

## **The Divorce 361**

### Chapter 361 Retaliate

The following day, Grayson arrived at my house with a USB drive containing the entire incident at the rooftop garden.

He said, "After Mr. Nick took you to the hospital, I checked the rooftop cameras but couldn't find any evidence. Someone had tampered with the footage from that time.

"Since ATL Empire owns the hotel Starlight International, I didn't bypass their system. However, based on the information on this USB drive, it's clear that someone more skilled than us is involved. In other words, this information probably came from..."

Grayson didn't finish his sentence, but I knew what he meant. The information came just in time, making everything crystal clear.

The only disappointing part was that the person behind it was Jack, who worked for Kenzie. I didn't know Jack, and we'd never even met.

Grayson looked at me, hesitating. "Chlo, should we keep investigating? I don't believe Jack is behind this- he's just the fall guy."

I said coldly, "Keep investigating. But if someone's taking the blame unfairly, we can't let them suffer for no reason. Still, we need to find the truth."

Grayson nodded. "I got it, Chlo!"

"Tell Carol and the legal team to come up with a plan. I will hold a press conference in the Galar Tower lobby at 10 o'clock the day after tomorrow. Invite all the media, especially the ones who cause the most

stir.

“Notify Mr. Adrian as well. Don’t leave anyone out, whether they’re individuals, groups, or companies. Send them a legal notice, sue them, and demand a public apology!

Let’s file a police report against those paid provocateurs and online trolls. I want them to face legal consequences for their actions.”

Grayson burst into uncontrollable laughter, “Chlo, I’ve been waiting for you to say this long ago! Some people have no shame Rest assured, I’ll be by your side.”

will do anything to achieve a goal. If one plan fails, they’ll have another, I can’t let anyone take openly My tone grew darker as I said, “Did they think I’d let them walk all over me? give of good as get it back down and hide now, I might as well stay home

I

te had set this trap, she wasn’t at the event, but her family’s ailing marriage prop

No, this couldn’t stand. Stella had seriously underestimated her opponent when it came to me.

It felt like the grudge between us had been brewing for longer than a few days. It was as if it had been destined since I saw her unsettling smile at the entrance to my house. We were in a life-or-death struggle.

“Grayson, tell Carol to set up a meeting with the higher-ups. You and I are going out.”

“Chlo, your foot...”

“It’s okay!” I glanced at the reporters gathered outside. “I need to go out!”

My mother grew anxious. "Oh dear, this isn't right. Those people are in a frenzy! You've only just recovered. Please don't go out and risk an accident!"

In his usual composed manner, my father said, "We have to face this eventually. Righteousness will prevail."

"I'm going out to announce my decision. Let them leave!" I stated firmly.

With Grayson's help, I made my way upstairs after freshening up. Grayson had already informed Carol to prepare for the meeting. Then he helped me to the front door. With a deep breath, I walked out of the house with determination.

Reporters who had not seen me since the beginning surrounded the entrance and shouted questions.

I announced my decision with a calm look at the gathered reporters. Then I asked them to leave. Grayson followed up with a solemn statement, urging them to depart.

The reporters exchanged glances, and suddenly, one male reporter spoke up, "I think we should leave. We'll await your explanation since you have announced a press conference."

I looked at the reporter and asked, "May I ask which media outlet you're from?"

"Panch Media! I'm Noel Hudson," the reporter called out.

Inodded. Thank you!"

Then I asked Grayson to remember his name.

## Chapter 362 A Fleeting Encounter

As soon as someone took charge, the journalists moved aside. Grayson shielded me as we got into the car and headed straight to the office. In the rearview mirror, I could see the crowd dispersing.

Outside the company building, fervent reporters and Harmony's fans were staked out. Even the underground parking lot was crowded.

Grayson reacted quickly. He quietly reversed the car and left Galar Tower. Suddenly, a thought struck me. I decided to go to the Vanderberg Palace.

I asked Grayson to gather a few people at the Vanderberg Palace. It was conveniently close to the office, making it a suitable place for discussions

As we entered the mansion, I saw the last person I wanted to see. It was completely unexpected. He seemed far away when I wanted to see him, but then, out of nowhere, he was there.

