

Divorce 761

Chapter 761 Ignoring a Beauty

Ignoring a Beauty

Poppy withdrew her hand stiffly, her face turning slightly pale.

I offered an apologetic smile. "He's always been reserved. My apologies!"

Poppy regained her composure. "No problem."

Her smile was dazzling, but I sensed it was only surface-level.

Poppy was undeniably beautiful and flawless in every way. Her makeup was impeccable, fitting for a professional actress who effortlessly mastered the art.

Desperately maintaining her composed demeanor, she seemed to overlook the recent encounter.

'I've always wanted to visit your place, but I've been quite busy. You know how it is in our line of work. I have limited freedom, especially for me. It's quite inconvenient for me to step out with those crazy fans," she shared.

I chuckled. "I understand. Excessive adoration can be burdensome, even irrational."

As I spoke, my gaze remained fixed on her face.

With a subtle tone, she added, "I envy your life, having your own career, and getting to enjoy your freedom."

I laughed heartily. "Well, it's not as simple as it seems, Harassment and criticism come our way, too. You've seen it yourself. People are unpredictable.

*Indeed, Ms. Chloe, your life is quite legendary!" Her words didn't sound entirely complimentary. It was more like an observation.

Frankly, I found the compliment a bit off-putting. I picked up my coffee cup and took a sip, maintaining a playful smile. "Why do you say that?"

She reached for her cup, but her eyes subtly glanced toward the lounge door.

I inwardly scoffed. Indeed, her interest lay not in our conversation but in someone behind that lounge door.

"It's the life people are intrigued and envious about,' she casually responded, seemingly carefree.

I figured her heart wasn't fully engaged in our conversation, so I didn't continue. She, too, appeared to have nothing to say. Evidently, she was biding her time, waiting for someone to expose everything.

Just then, Carol knocked on the door and entered. 'Ms. Chloe, it's time for the meeting."

I responded with a simple 'Okay.'" Update first at [NôvelDráma. Org.](#)

Turning to Poppy, I apologized. "Sorry, my schedule is tight, and I can't keep you company any longer. Let's chat another day."

She stood up with a hint of disappointment. "No problem, another day, then. Invite Mr. Atlas to join us for dinner sometime."

She seemed to have grown more persistent after the little incident.

"He would pass. He's not fond of such socializing, and it might be awkward. We'll catch up some other time," I declined, leaving no room for negotiation.

*Ms. Chloe, you must be joking. We'll arrange another day then," she said sweetly, but her eyes still sought the lounge door. Unfortunately for her, it remained closed until she exited.

Yet, when I returned to my office, those inside eagerly approached me while smirking.

Teasingly, I commented, "A beauty was waiting for you, yet you hid in here. Isn't that a little impolite? She's beautiful, and you didn't even shake her hand. Rude much?"

He leaned in, kissing my ear. "I'm not interested in those generic faces. I've never been into the mainstream. Why go for it when you can have someone with a unique beauty?"

"What interests you then? Ugly ducklings?" I retorted, playfully shoving him away.

He shamelessly whispered in my ear, "Are you ugly?"

"I never said that," I said with mock seriousness, rolling my eyes.

"I'm only interested in you," he declared boldly, chewing on my ears. "I tried out the bed. It's quite comfortable. Do you want to try it?"

I shoved him away, my face red. "What are you thinking about?! We're working!"

He grinned. "Why are you so worked up? I just wanted you to lie there for a while."

I rolled my eyes. How dare he throw the ball back at me?

"You! I will bite you if you say it again," I threatened him.

"Well, I'm very interested in you biting me. I find it quite fascinating," he confessed with a mischievous grin.

"Enough of your nonsense!" I huffed, pushing him away, unable to hide a smile.

Chapter 762 The First Hug

The First Hug

He saw me smiling, and his eyes sparkled with delight, becoming even more clingy.

I helplessly leaned into his embrace.

