

Divorce 1511

Chapter 1511 The Important Date

Mia looked disdainful and scoffed, "Hmph. There was a life-and-death situation between the two of you, wasn't there? Yet you're pretending like nothing happened?"

Both Lauren and I were left speechless. These two were a team now, going against all of us. But everyone seemed happy about the outcome. "You know about that?" Ivanna asked in surprise. "She apologized to me yesterday."

That smug expression of hers was asking for trouble.

Sure enough, Trinity looked at Ivanna with a cold glare. "Do you have any class left or what? Do you want me to make a formal statement in the media? Would that balance things out for you?"

"No need for that. Your apology yesterday was enough." Ivanna puffed out her chest proudly.

Mia couldn't help but laugh. "You're really something. It's the first time I've heard of Trinity apologizing to anyone"

"I did apologize. She's right." Trinity immediately confirmed, "I'm absolutely sincere about my apology, both of them can testify."

She pointed toward me and Lauren.

Mia looked slightly surprised as she glanced at Trinity and asked, "What's the reason?"

Ivanna immediately turned to Mia. "What kind of question is that? You've said it yourself—it was a life-and-death situation!"

Mia looked at Ivanna with a skeptical gaze. "Is Trinity ever wrong?"

Ivanna stiffened slightly, staring at Mia. Lauren and I couldn't help but feel she was leaning toward Trinity.

After a pause, Ivanna spoke up. "You're right, Mia. You know everything."

"She's right even when she's wrong, like a true queen." Ivanna sarcastically remarked, and that was something only she could say.

Mia immediately laughed, but Ivanna said, "Trinity, do you see how everyone perceives you now?"

She turned back to Mia. "But let me correct you today, Mia. Trinity was absolutely right to apologize to me. It shows that she's on the path of repentance."

Trinity raised her eyebrows and looked at Ivanna. "You're getting carried away, aren't you?"

Ivanna immediately pretended to be

surprised and looked in Ross's

direction. "Oh, you're so fierce. Does

your boyfriend know about this?

Should I show him the real

you?"

Everyone burst into laughter, including us, which drew the attention of the men over there.

Ivanna grinned as she leaned back on the sofa.

Trinity's face turned red as she said to Ivanna, "You're just relying on the fact that you're pregnant now. When you give birth, then we'll talk about it." Mia looked at Trinity. "Just admit it. You're a bit feisty now."

Lauren looked at me and gestured at me. We stepped back and she whispered, "I heard some news today."

"What is it?" I scrutinized Lauren. If she said something like that, it must be valuable information.

"Mia secretly met with Noah," Lauren whispered in my ear.

I looked at Mia, who was smiling and talking to Trinity. My brows furrowed slightly, but I remained silent.

Something didn't feel right to me.

Seeing that I didn't speak, Lauren continued in a low voice, "I've been feeling like there's something secretive about Mia this time."

"Maybe it's related to the Tomlinson family. She visited the Bourdamun site a few days ago," I whispered back.

"Don't you think she seems very interested in Bourdamun?"

I turned around, facing away from

them, and continued to speak to Lauren. "But with her status, it's not unusual for her to interact with Noah. After all, Noah is Arthur's subordinate. Noah is currently on a roll because of Bourdamun Phere's nothing wrong with him having a chat with his boss's daughter."

"But why do always feel like there's something strange about Mia?"

Lauren whispered to me, "She

doesn't seem to have any business meddling in Bourdamun's projects."

Chapter 1512 Sudden Phone Call

Lauren's words stirred a sense of unease within me. Could Mia also have an interest in the old Bourdamun?

As this thought emerged, I swiftly turned back and glanced at Mia. I couldn't help but wonder if her potential interest in the old Bourdamun could pose a problem for me.

After all, I had meticulously planned out the entire project for the old Bourdamun, and construction for the two cities adjacent to it was about to commence. If Mia harbored any intentions regarding the old Bourdamun, it could jeopardize my entire plan.

On top of that, the concept for the new resort, which had been my labor of love for months, would go down the drain.

With Ernest's status in mind, I couldn't shake off a sense of pressure.

"Lauren, could you try to find out the purpose behind their meeting?" I looked at Lauren, my tone tinged with anxiety.

"Do you also sense that something's off?" Lauren shot me a glance, questioning, "There are factors here that are hard to gauge. Mia possesses advantages that others don't."