Every cell in my body seemed to freeze. My gaze fixed on his face, which was both stern and captivating. I held Grayson's hand tightly, seeking support.

The ever-composed Grayson greeted the two men with a smile. "Mr. Atlas! Good to see you, Mr. Atticus!"

"Yes. We need to talk," Atlas said in a controlled tone, his eyes never leaving my face. Then, he cleared his throat and asked, "Is your foot okay?"

I smiled wryly and replied, "It's fine. Thank you."

Then I turned to Atticus, who had been quietly observing us. "Mr. Atticus, are you leaving?"

With a quick nod, Atticus looked at my foot with concern. "Why is it so bad? It hasn't healed yet? You should rest."

"It's alright. There's something urgent I must do," I said calmly, then squeezed Grayson's hand. "Let's go."

"Inside Mr. Atticus, please excuse us."

I did not give Atlas a second look. I treated him like air and allowed Grayson to support me as we walked

I struggled to walk on my single good leg. My only thought was to leave their sight as quickly as possible.

was racing, and I must have looked like a mess. I wasn't sure if he was watching me leave, but

he was right behind me.

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had to know why he fronted me this way. However, with others around us, there were

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Grayson settled me in a chair in the inner room where I was disuse, and my hand clung to Grayson's, using it as crutch

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Grayson settled me into a chair in the inner room. I was covered in sweat, and my hand clung tightly to Grayson's, using it as a crutch.

Grayson didn't pull his hand away. He looked at me with concern. "Chloe, are you okay?"

It was only then that I realized I was gripping him too tightly and quickly let go.

“I’ll go get you some tea!” Grayson said before swiftly leaving

I sank back into the chair with a wry smile, feeling pitiful. From beginning to end, I never truly knew my place in his heart. However, the online abuse made me much more clear-headed.

I had overestimated my abilities as a divorced woman with a child attempting to lead a conglomerate.

I didn’t even have the right to complain. The fact that he occasionally showed concern for me was already a blessing. The best I could do was to have self-awareness.

I wasn’t Harmony, glowing in the limelight with millions of fans. She was undoubtedly more capable than me. The online hate reminded me I had to confront this challenge alone.

Before long, Ryan and several key figures entered the room one after another. I also called Ivanna and Lauren, asking them to join us.

Lauren was skilled in handling interpersonal relationships, while Ivanna was experienced in dealing with the media. I secretly felt grateful that I still had friends and wasn’t fighting this battle alone.

We reviewed all the details for the press conference scheduled for the day after tomorrow. Grayson also added the evidence he had found, ensuring everything would be airtight.

With the plan in place, the rest of the team returned to the company to get things ready.

Ivanna hired a highly skilled public relations specialist. After we presented him with our materials and strategy, he identified a few flaws and made some changes. He arranged for some influential journalists

to shape the narrative.

Everything seemed in order, and we waited for the showdown the day after tomorrow.

## Chapter 363 Falling For Someone You Shouldn't

Our preparations were in full swing, and the online chatter about my upcoming press conference had reached a boiling point.

Online activists were rallying fans who were skeptical of the truth to demand answers during the press conference. What I thought would be a simple press event turned into a major commotion.

After a full day of meetings, I was utterly drained.

Ivanna noticed my exhaustion and cautiously suggested, "Chlo, I should take you home. You need to rest and clear your mind. Tomorrow's press conference, though well-organized, may still present unforeseen challenges. You don't look well."

Lauren kept signaling her with her eyes, urging her to stop.

I pinched the bridge of my nose and sighed. 'I'm fine. I'll get some rest after the press conference.'

Deep down, I knew that finding relaxation wouldn't be easy. Plus, it takes a hundred days injury to heal, and my foot injury affected a tendon. I couldn't dare put weight on it. Where could I even go?

Clearing my mind was a meaningless phrase. My heart was burdened, and no matter how far I traveled, the knot in my heart would not be untied.

"Out with it." I suddenly raised my head, looking at Ivanna, "Don't act like nothing happened. Do

I've forgotten that night?"

you think

Lauren, upon hearing my words, glanced at Ivanna. How clever she was! She didn't miss a beat and was full of curiosity.

"What's going on? Is there something I don't know?"