With a hint of jealousy, I said, "Look at that beauty just now. Her eyes were practically glued to you. Are you not the least bit tempted? Are you pretending to be indifferent in front of me?"

Poppy got on my nerves. She dared to flirt with my man right in front of me. Were women nowadays so audacious?

"I don't even look at them. They have the right to look, and I have the right to ignore them. My eyes only see one person. The one who has been with me under the same blanket since I was a child."

His words made me stare at him in disbelief. What on earth was he talking about? Under the same blanket since he was a child?

"Have I shared a blanket with you since we were kids?" I looked at him, incredulous.

"Of course, always. I've had the habit of sleeping with you since I was a child. I don't feel anything when I hug someone else."

"You hugged others?" I caught his loophole and decided to dig deeper.

"Have you ever given me a chance to hug someone else? You occupy my entire life and my thoughts. When you're not around, you even invade my dreams. Is there any space for anyone else?"

His tone was a bit sour, and when it came to the topic of losing me, he looked melancholic. "I've grown afraid of losing you."

He finished speaking and held me tighter as if afraid I would disappear if he let go.

Just then, Carol knocked on the door and walked in. Upon seeing us embrace, she quickly retreated and gently closed the door.

Blushing, I punched him, and he responded with a lingering smile.

He pulled me to sit on the sofa, arms wrapped around me.

"Why are you shy? We're married, remember? Do you recall the first time I found you? Do you remember how you hugged me?"

My mind searched through memories, recalling our first hug after we met.

I remembered. It was that night when we returned from the airport. The first night I discovered Matthew's affair, I ran to the riverside and threw myself into the water. He pulled me out of the river and stayed with me on the riverbank all night.

After coming ashore, I lay helplessly on the grass and cried for a long time. After the intense sobbing, he abruptly pulled me up. That was our first hug.

We were both soaking wet and disheveled. He looked indifferent at the time, even a bit cold as he stared at me.

Yet, when I threw myself into his arms, he still tightly embraced me, pulling me into his arms. For me, it was just a comforting hug. A hug I needed for support and for feeling safe.

I didn't know what it meant to him. Update first at [NôvelDrama. Org](#).

I softly said, "We first hugged by the riverside. After you saved me from the water, I jumped into your arms. That time, you were extremely cold toward me. I was scared, but I needed that warmth."

He looked deeply moved and kissed my forehead, sighing.

Then he cradled my face. "Because I was outraged then, angry that you could easily give up your own life."

"That time, I didn't even think about suicide. I still have Ava. I just had so much hate in my body that I wanted to cleanse myself from it and clear my mind."

"It was still dangerous. The current might have pulled you away if I hadn't found you. What then?"

As he spoke, he still seemed frightened, eyes full of resentment.

'I've searched for you for over ten years. What if you ended your life for someone else? Don't I have the right to be angry? I even wanted to scold you back then." He pinched my face forcefully.

Chapter 763 Alone

Alone

"I wanted to kill Matthew, then. Not only did he take away my true love, but he abandoned you in the end and even drove you to jump into the river."

The mention of this incident caused him to grit his teeth.

"I was angry at you and outraged at his heartlessness."

I leaned against his chest. "I'm sorry."

He embraced me, gently stroking my hair, and continued, 'But I also felt relieved. Because, from then on, I would never let go. Even if you didn't want to divorce him, I would disagree. I swore to help you leave him as soon as possible.'

An indescribable pain spread through my body. I knew how hard he had worked to find me. It took him 18 years. That was 18 sets of 365 days.

I hugged him, repeatedly saying, "I'm sorry. I won't leave you again!"

He buried his head in my arms, murmuring, "Do you know how terrifying it was without you? Do you know how I felt when you let go of my hand and flew out the car window?" Update first at [NôvelDráma.Org](#).

As he spoke, I could feel his body trembling slightly.

"I searched that place, but I found nothing. I couldn't accept it. In such dense woods, there couldn't be nothing. But you were nowhere to be found.