Her meaningful look only added to my worries.

Shaking my head slightly, I said to her, "As you know, I have plans for the old Bourdamun, and I've already discussed my ideas with Noah. I'm afraid of any potential setbacks."

"That's precisely why I'm concerned," Lauren concurred.

She was well aware of my plans for the old Bourdamun, as it was her words that had initially inspired my concept for the plan.

"We'll need to come up with a plan. Or should we subtly probe her? The challenge lies in Mia meeting Noah alone. It won't be easy to ascertain her intentions," Lauren suggested.

Taking a moment to consider, I responded, "I'll devise a plan."

Just then, Ivanna approached us. "What are you two scheming over here by yourselves?"

Glancing at Ivanna, I couldn't help but curse inwardly. This girl had truly lost her mind due to pregnancy.

Without missing a beat, Lauren said to her, "Let me get you some juice, just to ensure we're giving you enough attention."

With that, she headed to the beverage area, returning with two glasses of juice that she handed to us.

My gaze drifted back to Mia and

Trinity, engrossed in conversation. It was evident that Trinity was highly interested in Mia. Otherwise, she wouldn't have taken the initiative to invite Mia.

Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Atticus.

I smiled and promptly answered, "Hey, Atticus. Are you still on Celestis Island?"

"No, I'm back in Foswood. Where are you?" His tone was serious, devoid of any pleasantries.

Taking a moment to think, I provided my location truthfully, "I'm at Atlas's old place."

"Is it convenient for you to meet up now?" Atticus's request sounded urgent.

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Realizing that he must have urgent matters to discuss, I quickly considered the surroundings. The place was spacious, and there weren't any idle bystanders around. Lowering my voice, I whispered, "Do you know this place?"

"Yeah," he said.

"Then come over. I'll be waiting for you in the main building. I'll arrange for someone to pick you up," I then inquired, "How long do you need to arrive here?"

"Half an hour. I'll see you then."

We ended the call, and Ivanna asked, "Was that Atticus?"

"Shh." I gestured to her, and she nodded.

While nonchalantly sipping my juice, my mind was preoccupied with thoughts of why Atticus wanted to see me in a hurry.

Chapter 1513 Sense of Crisis Strikes

I checked the time before heading over to Atlas. He quickly caught on to my intention and pulled me closer, allowing me to whisper a few words to him. Nodding in understanding, he agreed.

I stepped out and instructed Tristan to wait for Atticus at the entrance. With a brief explanation about having some urgent matters to attend to, I left the villa.

Inside the main building, a spread of food and drinks awaited us. Taking a seat on the sofa, I awaited Atticus's arrival. Soon enough, Tristan hurried in with Atticus.

As Atticus approached, I noticed he seemed troubled.

"Chloe." He appeared somewhat weary as he sat down in front of me. It was the first time he addressed me by name, rather than as "Mrs. Chloe."

"When did you return?" I asked him, pouring a cup of tea and pushing it toward him.

Without hesitation, he took a sip of tea and leaned back on the sofa. "I just landed."

I couldn't help but wonder about the urgency of his visit.

"Chloe, I've come to ask for your help with something," Atticus said earnestly, sitting up straight.

"Go ahead," I responded, noting his serious demeanor.

He paused for a moment, seemingly contemplating his words, before speaking with determination. "Take over Echelon Group."

"What?" I was momentarily stunned, doubting if I heard him correctly.

"I mean, I want you to take over my company, Echelon Group. You're the only one capable of doing it now," Atticus said seriously. "What do you mean?" I asked, feeling unsettled.

"Someone intends to target Echelon Group, and I can't guarantee its survival. The best plan is for you to take over, and the sooner you do, the better. It can't fall into anyone else's hands, and it's also beneficial for you," Atticus explained.

He then reached for the teapot, refilling his cup and drinking it all in one go. I looked at him, realizing he wasn't joking about the matter.

"You can consider my offer, but time is running out," Atticus said decisively.

"What exactly is going on? Who wants to target Echelon Group?" I pressed for more details.

"The Sunny family is making a move, but I'm sure there are others with them, although I can't identify them. The situation is dire," Atticus said bluntly. Seeing his expression, a chill ran down my spine. The Sunny family?

