

Divorce 1421

Chapter 1421 Covert Operations

He turned to me and said, "Why don't you go change and rest for a while? Dylan and I need to go out. We might not make it back for lunch, but I'll join you for dinner. After eating, you can take a nap until I return, okay?"

"Sure," I replied meekly. I could sense that Atlas had important matters to attend to since we returned here.

He swiftly left with Dylan, and I watched their car disappear into the rain.

As expected, Atlas didn't return for lunch with me.

However, with Sandy and Iris keeping me company, I didn't feel lonely at all. In fact, I was quite content.

They entertained me with stories, although I couldn't recall any of the events they described. Still, I found their tales exciting.

To be honest, the more I learned, the more intrigued I became by the estate currently under Celine's control.

After lunch, Sandy suggested I take a short nap upstairs. I simply agreed and went back to my room.

I checked the time, and it was about 3 p.m. back home. After a moment's thought, I called Lauren.

She answered quickly and asked, "Are you doing okay?"

"Everything's fine."

"How's his grandfather?" Lauren inquired further.

"Nothing much. It was a false alarm Celine caused."

Lauren sighed with relief on the other end of the line. "What's she up to this time?"

I pondered for a moment before responding, "It might not necessarily be her idea."

"What do you mean?" Lauren asked.

"I think Celine might be losing control over Grandpa. Even if it was her idea to summon us back, it seems Grandpa didn't act according to her wishes."

"Why do you say that?" Lauren pressed for more details.

"Today, when we visited the Pierce family's old home, Grandpa spoke alone with Atlas for over two hours without letting Celine in. Although I was also asked to leave, I could see that Celine looked a bit nervous."

I recounted the events of the day to Lauren truthfully. She had a sharp mind, and I enjoyed analyzing things with her.

"Her being nervous is a good sign. If she wasn't nervous, it would indicate something else," Lauren remarked casually.

"Are you suggesting that if she wasn't nervous, it would mean Grandpa had already been manipulated by her?" I understood Lauren's point.

"Exactly! If she's nervous, it means the old man hasn't completely lost his senses. There's still hope."

I said, "Celine seemed afraid that Grandpa would have private conversations with Atlas, so she arrived at the family home early today. Unfortunately for her, we arrived even earlier."

"Have you asked Atlas about it?" Lauren asked me.

"I did ask him, but he didn't tell me what they talked about. I didn't press him for more details either," I replied.

"It's understandable why Atlas wouldn't tell you the whole truth. He couldn't bear to let you be worried," Lauren immediately explained, probably afraid I might be upset.

"Worried? Are you saying there

might be some undisclosed secrets between Celine and Grandpa?" | asked, puzzled. "But why does

Grandpa seem so indifferent to

Celine? He even chatted with Atlas for over two hours without her.

Doesn't that seem a bit unusual?"

Lauren pondered momentarily before saying, almost to herself, "It's not necessarily the case. What if the old man is pressuring Atlas?"

I gripped the phone, remembering Atlas's expression when he returned from the old family home. He seemed calm, but he was definitely contemplating something.

"Alright, stop overthinking. If Atlas won't tell you the truth, it's probably because he doesn't want you to worry, especially since you're pregnant," Lauren comforted me, trying to change the subject.

"As for the matters concerning the

Pierce family trust that Atlas can handle them. Don't dwell on it too much. Just treat your trip like a vacation." Lauren advised me, then asked, "You met Celine today, right? She didn't give you a hard time, did she?"

Chapter 1422 A Private Conversation

"I can assure you that she didn't." I affirmed confidently. "Before we came, Atlas gave me reassurance."

"Oh? What did Atlas say?" Lauren asked with great curiosity.

"He said that I'm the true lady of the Pierce family, and I shouldn't worry about anyone else. Of course, he was referring to Grandpa. He was afraid that Grandpa would cause trouble for me, so he comforted me in advance," I explained.

"Atlas really spoils you." Lauren sighed in admiration.

"Besides, Celine is focused entirely on Grandpa and Atlas during their discussions. She has no time to bother with me anymore. That's why I say she's nervous.

"But I have to admit that she's good at maintaining her composure, pretending like nothing's wrong. Just thinking about Celine's face, honestly, I really want to slap her."

