

Divorce 791

Chapter 791 On the Rooftop

I looked at her and asked, confirming, "You mean Arthur Morgan?"

She nodded politely. "Yes."

I glanced over at Atlas, who was engaged in conversation with Noah at the neighboring table, accompanied by an elderly man. I couldn't spot Arthur anywhere.

Afraid Arthur might have been waiting for a long time, I hesitated to interrupt Atlas. I told the receptionist, "You don't need to accompany me, I can go to the rooftop alone. When he finishes talking, just inform him about my whereabouts."

She nodded with a cheerful smile. "Sure. Don't worry. Once he's done, I'll let him know. Do you know the way? Are you sure you don't want me to guide you?"

I nodded confidently, "No problem, I can find my way."

I then stood up and headed toward the exit. I believed Arthur wanted to talk privately, considering the crowded environment in the restaurant. Hence, he asked me to meet him on the rooftop.

The rooftop of the Bourdamun Hotel was a specially constructed scenic platform. I talked with Noah on this platform the last time I was here.

This building was the tallest in Bourdamun, with 28 floors offering a panoramic view of the entire city.

As I swiftly walked out of the hall, I took another glance at the restaurant to ensure Arthur was indeed not inside. Without hesitation, I approached the elevator and ascended to the rooftop. I spotted a figure leaning against the railing, gazing over Bourdamun.

From behind, it looked like Arthur. I walked over and called out with a smile, "Arthur, are you looking for me?"

As I approached, expecting him to turn around, the next moment left me utterly astonished. When the man slowly turned his head, the face revealed to me left me dumbfounded.

The man who turned around was not Arthur but a completely unfamiliar face. However, everything about his hairstyle and body shape resembled Arthur's.

I took a step back in surprise, questioning, "Who are you? Why are you pretending to be Arthur?"

I immediately thought of the figure

in the elevator, but this person was shorter. Though I hadn't seen the face of the person in the elevator, was sure there was more than one person from their organization hiding here.

The organization from Jitador? Who sent them? Denton? Or someone else entirely?

Based on our understanding, this organization from Jitador is only related to Stella. Could it be that Stella colluded with Denton?

But I didn't have time to analyze where this person came from. I needed to know what he wanted.

"Speak up. Who are you?" I looked at him with feigned calmness.

He grinned and arrogantly said in a husky voice, "Ms. Chloe, hello. Even if I tell you who I am, you

able to change anything

is already set in stone."

My heart tightened, and I looked at him coldly, asking, "Who are you? What do you want with me?"

He tilted his head, unabashedly grinning. The smile was indescribably sinister, sending a chill down my spine. Instinctively, I took a step back.

I tried to compose myself, making myself appear calm. Atlas wouldn't let me out of his sight for too long, especially in this situation.

It seemed that the man sensed my

intention. He stepped closer and said, "Since you're here, let's be straightforward. If you want this groundbreaking ceremony to proceed smoothly, you must pay a price. Ms. Chloe, or should I call you

MPs. Chloe? How about we talk?"

I continued to retreat, and he laughed even more recklessly, "It's useless. Even if you run away, it doesn't mean this matter will end."

After saying this, he raised his hand, showing me something he held.

Chapter 792 Excessively Demanding

I saw a remote control that looked like a car key in his hand. I didn't know what it was, but judging from his expression, it was certainly not good.

A remote control? My eyes widened, and my heart raced. He must have seen the tension in my eyes.

Looking even more smug, he asked, "Do you know what this is?"

A second later, he said, "Boom."

I immediately felt my scalp tingling. I thought of everyone in the banquet hall at this moment.

"What do you want to discuss?" I steadied my emotions, staring at the man.

"Haha... you're quite bold. What to discuss? Money." He said brazenly, "Man dies for wealth, and birds die for food. Aren't you doing the project for the new city in Bourdamun for money? You're quite audacious, daring to take on this job and stirring things up. Let's spill some blood for it."