Lance had only recently reappeared in Foswood with the Tomlinson family. Could it be them? What was their motive for targeting Echelon Group? "Are you sure it's the Sunny family?" I asked Atticus. "Did you meet Melvern?"

"No, it's Lance this time, not Melvern. But clearly, they're aiming for Echelon Group."

"Do you know Leonard?" I suddenly asked Atticus.

Atticus nodded. "I don't know him personally, but I've met him before."

"How did you meet him?" I asked eagerly. After all, he didn't attend Mia's engagement, so how did he meet Leonard?

"At the ribbon-cutting ceremony for the abandoned building on Celestis Island," Atticus said. "He was with Lance."

"Leonard is Mia's future father-in-law," I said seriously.

Atticus kept his gaze fixed on my face. After a moment, he murmured, "It seems more serious than I thought."

"Do you know about this? Leonard must have some secrets."

"Leonard's not the problem here. It seems..." Atticus leaned back on the sofa, lost in thoughts.

I also quickly went through the thoughts in my mind. Since Lance was making a move on Echelon Group, what was his true motive?

"Can I meet Atlas?" Atticus asked me suddenly.

After some thought, I responded,

"It's not convenient right now because Mia and Leonard's son,

Ernest, are here. Originally, it was a small gathering for a few of us."

Atticus looked disappointed, but after a moment of consideration, he said to me, "Then, could you arrange for me to meet Atlas? Let him know that I'll be waiting for him today, and I can wait until late if necessary."

"Alright. You should eat something first."

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"I don't have time. I still have matters to attend to. Atticus got up, picked up his bag from the table, then stopped and looked at me. "Chloe, I can only trust you and your

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husband. Take over Echelon Group for my sake!"

His words made me feel an inexplicable sense of crisis weighing down on me.

Chapter 1514 A Muddy Pond

"I'll discuss it with him," I said reluctantly, aware that taking over Echelon Group was no small task.

"Chloe, if anything happens to me, it must be the work of the Sunny family. Remember, you must take over Echelon Group. Please do that for me." Atticus's eyes held a hint of despair as he looked at me.

I have to admit, I felt a bit panicked. I had never seen Atticus look like this before. He was always such a confident and resolute man. "Atticus, you..." I was at a loss for words, unsure how to comfort him. "Please don't say that. And thank you for trusting me."

"I have to go now. Please arrange a meeting with Atlas for me," Atticus said before giving me one last glance and leaving. Even after Atticus disappeared down the corridor, I remained rooted to the spot, unable to shake off his words.

His words echoed in my ears. What on earth was going on? What had Atticus encountered? Who stirred up this mess?

After calming myself down, I finally stood up and made my way outside.

Back at the villa where our gathering was taking place, I maintained my composure, though my thoughts were still in disarray.

I spotted Atlas drinking alone with Ernest by the liquor cab.

Mia approached me as I returned, casually offering me a glass of juice and asking, "Where did you go?"

"There were some company matters I needed to attend to," I replied casually, pulling her to sit by the window. "Have you chosen the project?"

Mia had made it clear from the start that they were back in Foswood to establish their foundation in the business world.

Mia leaned in with a smile. "Not so fast, as investments require caution."

I smiled back, thinking that Mia wasn't planning to be entirely honest.

"Take it slow. Since you want to return to Foswood for good, there's no need to rush. There are still opportunities for projects, and that requires patience." Content belongs

"What about you? Any new ideas lately? You've got Atlas wrapped around your finger now. Are there any joint ventures?"

I felt like Mia had been waiting for me to ask that question so that she could pounce on it.

"With the construction of the new Bourdamun completed, we can't just sit back. I'm thinking of revitalizing old Bourdamun." I boldly threw out the bait.

Sure enough, Mia's face showed a subtle change. It was fleeting but did not escape my notice.

"So you do have ideas. You're getting more savvy, but with your condition, does Atlas approve of you working so hard?"

"It's just a pregnancy. I don't need to do any physical labor anyway since I'm using my brain. And with the foundation of the new Bourdamun, it's easy to work on the old Bourdamun."

Mia nodded, her smile seeming a bit peculiar, but I pretended not to notice.

Just then, the waiter brought us dinner, and Atlas invited everyone to the dining room.

At the dining table, Ross sat beside me. Actually, I had noticed from the moment we entered the villa that Ross's gaze often lingered on me, just as mine did on him.

