, and we just slowly fell in love."

"Where is his mother?" I asked casually.

Mia replied calmly, "His mother has passed away."

"Oh, I'm sorry." I apologized quickly. "His father must be a remarkable man. I was just thinking his mother must have been an elegant woman herself to raise such a talented son."

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Lauren teased, "You, being a mother, have a different perspective. You're already tracing the roots. So, your son will inherit strong genes."

Upon hearing Lauren's words, Mia looked at me and asked, "You're pregnant? I couldn't tell."

Blushing, I quickly replied, "Just two months."

Then I asked Mia, "When are you planning to have the wedding?"

"It'll take some time. The Tomlinson family wants to expand their business into Torado, and Mr. Leonard hopes to return to his

I

roots Mia confirmed. "And since I'm from Foswood, we hope to settle

down here."

"What kind of business is the Tomlinson family in?" Lauren asked, always able to read my mind.

"They're also in trade. This time, they want to establish an e-commerce platform in Foswood and connect

verseas markets." Mia seemed

open about it.

"It looks like you're going to get into business yourself too," Lauren joked. "No interest in being an officialdom?"

Mia replied cleverly, "I'm more interested in the economy."

Chapter 1403 Subtle Feelings

Mia's response was well-founded.

Even the shrewdest individuals would have considered that the Tomlinson family might want to leverage Arthur's influence, which was understandable since they would soon be family.

Moreover, the Tomlinson family was already in business, and no one could say much about their true intentions.

So, I was convinced that the focus of this shift was Mia, as she clearly stated that she was more interested in business.

Just then, Arthur signaled something to the waiters, and the banquet began immediately with everyone taking their seats. Atlas came over to escort me, and Mia immediately stood up, "I'll excuse myself now. I need to attend to the guests."

I stood up just as Oliver came over with a smile too.

"Oliver, are you feeling better?" I asked quickly. After all, Oliver was injured because of me.

"I'm much better now. Thank you for your concern." He took Lauren's hand, then asked Atlas, "Shall we go together?" The four of us turned, and Arthur waved us over, indicating our seats. It seemed there was already a plan in place.

When everyone was seated, I realized this table was the head table.

Interestingly, Arthur's wife was busy welcoming the female guests and hadn't joined this table.

As soon as the dishes were served, I felt a discomfort in my stomach. Atlas immediately noticed my unease and whispered, "Are you feeling unwell?" Glancing at the others at the table and seeing Lauren looking our way, I said to Atlas, "I'm fine, I'll have Lauren accompany me to the restroom." Lauren had already received my signal, and she stood up, stretching out her hand to me. I quickly got up, and we headed to the restroom together. After splashing cold water on my face, I felt much better.

Lauren looked at me and asked, "Do you constantly get nauseous?"

"Not really. Perhaps the food is a bit strong-scented today." I shook off the water from my hands and took a deep breath. "I'm much better now." Just as we were leaving the restroom, a woman walked in. She gave us a faint glance and walked out after washing her hands.

Lauren and I exchanged glances and raised our eyebrows, not paying much attention to her. Then, we returned to the hall together.

The dinner was well underway. Atlas saw me return and helped me settle back into my seat. I could tell he was about to ask me how I was feeling from the affection in his gaze.

"I'm fine," I quickly intercepted his impending question, afraid of drawing unnecessary attention.

As the dinner progressed late into the night, Arthur remained in high spirits. It was evident that he was very pleased with his future son-in-law.

Atlas, worried that I might be tired, had already excused himself much earlier, with Oliver and Lauren following suit.

Arthur was particularly jovial tonight,

having had quite a bit to drink. As he

saw us off he held Atlas's hand tightly and spoke sincerely, "Atlas Forge ahead and lead Foswood's business community. Nothing is a problem for you."

Atlas just smiled faintly without making any promises.

Listening closely, I could tell that

Arthur's words had a hidden

meaning. What did he mean by leading Foswood's business

community? Was he hinting to Atlas to collaborate with Ernest?