*Not only did I have to live without you, I didn't have closure. Since then, I only saw you in my dreams. It wasn't the same. I held you in my arms, only to wake up to emptiness."

His arms, unknowingly, exerted more pressure. It made it hard for me to breathe.

*Sometimes, I wonder if it's because I've spent too much time with you when we were little, so the heavens wanted to punish me by taking you away as long as we've spent together. So, I was confident that I'd find you ten years later.

"However, I still couldn't find you after ten years. I cursed the heavens. It was so unfair. How can they keep you for so long? Stella, I can't lose you again. I don't think I'll survive this time."

He cupped my face and kissed me.

My hands grabbed his suit's lapels. I felt the same way. I would never leave him again.

He spoke as if he were possessed, continuously pouring out his lifetime of confessions. Outside the office, the staff were buried in their work while we were inside, hugging and kissing.

*Remember the fake car accident when we had to be separated? Those days felt like years. Do you know how I spent my New Year's?" He looked at me seriously.

"Yeah. I've always wanted to know but forgot to ask. The timing was never right.

"Every day, I watched the surveillance in your villa. That was the only way to see and know what you were doing. I never want such days again." His voice was full of bitterness.

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Weren't you supposed to be in Nocturnia during the New Year? I didn't know you were in Foswood." My body stiffened, regretting that I never asked about his time during those days.

He said, "I was alone in my room, watching your family spending the New Year happily with a table full of delicacies."

As soon as he said that, I was in deep trouble. He spent the holiday alone, locked up in that castle, watching the

warmth of my family. It was the cruelest torture for him.

"All of you were having a great time, joking and laughing. I watched Ryan by your side, walking with you, carrying you. Do you know how terrible I felt at that time?" He seemed to be accusing me, and his tone was quite pitiful.

Chapter 764 Pain and Tribulations

Pain and Tribulations

His words brought back memories of the New Year. Little did I expect that he saw every moment. My heart ached beyond measure.

I held his head against my chest.

"Do you know I was also thinking of you then? Wondering where you were? What you were doing? Were you okay in Nocturnia? I don't know how your New Year is without your parents. What would it be like?" I spoke, choked with emotion, tears uncontrollably streaming down.

"I even thought how good it would be if you were here. I went for a walk with Ryan because I missed you so much. The more festive it gets, the more my heart inexplicably aches because I miss you so much!*

We passionately kissed. At that moment, even if the sky fell, we didn't want to be apart.

He tenderly lifted me and led me to the lounge. I didn't care where we were. I just wanted to be with him, to give him everything and feel each other's needs.

It wasn't until the sky was dark that we stopped. I was grateful that no one came in to disturb us.

When we got up, I still blushed. I couldn't look at him. I was too enthusiastic and didn't dare to recall it myself.

He bent down to look at my face. "What's wrong? Are you shy now? You weren't like this just now. I liked what I saw."

I playfully punched him and then rested my head on his chest.

He laughed, hugging me tighter, and mischievously said, "Do you want to stay here? Then let's continue!"

"Huh? Get off!" I quickly tried to push him away, but he held me even tighter.

"Why? As long as you want to, we can keep going!" He smiled with a seductive charm, his eyes full of indulgence.

"I'm starving! I have no strength left!" I weakly nestled in his arms.

He laughed even more triumphantly, looking insufferable.

As he was about to speak again, I covered his mouth with my hand. "Oh, don't say anything more. It's embarrassing."

I blushed and turned away, not daring to look at his alluring eyes. He moved my face back, looking into my eyes seriously.

'Chlo, we are husband and wife. Only this way can we be harmonious and happy. Shall we have another baby?'

"I... Now..." Update first at [NôvelDráma. Org](http://NôvelDráma.Org).

He suddenly understood what I would say next and said, "Let's get married!"

I was instantly stunned, looking at him stammering, "M-Married?"

Although I knew he had been looking for me for eighteen years, always believing I was still alive, I had never thought about marrying him.