Ivanna looked at me, her expression uncomfortable. She swiftly attempted to change the subject. "Oh, let's not get sidetracked. Are you heading home or not? It's getting late."

Lauren wasn't one to give up easily. "Hey, don't change the subject. Come on, spill it. What's going on?"

"It's nothing. Ivanna tried to downplay it.

Seeing Ivanna's desperate attempt to evade the topic, I had a hunch. I fixed my gaze on her face,

unwavering

"We're your best friends, so what can't you tell us? What's going on with that man?" I spoke calmly, but my

tone left no room for doubt. You can't hide this."

Ivanna slumped back into the sofa behind her, a look of helplessness and panic on her face. "How did we end up here?"

My suspicion grew stro

“I... We’re just... There’s really nothing much to say!” She avoided eye contact, but my gaze remained fixed

on her.

Lauren gently patted Ivanna’s head as she watched both of us. “Ivanna, there are some emotions you should never toy with.”

Lauren’s words left all three of us speechless. Both Lauren and I stared intently at Ivanna’s face.

Her skin turned deathly pale, and then she appeared to have passed through a furnace. Her face not only turned red but was also covered with fine sweat.

My heart sank. It seemed my hunch was correct.

“Ivanna!” I called out gently.

She avoided our scrutiny, looking flustered. ‘I didn’t mean to get involved!’

Lauren rushed over and settled next to Ivanna. “So I’ve hit the nail on the head! Could it be that you’ve fallen for someone you shouldn’t?”

Lauren’s words startled me.

I tried hard to remember the man I saw that night but was embarrassed to look closely. All I could recall was that he was tall and lean, with sharp eyes. Everything else was a blur.

“Tell me about him. Who is he?” Lauren moved Ivanna gently to face her.

I felt a newfound helplessness and sighed, "What on earth is happening?"

Ivanna's secret was no small matter.

#### Chapter 364 A Self-destructive Love

I knew it was too late to say anything. Judging from the situation that night, Ivanna was already in too deep. That man had already captured her heart.

Ivanna let out a heavy sigh. "You've been through it, so you should know that matters of the heart are something no one can truly explain. When you love, you love. There's no such thing as should or shouldn't.

Ivanna was trying to rationalize with herself, and she wasn't wrong. It was just like Lauren and Oliver, or me and Atlas. We gave in despite knowing it was pointless because of that heart-pounding sensation.

"Why did you fall for this trap after not seeing each other for so long?" Lauren was frustrated and asked, "Do you realize how painful this kind of self-destructive love is? Can't at least one of us find some happiness?"

Lauren's tone conveyed helplessness. Unlike Lauren, who had hope, my relationship with Atlas was like a

fleeting star.

"You seemed to have a clear head and many promising opportunities ahead. I thought Atlas would make Chlo happy, but... What is up with us? This is how I'll spend my life—half alive, half dead. You can't keep

leaping into the fire pit!"

“Can’t you guys offer me some support?” Ivanna pleaded with us.

“I’m not trying to scare you, but this type of love is irreversible! Lauren said it seriously.

I reclined and placed my injured foot on the coffee table, staying silent

“I know there’s no future, but...I can’t control it!” Ivanna murmured.

Lauren asked, “What does he do?”

...Jared Attwood,” Ivanna said in a barely audible voice.

“What?” Lauren was clearly shocked. “Ivanna...”

I looked at Lauren, puzzled. “What’s going on?”

“You haven’t heard of Jared Attwood? She’s in love with Jared Attwood!” Lauren’s fingers started trembling.

“I..have not. Jared.. Attwood?” I seemed confused and said, “That’s a strange name.”

“Strange? Damn it... He’s even stranger!” Lauren slumped onto the sofa, seemingly at a loss.

“What’s happening? Don’t keep me in the dark!” I looked at both of them, each wearing a more perplexing expression than the other.

\*Jared Attwood. Anyone in Foswood's scene will know who he is." Lauren sounded a bit exasperated. Ivanna, you're playing a high-stakes game this time. I'm impressed."

flooked at Lauren in confusion. "Why do you say that? Stop acting so mysterious!"

Lauren was speechless. "I'm being mysterious? She stepped on a landmine!"

"Can you speak English?" I was getting anxious.