As we got into the car, I noticed that the driver had been switched to Dylan.

Addressing Dylan, Atlas said, "Check into Leonard's background. Also, find out about his business distribution."

"Understood." Dylan nodded.

Atlas didn't say much more and held me closer, softly asking, "Are you tired?"

"I'm okay," I replied dismissively, then said to Atlas, "It seems Mr. Arthur is quite pleased with his future son-in-law."

Atlas didn't respond.

I continued, "You know Lance, right?"

"I do," he affirmed. "He's close to Leonard."

"I was wondering why everyone suddenly wants to come back to Foswood. Don't you find it strange? I remarked casually. "They say the Tomlinson family wants to establish an e-commerce platform here."

"The man's intentions lie elsewhere," Atlas said nonchalantly. "What do you mean?" I asked.

Chapter 1404 Different Paths, Different Strategies

I wasn't sure if he referred to Arthur or Ernest.

His large hand rubbed my head gently. "Take a break, sweetheart, and think about what midnight snack you'd like to have. That's the real deal."

"I just ate. Do you think I'm a pig?" I scoffed. "I can't move after eating."

He chuckled at my comment. "Do pigs look as beautiful as you?"

"I consulted the doctor. At this stage, your body consumes a lot of energy, which is crucial for the baby's development. You need to make sure you're getting all the nutrients. You won't gain weight because our baby is absorbing all the nutrients," he explained.

"You're too knowledgeable, Dr. Atlas." I rolled my eyes at him.

"Nutrition is essential for the baby's development. This is the time when the brain grows. You wouldn't want our baby to be a little dumb, would you?" he teased me.

"Our baby must be smarter than me. He needs to win in life from the start."

"Just because you know so much, you talk like you've given birth yourself. How could my child be dumb? Is Ava dumb?" I retorted incredulously. He shook his head immediately. "She's very intelligent."

I smiled contentedly. "Exactly. Anyway, you said we were going for a prenatal checkup today, but we forgot about it."

"Then let's go tomorrow morning." Atlas quickly suggested. "Regular checkups are still necessary."

"Okay."

I readily agreed to his arrangement. Then, I shifted the topic back to the dinner.

"You're not very close to Lance, are you?" I looked at Atlas. "Didn't they say he has a good reputation?"

Atlas raised his eyebrows slightly. "Well, birds of a feather flock together."

"Oh?" I was surprised and asked further, "So, it seems like you two don't see eye to eye?"

"That's more or less the case." Atlas didn't deny it.

His response didn't surprise me at all. I observed that Atlas and Lance didn't interact much tonight.

Theoretically, they should have been

close acquaintances since they

knew each other from school and,

were both scions of prominent.

families in Foswood. However,

always kept a respectful distance,

which was strange. Content belongs

"Didn't they say he has a good reputation?" I questioned Atlas with some doubt.

"That's when he's compared to his brother." Atlas's words carried a lot of weight and seemed to imply something else.

"I understand. Does it mean there's something wrong with the Sunny family's roots?"

He smiled warmly. "My little girl is so clever."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Atlas, I'm talking about serious matters, and you're always beating around the bush and never being serious."

Atlas said bluntly, "The Sunny family's business always appears like they're doing fine on the surface, but there are dark secrets behind the scenes."

"Aren't they in the hotel and restaurant industry?" I asked. "Oh, do you mean their hotels..."

I immediately understood Atlas's

implication. Indeed, many

businesses in the hotel industry not

fam entirely clean. The Sunny family's businesses were mostly chain operations, and there would undoubtedly be many irregular establishments.

Atlas looked at me approvingly and rubbed my head. "Not bad."

I immediately put on a docile look, leaning into his embrace. "It's because my teacher taught me well."

We both chuckled contentedly, and he pulled me closer into his embrace.

Back at home, I was feeling quite tired. I felt particularly lazy now, and as soon as I saw the bed, I wanted to lie down.