Now that he was sitting next to me, this must have been arranged by Trinity.

After exchanging greetings with him enthusiastically before taking our seats, he said something completely shocking to me.

Chapter 1515 Late-Night Request for a Meeting

"Hey, cousin. Finally, I get to see you."

His words left me stunned. Cousin?

Seeing my expression freeze, he gently added, "Let's talk alone after dinner."

I quickly glanced at Ernest sitting opposite me and regained my composure.

His eager invitation left me feeling disoriented throughout the entire meal.

After finishing our meal, I pulled Atlas aside and told him about Atticus's situation, mentioning that Atticus was eager to see him while everyone was engrossed in conversation.

After pondering for a moment, he said to me, "I'll find an excuse to leave in a while. You can inform him to come to Pleca Park, and I'll have Jim pick him up."

"Pleca Park?" I was surprised.

"Yes, I can leave through the secret passage and return to Pleca Park. It's the most convenient way. Don't worry, I'll be back soon."

"Okay, I'll inform Atticus," I said. I took out my phone to call Atticus, but I found that his phone was switched off.

I shrugged at Atlas, feeling a bit helpless. "His phone is off. Maybe it's out of battery. He just returned to Foswood today."

Atlas's eyes darkened. He was lost in thought, pacing back and forth.

After a moment, he looked at me. "Atticus is in trouble."

I was stunned and waited for an explanation. "Why do you say that? It's impossible. He just left here. What could possibly happen to him?" Atlas didn't answer me, but took out his phone and made a call. "Cane, find out Atticus's whereabouts after leaving this place."

My hands grew cold from nervousness. "He told me before he left that if anything happened to him, it would be the Sunny family's doing. It can't be happening so soon, right?"

Atlas faced me. "Don't worry. Wait for Cane's message. For now, go downstairs and handle the guests. I've already arranged several villas for them. You can have the staff escort them to rest. I need to make a call to someone in Solaris."

I nodded and quickly went downstairs. Ivanna was leaning against Jared, chatting with Trinity and Ross.

Mia, Lauren, and Oliver were also talking about something, but Ernest was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Ernest?" I asked.

Mia smiled and gestured toward the bathroom.

Sure enough, not long after, Ernest walked out of the bathroom and calmly walked to Mia's side.

Everyone chatted until late at night and didn't stay over here. They all said their goodbyes and left one after another.

Atlas and I watched them leave before returning indoors. I nervously asked Atlas, "Any news from Cane?"

"Yes. On the way to Vanderberg Palace, Atticus was kidnapped by some unknown people. He called Bella when he was on his way," Atlas said.

"I should have kept him here." I regretfully slapped my forehead. "It must be the Sunny family."

I was just about to say something, but Atlas immediately stopped me, saying, "Let's go back to Pleca Park."

With that, he grabbed my hand and led me out. Tristan was already waiting at the door.

"Get in the car," Atlas instructed me, quickly settling me into the car.

He got into the car from the other side and then instructed Tristan, "Take the secret passage back to Pleca Park."

Tristan hesitated for a moment, then quickly changed direction and

headed toward another road nee

hadn't been here before, so I didn't

know what else was here.

This road continued inward, with a huge artificial lake ahead.

Behind it was a semi-hillside where there were several villas, even more magnificent than the ones in front.

The car arrived at an underground

garage next to the villa cluster. This

was the entrance to the secret passage, and it was even more

concealed than the one in Pleca

Park.

I understood that this place had never been open to the public, largely due to the secret underground passage here.

After the car entered the passage, it

sped up significantly. In just five

minutes, we returned to the

underground garage of Pleca Park. We went back to our room upstairs quickly.

Atlas said to me, "Chlo, you rest first. I need to go out for a while. Don't wait for me, and just go to sleep."

"Okay." I nodded. He must be going to search for Atticus.

Without delaying, Atlas turned to leave, but I stopped him with a pull. "Honey...."

Chapter 1516 Clear Purpose

I felt worried when I saw him about to leave in a hurry. I grabbed him, wanting to remind him once more to find Atticus as soon as possible, or else he would be in danger.

"Hmm? What's up?" He paused, looking at me with concern.

"Don't let anything happen to Atticus." I looked at him, feeling a bit choked up. Atticus hadn't done anything excessive to us as far as we were concerned.

"I know." Atlas patted my back. "This is serious. I won't take it lightly."