"She's fallen for the king of the gray area. He has an incredibly fierce wife. They call Jared 'gray' because his wife is ruthless and evil, like a black rose."

I suddenly felt a shiver down my spine, looking at Ivanna. She seemed even more vulnerable now.

"You've got some nerve, daring to get involved with him," Lauren said.

I asked calmly, "You don't need to be anxious, Ivanna. How did you come to know this person?"

Lauren answered my question before Ivanna could. "He's the owner of the Emgrand Nightclub. He also owns the famous Emgrand Hotel, Emgrand Country Club, and Emgrand Racecourse. Anything with the name Emgrand belongs to Jared."

Lauren's voice was weary as she spoke. I caught on. These businesses required quite a foundation to run.

"I've heard of this person. He's got quite the reputation, but he keeps a low profile. Very few people truly know him. He's unfathomable." Lauren looked at me. "Rumors say he's quite cunning, too. There are many

different stories."

I tried to recall that blurry figure once more. He was a tall, refined man with a powerful presence. I regretted not getting a good look at him.

I couldn't fathom how Ivanna got acquainted with him.

"Ivanna, if he's like that, it's better to cut it off," I gently advised Ivanna.

## Chapter 365 Fate

Lauren and I both understood that this wasn't something you could just end with a clean break.

Ivanna kept her head down.

"Atlas is, after all, a legitimate businessman," Lauren sighed. "But Jared, he's unpredictable, Ivanna. I'm not trying to scare you!"

Unexpectedly, Ivanna raised her head with a slight smirk. Defiantly, she said, "I knew it from the first day I met him."

that?

"Chloe, did you see it's over... She's done for and beyond saving!" Lauren's words became somewhat disjointed. "Chlo's troubles haven't been resolved, and you stir up more!"

"What do you mean I'm stirring things up?" Ivanna replied. "This is fate!"

“Oh, come on! Fate?” Lauren scoffed. “Ivanna, if you end up in his wife’s crosshairs, you’ll know what fate

means.

I had some doubts as I looked at Lauren. “Aren’t you being a bit too dramatic?”

“Haha...” Lauren heard my words and nearly broke down. “Trinity is a demon. Please be careful, Ivanna, because Trinity has done many things. Even Jared can’t handle her!”

“We’ll be careful!” Ivanna looked at us and said softly, “Actually, some things can’t be explained. My acquaintance with him is a long story.”

I was stunned when Ivanna said this. Did she enter the lion’s den knowingly?

“Ivanna, why go through all this?” I didn’t know how to stop her. I just felt a growing sense of helplessness.

“Oh, never mind me. For now, let’s focus on resolving Chlo’s troubles,” Ivanna said. “Things between Jared

and me are not as bad as you think.

“By the way, Harmony has been thriving lately. It’s like she’s hit the fast track and been taking on endorsements non-stop,” Ivanna said. “But she seems to be more cautious than before.”

“Has Stella been looking for her again?” I asked. “It seems like Stella has gone into hiding!”

Hahal She's changed her tactics!" Lauren bluntly stated.

Ivanna chuckled silently at how we successfully changed the subject. Later, the two of them joined me

for dinner. Ryan also tagged along, claiming he was here for the food. Really, he was helping my mom.

We continued to talk for a while after we finished eating. Then Ryan walked me back to my room and said, "You don't need to worry too much. Rest well, and leave the rest to me and Grayson."

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"I'm fine. It's just my foot that hurts, not my mind." I looked at Ryan.

He had been fiercely protective of me since that day in the hospital. I knew just how much he cared. He

was quietly looking out for me, without complaints, and always dependable.

I truly felt like I owed him so much that it was impossible to repay.

"You call the shots on everything!" I trusted Ryan, so I wasn't worried about the company, I

"You need to recover quickly. I've already asked a friend overseas to help us find a business planner. They'll create a comprehensive brand development plan for us. I want to arrange a meeting in Foswood

once you're better!"

"Oh? There's someone like that?" I was surprised.

“Of course, business planners exist in many large corporations. They assess the company’s health first, then its resources. Following consultation with the company, they created a chart. This determines the best way to minimize risks and when to cut losses.”