He suddenly knelt, holding my face, saying solemnly, "Yes, let's get married. We'll be a real couple and never be separated."

I looked into his eyes, full of hope and nervousness.

This domineering man was now looking at me with eyes full of expectation and nervousness. Suddenly, I wondered if I deserved him.

He grasped my hands, his handsome face solemn. "This has always been my dream. I wanted to find you, get married, have children. I wanted to stop you from leaving and give you the best in the world."

I fully understood the yearning in this man's eyes for a home. From the age of ten, he lost both his parents, the aunt who cared for him, and his playmate. He had been searching for my whereabouts while escaping for his life. He had never enjoyed the warmth of a home.

My childhood and adolescence were blank, while his was filled with pain and tribulations.

Tears filled my eyes, and I couldn't control my emotions.

Suddenly, he became flustered. He held my face, kissing away the tears from my eyes, then looking at me in a panic. "Why are you crying? Don't you want this? Or do you not want to be with me? Chlo, don't cry. I can wait for you until you're ready."

His hands gently wiped away the tears rolling down, so careful, so confused.

I quickly choked back my sobs, grabbing his hand and looking at him.

Chapter 765 Have a Bunch of Kids

Have a Bunch of Kids

I still couldn't bring myself to speak. I didn't want to see him, the towering figure that attracted everyone's attention, be cautious around me.

I took a deep breath before nodding firmly. "Okay. Let's get married. Let's start a family and have a bunch of kids!"

He pulled me into a tight embrace. "Chlo, having you is what makes a home."

We both pledged never to be apart. As we left the office, I realized everyone else had already left for the day. Blushing, I smiled, and he laughed while holding me in his arms.

We planned to go home together, but my phone rang. It was Ivanna, who had been missing for days.

I hesitated for a moment before quickly answering.

"Where have you been?" I scolded.

"I've been holding the fort in Bourdamun for you," Ivanna said loudly. "But now I'm with Lauren. Why did you disappear after picking her up from the hospital?"

As Ivanna spoke, I felt a sense of panic. I had completely forgotten about the dinner plans with Lauren tonight.

I hurriedly said into the phone, 'I'll be there right away!' Update first at [NôvelDráma. Org.](#)

Then I hung up and looked at Atlas, who had been waiting in front of the car. "I completely forgot. Lauren is getting discharged today, and we had plans to have dinner together. But-

Atlas rubbed my head and chuckled. "Well, ask if they've already eaten. If not, invite them out, and we'll make other arrangements."

I quickly dialed back, and the response was that they were waiting for dinner.

I had to end the call and inform Atlas they were ready to eat.

With a smile, Atlas took my hand. "Let's go!"

I was a bit dumbfounded. Did he mean... he also wanted to go?

This left me somewhat speechless, but as if reading my mind, Atlas pulled me along. "Hurry up and get in the car. Jared is also there."

I couldn't believe my ears. "How do you know Jared is there?"

Atlas gave me a disdainful glance. "It seems you don't care about your friends. Your friends and Jared have been in Bourdamun."

I was instantly dumbfounded. I had no idea that Ivanna was with Jared.

I had been too busy lately and hadn't paid attention to these two. It seems like they had been in a cold war for a while.

With a head full of doubts, I returned to Amethyst Apartments. It had been a while since I was last here. When I knocked on Lauren's door, I saw Jared inside. Atlas and I exchanged glances and shared a smile. Lauren teased, "What's the matter? Why are you two so happy? You're exchanging glances like lovebirds." My smile deepened unintentionally, and I secretly gestured inside. Lauren smiled knowingly.

Ivanna called out, "Is it them? Let's eat! Jared, come and help me!"

Jared immediately got up and walked toward the kitchen, obediently following Ivanna's instructions. It seemed like he was very well-behaved and responsive.

I couldn't help but be surprised. Were these two already in sync?

Seeing my expression, Lauren smiled, saying, "They're super sweet."