"Desperation makes people do strange things, don't you know?" Lauren scoffed. "But let me remind you, the more desperate she is, the more cautious you should be. Be careful of her making reckless moves and plotting behind the scenes."

"But she won't have the chance to do that," I asserted confidently. "Atlas is sticking to me like glue."

"I'm telling you, be careful with what you eat and drink. Especially anything from Celine's side. It's still better to be cautious." Lauren warned me. Upon hearing Lauren's words, I burst into laughter. "Have you been watching too many thrillers?"

Lauren retorted, "Just keep what I said in mind. Do you think Celine is a normal person? In my opinion, women in big families like this one need to study thrillers as training manuals. It wouldn't hurt to learn a thing or two about survival."

I chuckled and nodded repeatedly. "Got it. I'll catch up on them in my spare time."

"Don't just nod along. Be more careful," she said authoritatively.

"Got it. I understand."

"Alright, I won't say much more. Get some rest, and let me know when you're back. Call me if you need anything." Lauren reiterated.

"I got it. Tell Ivanna too, so she won't pick on me again."

Lauren chuckled, "She just got discharged from the hospital today. She'll come over to report to me later and I'll tell her. Bye for now." We hung up, and I called my mom to let her know I was safe.

The rain outside continued to pour, so I lay on the bed, eventually drifting off to sleep.

I slept soundly until I felt someone

kissing my earlobe, causing me to wake up groggily. Opening my eyes, I saw Atlas smiling at me. "Wake up, lazybones."

I chuckled and turned over to hug him. "When did you come back? I thought you'd be back later."

I saw he had already changed into casual home clothes so it felt like we were on a leisurely vacation at home.

He kissed me on the cheek and pointed to the window with a smile.

Perplexed, I turned to look outside and was surprised to find that it was already dark. "What time is it?"

I quickly sat up and checked my phone. It was already past 7 p.m.

"So late?" I laughed, quickly getting out of bed. "Sandy will scold me for sleeping so much."

"She won't. She dotes on you and told me not to disturb you." Atlas got up too and knelt down to help me put on my shoes. "But I've slept too much. I remember it was only 3 p.m. when I fell asleep." I got up and asked Atlas, "Did you have dinner?"

"I promised to eat with you," he shrugged "But I waited for a long time and didn't see any sign of you waking up. Since we're truly home now, it means you've adjusted well to being here."

I laughed. "Yes, so far, I don't feel like I'm in Nocturnia at all."

"Are you blaming me for not showing you around Nocturnia?" he asked, feeling guilty.

"Of course not."

We talked as we went downstairs.

When the nanny saw us coming downstairs, she immediately went to the bottom of the stairs, looking up at us. "You're awake?"

I blushed instantly. "Yes. I slept like a log."

I explained a bit sheepishly.

"Since you're home, everything's

fine.

annoner's ready too," Sandy

loudly, indicating for us e to the dining room Content

I could tell she was very relaxed in this house, which made me feel particularly at ease too.

Chapter 1423 Woke Up to Pee

Atlas led me to the dining table, and the dishes were promptly served as soon as we sat down.

I was actually hungry. My pregnancy symptoms were mild this time, with hardly any morning sickness. I was just incredibly sleepy. Additionally, I noticed I had a hearty appetite. Despite having a bland taste in my mouth a few days ago, I always felt hungry. Today's dish was lobster. The white, steamed lobster meat looked appetizing, and I wanted to dig into it immediately.

Seeing my eagerness to eat, Atlas smirked. "You've got quite the appetite, huh?"

"It seems like I want to eat everything Sandy makes," I replied honestly.

Atlas chuckled even more. "Everything she made was what you used to love. Take this lobster, for example. You'd only eat it with garlic oil drizzled on top. You don't like the spicy kind."

As he spoke, I realized I craved spicy flavors the most.

Back in my hometown, there were no cinnamon toasts, so every time I ate toast, I felt a strange emotion. I vividly remember asking my mom, "Why are they all topped with peanut butter?"

My mom would always ask me, "What would you like?"

But I couldn't express my preferences. I just knew it wasn't peanut butter.

It wasn't until I went to university in Foswood that I encountered cinnamon toasts for the first time. I indulged without restraint, and everyone in my dorm knew I loved cinnamon toasts.