After taking a shower, I thought of going to the annex to see my father. But by the time Atlas finished blow-drying my hair, I was already half-asleep.

"I don't want to see my father anymore, honey. I'm going to sleep..." I murmured, feeling no desire to get up.

I didn't know how long I slept or what time it was, but a sudden, urgent buzzing noise woke me up. I listened drowsily for a moment, then realized it was the sound of a vibrating phone.

Feeling a bit annoyed, I turned over,

and Atlas already had the phone in his hand. In the dim light, the glow from the phone screen reflected on his handsome face, giving it a somewhat eerie appearance. nuzzled into his arms.

"Answer it..." I mumbled impatiently, sounding a bit irritated.

Atlas seemed hesitant for a moment but eventually answered the call. I could only hear a woman's voice from the phone.

Chapter 1405 Notification of Critical Illness

I instantly became much more awake as the voice came through, clear and devoid of warmth. "Atlas. Come back as soon as possible. Your grandfather is critically ill. This might be your last chance to see him."

"Okay." I heard Atlas reply in a simple yet firm tone without any hesitation.

All my drowsiness vanished immediately. I guessed that the caller was probably Celine.

Atlas didn't say much and hung up the phone promptly.

"Was it Celine?" I asked Atlas, feeling a bit nervous. "What did she say?"

"Yes. She said my grandfather is critically ill," Atlas's expression turned cold, and his eyes narrowed in thought.

"Could it be true?" I asked in doubt, then checked the time on my phone. It was early morning in Nocturnia.

"Hard to say, but regardless, I'm going back. Normally, she wouldn't dare not to inform me about such matters, considering the public opinion," Atlas's tone was calm but decisive.

"What should we do? Should we take the early morning flight back?" I looked at him. "I want to go with you. I also want to see grandpa. After all, for us, he's the only family we have left from the Pierce family."

After a pause, I continued, "And as a member of the Pierce family, I'll only feel at ease after meeting the real head of the Pierce family, no matter his attitude. Then, I'll feel like a true member of the family."

My tone was firm. Given Atlas's affection for me, I was sure he wouldn't let me have any regrets.

Sure enough, he pulled me into his embrace and kissed my forehead. "Alright. Let's rest for a while. We'll have to wait until dawn, no matter how urgent."

As he tightened his embrace, I knew he couldn't sleep. I didn't want to say much. I could only nestle against his chest and close my eyes. We really needed to make the most of this resting time.

But I was wide awake, unable to sleep anymore.

After lying there for a while in the dim light, Atlas softly asked, "Can't sleep?"

"Yeah," I whispered back softly.

He released his hold on me, laid back and stared at the ceiling.

Then he got up, picked up his phone, and dialed a number.

A hoarse female voice came through the phone instead, "Mr. Atlas."

"How's his condition?" Atlas asked coldly.

"Not too good."

"Are they at the old mansion?" Atlas asked again.

"No. Your grandfather doesn't allow it. Mr. Atlas, when are you coming back?"

"Today." Atlas's reply was resolute.

"That's great." The person on the other end sounded excited.

"Wait for me," Atlas said before hanging up.

Then he made another call, this time

to Dylan. Contact the airport and for a flight route. We're flying

apply

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belongs to

back to Nocturnia in the morning. Content

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I reached for my phone again and checked the time. It was already 4.45 a.m.

"I'll pack my bags," I said, getting out of bed. Honestly, I felt a bit uneasy.

Atlas held me back. "Get some more sleep. We still have plenty of time."

"I can't sleep anymore, so I'll just sleep on the plane," I said.

This time, he didn't argue. He got up and said, "I'll go to the study for a while."

"Okay," I replied. He got up and walked out.

I knew he must have a lot to deal

with before leaving. After all, this

was a critical time. Content belongs

I entered the dressing room and glanced at the closet, but my mind was elsewhere.