I was genuinely impressed, and I could tell that his strategy combined advanced experience. It made me excited. We talked late into the night before he finally left.

Strangely, I felt more awake. I got up and slowly walked to the terrace. The reporters lurking outside were gone, and the peace had returned.

I leaned against the railing and looked up at the sky. It had been almost a year since I learned about Matthew’s affair. My life had taken such a dramatic turn in the previous year.

A car approached the gate from afar, heading inside. It was most likely a vehicle from one of the back villas. My heartbeat unexpectedly skipped a beat.

In my mind, an image of Atlas’s Maserati appeared. I watched as the car turned toward the back. Suddenly, a surge of emotions welled up within me, only to be extinguished just as quickly.

#### Chapter 366 Horrified

I turned and shuffled back into the room. I sat on the bed while still looking toward the window. I even strained my ears, trying to hear the faint sounds outside. Disappointingly, the car stopped,

On the press conference day, Ryan arrived early to pick me up. He sensed my nerves and reassured me, “Everything is in place. Don’t worry.”

My parents wanted to accompany me, but Ryan and I insisted they stay home. Still, I couldn’t shake my unease. For some reason, I felt things would not go smoothly.

Since the press conference would occur in Galar Tower’s lobby, we made necessary arrangements with the building’s management. We even chose a time that did not clash with other people’s work.

Upon arriving, I realized our mistake. Galar Tower was crowded, making it impossible to get in. Even the entrance to the underground parking lot was full of cars. I couldn't enter the building, nor could the employees from other companies.

I watched the chaos unfold as I sat in Ryan's car, shocked. The cars attempting to enter the underground parking lot stretched for miles. Considering the situation, these people had been stuck here for hours.

The frustrated drivers continuously honked. After all, many companies strictly adhered to clocking in, and being late could mean trouble. The disgruntled voices became increasingly audible, with some cursing

aloud.

Ryan looked around at a loss. He was also unsure how to handle the unexpected crowd. As the

scheduled time drew closer, more people joined crowded the area. I noticed these individuals weren't

journalists.

Suddenly, Ryan turned to me and said, "Stay in the car and lock the doors. I'll go and check things out."

I grabbed his arm. "There are too many people. You won't be able to get to the company."

"I'm not going in. I just want to check the situation. Wait for me," Ryan said as he glanced at the crowd

before instructing me, "Lock the doors"

He opened the car door and disappeared into the crowd, maneuvering past other vehicles.

I locked the door nervously as the riot from the hospital flashed in my mind. The stuffiness in the car made me increasingly restless. Then, a man's sinister face appeared outside the car windshield. He

smirked and climbed onto the roof of the car,

was startled and looked at the man with widened eyes, shouting, "What are you doing?"

I saw the man shout but couldn't make out his words. A moment later, a group of people ran toward the car in all directions.

Trapped inside, I looked out in horror as an egg broke on the windshield. Immediately after, I had

flashbacks to the scene at the hospital again. The car began to shake violently, making it hard to remain seated. I didn't know what these people wanted.

I kept screaming while desperately trying to steady myself. I rummaged for my phone to call for help, but I didn't want Ryan to return now. If he returned rashly, he would get hurt.

Outside, the people seemed to have gone insane. The whole car had egg stains. Suddenly, something terrifying happened. A crash sounded, and the windshield cracked. Someone began to throw objects at the car.

A moment later, the windshield and window beside me cracked. It seemed someone else had climbed atop the car, causing it to shake violently. The pounding made me feel suffocated as I screamed. I didn't know how far their madness would escalate.

Finally, I found my phone. However, the car tilted to one side, and I tumbled into the driver's side. My phone slipped from my grip, and I didn't know where it went.

Then, the windshield shattered, and the car almost toppled over.

## Chapter 367 Claustrophobia

I desperately clung to the driver's seat, trying to prevent myself from falling. A suffocating sense of despair overwhelmed me at that moment.

As the car was about to flip over, it jerked back into position with a thud. The impact made my injured foot hit something, giving me a piercing pain. My vision darkened, and my ears rang as I hugged my legs.

I didn't know what would happen next. I could only think about not dying in the car. Suddenly, I heard someone shouting, "Chloe?! Stop it, all of you! Chlo!"