At that time, Beatrice would bring cinnamon toasts to me whenever she needed something from me.

It turned out that was what I used to love as a kid.

Sandy was great in every way, except that she talked a lot. She could go on and on, but luckily, she only talked about my childhood memories. Sometimes, she'd burst into laughter while recounting them, and Atlas and I would exchange a helpless glance.

But neither of us interrupted her. Atlas knew I enjoyed listening to Sandy's stories, and he would accompany me with interest.

So, the nanny kept talking, and I kept nodding.

It was hard to imagine that the usually aloof Atlas had let go of all pretenses and relaxed into a gentle and caring head of the family.

I understood him the best. He could be like this because of his fondness for this place. He cherished home and family.

The nanny gave him precisely the kind of family love he wanted.

In the middle of the night, I woke up needing to pee, only to find Atlas wasn't bed. I was a bit puzzled. It was so late, so why hadn't he slept yet? Was he still working?

Although it was two hours ahead here compared to back home, it should still be late at night there.

I got up, went to the bathroom, then walked out of the room. The corridor was dimly lit by a small nightlight, and it was quiet all around.

I hesitated for a moment, not knowing which room Atlas's study was in.

Just as I was dazed, I heard faint footsteps coming up from downstairs.

I looked toward the stairs, feeling a little nervous. After a moment, I saw Atlas hurrying up the stairs.

He seemed surprised when he saw me, quickly walking over and asking, "What's wrong? Why are you up? Are you thirsty?"

I looked at him, feeling a little disoriented but now fully awake.

"Did you go out?" I asked in surprise.

"Yeah, I did." Atlas nodded. "I went out with Dylan to handle some things."

"Oh," I murmured, returning to the room in his embrace.

After settling me on the bed, he took off his coat and whispered, "I'll take a shower and be right back."

Then he disappeared into the bathroom.

I pondered. It seemed that since we

arrived here, although he seemed

calm on the surface, he must be planning something. And he had

already started acting on it.

Since we arrived here, he had been busy without a moment to spare, while I had plenty of leisure time..

He soon finished showering and

came out drying his hair as he

walked to the bedside and looked at

me. "What's wrong? Were you worried when you couldn't find me?"

"You haven't rested properly these past two nights, right?" I asked directly.

He quickly finished drying his hair, put the towel on the bedside table, and got into bed.

Pulling me into his arms, he explained, "Dylan and I were investigating Celine's background. She's been up to something new lately."

Chapter 1424 My Bladder is Going to Burst

"You know, this time she used Grandpa as bait, which means she's eager to get me back. There must be something fishy going on. Plus, I verified what the old man told me."

Atlas was very clear in his explanation to me, actually answering a question I'd been wanting to ask him.

"The things Grandpa told you? Is it what he mentioned yesterday?" I asked curiously. "Do you believe him?"

"That's why I needed to verify it," Atlas answered ambiguously.

Clearly, his words indicated that he didn't trust his grandpa.

"Celine is the one who fabricated the military information, but the idea came from Grandpa. Celine currently has no idea about his true health condition as well," Atlas asserted confidently.

"How is that possible?" I found it hard to believe.

Atlas raised an eyebrow. "I found out that for a long time, Grandpa didn't meet anyone. The news of my marriage was indeed reported to Grandpa by Celine, but he was just putting on an act."

"What exactly does he want?" I was a bit puzzled.

"Go to sleep." He patted my shoulder, not wanting to continue the conversation. "I've scheduled an appointment with the doctor here for tomorrow morning to take you for a prenatal checkup."

"Prenatal checkup?" I was surprised. At this time, he was still thinking about my prenatal checkup?

I had no choice but to lie down with him, feeling sorry for him rushing around tirelessly. This man was like a spinning top, with very little time to rest. I found the most comfortable position to sleep in, and he tightened his arms around me.

Early the next morning, Atlas was still by my side when I woke up the next morning, showing no signs of waking up yet. It seemed like he was really tired.

I curled up quietly in his arms, quietly watching the man in front of me. His thick and dark lashes hung low, making him look so handsome. Actually, I wanted to go to the bathroom. After getting pregnant, I felt the urge to pee more often and it was uncomfortable holding it in.

But I wanted him to sleep a little longer. I knew he was a light sleeper, and if I moved even slightly, he would wake up.

