

The Divorce 301

Chapter 301 The Anticipated News

Why would a single piece of information be worth a life? I carried Ava through the tranquil neighborhood late at night amid the dim streetlights. The shadows shifted around us.

I picked up the pace as the weight of Ava in my arms grew heavier. As I approached my front door, a shadow darted out from the corner.

It startled me, and I gasped.

“Chloe, it’s me... Do you really not know anything about what happened to Atlas?” The figure approached,

and I recognized Harmony.

“What are you doing here in the middle of the night?” I snapped, my annoyance thinly veiled. Ava stirred

and whimpered.

I quickly patted her back to sleep and said to Harmony, “You scared me to death!”

Harmony seemed to realize her impulsiveness. “I knocked on your door, and they said you weren’t home,

so I waited for you!”

I gave her a sideways glance. “He’s your boyfriend. Why are you asking me? How would I know?”

“Chloe, you know your relationship with Atlas, don’t you?” She came closer, her gaze dark and penetrating.

I scoffed. “Was there a relationship between him and me? Ask whoever told you that, and stop picking fights with me. You know his sister, so ask her. She has more information than I do!”

With that, I pushed the door open and walked in. Harmony tried to hold the door, but I slipped inside just

in time.

“You really have no news about him?”

“I don’t! If I had any news, I’d tell you right away! After all, we’re neighbors.”

I walked away without turning back, Ava feeling almost too heavy for me to carry.

Harmony didn’t insist on continuing the conversation. I cursed inwardly. She really was a bit of a scatterbrain.

The following day, I got to work early but still had doubts from the night before. I waited for Grayson, hoping he had some answers. However, the news he brought was disappointing.

Information on Kennedy was crystal clear, with no connections to ATL Empire or Atlas. There was not even a hint of interaction.

As for the drunk truck driver, he was working alone and had a well-known drinking problem that

seem to have anything to do with the case. It looked like a straightforward traffic accident. I shook my head in disbelief.

“If this was just a plain accident, as you say, why would the police investigate? And why didn’t they ask a single question regarding Atlas? Isn’t that strange?”

“It seems the police must have another lead, suspecting foul play in Kennedy’s death,” Grayson suggested. “I’m currently looking into the police channels.”

“Find out if there’s any connection between Keegan and Stella.” I looked at Grayson. “I want to know what

Stella gave Keegan!”

Suddenly, Grayson’s phone rang. He glanced at the screen, frowned slightly, and then answered. He listened intently, occasionally humming. After a while, Grayson hung up and looked at me.

“Celine has gone to Nocturnia!”

Chapter 302 Making the First Move

A wave of relief washed over me with Celine’s departure from Foswood. Maybe things would become more manageable for us to investigate. From a particular perspective, this was good news.

I asked Grayson to monitor the situation at ATL Empire. Celine leaving would have set things in motion. Even though Atlas was injured, the company had to keep going.

Then it struck me—Atlas’s home, the grand estate on the hills. It had been his private haven. I wondered if he might be there. After finishing my work at the company, I hopped in my car and headed for the estate.

The season was just right, with lush scenery to the south. This area was still considered on hold, and I noticed construction activity over at the scenic area. It indicated ATL Empire was developing it.

I turned onto the private road leading to the estate, and my heart began to race. I had a strong feeling that

my hunch was correct. In my eagerness, I hit the gas.

I could drive right into the estate on previous visits, but this time, I was stopped at the gate. Even after several honks, the gate would not open. I got out of the car and approached the guard at the gatehouse.

"I'm here to see Mr. Atlas."

"I'm sorry, miss! Mr. Atlas isn't here," he replied.

The guards here were specially trained.

It was impossible to glean any information from their expressions, but I couldn't leave without trying. "Can I go in for a moment? I'm his friend, and I was here last New Year."

"Sorry, miss, I can't let you in if Mr. Atlas is not around. He has given explicit instructions that no one is to

enter in his absence. I apologize, miss. Please come again when Mr. Atlas is back."

"Please, I just need to find someone to pass the message to Mr. Atlas," I persisted.

"I'm sorry, but you can't stay here even if you're a friend. Mr. Atlas is not around, and no one can reach

him. Please don't make things difficult for us."

The guard's tone was conclusive, and I stared at the estate helplessly. It was right there, but it also felt so

far away.

I was sure he was here.

The guard politely signaled for me to leave. A wave of heartache washed over me. Perhaps I would never

walk in here openly, let alone dream of being its mistress.