I knew it was Ryan's voice. Despairingly, I yelled, "Leave me! Go!"

I sensed two groups fighting, constantly tugging the car but no longer causing it to tip over. I curled into a ball to protect my legs and prayed for the disaster to end.

Heavy objects crashed into the car, causing me to tremble. A long while later, someone called my name. and knocked on the car window. "Chloe, it's okay! Open the door!"

I recognized Ryan's voice and nervously obeyed. He climbed into the car, and I threw myself into him in a

panic.

"Don't be afraid. The cops are here." Ryan held me and patted my back. I shivered uncontrollably but held back my tears. I buried my face in his chest and tried to compose myself as tears welled in my eyes.

Ryan stroked my back. "It's okay, Chloe. I'm sorry for leaving your

alone.”

“Ryan, I was gripping

You’d get hurt if you returned. I’m okay. Those people were crazy.” I q

his hand. I was still shaking because of the recent harrowing experiences.

Ryan said sternly, “Someone came to help us. Someone instigated that crowd to attack. The cops are

outside now.”

The cops?” I felt a sense of relief. “Someone must’ve called for help.”

Ryan turned grim, looking like he wanted to say more but held back. Shortly after, someone knocked on

the car window again. Ryan patted my shoulder. “It’s okay now. Let’s get out.”

I could no longer hear the fighting outside. It seemed like the world had regained some semblance of

peace. However, my hands continued to shake as I looked at Ryan with fear. He nodded firmly, “Let’s go.

Don’t be afraid.”

I took a deep breath and steadied my emotions when Ryan released me. He exited the car first, then went to the other side to help me out,

Everything smelled of eggs and a tinge of blood. Outside were traffic police and a group of bodyguards, even armed forces. When I looked back at Ryan’s car, it was almost unrepairable.

Ryan still protected me as we walked with the bodyguards toward Galar Tower. My injured foot struck something earlier, causing the pain to intensify. Ryan noticed my struggles and carried me.

Along the way, the cops subdued the crowd. The once chaotic crowd became hushed. The traffic police had even cleared the road leading to the underground parking. It allowed the waiting vehicles to enter, significantly easing the road congestion.

I never expected to cause such chaos. Naturally, I was anxious and uncertain about how to handle the aftermath. When we arrived at Galar Tower, I noticed the press conference had relocated to occur

outside the building.

People crowded the area, surrounded by the special forces. Under the bodyguards' protection, Ryan carried me to the venue. Surprisingly, the press conference was no longer just about Tanum Corporation because the authorities had involved themselves in this.

When I arrived, someone announced that the press conference had officially begun.

Chapter 368 Who is the Mastermind?

The press conference was remarkable. I was only supposed to clarify what had happened at the banquet, but it resembled a public trial after the authorities took over. It revealed underlying truths.

Surprisingly, ATL Empire dispatched its PR team to provide a detailed account of the incident. They presented compelling audio–visual evidence that reconstructed the events during the banquet.

The surveillance footage showed the waiter luring me and Harmony to the rooftop. The footage showed everything that had happened, including the set's collapse and my attempt to save Harmony.

I was even more surprised when ATL Empire presented signs of tampering on the set. ATL Empire vowed to cooperate with the investigation and not tolerate anyone tarnishing the company's image.

I knew ATL Empire's response was a double-edged sword. After all, they were the hosts of the banquet. Their cooperation and stance showed sincerity, which preserved their image. I couldn't help but admire ATL Empire's adept PR abilities.

Later, the authorities addressed the chaos. They revealed the main participants on-site, who confessed to accepting bribes to disrupt the press conference. It sent shivers down my spine, and I couldn't help but wonder why I had become the target of such schemes.

Of course, the authorities gave Tanum Corporation a chance to speak. We presented valid evidence concerning the bribery of certain media personnel and the IP addresses of the online instigators.

We announced the pursuit of legal responsibility for the key personnel of those media outlets and others

involved.

The authorities maintained their stance in concluding remarks, promising to catch these lawbreakers. They vowed to spare no effort in investigating the culprits and ensure their arrest and prosecution.

The authorities also ordered the media to rectify their practices and stated they would investigate the artists involved. It was to provide the public and the victims with an explanation. The authorities promised to publish the investigation results in a week for public oversight.