His words left me dizzy. He mentioned me stirring things up, which could only mean he was associated with Nelson. That couldn't exclude the possibility of Denton.

I discreetly stepped backward, but he remained still, watching me. It was as if he was observing a mouse in a cage, completely fearless.

"Are you scared? I can let you go, but as soon as you step away from that door, I'll make the restaurant on the second-floor turn into ashes. Young lady, what do you think that scene will be like?"

I stopped, looking at him angrily, "Since you want to talk about money, go ahead. What is your purpose?"

"Hahaha, I like how direct you are." The man laughed triumphantly, "It seems like you've found a big backer, and that's why you could speak that way."

"Cut the nonsense. State your price." I coldly looked at him and took a calm step forward. The situation was what it was. The more fearful I seemed, the more arrogant he became.

"Alright. To settle today's matter, cough up 600 million dollars...."

"What?" I disdainfully looked at him, "600 million? You must be out of your

Rend. If you want to extort

money, at least be reasonable. Tell w

who sent you?"

His words left me furious.

"Who sent me is not important. What's important is that you cough up 600 million and not a penny less. Otherwise, today, I'll turn this place into rubble."

The man became agitated when he

saw me refute him. "You're planning

to build a new city, right? Well, I'll help you dismantle this place. Consider it the first shot of your groundbreaking."

"I think you're insane. Are you crazy for money?"

"Yes, I am crazy," he declared. "It seems you don't understand the dire situation you're in. Let me show you the consequences of negotiating with me." With that, he suddenly reached into his pocket. There was a deafening explosion before I could react to what he was doing, and I felt the platform shaking.

Below, cries of shock filled the air. Soon, a cloud of smoke rose to the platform, carrying a burnt smell. Chaos erupted downstairs.

My heart jumped to my throat, and my legs trembled. I had no idea what had exploded, but important people and my loved ones were in the hall below. "That's what you get for negotiating with me." He laughed maniacally. "The next target is the building. How about it? Young lady, hm?"

Holding the remote control, he

advanced towards me step by step. Sinister gleams flickered in his eyes. I stepped back, and he warned me, "Don't move. If you take a step, you'll bear the consequences."

"Looks like you're courting death. If you want money, just come straight to me." Just then, a cold voice rang out behind me.

I knew who had come, but amid the relief, nervousness crept in. I turned around and shouted to Atlas, "Notify the people below to evacuate."

As I turned to run toward Atlas, the man moved faster, grabbing me and pulling me into his arms. He swiftly turned my arm and held it tightly.

Chapter 793 Going Down Together

The man controlled me with one hand while holding the remote control with the other.

Atlas approached with his entourage, all armed, forming a fan-shaped formation to surround us.

I struggled desperately to loosen the man's grip on my arm, my eyes fixed on Atlas.

The man stepped backward to the rooftop's edge, his excitement evident. "Ha... Atlas, perfect timing. Since you're willing to pay for her, that's good. Transfer the 600 million to the overseas account, and I'll release her immediately. Otherwise, you'll perish together."

Atlas stared at me, his entire body exuding an icy chill, like the sky before a storm. His eyes were full of ruthlessness.

He stepped closer to us, his gaze never leaving me, struggling under the man's control. I was being forced further away from him.

"Let her go. Otherwise, you won't get a dime." Atlas's eyes were like a hawk, fixed on the man. "If you release her, you can get the money, and I'll even let you leave safely!"

"Atlas, if you want her back, transfer the money quickly. Otherwise... I don't mind everyone staying here. The explosion just now was just a car. Next time, you'll witness an even more spectacular scene. What do you say? The entire second floor heard it. How about here?"

The man looked mad and sinister.

I was struggling to breathe under his grip. I tried to pry his hands away, and he winced in pain. He warned me, "Don't move, girl. I don't mind flying down from this building with you."

His words choked me further. I looked at Atlas with despair. I couldn't speak but desperately wanted him to save the people downstairs.

Atlas looked at me with pained eyes, his hand clenched into a fist at his side.

"Account number," Atlas said simply.