At that moment, I couldn't help but sigh. We were finally going back to Nocturnia, the place that was both familiar and full of unknowns for me.

Chapter 1406 Sudden Reluctance

I quickly packed a few changes of underwear and two formal dresses, leaving everything else behind.

I'd grown accustomed to Atlas's lifestyle while living with him, which made travel arrangements very straightforward.

His wardrobe was always available wherever we went, eliminating the need for luggage.

At this moment, I couldn't help but think about how grateful I was for Ryan. The ability to slip away whenever I needed made life so much easier.

I also appreciated my parents' devoted care for Ava, ensuring my peace of mind when I was away.

Suddenly, I remembered my conversation with Ryan yesterday about urging his family to come to Foswood soon. Ryan's wedding was around the corner, but yesterday's rush had made me forget that crucial task.

With my luggage packed, I pushed it out and sat on the sofa, contemplating my recent distractions. Whenever this happened, I felt sorry for Ava. I resolved to spend quality time with her once everything had settled down, perhaps after the birth of my second child.

That thought led me to Ava's bedroom.

A dim night light illuminated the room as Ava lay sprawled across her bed t covered her with a blanket and sat beside her, admiring her innocent and peaceful expression.

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As I leaned down to gently kiss her, she opened her eyes and murmured, "Mommy..."

She reached out and hugged my neck, her arms surprisingly strong. I laid down beside her, enveloped by her milky scent, and eventually drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up, Ava stirred, and I followed suit. I glanced at the time and realized it was already 7:30 a.m.

Ava's eyes widened in surprise when she saw me in her bed. She wondered if Atlas and I had quarreled.

Amused by her assumption, I denied it, and she giggled in response. Moments later, Jenny woke up too, her curiosity piqued by our conversation.

I invited her over and hugged both

girls close, marveling at how well-behaved they were. Then, remembering my impending trip, I informed them of my upcoming business trip with Atlas.

As I expected, Ava reacted quickly, questioning me about the duration of my absence. I assured them it would be brief, but in truth, I struggled to pinpoint the exact return date.

It could be a week, a fortnight, a month...

Chapter 1407 Using the Law Against Them

Faced with my daughter's inquiries, I could only try to reassure her. "Mommy will be back as soon as possible."

"You always say that, but you keep coming back later and later!" Ava's emotions instantly surfaced as she pouted. Her gaze lowered and she looked extremely upset.

"I'd never lie to you. It's just that some things don't go as smoothly as we imagined, which delays my return home," I patiently explained.

She suddenly looked up, and I noticed that her eyes were glistening with tears. "But I don't want you to keep going on business trips, Mommy. I'll be lonely."

"How could you be lonely?" I was sympathetic, but amused by her statement. "Don't you have Jenny, Grandma, and Grandpa to keep you company? How could you be lonely?"

"But they're not you, Mommy. I want you, Mommy." Ava's tears finally fell, rolling down her cheeks.

I quickly reached out to embrace her, feeling a pang of guilt. I understood her loneliness.

"Alright, I understand. We'll try not to go on so many business trips from now on. But I'll definitely bring back lots of gifts for you. And after we deal with this, I'll take you all with me next time." I tried to give her some hope to cheer her up.

"You always say that! You said you would take me to see Grandpa Archie in Solaris, but you didn't," Ava retorted.

Her words left me speechless. I suddenly realized that my credibility in Ava's eyes had taken a hit.

Just then, Atlas's voice came from the doorway. "We won't let you down, Ava. Mommy and Daddy are going to Nocturnia to reclaim our home."

"Really?" Ava's eyes lit up as she heard Atlas's voice. She sat up with excitement and looked at him as he entered the room. "Daddy, is what you're saying true?"

Her expression was priceless.

"It's true. I've never lied to you, have I?" Atlas sat down behind me, wrapping his arms around me and addressing Ava. "The thing is, our home has been taken by someone else. So we need to go and reason with them, and then we'll come back. That's why it'll take some time. Can you accept that?"