"Please take care of yourself too."

He pulled me into an embrace and kissed my forehead. "Trust me, don't worry."

Then he quickly left the room.

I felt uneasy. Dylan was still in Nocturnia handling things, and only Cane and I were here. On top of that, we didn't know much about Atticus's situation.

When I saw Atticus, I had clearly sensed that he wanted to say something to me, but he hesitated. He had changed his mind after hearing me mention Leonard and wanted to see Atlas instead, which indicated that there was definitely more to the situation.

I regretted not keeping Atticus back.

This clearly indicated a problem: Atticus was targeted as soon as he got off the plane. Otherwise, how could he have been kidnapped? But why did Atticus say that the other party was targeting Echelon Group?

The more I thought about it, the less sense it made.

Just then, my phone suddenly rang, startling me. I picked up my phone from the bedside table and glanced at it to find that it was Trinity. I wondered why she was calling again after we had just parted ways.

I quickly answered. "Hello, Trinity."

"Are you still there?" Trinity asked.

My heart sank. She wouldn't ask that unless they were still nearby, so I had to tell her the truth. "I've returned to Pleca Park."

"You're back at Pleca Park?" There was some skepticism in her voice.

Then Trinity said without regard for the time, "We're coming over."

"Okay."

Although I was a bit surprised, I didn't refuse. I knew Ross had something to say to me because he had formally greeted me during dinner.

After hanging up the phone, I quickly went downstairs. Since it was late, my parents had returned to their rooms to rest.

Jim saw me coming down and immediately came over to ask if I needed anything. I asked him to tell the guard to let them in.

"Please wait a moment, Mrs. Chloe. I'll go bring the guests in," he said. He quickly welcomed Trinity and Ross into Pleca Park.

When I saw the two of them walking in side by side, I hurriedly approached them, my eyes fixed on Ross's face. "Mr. Ross, welcome."

Ross's bright eyes softened as he

looked at me. "We should get

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reacquainted, Chloe. I'm Ross, Aston's eldest son. I'm also Hana's brother. Lucille was my aunt and you're my only cousin."

His introduction left me feeling a mix of emotions, and for a moment, I didn't know how to accept this fact.

Trinity pulled me back to reality with a tug. "Don't just stand there, Chloe. He's definitely your cousin."

I regained my senses and stepped aside. "Please come in."

They followed me straight into the living room and sat on the sofa. I instructed Jim to serve us tea.

Ross got straight to the point. "The main reason I came to Foswood was to see you and Atlas. Of course, we have Trinity to thank for bridging the gap for us.

Hana has also thoroughly investigated you and conducted a DNA test, so I'm fully convinced that you are indeed my cousin."

"A DNA test?" I was skeptical.

"Yes. Please forgive me for that," Ross apologized sincerely. However, throughout our conversation, I could see joy and gentleness in his eyes.

I asked anxiously, "Did you arrange for Hana to be by my side because you knew that I was Lucille's daughter?"

"We weren't sure at the time." Ross nodded decisively. "We found you through Atlas's clue."

His words made me inexplicably reject the idea. They really had gone to great lengths to find me.

"Why did you come to me?" I asked directly.

"We're looking for something that

belonged to Aunt Lucille. This is

about the survival of the Avila family and are." Ross looked at me solemnly.

"Survival?" I repeated, then said straightforwardly, "Are you talking about my mother's lotus brooch?"

Ross's eyes suddenly lit up.

"Chloe, you know about that brooch?"

Chapter 1517 Cousin's Visit

I glanced at Trinity and said, "Trinity mentioned it to me, but I'm sorry, I've never seen it. It's not in my possession now, and I don't know where it is." My tone was somewhat cold, and I could see a hint of disappointment in Ross's gaze.

"I don't know why you're looking for that brooch, but I'm sorry, I can't help you." My words became even more abrupt.

Ross seemed to sense my cold attitude and looked at me apologetically. "I know it's a bit presumptuous of me to come to you like this, Chloe. Please..."

"Chloe." Trinity interrupted Ross's lowered tone.

I looked at Trinity coldly.

"I understand that you feel nothing for the Avila family. It's not your fault, but don't blame your cousin." Trinity spoke up.

Indeed, my indifferent attitude stemmed from the resentment I harbored toward the Avila family ever since I learned about my origins.