The man nodded toward a chair nearby, and Dylan found a card lying on the table near it.

"Dylan. Get the money ready." Atlas instructed Dylan. His eyes, however, remained fixed on me.

The man had leaned against the rooftop railing with no way to retreat, becoming even more reckless.

"Atlas, I knew you had money, and 600 million is like a drop in the ocean for you. This girl, isn't she the one you've been yearning for? That's why I brought her up here. Haha... 600 million to buy her? Girl, I hope you're worth it," the man taunted.

Atlas didn't glance at him and addressed me, "Chlo, don't be afraid. I'm here."

My eyes were fixed on him, a bit misty.

"Atlas, don't play tricks. I'm telling

you, if the money doesn't go into my bank account, I won't spare her." The man became agitated.

"Hurry up, I'll give you another 5 minutes. If the transfer isn't done, we'll all die together. No one will survive."

Dylan returned to Atlas's side. "Mr. Atlas, we're ready to proceed."

"Transfer it," Atlas declared without hesitation.

Dylan swiftly operated the computer. Instantly, he turned the screen toward the man, displaying a successful transfer interface.

The man became excited and suddenly asked, "Is it in?"

I sensed that he was using Bluetooth to stay connected with someone else. This question was directed to his hidden accomplice.

"Release her." Atlas moved forward again.

"Don't come over. Haha! Atlas, you're

really something. 600 million, and you didn't even blink, huh? But you must have some regrets in your life. Otherwise, how could you remember me? Haha... Since I'm here, I don't plan on leaving alive... "

Before he could finish his sentence, I suddenly heard a sharp sound near our ears. The man used the hand holding the remote to touch his ear, where the Bluetooth device was. Bang!

A gunshot rang out. The man abruptly swung his hand, and the remote flew out of his hand. Dylan swiftly ran over, leaping to catch the remote in mid-air.

Simultaneously, the man tightened his grip on me, causing me to lean backward.

Chapter 794 The Moment of Falling

The man's reaction was incredibly swift. Just as he threw the remote, he viciously tightened his grip around my neck, causing me to tilt backward.

Before I could comprehend what was happening, I was dragged over the platform's railing, plummeting downward.

I instinctively let out a scream. This feeling was terrifying, something I had experienced many times in my dreams.

The man's arm, tightly clung to my neck, refusing to let go.

Just as I realized I was falling, suspended mid-air, I felt my ankle suddenly being clamped. My body abruptly halted, but the grip around my neck intensified, making breathing difficult.

In the next moment, another gunshot echoed, and I heard a muffled sound as something pierced into the flesh. I felt my neck tighten even more, and my vision started to blur. However, fortunately, my neck suddenly felt relieved.

A rush of fresh air filled my lungs, and I instinctively covered my neck, gasping for breath.

In fear, I widened my eyes and looked up. I found myself hanging upside down on the edge of the building, and the man who had just been gripping my neck was rapidly descending. I screamed in terror. "Don't move, Chlo, don't move..."

At this moment, with my head hanging down, I gazed at Atlas. He, too, was hanging upside down, firmly holding my ankle with one hand and using the other to grip the edge of the building. His temples and neck veins protruded, and his face turned red.

I could feel the strong breeze against my face, and my hair hung toward the ground. Tears rolled down my face uncontrollably. I heard Atlas's anxious voice, "Don't move, Chlo."

At this moment, I was suspended in mid-air, my life hanging in the balance. The world seemed to have stopped, and all I could do was obey Atlas's words and pray for a miracle.

The survival instinct kept me frozen

in place. I feared that any movement might make Atlas lose his grip on my foot, and I dreaded the thought of increasing his burden, potentially leading us both to fall from the 28-storey height.

Simultaneously, a muffled sound echoed from below, indicating the man's impact on the ground. The terrifying noise sent shivers down my spine. It was a sound I was sure would haunt me for the rest of my life.

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At the same time, I felt the grip on my ankle gradually loosening. I understood that he was reaching his limit.