For now, all I wanted to know was that he was safe. I spoke softly, "I'm sorry for the intrusion."

Even as I turned to leave, i could not shake the feeling that he was very near. I looked around the area. did not see any other cars. The once-busy private parking lot was empty.

Reluctant to get in my car, I looked at the estate. I drove away from the gates with gritted teeth, feeling like someone was watching me.

Chapter 303 Gut Feeling

As I was about to exit the private road, I saw a bright red dot in the distance. It struck me—could that be

Stella's red sports car?

My heart skipped a beat at the thought. Stella? Was she here at Fremont Bay?

I hesitated and followed my instincts. I spotted a small path leading into the woods and maneuvered my

car into the junction. Thankfully, my midnight blue Panamera was discreet and wouldn't be easy to spot.

Before long, a red sports car whooshed by, confirming my suspicions. Was it Stella? I couldn't be sure, but

it seemed plausible since they were relatives. Just as I hesitated, a black sedan swiftly entered.

I parked and waited for some time, but no other cars entered or left. Only then did I leave my concealed

spot and return to the private road, exiting Fremont Bay premises.

Back in the city, I called Nick to set up a meeting, using a project-related excuse as cover. He didn't

refuse and instructed me to come to his office. Upon arriving, I got straight to the point.

"Mr. Nick, I'm here not for any business collaboration but to find out what's happening with Atlas. How is

he doing?"

"I anticipated this," he said with a smile, his composure catching me off guard.

"Well, then, Mr. Nick, please give me a satisfactory answer," I said, though I felt embarrassed as I spoke.

After all, my relationship with Atlas had never been public, but Nick understood.

"He..." Nick began, hesitating as if unsure how to continue.

“Mr. Nick... Please tell me: What’s going on?”

I was genuinely anxious. It baffled me how they all seemed so indifferent to Atlas’s well-being.

“Right now, he’s still not awake,” Nick said, his eyes filled with pain. “He sustained a head injury and hasn’t

regained consciousness. But he’s not in danger anymore. That’s why we’ve kept the information under wraps, just in case. I must ask you to keep this secret, Ms. Chloe.”

The term “vegetative state” flashed through my mind suddenly,

“Where is he? When do the doctors think he’ll wake up?” I felt helpless, unable to comprehend why he hadn’t woken up.

“He’s at Fremont Bay.

Nick’s words confirmed what I had sensed earlier at the estate.

“M—May I see him?” My tone softened. Ta like to see m

“I don’t think that’s possible. His condition is still unstable,” Nick explained. “Medical experts are guarding against any interference. That’s why he was brought back to Fremont Bay. Ms. Chloe, I must

ask for your understanding. If he stabilizes or wakes up, I promise you’ll be the first to know.”

“Is Stella there?” I looked at Nick, knowing I had pushed a bit too far.

“Mrs. Celine....arranged for her to be there,” Nick answered.

I instantly understood. Celine put Stella in Fremont Bay so that she could keep a close eye on Atlas.

“So, you can’t reveal your presence,” Nick added.

Chapter 304 A Stern Warning

I stood there feeling helpless and confused. Maybe because Atlas trusted Nick, my emotions got the best of me. I couldn’t conceal my anxiety as I looked at him.

“Mr. Nick, besides the head injury, how is he? Is he okay? Did the doctors say when he might wake up?

And...will there be any lasting effects?”

I felt myself on the verge of breaking down. Why did fate have to be so cruel? Why did it have to be Atlas?

Nick looked at my face, helpless. “He also had arm and chest injuries, but the head injury was the worst. The doctors can’t provide a definite timeline for when he’ll wake up. It could be a few days or maybe even

months, depending on how the bleeding in his head resolves.”

I couldn’t hold back my tears, but I quickly wiped them away.

“Ms. Chloe, you should go back. This accident has already disrupted Atlas’s plans. We all hope he wakes up soon and can take charge,” Nick said seriously. “Of course, I understand how you feel, but now that

this has happened, we must focus on moving on.”

“Mr. Nick, do you think this car accident is that simple?” I asked candidly. “How could it be such a coincidence?”

Nick visibly paused, studying me. I didn’t know what he was thinking but realized I was becoming too agitated.

“No one can stop accidents, but we can stop things from worsening. I hope you’ll maintain a clear head and exercise calm rationality.”

I knew he was concerned that my thoughts might stray down dangerous paths.

*ATL Empire has always been a ship full of huge hopes. It will not sink from minor mishaps. Listen to me.

Focus on doing what’s within your responsibilities.”