I started feeling like I couldn't hold it in any longer. I moved slightly, and sure enough, he immediately opened his eyes, groggily asking, "What's wrong?"

I quickly rolled out of bed. "My bladder is about to burst."

Then I rushed into the bathroom, relieved myself, and leisurely returned. He had fully woken up by now and was smiling like a demon. He stretched out his hand toward me, and I returned to bed.

"Don't hold it in next time, okay?" He gently reminded me, "It's not good for the baby."

"I think you're too tired." I explained.

Moved, he leaned down to kiss me lightly. "Hmm. I slept really well, and that's enough."

"What time are we going to the hospital?" I asked.

"We got an appointment at 9 a.m., then I'll take you around. The important thing is to show you the real Nocturnia."

"It's not raining outside?" I didn't hear

the sound of rain, and the curtains

were still drawn, blocking the view outside.

"Yeah, it stopped last night."

"I really want to go back to the old Pierce family's home." I voiced my inner thoughts.

"Don't worry. Celine will invite us back," Atlas assured me confidently.

"Your grandpa seems to look down on me a lot." I looked at Atlas and asked.

When we met yesterday, he didn't say a word to me and just kicked me out. Actually, I knew his attitude toward me.

But before coming here, Atlas had already prepared me mentally, which proved effective.

"He has no right to disagree with my choices," Atlas said firmly.

"No matter what, you're still the lady head of the family!" Atlas continued, "Get up. We can't let our baby go hungry."

I smiled and quickly got up to wash up.

The weather today was especially good. After breakfast, Atlas took me to the hospital he had booked, telling me my checkup would be done by a top-notch obstetrics and gynecology doctor.

I couldn't help but tease him, "It's just a prenatal checkup. Isn't it a waste to see a top-notch doctor?"

"My wife and child must have the best for everything," he said without hesitation.

Chapter 1425 Top-notch Skills

As we drove along, he patiently introduced each place to me. Yesterday, amidst the rain, everything was murky, including my mood, so I didn't pay attention to the scenery.

Today, with the weather being nice, my mood naturally lightened, and I finally felt like I was in a foreign land.

In my mind, Foswood was always my home. Even small towns in the northeast didn't compare.

Especially after bringing my parents to Foswood, I felt that Foswood was my hometown.

But here, everything was unfamiliar. Even the air felt different. Yet, it held a strong allure for me.

At the hospital, we were greeted by several doctors, including the hospital's director. Atlas told me that this hospital was actually under ATL Empire. Atlas didn't just want them to perform a prenatal check-up, but he wanted a full-body examination for me.

"It doesn't need to be so complicated. My health has always been good, and this pregnancy has been going really well. I hardly have any morning sickness. Don't worry so much," I protested to Atlas.

"Be good. We need to do it. What was true before might not be true now. I'll be with you every step of the way," he patiently reassured me, afraid of any mishaps.

During the ultrasound examination, the doctor was very meticulous. Then he said to Atlas, "Mr. Atlas, come take a look. These are your children." "Children?" I looked at the doctor in confusion.

He nodded with a smile. "Yes, children. They're growing well. Mrs. Chloe, come take a look too."

He adjusted the screen to show me and gently moved the device over my abdomen.

Atlas looked over too with great curiosity.

"So these are two embryos, meaning there are two lovely babies growing healthily in your womb."

"Two?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yes, two," the doctor confirmed.

I immediately grabbed Atlas's hand, hardly believing it myself. We were having twins?

Atlas couldn't contain his joy, asking many questions about my health and the precautions to take care of twins.

"Oh, don't get too excited just yet. Let me let you hear their strong heartbeat." The doctor then let us

listen to their heartbeats. Indeed et

there were two strong and powerful heartbeats that sounded

magnificent.

Unable to contain my excitement, I looked at Atlas beside me. I was trembling with joy and grabbing his hand.

The doctor recorded their heartbeats for us, and Atlas immediately transferred it to our phones.

The moment we left the hospital, Atlas couldn't contain his happiness and pulled me into his arms. "You're truly my lucky star!"

I was extremely happy, too. "No wonder I'm so easily hungry. I just ate, and yet I'm hungry again. It's because of our two little babies. What a miracle for us."