Lauren ushered us in as we got into the living room. "Go wash your hands. We're about to have dinner."

Then, she went into the dining room to help set the table.

Atlas and I went to the bathroom to wash our hands. We saw Jared holding a large plate of crabs when we came out. Behind him was Ivanna, carrying a plate of various seafood.

They looked like a married couple.

A few dishes were on the table, including meat and vegetables. They looked pretty good.

As I wiped my hands, I walked to the dining table and asked, "Did Ivanna cook this? Not bad. It looks like you've been living the good life."

Ivanna blushed, glancing at Atlas.

"It's not like you two aren't together! I knew you've been together, so I didn't specifically remind Lauren to call Mr. Atlas."

"Mr. Atlas, Mr. Atlas. That name sounds so unfamiliar," I mocked.

Chapter 766 That's What Chloe Calls You

That's What Chloe Calls You

*Should I call you Bro, then? Gosh, that sounds so basic. What about just Atlas? That's what Chloe calls you. Come on, tell me what I should call you," Ivanna protested, pinching his hands.

Atlas smirked and said, "She doesn't call me Atlas. She calls me her husband."

Lauren and Ivanna erupted into cheers, behaving like excited children and creating a lively atmosphere. Meanwhile, Jared glanced at Atlas with his usual calm demeanor and asked, "Did you propose? Is it time to get registered?"

Atlas proudly declared, "Yeah, I proposed, and my sweetheart agreed. We'll get registered tomorrow."

"Wow! Really?" The other two exclaimed again. The noise felt overwhelming. If the house didn't have an upper floor, their excitement would've lifted the roof.

Ivanna quickly asked, "So, does that mean we'll have a grand feast tomorrow? A marriage registration is a big deal. We should celebrate with a feast, right?"

Atlas played along. "Sure thing! Let's all celebrate at Pleca Park tomorrow. Then, you can all just stay over."

"Wow, that's awesome!" Ivanna and Lauren high-fived, displaying childlike enthusiasm.

I didn't expect Atlas to announce our marriage so quickly. I thought it would be our secret. Honestly, I hadn't planned on revealing it to them so soon.

Ivanna sensed my thoughts, asking, "What's wrong? Why would you want to keep it a secret from us?"

Lauren looked at me, too. "Are we strangers to you? I haven't settled the score with you, and you're already making mistakes?"

I felt a little overwhelmed by their attacks. It wasn't that I wanted to keep it from them. I just had too much to handle and felt it wasn't the right time to celebrate. I quickly looked at Atlas and said, "Can we keep the celebration small? I don't want to make it public yet."

Ivanna immediately retorted, "Why? It's an important milestone in your life. Why not publicize it?"

There was a hitch in my heart. I wanted to welcome my father back and announce it publicly afterward. After all, my experiences had been extraordinary. I wanted my father to witness my moment of happiness. Besides, I thought keeping it low-key had its benefits.

Atlas smiled faintly. "Sure, let's keep it small. I'll organize a lovely wedding for you after everything has settled down."

I knew he understood my thoughts when he said that. Update first at [NôvelDráma. Org.](#)

"Um..." Ivanna looked at me enviously. "I need to catch up. You're already on your second wedding, while I've yet to find my first husband. At least I can be your bridesmaid again."

We all looked at Jared when Ivanna said that. He glanced at Ivanna, but Lauren intervened, "Enough talking. Let's get on with dinner. Take your seats, and we'll chat while eating."

Before Jared sat down, he unexpectedly extended his arm and solemnly told Ivanna, "You'll have one too. I'll give you a wedding of the century."

Ivanna now looked stunned and moved. Since Jared said such a thing, I figured he must've already planned something. He must really love Ivanna, or this usually private person would likely opt for a subtle wedding.

Additionally, if Jared could promise Ivanna a grand wedding with Trinity around, he must genuinely want to do it. Suddenly, I felt like I hadn't seen Trinity for a long time. I wondered what she had been busy with lately.