Atlas had a way of turning a serious, tricky situation into a story, explaining it clearly and persuasively to Ava.

He really was a good father.

Ava sat there, thinking about Atlas's words.

Then she asked, "Are they bad people? Why did they take our home?"

It was clear she had been drawn into this issue.

"Yes. They're very bad people," Atlas replied firmly. "At that time, Mommy and Daddy were just children like you, so they took advantage of us."

"Will you get our home back, Daddy?" Ava looked at Atlas

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seriously. "My teacher says we can use the law to fight bad people."

Both Atlas and I couldn't help but laugh.

"Yes. We'll use the law. I'll definitely reclaim our home for us. Then we'll take you back to see the home where Mommy and Daddy spent our childhood. Your grandparents lived there too."

"Okay. Daddy, you have to work hard. You need to get it back."

"It might take a while. Can you accept that?" Atlas asked.

"Yes. We can't let bad people live in our house!" She said determinedly.

I sighed with relief when I saw her expression. Atlas and I exchanged a grateful glance.

Just then, my mom pushed the door open and saw us there. She looked stunned.

I quickly said, "Mom, I'm flying to Nocturnia with Atlas today."

My mom's eyes narrowed for a moment, then she realized what was going on. "You're going today? Why the rush?" "Yeah." Atlas stood up and held my hand. "My grandfather is seriously ill, so we need to go back and see him."

"Your grandfather is sick?" my mom said. "Then you should go."

She waved to Ava and Jenny, "You two, come down and wash up. You have to go to school."

Ava and Jenny climbed out of bed, and my mom took them to the bathroom while saying to us, "You two, go eat breakfast quickly."

Atlas nodded and reached for my hand, "Let's go have breakfast and leave."

Chapter 1408 Reluctance Before Departure

At the dining table, Atlas briefed my adoptive dad too, saying, "I'll discuss the lab with you when I return. But I've already arranged for people to start building the lab, so there's no need to worry."

"I'll wait for you to return. There's no rush." He seemed a bit emotional.

I noticed my mom's expression freeze for a moment. My adoptive dad might not have told her about that yet. But since Atlas was here, my mom didn't ask about it.

My adoptive dad probably hadn't expected Atlas to start building the lab for him.

After breakfast, we still had time to spare before our flight. Atlas told me he wanted to visit my father in the annex and discuss something with him.

I nodded. "I'll go with you. I'll check on Loak and Anya too, and let them know where we're going."

Atlas nodded, and we headed to the annex together. He went to visit my father while I went to see Loak and Anya.

I knew Atlas must have had something important to discuss with my father, since my father would have some thoughts about our trip back to Nocturnia.

Loak and Anya were already awake. Anya was setting the breakfast from the main building on a table. When she saw me enter, she greeted me in surprise. "Why are you here so early, Mrs. Chloe? Are you heading to work?"

"It's been a few days since I last saw you. I need to make sure you're doing well." I smiled at them.

Glancing at their breakfast table, which was identical to ours, I asked Anya, "Are you still eating well? Are you getting used to it?"

"It's good. I'm used to the food here now. It's even better than it was at home." Her face lit up with joy and her voice filled with happiness. She was clever and knew how to please people.

"Look at my brother, Mrs. Chloe!"

She finished setting out the breakfast and pointed at Loak. It had been a week since I last saw him, and I could see that he looked better than when I saw him in the garden.

I nodded with satisfaction and said with a smile, "Great. You look much better."

"I can walk now. The doctor said my wound is healing well, and it doesn't hurt anymore." Loak spoke a little stiffly. "I'm fine now."

After he finished, he got off the bed and took a few slow but steady steps.

I didn't know how he had managed to carry my seriously injured father out of there. It must have required a lot of determination and strength.

"That's great!" I smiled happily. "Be careful and don't force yourself to walk too much. Let's eat."

Loak smiled and walked to the dining table himself. "Are you eating with us, Mrs. Chloe?"