"Of course. That just proves I have top-notch skills," Atlas boasted shamelessly.

Even Dylan, who was driving ahead, chuckled contentedly. "Congratulations, Mr. Atlas."

Atlas joyfully said to Dylan, "I'll give you a raise."

Dylan immediately laughed and said, "That doesn't make sense. You should reward Mrs. Chloe for this and not me, okay?"

The three of us burst into laughter.

That day, Atlas took me to some famous scenic spots in Nocturnia. There were a few places that I used to love when I was young. He stayed by my side, playing the role of an amazing tour guide, constantly explaining everything to me.

The most memorable moment was when we visited my old school. It was not because I had many memories, but because I once saw a photo I took here.

I deliberately found the same angle to take a photo, hoping to recall something, but suddenly I was hit with a splitting headache.

Atlas was frightened and quickly

hugged me, repeatedly saying, "Don't

think about it. Let it go. Let's just

focus on the present and remember

every day from now on."

I could only nod. He was worried I was overexerting myself, so he ordered Dylan to take us back.

In the car, Atlas's phone rang. He immediately answered, but as he listened, his expression grew colder.

Chapter 1426 Waiting for the Right Moment

I observed his face closely, noticing his growing seriousness. Clearly, something important had occurred. Once he ended the call, Dylan glanced at him in the rearview mirror and asked, "Any developments?"

"Yeah," Atlas confirmed.

Dylan immediately inquired, "Should I get Nick to bait them?"

Atlas thought momentarily before responding, "No, let's wait and keep things slow. Let her reach in a little more."

"Is Gavin ready?" Dylan seemed somewhat concerned.

"Absolutely," Atlas affirmed without hesitation.

I was puzzled and didn't understand their conversation.

But I didn't ask. I speculated that if they were involving Gavin, it was related to the situation in Gerby.

Besides the newly opened Arkadia Plaza in Gerby, there was also that business about the mineral resources.

Was someone trying to make a move on that?

Before I could solve the intricacies of the issue, Atlas's phone rang again. He glanced at the screen, raised an eyebrow, and said, "Looks like your wish is about to come true."

I didn't quite grasp his meaning.

He slid his finger across the screen to answer the call. His tone was casual as he said, "We'll be there tomorrow. We're pretty tired today."

Then he hung up and looked at me. "It's an invitation from Celine."

"To the Pierce family's residence?" I asked.

Atlas nodded. "That came sooner than I expected. Looks like she's very confident."

When I heard that we were going to the Pierce family's residence, I felt unexpectedly excited and looked forward to it.

Back at home, Sandy brought me a large glass of fresh fruit juice and asked how I was doing.

Atlas proudly announced, "Sandy, you may have to accompany me to Torado soon."

Sandy was momentarily stunned, then looked at me. "But..."

Atlas said, "We'll be welcoming two more babies soon. They're much more important than this place. What do you think?" "Two babies?" Sandy's expression lit up with disbelief as she looked at me, asking, "Twins?"

I laughed happily and covered my mouth. Sandy cheered, then started dancing around again.

She said to Iris, "The heavens have blessed us. The Pierce family is going to have successors!" The news sent the estate into a frenzy. Atlas made an exception for everyone to celebrate together.

After dinner, he took me for a stroll

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around the estate, showing me the grounds. I didn't expect it to be so large and meticulously maintained, and I fell in love.

As we walked, I asked, "Was the call in the car about Celine taking action on Gerby's new mining project?"

Atlas turned to look at me, nodding. "Yes. I can't hide anything from you, can I?"

Then he thought momentarily and

said, "Now we need to find out who

the Non-Organization leader is. I

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think they'll show up now. After all, they won't give up after they fail to ruin our plan of saving your dad."

"If that's the case, since she brought us back, she must have a purpose," I expressed my concern.

"Then we'll play along and allow her to achieve her goals," Atlas said confidently.

"But what if things get out of control?" I wasn't very calm. "Do you know her intentions?"

Atlas said with certainty, "You really don't know your husband."

After saying that, he gazed down at my face with a loving look and pecked my lips. "Do you know why I haven't done anything to her for so many years?"

"Yeah?" I responded, eager to hear him explain.

Atlas looked into the distance and

said, "I'm waiting for the right

moment, a moment to torture

slowly. It'll be slow, but it will make her suffer."