Just then, I noticed Dylan had grabbed Atlas's foot. In a swift motion, he released the hand supporting himself and clutched my ankle. It was like adding an extra layer of security.

At that moment, another agile companion, equipped with a rope, descended rapidly to my position. He reached out and caught me.

Terrified, I screamed and clung to the companion, closing my eyes and refusing to open them again. Suddenly, I felt the rope being pulled upward. I had no idea how I was being lifted. Meanwhile, Atlas had been pulled up by Dylan and others.

As I was pulled back to the

platform's edge, Atlas caught me in

his arms. Back in the familiar

embrace, I felt a sense of safety.

tightly hugged Atlas, crying

uncontrollably, my face buried in his

chest.

He held me close as if wanting to merge me into his being. He softly whispered, "Don't be afraid, Chlo. It's over now."

Chapter 795 A Narrow Escape

However, I distinctly heard his voice trembling. Even his arms around me were shaking.

I was completely limp in his arms, making me question the reality of everything before me. I could even feel my teeth incessantly chattering.

After a while, Atlas gently released me, scrutinizing my face and checking if I was injured. Then, he embraced me tightly again, as if afraid of losing me once more, and kissed my forehead passionately. Later, he bent down, lifting me in his arms. With the protection of the group, we left the rooftop and exited the Bourdamun Hotel.

Only at that moment did I realize that the people in the banquet hall on the second floor had already been urgently evacuated, and the entire building had been swiftly cleared out.

As we left the Bourdamun Hotel, I noticed a crowd of cops surrounding the area. A white sheet covered a figure on the ground, stained with vivid red blood.

The air was still filled with the scent of blood, and not far away, there was the explosion site from the man who detonated the car.

After Atlas carried me into the car, we left for the adjacent street, heading to the chain hotel where Ivanna was staying.

It turned out that this chain hotel had also been crowded with people.

Atlas carried me back to the room, placing me gently on the bed. He stared intensely at my face, kissed me passionately, and instinctively pulled me into his arms. This kiss was intense, greedy, and impassioned.

Then, his large hand gently stroked my face, and he softly said, "Don't be afraid. With me here, nothing will happen to you."

I buried myself in his embrace, still trembling, too scared to relive the scenes from just moments ago.

What would happen if Atlas hadn't

grabbed my ankle in time? Or if his foot hadn't accurately hooked onto the railing? What if the gunshot hadn't hit that man? What if his remote control hadn't slipped from his hand? Or if the second shot hadn't hit him, or if he hadn't

released his grip on me?

All of this, upon careful reflection, was genuinely terrifying. Not only would I have lost my life, but Atlas might have also plummeted with me, carrying the weight of both me and that man.

I clung tightly to Atlas, murmuring repeatedly, "Don't leave me, don't..."

He held me tighter, showering me with kisses, and softly reassured me, "Stop thinking about it. It's all over now. I won't let anything happen to you. I never will."

Hearing him say this, I pushed him away abruptly, staring at his face still etched with concern. "Atlas, promise me, you can't risk your life like that again. Do you understand? Even for me, don't jeopardize your own life. Do you understand?"

I gazed into his eyes, grabbing his upper arms with both hands. "You can't gamble with your life, okay?"

I shouted, then lunged back into his embrace, desperately pounding on him. "If we had been even a bit later today, we could have..."

I couldn't bring myself to say it, tightly holding onto him, crying loudly to release my fear. Honestly, I was genuinely scared.

"It won't happen. I won't let you fall. If you're gone, how can I go on living?" He saw me snuggling into his arms, gently caressing my head with his large hand.

I lifted my head abruptly, looking at him. "You jerk..."

"If you're gone, who will avenge our parents? Who will save Dad? Our business will fall into the hands of

the villains. By doing this, are you et

honoring your deceased parents? Only by staying alive, even if it's just one of us, can we breal the

culprits to justice. Even if +die, you must live well!"

I shouted at him.