I realized Trinity was trying to defend Ross.

I couldn't help but feel a surge of anger from the bottom of my heart. "When the Avila family disapproved of my father, it caused my mother to leave Yare and the Avila family. Because of that, she died alone in a foreign land."

This time, my attitude was hostile.

"I can't imagine how helpless my mother must have felt then. When I returned to Nocturnia, David told me that at her most desperate moment, she turned to an elder from the Pierce family for help. If the Avila family had shown even a shred of compassion back then, perhaps my mother wouldn't have died."

I choked up momentarily, biting my lip to prevent myself from appearing weak.

"After that, the Avila family never helped me, even though I was her only child. They left a ten-year-old girl alone and destitute, chased and persecuted, wandering in misery..."

My voice was loud, revealing an undeniable truth.

"In the end, although I survived, I lost more than ten years of memory and barely clung to life. If Atlas hadn't persisted in looking for me, I would have probably died long ago."

My eyes were slightly moist at this point.

"Tell me, how do you expect me to face this situation? Whether or not I lost my memory, I never had any 'family' in my mind."

I asked Ross, Where was the Avila

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family when my mother was alone and helpless? Where were they when my mother died tragically and was hastily buried? Where were they when I was being chased, and my life was in danger?"

My words were sharp and hit the nail on the head. Ross's gaze deepened, and his expression revealed a profound sense of humility.

"For twenty years, did you all even remember that Lucille's daughter was still wandering outside and her fate was unknown?"

To be honest, I felt conflicted about my cousin's sudden appearance.

"Today, I've finally met a member of the Avila family. When Atlas asked me how I viewed the Avila family

once, I said that the Avila family's exis-

tence means nothing to me because they never treated

me

as

family. I don't need a family like this."

"Chloe...."

"I've never seen the brooch before. If I can find it return it to its rightful owner, since it was my mother's last wish. I hope the Avila family will just forget about her existence. I think that's what my mother would have wanted. "

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"Chlo."

"Chloe!"

Ross and Trinity called out to me simultaneously.

I glanced at them indifferently. "It's late, so I won't keep you at Pleca Park. Trinity knows that I need rest because of my pregnancy."

Trinity looked at my indifferent expression and hesitated, but Ross's outstretched hand stopped me.

"Trinity," Ross interrupted Trinity, who wanted to continue speaking.

Then, he said, "It's my fault, Chloe. The Avila family owes you too much. Your health is important, so we'll take our leave now."

I nodded lightly. "Okay. Jim, please see our guests out."

Chapter 1518 Crisis in the Avila family

Without giving Trinity a chance to argue further, I issued the order for them to leave.

Although Ross seemed reluctant, he stood up with Trinity. Trinity looked at me with some reluctance, her lips moving slightly. Ross glanced at her and shook his head. They left together.

I stood still, watching their departing figures.

To be honest, my feelings were complex. I should have been happy to finally meet relatives from my mother's side, but their visit seemed to come with ulterior motives, which left me feeling unsettled.

After Jim escorted Trinity out and returned to the living room, he respectfully said, "Mrs. Chloe, the guests have left. You should rest early."

I faintly nodded in response.

Back in my room, I quickly freshened up and lay down on the bed. I was tired after today's events.

Ross's face and words kept replaying in my mind. I regretted being too hasty and not asking him about the brooch. Why had the Avila family suddenly appeared after so many years of neglect?

But then again, it didn't matter. I didn't have the brooch, and I couldn't do anything about it.

Unexpectedly, I saw Hana in my office the next day. She seemed to have come to see me on purpose.

I looked at her calmly, gesturing for her to sit.

She sat in front of my desk with a bright smile. That radiant smile left me feeling a bit dazed. No wonder I had found Hana beautiful when I first saw her. Her smile seemed so familiar.

My sixth sense had been spot on. That intuitive feeling was always right.

"Chloe."

I smiled, scrutinizing her. I couldn't deny that we looked alike, especially when we smiled.

Hana continued to smile at me. "I'm sorry. I wasn't sure about it before, so I didn't dare claim we were related. But when I saw you for the first time, I knew you had to be my cousin."

"Hmm," I responded. "Tell me, why is that brooch so important?"

I cut to the chase, since everything else now held little interest for me. Regardless of the circumstances, the ultimate outcome remained unchanged- I was Lucille's daughter.