Chapter 1427 Hard to Believe

"Is the Pierce Corporation still under her control?" I asked a crucial question. I believed Atlas wouldn't just sit idly by after waiting for so many years. "Yes, but she has established many invisible teams within the company. That's why I'm investigating the mastermind behind it. But that doesn't stop me from taking action here. If I can lure her into my trap, I can pull out the mastermind."

"Do you have a target then?" I asked Atlas. Knowing him, he wouldn't be so bold without a clear target or if he wasn't certain about this.

He smiled charmingly. "Of course I do, but it's not confirmed yet."

"Who is it?" I immediately pressed.

Atlas tightened his grip on me, then whispered a name in my ear. I was stunned, stopping in my tracks to look at him.

The name shocked me. How could it be possible?

"Are you surprised?" He looked at me.

"I can't believe that..." I couldn't finish my sentence.

He pulled me close and continued walking. "Many things are unexpected, aren't they? We can't judge a book by its cover."

"How are you so sure it's him?" I asked in confusion.

"The timing. Everything that has happened since my father's return is related to him," Atlas said confidently. "Anything could happen."

I couldn't help but admire Atlas's meticulousness. He wouldn't overlook any detail.

I told him about my previous feelings toward this person. Atlas scoffed, pinching my cheek and saying, "When someone does something, they'll always leave traces behind."

"I can't imagine a person like that could be associated with a notorious fugitive." I shuddered at the thought.

"The more evil they are, the more they use kindness as a mask," Atlas said calmly.

"No wonder Celine called you back right now. She wants to cover up her tracks, buy time, and take advantage of your absence to act," I speculated boldly.

"She's just trying to be clever," Atlas said indifferently. "But I have a strong team."

"What time are we meeting her tomorrow?" I asked.

"We're meeting her for dinner," Atlas replied. "But don't worry, I'll make sure you have time to explore our home properly."

"I feel better after hearing that," I said casually.

He smiled contentedly. "Of course. I know what you're thinking."

We continued our stroll until dusk fell, and he led me back to the room, saying, "Rest for a while."

"Mm." I was a little tired. I lay down on the bed, saying, "Call my mom. She should share our joy."

"Sure thing." Atlas readily agreed, looking excited.

The nurse said that he smiled more now and was even warmer.

Just then, his phone rang. He checked the screen and pointed outside, saying, "You make the call. I need to attend to something."

"Okay. Don't stay up too late," I said softly.

He smiled gently. "Got it, wife. I'll do whatever you say."

"Then go quickly. The sooner you go, the sooner you'll be back," I urged. I knew he would lose track of time once he got busy. Besides, we couldn't let our guard down,

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especially since our opponent wasn't

Celine, but the mastermind

controlling her, who was likely a

high-level player.

"After you're done with the call, get some rest." He leaned down to kiss me before reluctantly leaving the room.

I lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling, thinking about the person Atlas had mentioned. It was chilling to think about. Everything seemed premeditated. If something really happened... I couldn't bear to think about it.

After a while, I checked the time. It must be dinner time back home. found the phone and called my mom, and she answered immediately.

She excitedly called out, "Hey, Chloe!"

Before I could speak, there was a knock on the door.

Chapter 1428 Wanting a Private Meeting

I quickly said, "Please come in."

Then I said into the phone, "Mom, I'll call you back later."

"Okay." My mom hung up.

The door opened, and Sandy hurried in. "Mrs. Stella."

When I saw her anxious expression, I sat up quickly. "Sandy."

"Abbas is here to pick you up. Mr. David wants to see you." Sandy looked at me nervously.

"Oh," I replied. I got up from the bed and casually asked, "Where's Atlas?"

"He and Dylan have already left. Abbas said Mr. David wants to see you alone. He didn't let me call Mr. Atlas," Sandy hurriedly explained. "Mrs. Stella, you..."

"Don't worry, I'll go see him," I said. I got dressed and tidied myself up to appear presentable before heading downstairs.

I was curious about why Atlas's grandpa wanted to see me.

Abbas was waiting downstairs. He bowed respectfully when he saw me. "I'm here to pick you up, Mrs. Stella. Mr. David would like to speak to you." His demeanor seemed respectful, but his tone had an undeniable air of authority.