"I've already eaten." I smiled at him.

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"I'm here to tell you two that I'll be going on a business trip. I'll come when I return, but I have task for you. if you're free, you can go talk to my father."

I told Loak that, since they had known each other before.

Also, I worried my father would be anxious when I wasn't at home. Having someone to talk to would distract him.

"Alright, we'll definitely complete that task," the siblings said together.

After talking to them, I went to my father's room. He reached out his hand to me, and I quickly placed mine in his palm.

My father looked at me indulgently. "Go back home with Atlas, Chloe. But be careful. You're pregnant, after all. Be cautious in everything."

I understood what he meant when he said 'be careful'.

"Take good care of her, Atlas. Do as

much as you can, but don't be too eager, Celine will have to pay the price for what she did one day," My father said solemnly.

"Don't worry, Dad." Atlas nodded earnestly, then put his arm around my shoulder. "Let's go."

My father squeezed my hand tightly, his eyes filled with reluctance. "I'll be waiting for you to return."

I nodded. "We'll be back soon."

But deep down in my heart, I knew that we wouldn't return so soon.

Chapter 1409 Waiting for Your Return

After saying what needed to be said, Atlas held my hand and we left my father's room as he watched us leave.

After we changed our clothes, my mom stood at the door to see us off. She seemed hesitant, which made me feel a pang of sadness.

I knew she must have been reluctant for me to leave for Nocturnia. I went to hug her. "I'm leaving the house and Ava to you, Mom. I'll be back as soon as possible."

Her head rested against my chest as she nodded. "Be safe and don't worry about us. I'll be here to take care of everything."

Her words touched me deeply and resonated with me.

"Alright. Take care, Mom. I'm leaving now." After saying that, I let go of her. "I'll be back soon."

We got into the car and left the villa for the airport.

On the way there, I called Ryan's parents to ask them to come to Foswood as soon as possible to help Ryan prepare for the wedding.

The news made his parents ecstatic, and even I was infected by their excitement.

When we arrived at the airport, we went straight to our plane through the VIP channel.

While we waited for takeoff, I called Ryan and Lauren separately to tell them where I was going.

Ryan said very seriously, "Have a safe journey. I'll be waiting for good news from you. And more importantly, I'll look forward to your quick return." "Don't worry, I'll help you plan the wedding when I get back," I said with a light laugh.

"Alright, I won't get married until you come back," Ryan joked.

I immediately teased him back. "You said it."

We hung up as we laughed.

We took off at ten o'clock.

Dylan and Tristan were with us, as well as Atlas's entourage of bodyguards.

I told Atlas, "I'll rest in the bedroom. You guys can go about your business. Don't worry about me."

He got up and escorted me to the

bedroom. I knew that with the

et

change in plans, Atlas would definitely have to adjust his overall plan. Since I couldn't help, I didn't want to waste his precious time. Every second counted.

"Try to get some rest. If you can't sleep, come out and sit with me. Long flights can be tiring. How are you feeling? We can go for a check-up as soon as we arrive."

I smiled, realizing that he had remembered we were supposed to go to a check-up today.

"I'm fine. There's been nothing unusual. You don't need to worry." I reassured him.

"That's good. Rest up," he said, then watched as I lay on the bed. "Do you want anything to drink?"

"Not now. Go about your business," I

said gently to Atlas. I wanted to be alone for a while. After all, I was flying to a world that was unknown yet familiar to me, and it was getting closer. I wasn't ready to face what was going to happen.

Although Atlas saw through my words, he stared at me for a while before kissing me lightly. "Alright, rest for a while. I'll come back later." "Okay. I'll go to sleep soon."

When he heard me say that, he reluctantly left the bedroom.

That man really didn't want to leave my side.

I sighed and closed my eyes, but couldn't fall asleep at all.

I just lay there, lost in my thoughts.