He pulled me back into his embrace. "Our good days are just beginning. Your life is my life. Only together do we have a meaningful existence."

He insisted and then affectionately comforted me. "Alright, don't cry anymore."

Chapter 796 So Close to Death

I trembled, leaning weakly against his chest. At that moment, I felt an unprecedented sense of safety and happiness.

It was good to be alive.

He continued to comfort me, holding me close.

Gradually, I regained my composure.

"Are the people inside the building safe? You said they've been evacuated, right?" I asked urgently, sharing with Atlas what the man on the rooftop had told me and what I had thought.

Then I added, "We can't stay at the Bourdamun Hotel anymore. Someone's pulling the strings behind this, and when he controlled me, he was in constant communication with that person. The mastermind behind this has been monitoring the situation. He told me there's a bomb in the banquet hall."

I looked at him anxiously, afraid of missing any clues.

Atlas reassured me, "Don't worry. Right after we left, bomb disposal experts went in to check the building thoroughly. Everyone inside has already been evacuated."

"When did they evacuate?" I asked in disbelief.

"After you discovered the man with the tattoo in the elevator, I had Dylan start the investigation, focusing on checking every guest on the fifteenth floor. Then I reported to Noah, and we arranged for people to gradually evacuate the banquet hall.

"After the banquet began, people inside the building started leaving the hotel through the back door. That's why you didn't see Arthur in the lobby."

"Yes, I looked for Arthur when I left the banquet hall, but I was certain he wasn't in the hall. That's when I went to the roof," I nodded, speaking earnestly. Atlas looked at my serious face, hugged me tight, and kissed me, "That's because he had already been escorted away from the scene."

I looked at him in disbelief and asked, "Who told you to go to the roof? Was it a female receptionist?"

"That receptionist is one of them."

"What?" I was stunned.

"After you left, I thought you went to the bathroom. But when you didn't come back after five minutes, I figured you might have left the banquet hall."

I looked at him in surprise, filled with curiosity, and gripped his arm tightly. "And then?"

"Then I checked the surveillance and detained that receptionist. She confessed that you went to the roof." Atlas explained. "There were surveillance observation points on the scene at that time." With a lingering sense of fear, I asked, "Did that woman confess anything? Who are they exactly? Who sent them?"

"She was just bribed. She doesn't

know any specific details. Also, they transferred the money to her via

used the transactions were for the unregistered." Atlas explained in

mobile phone, and all the e

detail. "We can't trace them with so little information."

"So we can't find out who they're working for?" I murmured frustratedly.

Suddenly, I remembered something and quickly asked Atlas, "What about the money? Did you really transfer six hundred million to him?"

After hearing my urgent questions, Atlas, who had been wearing a serious expression, finally revealed a charming smile.

"You can rest assured, my little

money lover. How could I compromise with them and hand over the money so easily? My money's hard to get. If it were so easy everyone would come out of the woodwork to blackmail me," he said confidently, with the air of a strategist.

"But I..."

"You saw what happened when Dylan obtained that card, right? I instructed him to prepare the money. That was me notifying him to check that account. When he attempted to transfer the money, the account had already been

intercepted. It showed a successful transfer because we created false information after understanding the situation." Atlas explained the entire process to me.

"But when I heard him asking if the money had been wired, the person on the other end said yes." I had heard laughter on the other end of the phone.

Chapter 797 The Bombs Are Real

Atlas's enchanting smile could captivate anyone. He pinched my nose playfully and said, "Do you know why that guy's earpiece suddenly beeped in his ear?"

Of course I knew. Without that sound, he wouldn't have withdrawn his hand abruptly to touch his ear, and his wrist wouldn't have taken a bullet.

The situation demanded that we make him release the remote control. If he retained control, the consequences would be unimaginable.

"That was our professionals deliberately creating noise to divert his attention. Our sniper only hit his hand when he was distracted." Atlas's explanation didn't match my speculation.

"But we didn't expect him to take you down with him," he said, hastily holding me close. I knew how terrified he must have been.