I smiled faintly and calmly replied, "Okay."

But I deliberately said, "Let me call Atlas first, Abbas."

"Mr. David wants to see you alone, Mrs. Stella," he emphasized, then respectfully gestured for me to follow. "Please follow me."

His tone was firm, and he didn't give me time to call Atlas.

I squinted at him. "Very well, let's go."

Though I appeared calm, I was actually nervous. When I met Grandpa the day before yesterday, he had completely ignored me. Now, he suddenly wanted to see me alone. It seemed intentional.

His unpredictable temperament made me uncomfortable and somewhat resistant. What gave him the right to treat me this way?

But I remembered Atlas saying that I

was the true mistress of the Pierce family. That was enough to boost my confidence. As Atlas's wife, I had to be strong and hold my ground.

I took a deep breath, trying to relax. When we arrived at the mansion, the car didn't stop at the front entrance but drove directly to the building where Grandpa lived.

Abbas quickly got out of the car, and I followed suit. We stood at the entrance, and he went in to report before returning to escort me inside. Grandpa was in the main living room.

As I walked in, he glanced at me, then gestured to a chair opposite him with a faint nod.

I walked over steadily and greeted him respectfully. "Hello, Grandpa."

Regardless of his attitude, I had to show respect as someone younger than him.

He grunted in response, acknowledging my greeting.

I approached and sat on the chair opposite him, waiting for him to speak first, since he had summoned me.

"You're Rory's daughter?" He broke the silence after a moment, but I didn't detect any joy in his tone.

"Yes, I am Rory's daughter," I affirmed confidently.

He was silent momentarily, then asked "Is your father doing well?"

That question caught me off guard. I hesitated for a moment, then looked at him.

Chapter 1429 I Only Trust Myself

"How's your father?"

It seemed he was aware of my father's ordeal.

Claims of him being oblivious to external affairs appeared to be merely a facade. His deep understanding of the situation suggested otherwise.

I quickly composed myself and calmly replied, "Not great. My father's leg was crippled, which disabled him. Years of imprisonment have taken a toll on his health. Although he survived, his condition deteriorated greatly. However, his mind is still sharp."

My words made him glance at me. His gaze was deep, and I couldn't tell how he felt.

After a moment, he grunted as a tacit acknowledgment of my response without delving further into the topic of my father.

Instead, he said, "Since you've become Atlas's wife and you're carrying the Pierce family's offspring, it seems the Pierce family has to take responsibility for you."

I didn't understand.

When he saw my puzzled expression, he indifferently said, "From now on, you'll stay here."

His words left me stunned.

What?

"What do you mean, Grandpa?" I asked, trying to keep calm as I stared at him.

"You'll stay here until Atlas finishes the tasks I've assigned to him. I'll assign someone to take care of your daily needs until you give birth," he explained in a tone that left no room for doubt.

"How long will that take?" I inquired, trying to steady myself.

"That depends on how efficient Atlas is."

"Are you bargaining with him too?" I retorted boldly.

"I just want to ensure your safety," he said grandly.

As I was about to continue questioning him, a harsh voice sounded from the door, "Thank you for your concern, Grandpa. However, I'm capable of taking care of my own wife and children. You don't need to worry about that."

As the voice trailed off, Atlas strode in. He was visibly displeased, indicating that he was restraining himself greatly.

Behind him, Abbas followed closely, looking anxious. Obviously, he couldn't stop Atlas.

Grandpa didn't seem surprised. He seemed to have expected Atlas to come. He calmly waved to Abbas, then looked at the displeased Atlas and said, "What? Don't you trust me to take care of your wife and children?"

"Do you think I should trust you?" Atlas asked without hesitation.

Grandpa froze for a moment before. he casually picked up his teacup

took a sip, and said, "She'll be safe here until you finish the tasks I've assigned to you."

"She'll only be safe with me." Atlas stood his ground, then walked over, gently pulling me up and into his arms. "It's late, Grandpa. You should rest." Then he led me out.

"Remember, kid. I'm your grandpa." Grandpa's words carried deep implications.

But Atlas didn't pause. He continued to walk away without hesitation, casually saying, "And you're my father's father."

I didn't turn back to see grandpa's expression. Protected by Atlas, we left grandpa's room.