She seemed to have hit it off with Stella at the party last time. I didn't know anything about their current situation. If Jared and Ivanna had been in Bourdamun, it probably meant Trinity wasn't in Foswood. If so, where could she be?

Chapter 767

A Cruel Truth

Although I hoped Ivanna and Jared could find a resolution, thinking about Trinity made their marriage challenging. Perhaps that was why we chose to have dinner at home tonight.

Besides, I was not a friend to both Trinity and Ivanna. Since I was in the middle, I didn't know how to handle this relationship, especially since I sensed Trinity probably still loved Jared. I knew I needed to find an opportunity to talk to her about Jared.

Lauren got everyone to sit down while I regained my focus. Ivanna understood the situation and didn't continue the topic. It was evident her mood had improved after hearing Jared's words. Even her gaze toward him was affectionate.

I had to admit that women in love could be silly and charming. The three of us, excluding Lauren, were engrossed in our happiness. I noticed Atlas and Jared had much to discuss, too. Despite their contrasting personalities, they were extraordinary men.

No one would ever guess Jared's profession by looking at him. The two different men had a surprising understanding of each other that I found hard to comprehend.

As Atlas and I left Lauren's place, he held my hand and whispered, "Let's stay in Amethyst Apartments tonight. It's too late to return to Pleca Park. How about a little 'us' time?"

The idea suited me well. "Then let's walk off our food."

I created an opportunity for us to walk together, aiming to make up for what Atlas had witnessed during the New Year. He took my hand and kissed it, providing warmth. The stretch of road to the apartment was too short, so we arrived in just a few steps.

Once inside, I took a shower and decided to call Trinity. After all, we hadn't been in contact for a while. She answered almost immediately, but it seemed like others were around here. However, the background noise indicated it wasn't a good time.

"Speak!" She spat out a word, making me feel like it wasn't the best time for us to talk.

I softly said, "Let's talk when you're free. You can call me back."

As expected, she replied with a simple hum and hung up. I pondered over the call for a long time and wondered if

I should inform her about tomorrow's celebration at Pleca Park. I was in a dilemma.

When Atlas saw me lost in thought on the bed, he approached and took my phone, asking, "Who'd you call?"

I glanced at him, relaxed, and said, "I called Trinity, but it seems like it wasn't the best time."

"She's not in the country," Atlas informed me directly.

"She's not?" I was relieved to hear that.

"Yeah, people in her line of work often find themselves in situations beyond their control. Don't overthink it," he advised. Then, he placed my phone on the bedside table and lay beside me. Update first at [NôvelDráma. Org.](#)

I also lay down, feeling pretty sentimental. 'I've always been conflicted about Trinity. It feels like a problem whether she's near or far, especially when facing Ivanna and Jared. Their three-way relationship makes me feel torn.'

Atlas pulled me into his arms and said, "You don't need to struggle or blame yourself. The heart is complicated, and it's their issue, not yours."

*Trinity and I are sworn sisters now. Honestly, I hope Ivanna and Jared can find a resolution. Still, it's pretty unfair to Trinity," I confessed.

"People torment themselves unnecessarily." He kissed me gently. "It'll never be fair to Trinity because Jared loves Ivanna. However, Trinity has no right to control Jared's freedom. Ultimately, the heart has the power to decide."

"Isn't that too cruel?" I muttered.

Chapter 768

Both Sides Will Suffer

Atlas responded to my concerns nonchalantly. "We're all adults, and this is what we have to face in the real world. You've seen the current situation. The one who'll have to face it is Trinity. Losing isn't in her dictionary."

While I agreed with his theory, the circumstances varied. "That's what worries me most. Ivanna and Trinity are my friends, and I don't want them to get hurt or hurt each other. I'm worried both sides will suffer.

Atlas guided my thoughts, "Maybe you're overcomplicating things. Look at this from Trinity's perspective. Even if she gets hurt, look at the bright side."