"I didn't think he would make me fall with him. If that shot hadn't hit him, we would've..." I sighed and closed my eyes, refusing to dwell on it.

He looked at my face regretfully and said, "It's my fault for being careless. I didn't even notice you had left my side."

"It's not your fault, it's mine. I thought you were engrossed in what you were saying, so I didn't want to disturb you. I didn't sense any danger," I reassured him. "I'll try to be more alert."

I sighed and continued, "Even if you had noticed it earlier, it wouldn't have made a difference."

"After I got to the roof, he told me there was a bomb on the second floor. If I took a step, he would trigger the detonator. I couldn't risk endangering all the important people on the second floor, so I had to stay." The situation still sent shivers down my spine.

"I knew you would come looking for me when you found I was gone. Before I left, I specifically instructed the receptionist to tell you where I went. I didn't think she would have been bribed too."

As we spoke, a sudden, urgent knocking startled me. Atlas's face darkened, and he hurriedly went to open the door.

When the door opened, Arnold unexpectedly barged in, exclaiming, "Chlo...."

He rushed to my side, frantically checking me over and asking, "Chlo, are you hurt? Let me see, are you

injured? How could this to

you?"

Then he hugged me tightly, and I clung to him, saying, "I almost fell off the building. If it weren't for Atlas, I would have been done for."

Atlas stood by and just watched us. He didn't try to pull us apart or make things difficult for Arnold.

"This is outrageous. What are those

cops even doing? And who were those desperados who dared to attack you?" Arnold was infuriated. "Those cops are useless. They just stood by when you were in a dangerous situation."

Arnold released me, but he was still worried about my injuries. "Are you really okay?"

I was about to reply when Dylan knocked on the door and entered. "Mr. Atlas, the investigation is complete."

Atlas looked at him. "Well?"

"The banquet hall did have a timed

bomb. The bomb disposal experts have cleared it completely. The entire building is secure right now Noah has ordered increased security measures, and we've identified the individuals who were bribed four in total, including personnel from relevant departments. They're all in custody."

Dylan's report surprised me. The speed at which he had gathered all this information was impressive.

"That was quick!" I praised.

"Have they identified the deceased?" Atlas looked at Dylan and asked.

Chapter 798 Mysterious Identities

"It's still under investigation, but we found out that the intercepted IP address is from overseas," Dylan said helplessly.

"Overseas?"

I couldn't help but feel disheartened. I thought that those who were capable of committing such a terrible thing would likely be from abroad. It might be the organization from Jitador or Denton, but they were all foreign forces.

Based on my conversation with the man, I couldn't determine which group they belonged to because we suspected both parties.

Suddenly, I remembered something.

I quickly asked Dylan, "Did the man have a tattoo on his arm?"

Dylan gave me a confident and accurate response, "No."

When I heard that, I fell into thought.

Then it hit me, "That's not right. I saw it clearly. The man who exited the elevator on the fifteenth floor had a serpent tattoo on his wrist."

At that moment, Atlas's phone rang.

He quickly answered the call, and based on his conversation, I could tell it was Noah, asking where we were

Atlas brought him up to speed.

Soon, Noah arrived in our room.

He looked at me apologetically and asked, "Are you okay, Ms. Chloe? Are you hurt?"

Before I could respond, Arnold said irritably, "How do you even have the guts to ask that? You need to hold your people accountable. How could they let such a dangerous person enter the venue? If Atlas hadn't handled it, what would have happened? Are your people just here to collect a paycheck?"

Noah's face twisted in anger.

I quickly stopped Arnold and assured Noah that I was fine and safe.

"Don't lose your temper, Arnold. Nobody wanted to see this happen, and we have to admit, those guys are cunning," I told Arnold. I understood that he was genuinely worried and seeking comfort. Atlas remained silent as he stood there sternly, but his expression clearly conveyed his displeasure.

"It could have been worse if I hadn't seen that serpent tattoo in the elevator. Fortunately, everything ended well." I explained.