Hana probably hadn't expected me to be so direct.

She paused for a moment, seemingly unsure how to begin.

"Is it related to the life or death of the Avila family?" I prodded, my eyes fixed on hers.

"Yes." Hana nodded solemnly.

I had brought up the topic, so I expected her to spill the beans.

"That brooch is the emblem of the Avila family. The Avila family were the founding heroes of the country which is how they became the royal family of Yare. Since the time of our ancestors, the Avila family has held power in Yare."

Hana began to recount the history of the Avila family. I remained composed, but I was interested.

"However, Yare is not politically

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stable. The Avila family has a formidable rival who covets our power. Although they were suppressed by the Avila family they're like a lurking hyena, always

ready to strike.

"This generation is even worse. Since my brother took over, the opposing faction has become more brazen. They colluded with external forces and plotted a coup."

Hana observed me closely.

I was surprised. What did this have to do with the brooch?

Hana didn't notice what I was thinking and continued, "In recent years, they've been steadily expanding their economic strength, forming alliances with external forces to suppress the Avila family.

"Since my father took over, they've blatantly controlled many of his economic ministers, aiming to undermine the Avila family's finances. My father has been struggling to hold on.

"The Avila family has a secret

treasury very few people know about. It contains the accumulated wealth of generations of the Avila family and some treasures

contributed by foreign allies

years."

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Hana paused for a moment before continuing, "Some of those treasures are..."

Chapter 1519 True Meaning of the Brooch

Hana noticed my surprise, paused momentarily, then continued, "It wasn't until my grandfather's passing that he revealed this secret to my father and repeatedly urged him not to open the treasury unless it was absolutely necessary.

"He insisted that it belonged to Yare, and it was a national asset for times of crisis. Despite being the accumulation of generations of the Avila family's efforts, it was not to be misused or claimed as our own. It was meant to be passed down through the generations as a national reserve.

"But our adversaries, in collusion with foreign powers, targeted this secret treasury. Their financial backing is escalating, and they're actively planning to overthrow the Avila family."

Though I maintained a calm exterior, I grew increasingly uneasy internally.

"Ross has earned the trust of his officials and has the support of the people. However, the other party is using the treasury as leverage to accuse the Avila family of corruption. With the public unaware of the truth, their support is dwindling due to the other party's relentless propaganda.

"In the event of a coup, Yare would face a major crisis. The opponent's allies are dangerous individuals and will cause global instability. Losing power would spell disaster for the Avila family. That's secondary, but the people of Yare would suffer catastrophic consequences."

As Hana spoke, her smile vanished, replaced by a worried expression.

After pausing briefly, she continued, "Before my grandfather's passing, he entrusted three brooches to his three children. Each brooch was indispensable for accessing the treasury. So...

"This is a crisis. Opening the treasury is crucial to safeguard the Avila family's economic standing, stabilize the situation, suppress the coup, and ensure the people's welfare."

Hana looked at me. "Actually, the Avila family didn't intend to neglect you back then..."

I raised my hand to stop her. I didn't want to hear any excuses, and whatever the reason, it was nothing to me.

"Sorry. I don't want to know any of that. Besides, I don't have the brooch." I coldly interrupted Hana.

"I probably saw it only once when I was young. I was only ten years old when my mother passed away, and the situation developed too suddenly.

"I didn't realize I needed to protect her jewelry. My life was in jeopardy, so how would that have been useful for a child like me?"

My words sounded pessimistic, but I was also pondering the question.

Where could it be?

"I was sent away once she died. I barely had time to save my own life, let alone know where anything was." I recounted the situation at the time. "Before my mother's death, she was alone, helpless and couldn't trust anyone. No one showed her any pity after her death. It's a pity. Back then, she was still a princess of Yare."

My voice was dry, tinged with sorrow.

Then I looked at Hana. "You may

have heard that I lost all memories before the age of thirteen. When I returned to Nocturnia a few days

ago, everything there was able set

slate to me. All my memories are just made up of stories Atlas told me. That's why I only vaguely understand what happened back then."

"And your dad's return..."

"I asked my father about it too, but he only saw the brooch once and didn't know what it was for or where it is. So, it's not that I don't want to help Ross. I'm just powerless." I shrugged.

Hana looked at me. She was silent for a long time, then whispered, "I'm sorry, Chloe."