When the press conference ended, it left much food for thought. Everyone knew the evidence signified my innocence and hinted at my 'powerful' background. Yet only I knew the heart-pounding reality of that

incident.

Still, I didn't know who was behind everything and why the authorities had intervened today.

After the crowd dispersed, Ryan took me back to the hospital. Fortunately, my foot injury hadn't

worsened However, the impact intensified the pain in the existing injury.

Given my less-than-optimal recovery condition, the doctor recommended staying in the hospital for treatment. I didn't insist on going home this time because I was concerned about my foot. I felt helpless

in this pitiful state.

After the examination results confirmed I was fine, I let everyone go back. After all, they had too many things to handle.

I felt relaxed soon after, perhaps because I unburdened myself slightly. I was exhausted and fell asleep. In a hazy state, it felt like I had a dream.

In the dream, I panicked and ran out of the car. People smashed things everywhere ragefully. I tried to escape but couldn't lift my legs because they felt heavy and painful.

Suddenly, someone extended their hand. That hand grasped mine and pulled me out of the violent crowd, leading me away from the turmoil.

I saw a blurred figure appear before my bed. Despite my efforts, I couldn't see well. They gazed at me affectionately as I tossed and turned. I wanted to ask who they were, but I couldn't speak.

They gently touched my forehead. I wanted to pour my heart out, yet the dream wrapped me up, rendering me voiceless. I jerked awake and whimpered as tears lingered in my eyes. Immediately after, I noticed I was alone in the ward.

When I turned, I smelled a familiar scent amidst the disinfectant

Chapter 369 Something's Fishy Here

Stunned, I stared at the door. I didn't know if what had happened was a dream or reality.

Just then, Lauren entered with a bag of items. "You must be hungry, so I bought you food. You should have some now. You've slept for so long."

asked her groggily, "Did someone visit just now?"

She looked at me, puzzled. "No one came. You were sleeping so soundly, so I went to get you food."

home, I closed my eyes to calm myself. It seemed I was disoriented. Those who visited had already gone so I wondered who else it could be. I chuckled and struggled to sit up. Then, I accepted the towel Lauren

handed me and wiped my hands.

I said, "I slept for so long that I still feel tired."

Lauren set the food by the hospital bed and said, "That riot scared me. The car was about to overturn, but the bodyguards and the cops arrived. It would've been disastrous if they arrived even a second later."

"You saw it too?" asked, still shaken.

"The whole nation saw it.' She glanced at me. "The live coverage was on a loop. It seems this incident is too significant. The authorities will put in some effort to solve it.

"Hmph, I'm famous now too!" I scoffed.

Lauren chuckled and teased, "You're so pretty that they're jealous of you. People might be watching wherever you go.

“That’s Harmony. Stop flattering me,” I retorted disdainfully.

Lauren laughed, saying, “Oh, come on! Even though she looks similar to you, there’s a difference between an original and a fake. She cakes on her makeup, so how can she compare to you?”

I chuckled, “You’re good with words.”

I take that as a compliment.”

We both laughed, Even though I had a lingering feeling after narrowly escaping a riot, things had finally ended with some satisfaction. My mood had lightened considerably.

“I’m just stating facts, but there’s another piece of bad news. Lauren looked at me hesitantly.

“Go on. I don’t care about one more bad news, especially in my current condition. I said dismissively.

We smiled at each other again before Lauren spoke, “I heard Stella took an early flight to Nocturnia today. We can’t overlook her involvement in this. Why else would she leave?”

“She returned to Nocturnia?” I felt slightly disappointed. “Isn’t that too coincidental?”

“Exactly. It seems like Stella had prepared herself for this. She stirred up a storm but escaped unscathed. Don’t underestimate her,” Lauren said through gritted teeth.

I knew Stella was cunning. She set the stage and left before the drama even unfolded.

“Unless she doesn’t return,” I said flatly.

“Seems unlikely. Stella won’t let this slide. After dealing with you, she’ll come after Harmony,” Lauren analyzed the situation with me.