Noah looked regretful. "I should have kept a better eye on things."

"You don't need to blame yourself, Mr. Noah." I reassured him quickly.

He sighed in relief. "Mr. Atlas, everyone has been moved to the office area. I'd like to convene an emergency meeting immediately." After a moment of thought, Atlas replied, "That is necessary. We'll be there."

Noah glanced at me, then cautiously glanced at Arnold, who was still scowling. He carefully asked, "Ms. Chloe, are you feeling alright?" "I'm fine." I promptly reassured him, then stood up.

Arnold immediately stood by my side, saying, "I'll come with you. You can't go anywhere alone these days, you know?"

"Yeah." I hadn't expected him to be so intimidating when he was angry. His face was cold, and he exuded a fierce aura.

Dylan interjected, "The Bourdamun

Hotel is the safest place for you right

now. There won't be any issues here. Even if they have other plans, they won't dare to do anything at the Bourdamun Hotel again. I think everyone can stay. We'll also be sending a signal to the other side that they won't succeed."

Noah looked at Atlas, seeking his opinion, Shall we propose it during the meeting and gather everyone's thoughts? After all, these people are all high-ranking

belongs to en..."

"Now's the time to test them. I'm looking forward to this meeting," Arnold said seriously.

Noah said, "Everything that happened today will be kept under wraps and won't be leaked to the public."

Atlas looked at me. "Are you okay?"

I nodded. "I'm fine."

"Let's go to the office building, then." After saying this, Atlas held my hand, had

and we walked out together. Wond,

no idea who these people were, and we couldn't be too complacent. en.swhovels.net

We definitely needed this meeting.

Chapter 799 Prevention is Better Than Cure

Our group rushed to Bourdamun's office building, which had been brightly lit for the groundbreaking ceremony. All the relevant personnel for the ceremony were present, and an emergency meeting had been

convened overnight.

Noah presided over the meeting. The atmosphere was solemn.

Several departments reported on the situation, including Dylan, who delivered a detailed speech.

It was heartening to see that these high-ranking leaders displayed a clear and resolute attitude, true to their influential positions. They would not bow down to any intimidation.

Ultimately, we decided to proceed with the groundbreaking ceremony as planned.

Arthur immediately ordered the mobilization of additional special forces to ensure that the ceremony would progress smoothly. Everything returned to normal as if nothing had happened, and the atmosphere became peaceful and joyful once again.

To avoid causing panic, all the VIPs who were originally at the Bourdamun Hotel returned voluntarily and resumed their standard check-ins.

This moved Noah deeply, as I could see he was under the most stress.

It was undeniable that Noah had played a crucial role during this time.

Suddenly, it felt like the city was crowded with many more people. Some unaware citizens even thought they were all guests attending the groundbreaking ceremony for the new Bourdamun district.

It was clear that the construction of Bourdamun's new district was gaining widespread attention, signaling a prosperous future for the new Bourdamun.

On the day of the groundbreaking ceremony at the new district of Bourdamun, the crowd was massive. Plainclothes cops blended in seamlessly with the crowd.

Everything proceeded according to the original plan.

But it turned out to be even grander and livelier than anticipated.

Absolutely nothing went wrong

However, the celebratory banquet scheduled after the groundbreaking ceremony was canceled.

As the crowd dispersed, I spotted Liora. I hadn't expected her to be here.

She was accompanied by quite a few attendants from Ardora, who were all former subordinates of Matthew. They followed behind Liora, creating a spectacle to boost her image. I wondered why Liora had brought her subordinates to watch the event.

After handling some follow-up business, we returned to Foswood that night.

We continued to investigate the unexpected event in Bourdamun. It had been a close call and served as a warning for both sides. Constant vigilance was necessary during the construction of the new district to prevent anything malicious from happening.

Back at Pleca Park, I received a call from Archie, who asked if I had been injured.

I recounted everything that had happened, and while he was angry on my behalf, he also praised Atlas for pulling me back from the brink at the critical moment.