"Mhm." I looked at him, waiting for him to continue.

There must be someone else in this world who loves Trinity more and suits her perfectly. If she can't let go of Jared, she'll never meet that person. Atlas's reasonings always displayed his strategic thinking.

I had to admit his logic was convincing.

Atlas continued with certainty, "Since that's the case, a relationship will eventually end, no matter how many people in the middle say they love you. It's just like you and Matthew. Only I am the right one for you."

I held my breath, feeling butterflies in my stomach. Atlas managed to bring the attention back to us. I smiled and leaned into his embrace, complaining. "This journey almost cost me my life. How could there be love if I had died? I wouldn't have met the one who loved me most."

Atlas hugged me tighter with a severe expression, "No, that didn't happen. God won't let it be that way. He led me to you. You were about to get a divorce when I found you." Update first at [NôvelDráma. Org.](#)

I laughed as I listened to him, thinking he had a point.

When I finally relaxed, Atlas pinched my nose. "Don't worry too much. Besides, everything happens as it should. I promise we'll have our wedding after finding your father."

*Once the groundbreaking ceremony in Bourdamon goes smoothly, we need a plan to find my father. I'll only feel at ease when we bring him back. He's my closest relative, after all."

"Wrong. You still have me, Ava, and your adopted parents. What about our future children? Everything will continue to grow. Trust me." Atlas hugged me. "As for Bourdamun, it's just the beginning. I believe your road ahead will be smoother."

"You mean our road," I corrected him.

"You're right, my darling. His tone was indulgent. "Are you tired?"

I looked at him in surprise. "Yes, I am! What do you want?"

Did he think I was invincible? Just then, the doorbell rang loudly. I was startled as I looked at Atlas.

"Who would be coming at this hour?"

Chapter 769 Alcohol is King

Atlas noticed my anxious demeanor and comforted me with a pat on the back. "You can sleep first. I'll see who it is."

He got up, put on his slippers, and approached the door. I couldn't help but wonder who could be visiting so late at night. After all, we hadn't lived here for quite some time. While contemplating, I got out of bed and straightened my sleepwear before leaving the bedroom.

When I reached the landing, I peeked downstairs and saw Atlas opening the door. A figure then entered with a bottle of alcohol. It was Oliver. His lean silhouette appeared even more frail in the dim light. He looked desolated.

Oliver forced a bitter smile when he saw Atlas, asking, "You're still awake?"

Atlas walked into the living room and said indifferently, "How can I sleep if you ring the bell like that? Why are you here?"

I felt a pang of pity for Oliver. The once prominent figure had fallen so far. His former grace and eloquence were non-existent. I suspected he had lost his nightly destination when the doctor discharged Lauren from the hospital.

Oliver seemed lost without her, resorting to alcohol to drown his sorrows. Perhaps he had followed us to Amethyst Apartments. Otherwise, he wouldn't have known we were here.

I helplessly shook my head when I noticed he was already half-drunk. Still, I decided not to go downstairs. As I was about to return to the room, I overheard Oliver mumbling, "What, did I disturb you? I came to drink with you. Is that okay?"

"At this hour?" Atlas sounded impatient.

"Don't you drink?" Oliver sounded somewhat disappointed.

"Why are you here? How did you know I'd be here?"

"I...followed you. I knew you were having dinner with Chloe." Oliver sounded gloomy.

I glanced downstairs and saw him holding the bottle and taking a sip.

"I thought it over...but strangely, no one wanted to drink with me. Some people...aren't suitable to drink with. You... You're my best match, Atlas." He looked at Atlas with tired eyes. "How about it? Keep me company... Have a drink."

Without saying much, Atlas went to the liquor cabinet, poured a glass and returned to the living room. When he sat across from Oliver on the sofa, he raised his glass. "Let's drink. What do you want to tell me?"

"All right!" Oliver compliantly took a sip. "Atlas, how can I make up for my mistakes and get her back?"