‘Stella must’ve wanted to kill two birds with one stone this time. She dealt with you while dragging Harmony into it. Still, Harmony’s fans are causing trouble. Can Harmony say she’s not involved? However, she probably didn’t expect it not to work,” Lauren chuckled.

“Come on. Stella hasn’t succeeded yet? Do I have to die for her to succeed?” I looked at Lauren wearily.

She smirked. “You’re right. It has caused quite a stir.”

“I was surprised the authorities took over today. I wonder if they had prepared beforehand or if it was a last-minute decision.” I took a bite of my food and looked at Lauren, thinking she should have accurate

information.

“I don’t know about that. I was also going to Galar Tower but couldn’t get in because the road was blocked. I only realized what happened when I heard about the incident through live broadcasts.

“The authorities probably didn’t have a deliberate plan. If they did, they would’ve informed us. Then, the

riot wouldn’t have happened.

“If the authorities knew about it, they would’ve taken precautions. On the other hand, they could’ve known about the situation before us. Otherwise, the cops wouldn’t have arrived so quickly.”

After hearing Lauren’s analysis, I nodded. Still, I blamed myself, “I didn’t expect them to take advantage of Harmony’s fans. Several days ago, I noticed someone inciting the fans in those posts. I didn’t think it

would turn out so bad.”

“They’re obsessive fans for a reason. Those people are insane,” Lauren helplessly cursed.

I wonder who called the authorities.” I had been pondering this question. “Don’t you think something’s

Ashy here? Where did those bodyguards come from?”

## Chapter 370 Finally Making an Appearance

I didn’t interrupt Lauren and refused to believe Atlas was behind everything.

After dinner, I slept through the night. I woke up the following morning, still wondering who had visited me last evening. Later, Grayson visited and told me Atticus had sent those bodyguards, which relieved me.

I would choose Atticus if I had to choose between him and ATL Empire. The favor I owed to Atticus was easier to repay.

I stayed in the hospital for half a month, and the investigation concluded as expected. The authorities had found a convenient scapegoat. Naturally, I felt dissatisfied with the result but could do nothing.

Still, I knew the details because I was directly involved. Finally, I could put weight on my foot and walk. The doctor advised me to exercise more to aid my recovery. On the day of my discharge, Harmony came

to my ward. 1

I was somewhat surprised. I thought Harmony would have visited earlier, yet the authorities had closed the case. She removed her sunglasses and looked at me. She said arrogantly, “You look well.”

“Thanks to you,” I calmly replied.

I didn't know when it started, but our conversations had taken on a peculiar tone.

Although my words seemed indifferent, they were not unwarranted. After all, Harmony's recklessness and

lack of foresight led to this disaster. I wouldn't be here if she had listened to me that day.

She put down her sunglasses and scarf but kept gazing at me. She looked confused.

I chuckled and asked, "What's on your mind? If you have questions, feel free to ask."

She smiled and calmly replied, "You do understand me."

"You're flattering me. It's not that I understand you—you're just an open book."

She nodded and admitted, "I do have questions."

"Ask away." I leaned back on the bed.

"Did you not invite me to the rooftop that day? How do you feel about Atlas? You better tell the truth,"

Harmony spoke firmly and looked at me disdainfully.

I observed her this time. I still couldn't tell if she was genuinely foolish or just acting. It seemed Stella

hadn't intended to hurt Harmony initially. The former probably wanted to take advantage of the foolish girl

to deal with me.

I thought Harmony didn't cooperate as Stella had expected. Immediately after, I realized that was false- Harmony was just an idiot.

Stella simply decided to deal with Harmony during the banquet. However, the former didn't expect me to try and save Harmony. Harmony and I would've died if I didn't react that night. Stella's timing was off, or she didn't expect me to stop arguing with Harmony so soon.

I had turned and walked away, Inadvertently shortening our time on the rooftop. Stella also never expected me to try and help Harmony. If I were Stella, I would've stepped back to eliminate the problem.

If that had happened, the situation might've been even more dreadful. Even the thought of it sent chills down my spine. Ultimately, my kindness saved me.

Harmony looked like she had something to hold over me. She appeared relieved and satisfied, saying, Why aren't you answering? You don't have wishful thinking toward Atlas, do you? It seems you do like him!

Her expression left me helpless. Finally, I couldn't help but laugh.