When Atlas quietly pushed the door open at lunchtime, he thought I was asleep, but he found me staring at the ceiling with eyes wide open. He quickly came in and sat next to me. "Why aren't you asleep?"

I smiled, held his hand, and said, "I can't sleep. I keep wondering what it's going to be like over there."

Atlas picked up my hand and kissed it gently. "Don't overthink it, and don't stress yourself about it. Relax. We'll take back what belongs to us there. Maybe you'll remember something when we're there."

He really understood me and knew exactly what I meant by 'there'.

"I'm not afraid of anything if I have you by my side. It's just that I'm attracted to that place. It's like

there's a kind of magic drawing me

in." I looked at Atlas's handsome face. And I feel like there are so many things I need to do, but everything is in chaos, and I don't know where to start."

"You'll have direction with me by your side." Atlas comforted me with a hint of dominance.

"Your grandpa..." I hesitated, not sure whether to continue.

Chapter 1410 The Boss's Dry Humor

He sensed my hesitation and gently patted my hand, saying, "That was exactly what I wanted to talk to you about. No matter his attitude, you need to remember that you're the future female head of the Pierce family."

His words moved me deeply.

"And the Pierce family now is not the same as the Pierce family back then. He is my grandfather, but he's just an old man with blood ties to me. My respect for him is limited to that of an elder."

Atlas said that with a serious tone, showing that he was sincere.

He continued, "Besides, he has no special privilege or authority over me. He has no right to influence any of my decisions. So, you don't need to care about his attitude."

I really hadn't expected Atlas to say that about his grandfather.

He lifted me up, saying, "Let's have dinner. The food on our plane is pretty good. You should try it. Maybe you'll feel like sleeping after eating."

"True." I laughed, teasing him. "As the lady boss, I can fire anyone if they don't do their job well."

My triumphant gesture succeeded in pleasing Atlas. He seemed unsettled and shrugged. "You want to exercise your authority? I'm just afraid you won't get the chance."

"Feeling confident? Are you really that great?" I teased him.

He shrugged again.

We laughed and walked out of the bedroom, heading to the dining area at the back.

Surprisingly, the food on the plane was excellent. The steak was incredibly delicious, and it was probably the best steak I'd ever tasted.

We enjoyed the meal immensely.

I laughed as I ate, glancing at Atlas suggestively. Dylan and Tristan, who were dining with us, looked puzzled and occasionally glanced at Atlas, who was looking pleased with himself.

My appetite had been affected since I became pregnant and everything usually tasted bland, but I thought that the steak was really good.

It was tender, succulent, and perfectly seasoned.

Atlas was delighted to see me enjoying the food. He happily watched me eat and asked Dylan and Tristan, "Is it delicious?"

As soon as he spoke, I burst into laughter, leaving Dylan unsure how to respond.

Atlas pressed on. "Hmm?"

Dylan could only nod. "It's really delicious."

"That's right. This is a meal for pregnant women," Atlas said with a mischievous smile.

Dylan and Tristan immediately looked at me, their expressions odd.

Tristan looked at both of us and tentatively asked, "Does that mean we can't eat it?"

Atlas didn't say a word, but he ate a piece of steak.

That made me and Dylan laugh comfortably.

After all, Dylan understood Atlas's humor very well since he had been around Atlas for a long time.

After we finished eating, it didn't take

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long for my stomach to start working again. I found myself involuntarily fighting to keep my eyes open.

Sto

I muttered, "Looks like I really need to sleep for a while."

Atlas looked at my drowsy face with a blissful smile and quickly said, "I'll take you back to our room."

He led me back to the bedroom. We

lay down together on the bed. I

dmy head on his arm and

asked, "Are you going 100?"

"Yeah," he replied eagerly.

"Don't you have a meeting?" I was confused. "Yeah, but it's fine. It's important for me to sleep with you."

I entered a dream. In the dream, I seemed to have returned to our house in Nocturnia. The door was luxurious, and I could vaguely see the villa nestled among the greenery inside.