He mentioned that the incident had

alarmed the top executives, and the relevant authorities and

departments had been mobilized for a rigorous investigation to combat terrorism.

This was good news to me. It would help with safety concerns during construction in the future.

But I was still worried about who

was behind this. I hoped it was the organization from Jitador and not Denton, We had confronted the former a few times, and their target was clear. They wanted to challenge me and the Pierce family, making it an open battle.

The latter was different. Denton had been lurking in the shadows, making it difficult for us to approach. According to Dylan's observations, he seemed perfectly normal.

But the more 'normal' he appeared, the more unsettling things seemed.

This unscrupulous covert war left us feeling powerless and vulnerable.

The groundbreaking ceremony finally concluded as scheduled. The construction phase would commence while Matthew's trial was approaching.

Chapter 800 You're The Best

There was still no news from Trinity

After returning to Foswood, I went to see Anson. Although he looked pretty dejected, I couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss.

I had lunch with him at the Huffman residence, but he was in low spirits. I didn't linger after the meal. I bid him farewell and headed straight back to the office.

The situation with Trinity was perplexing. How could a person of her stature just disappear without a trace?

I tried calling Trinity twice, but her phone was still off. Meanwhile, Atlas was busy organizing his affairs and preparing to depart for Jitador.

We had decided last night that regardless of the circumstances, we had to find accurate information about her somehow. After all, the Huffman family had been helping us investigate my father's whereabouts all this time. We still weren't sure what had happened to Trinity, but we couldn't remain indifferent.

During dinner, I mentioned to Anson that Atlas would be leaving for Jitador tomorrow.

He seemed indifferent and just said, "Thanks."

That made me even more suspicious.

Honestly, I didn't want Atlas to leave my side right now. The recent experience in Bourdamun had left me constantly on edge, and I was still in a state of nervous tension. Whenever I closed my eyes to try to sleep, I would see myself falling from the building, jolting me awake.

Atlas was also concerned about me.

Last night, he had suggested, "Why don't you come with me? It's a good opportunity for you to visit the country. Besides, you've never been abroad."

But Matthew's trial was approaching. I had done everything I could. How could I leave at this critical time? Since had I taken charge, I had to see it through, right?

And Liora was being too brazen. I couldn't let her off so easily. Grandma Rose was right. She was a source of trouble and needed to be dealt with.

I was lost in thought in my office when Ivanna walked in.

When I saw her walk in looking exhausted, I quickly asked, "Why are you back too? Have you dealt with everything over there? Do you have any updates?"

I had returned to Foswood the day the groundbreaking ceremony ended.

Trinity's situation was complicated, so I didn't have a chance to inquire about any developments in Bourdamun.

Ivanna, on the other hand, had stayed in Bourdamun the whole time. Her company's documentary team had been filming all this time, especially after an incident like that. It was highly valuable for them.

The news was currently under wraps, but it didn't mean that this terrifying event wouldn't be disclosed to the public in the future.

The boss of her company was planning ahead and had ordered them to thoroughly investigate and continue collecting real-time information.

Ivanna was mainly responsible for filming and producing the documentary. She certainly wouldn't abandon filming when she encountered such a valuable lead. That was why she had stayed in Bourdamun. Ivanna walked in, tossed her big bag onto the couch, and approached me wearily.

When she heard my question, she immediately replied impatiently, "You're such a capitalist! Look at me, I'm exhausted, but you're talking so lightly. Go ask Carol to get me some takeout, quick. I'm starving

I felt a pang of sympathy when I saw how tired she was.

I quickly pressed the buzzer, and Carol promptly appeared in my office. I instructed her to quickly go to the restaurant across the street and buy a few dishes that Ivanna liked.

Ivanna gave me a thumbs up and said tearfully, "You're the best!"

"How many days has it been since you ate?" asked as I walked away from the desk and went to sit beside her. As I took a closer look, I realized that wanna had lost some weight, and her complexion was poor.

"How did you end up like this in just a few days?" I teased Ivanna.