Her words left me feeling perplexed. I looked at her and asked, "What do you mean?"

"I'm sorry about everything," she replied bluntly.

I stared at the girl in front of me, feeling speechless.

Before she left, she looked at me again. Finally she said what she wanted to say. "Chloe, if you can, please help Yare and Ross. He

would be an outstanding lead

After all, you're a member of the Avila family, and you have a responsibility to do this."

After speaking, she turned and left. I remained still, watching her figure disappear from my sight.

I leaned back in my chair, feeling a mix of emotions.

Where could the brooch and the map be?

I never imagined that the brooch held such a significant secret. My mother must have known its importance, so she had never casually revealed it.

Now, it seemed her discretion stemmed from this vital mission.

While I was lost in those complex thoughts, my phone suddenly rang. I snapped out of my reverie, reached for the phone, and glanced at the screen.

It was a call from an unfamiliar number.

I answered without hesitation, and the person on the other end immediately said, "Chloe, something's happened!"

Chapter 1520 Big Trouble Arises

I was taken aback. My heart felt like it was being squeezed tightly as the thing I feared would happen seemed to have unfolded.

"Take your time, Arton," I reassured the anxious voice on the phone.

"Something big has happened, Mrs. Chloe. I'm sorry... there's been an explosion at the construction site."

"An explosion?" I echoed, trying to process the sudden news.

My head spun. An explosion? A knot formed in my stomach as I abruptly stood up from my chair.

"Yes, one of our high-rise buildings that was under construction exploded." Arton's voice trembled with urgency. "It just happened. Johnson and I are on our way to the scene. We don't have all the details yet, and the explosion is still ongoing."

The phone crackled with intense explosion sounds, echoing loudly.

"I'll report back to you soon. I have to go to the scene now..." Arton's voice trailed off as the call ended.

"Stay safe!" I shouted, then quickly headed outside.

"Carol!" I called urgently, my voice betraying my unease. Carol immediately ran over to me, asking, "Chloe, what's wrong?"

"Tell Tristan to get ready. I'm heading to Bourdamun."

We walked briskly toward Ryan's office, where he was already stepping out.

I didn't need to say anything. I knew he was already aware of the news when I saw his expression.

Turning back to Carol, I instructed, "Tell Benny that he's in charge of the company."

"Don't worry." Benny's response came from afar.

We quickly descended the stairs. I entered the waiting car, and Carol entered the passenger seat.

Ryan headed toward his own car.

At that moment, Atlas called. "I got the news, Chlo. Don't worry, I've arranged for people to control the situation. I believe there won't be too much damage. Come to ATL Empire immediately."

"I'm going to Bourdamun!" I shouted into the phone, anticipating his objection.

"Come to me immediately! We'll take a helicopter. It'll be faster," he instructed.

"Tristan, head to ATL Empire," I said immediately, then turned to Carol. "Tell Ryan to go to ATL Empire."

Carol quickly notified Ryan, while I dialed Arton's number again.

"I'm still on the way to the building, Mrs. Chloe. I'll be there soon. I'll update you once I assess the situation," Arton said before hanging up.

Clutching the phone, I squeezed it tightly, my heart pounding with anxiety.

How could there have been an explosion? Were there casualties?

When we arrived at ATL Empire, I exited the car and hurried inside. Ryan rushed in, approaching me with concern. "Are you feeling alright?"

When I glanced at him, I saw the seriousness in his expression, but he didn't appear to be panicked.

"Can I say no right now?" I retorted with a hint of sarcasm in my voice.

We went straight to the private elevator and ascended to the top floor, where Atlas was already waiting for us. He was on a call.

He came over and took my hand

when he spotted me, leading me to the elevator firmly. Once we reached the rooftop, a strong gust of wind and loud noise made our progress difficult.

Atlas quickly ended the call,

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wrapping his arm around my waist protectively and shouting in my ear, "Don't worry, everything is under

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I nodded and boarded the helicopter under his protection.

Before Atlas got on, he gestured to Ryan, who promptly followed us onto the aircraft.

The helicopter lifted off the ground.

After twenty minutes, we hovered above the explosion site. Below us, chaos reigned, making it impossible to discern the actual situation.

When we found a suitable landing spot, we landed. A car was waiting for us there.

We got into the car, which sped off through the dusty roads toward the scene of the incident.