At the door, Abbas watched Atlas escort me out. He took a step forward and hesitantly said, "Mr. Atlas, you're letting..."

"Thanks." Atlas cut him off coldly, then walked out of Abbas's sight without hesitation.

In the car, Atlas finally said to me, "Don't be afraid. I know he means well, but I only trust myself."

I looked up at Atlas. He never felt at ease no matter where I was, let alone with anyone from the Pierce family.

"What did he ask you to do?" I asked.

"The business from back then and an internal secret of the old Pierce Corporation. It's related to Celine's mother," Atlas said briefly. "Don't worry. I'm here."

I leaned into his embrace, feeling safer than ever before.

"He said his place is safe. Is he implying he can challenge Celine?" I asked Atlas softly. "If he meant that, he must be telling us that he doesn't trust Celine anymore."

I speculated about grandpa's intentions.

"I only trust myself," Atlas said firmly.

"Are we still going to Celine's place tomorrow?" I asked.

Chapter 1430 Something's Amiss

Atlas didn't hesitate, saying, "Of course we have to go. She doesn't have the guts to attack us at home."
"Mr. Atlas." Just then, Dylan, who was driving, suddenly interrupted us. "We've got trouble behind us."

I was about to turn around when Atlas immediately held my head, telling Dylan, "Head back home."

Dylan acknowledged and stepped on the gas. Both Atlas and I instinctively looked in the rearview mirror. I noticed a car rapidly catching up from behind.

Dylan cautioned, "Protect Mrs. Chloe, Mr. Atlas."

Atlas extended his arm to shield me, holding me close to him with a firm grip.

I could feel our car accelerating again. The roads were still crowded, despite it being late at night.

The pursuing cars were relentless, and they weren't alone.

Dylan was alert, and asked for backup as he drove.

I felt nervous, wondering who would dare to do this.

Although Celine was the obvious suspect, it seemed too blatant for her to attack us openly, especially after Grandpa had taken me away.

I didn't think Celine would be that foolish.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang, and our car shook violently. Atlas's grip tightened, pressing me against him.

I instinctively protected my belly.

"Idiots." Atlas spat out. He instructed Dylan, "Shake them off."

"Okay," Dylan replied, stepping harder on the gas. He had probably been cautious earlier because of my condition, but now, he accelerated without reservation.

Atlas lifted me onto his lap, one arm securely around me, the other bracing in front to keep me firmly against his chest.

The cars pursued us relentlessly. Despite Dylan's skill in maneuvering through the traffic, he couldn't shake off our pursuers.

The two cars would swerve into us whenever there was enough space, trying to ram into our vehicle. Our car shook violently, and I kept adjusting my position to minimize the impact.

I had to protect our children.

Atlas seemed even more tense than me, his grip tightening as if he wanted to merge me into his body.

I would never forget Atlas's excitement when he found out I was pregnant with twins.

He wanted these children so much, and I knew it. I couldn't let him down. I had to protect our children.

Atlas's expression was grave. He was more worried about my condition than his own, constantly reassuring me, "Don't be afraid. I won't let anything happen to you. Don't panic."

Dylan focused intently on driving and speeding ahead. I felt the car swaying.

I took deep breaths, trying to relax and protect my belly.

Another heavy impact jolted the car from behind, tossing me in Atlas's arms. He tried to lift me with his strong arms, preventing me from hitting anything too hard.

I couldn't help but feel nervous in this situation. My belly tightened noticeably, and I instinctively pressed my hand against it.

I heard Dylan speaking rapidly into his Bluetooth earpiece, but he was talking too fast for me to catch anything. However, I understood he had requested backup and informed them of our location.

Atlas's earpiece was also on, and he continued to give orders, specifying our location.

Just then, I saw an intersection ahead. We were getting closer.

"Protect Mrs. Chloe, Mr. Atlas!"

Dylan obviously intended to use this intersection to shake off our pursuers.

"Brace yourselves!" Dylan shouted. He suddenly slammed on the gas. I watched as the traffic signal in front turned from yellow to red while the left side turned green.

In that split second, our car surged forward like a runaway horse, swiftly bypassing the cars beside us, darting out just as the two cars closed in from both sides.

I couldn't help but close my eyes and scream.