I saw Atlas looking at him. "That depends on your intentions. If it's not love, I suggest you let go."

Oliver fell silent, and I felt a sense of

displeasure. wondered why he

would want Lauren back if it weren't for love. As I turned to go back to sleep overheard Oliver again, I've always loved her but just didn't want to admit it.

"I didn't realize it could be so profound. I thought I only loved my wife and that Lauren was just a companion—"

Atlas interrupted, "I disagree. The only companionship I want is with the person I love the most."

"Yeah! So, she won't forgive me!" Oliver slumped into the sofa, looking forlorn. He took another sip and continued, "I thought I only loved the mother of my child. No matter what happened, I would still love her. "But when she was bedridden, I fell in love with Lauren. I won't deny being a heartless man. I don't want the woman who has been bedridden for me to suffer. Damn it..." Oliver let out a bitter laugh.

Atlas leaned into the sofa and sipped his drink. "In trying to find solace, you're hurting another woman you claim to love. Can't you see that? Lauren's alive and has sacrificed so much for you." "But she...won't forgive me..."

Chapter 770 A Horrifying Nightmare

Oliver's tone conveyed impatience. "I admit I was wrong, but Lauren won't give me a chance."

I took a step forward, eager to confront him about where he went wrong. However, I found myself frozen. I suddenly realized I had lost my composure. I had no right to say certain things, especially since Oliver came to talk to Atlas.

Atlas spoke tactfully, "I don't know how you hurt Lauren, but some words and actions are irreversible."

I had confided in Atlas about their issues before, and he understood the complexities between Oliver and Lauren. Irreversible was probably Atlas's advice to Oliver. I turned around to go back, realizing conversations between men might be more straightforward, and I couldn't interject.

Besides, I believed Atlas would handle the talk well.

I lay on the bed and pondered Lauren's grievances. I couldn't help but sigh and shake my head. I had to admire Oliver's deceased wife for being a formidable woman. She left a lasting impact, even in death. Perhaps Lauren was right. Such a relationship might not be worth holding onto. It was just as Atlas had told me about one's true love. Maybe Oliver wasn't the right person for Lauren. Therefore, separation was inevitable.

They could reunite in the future if Oliver were the right one. However, their wasted time was regrettable. Lauren wasn't getting any younger.

I gradually drifted into sleep as my mind wandered. Then, a nightmare jolted me awake, and I gasped for breath.

Atlas saw my terrified expression and comforted me. He pulled me in and said soothingly, "What's wrong? Did you have a nightmare? It's okay. I'm here."

"It was terrifying!" I swallowed dryly, burying my face in his chest. I still trembled from the aftermath of the dream.

He gently stroked my back. "What was it about?"

I closed my eyes and shook my head. After a while, I said, "I dreamed that someone sold me to a horrifying place. The smell of blood was potent, and the sounds of screaming echoed everywhere. Someone then pointed at me and said, 'She's next. Bring her over.'"

I dared not dwell on the details as my head ached. The feeling of surviving a disaster made me reluctant to close my eyes.

"Okay, let's not think about that. It was just a dream. Look, I'm here There's nothing to be afraid of. We won't face such situations again as long as I'm here. Trust me," Atlas whispered reassuringly.

I gradually calmed down.

The following day, Atlas cradled my face and gently kissed me, saying, "Wake up. We have important things to do today."

Suddenly, I remembered something. "What about Oliver?"

"He's asleep in the guest room. He's completely wasted," Atlas said, "He drank himself into a terrible state."

"With the way he drank, I'm not surprised," I commented as I got out of bed.

Once Atlas and I got dressed, the doorbell rang again. Atlas noticed the panic in my eyes and rubbed my head. "It's breakfast."

After saying that, he quickly went to the door.

When I walked downstairs, the horrible nightmare still lingered in my mind. The smell of blood was pungent, and the screams echoed. I instinctively rubbed my temples. en.swhovels.net

Downstairs, Atlas opened up our breakfast bag.