Nick had never addressed me with such sternness, and it left me bewildered.

“Don’t get sucked into this whirlpool. If Atlas were here, he wouldn’t want to see you like this. You can’t let

him worry and be his distraction. You’re a smart woman.”

His words hit me like a slap in the face, but they still weren’t enough.

With stern severity, he added, "You're not yet capable of assisting him. It's best if you don't cause further

disturbance

Nick not only had a heavy tone but also a darkened expression. IL

warning.

I hesitated, then chose to push my doubts aside. If I couldn't trust Atlas and Nick, who could I trust?

"Sorry for troubling you," I said as I bid farewell to Nick and left ATL Empire.

Once back in my car, I could no longer contain my grief. I bowed my head onto the steering wheel and

sobbed.

Finally, I regained control and whispered, "Everything will be alright, Chloe. You really can't add chaos to

his situation."

However, he was still unconscious. I couldn't imagine him not waking up, knowing he must have suffered so many injuries. As the tears welled up again, I wished he could stand before me, smiling again.

Why did it have to be like this? He was perfectly fine! No, I couldn't believe this was just a coincidence. Sniffing back my tears, I pressed the gas pedal, leaving the ATL Empire building behind.

Chapter 305 The Beginning of the End

Ryan, who hadn't seen me all day, was anxious. He had called me multiple times, but I hadn't answered.

office. When I finally returned, he hurriedly followed me into my

"Chlo, where were you? Are you feeling unwell?" Ryan's concern was evident as he noticed the pallor on

my face.

I sank wearily into my chair. "I went to ATL Empire and met with Nick."

"Any news?" Ryan inquired promptly, fully aware of why I had met with Nick.

"H—He's still unconscious! He hasn't woken up yet." I didn't hold back any details from Ryan. I felt utterly powerless. "He suffered a head injury. They're keeping the news under wraps."

Ryan understood the gravity of the situation and said, "No wonder they are trying so hard to hide this. This happened as Atlas announced his takeover. It's not a good sign. Those loyalists of Celine, I'm afraid they

will be active again."

"The most important part is not knowing when he will wake up. Today, Celine returned to Nocturnia. I initially thought it was good news, but now I see it is quite the opposite!" I muttered to myself, feeling unsettled. "That woman is planning something! How could she pass up such a golden opportunity? She never intended to give up control of the ATL Empire."

"Don't worry too much. After all, we don't know much about the ATL Empire. I believe Atlas won't be

without a plan!"

“It’s precisely because we don’t know that I’m worried. Mr. Nick also mentioned that this accident disrupted Atlas’s plans!”

I could only analyze the situation with Ryan. “As far as I know, Celine won’t just let the ATL Empire change hands. Her desire for control over the ATL Empire has driven her mad, to the point where...she might have had a hand in the plane crash that took Atlas’s parents!”

Ryan’s expression showed astonishment, and he realized the gravity of the situation.

That might be why Atlas always reminded me to ensure our interests!”

I held my head in my hands. Understanding Atlas was becoming increasingly difficult. His instructions to me seemed more suspicious with each passing moment as if he had some kind of premonition.

Thank goodness we followed through. As long as our course is correct, there shouldn’t be a problem. It seems we need to learn to adapt and survive in tight spots,” Ryan said before turning back to me.

“Our current priority is stabilizing and completing our projects quickly. If we can escape, businesspeople, and we’re all selfish. Whether they fight internally or externally, we should strengthen

ourselves.

“As for the ATL Empire, they won’t let Atlas go down without a fight. Atlas’ power must be comparable to his aunt’s. He wouldn’t have staged this takeover otherwise. Rest assured, Chlo! The people on Atlas’s

side won’t let him fall like this.”

“Still,” I said. “Celine has always been scheming. With Atlas in this condition, I think she might use this as an opportunity for trouble. Do you think she might...?”

I looked at Ryan in horror. “What if she takes advantage of Atlas’s unconscious state?”

Ryan shook his head. "It's unlikely, but of course, this doesn't rule out the possibility of him not waking up

for a long time."

My heart sank. "She returned to Nocturnia but left Stella behind, keeping her close to Atlas."

Celine was not doing this out of kindness, and Stella wouldn't genuinely want to look after Atlas.

I couldn't shake the feeling that trust between Atlas and Stella had eroded, and they were both putting on an act.

Chapter 306 The Cops Are Here Again

I remembered something and said to Ryan, "Speaking of Atlas's injury, I haven't seen or heard anything about Dylan since then. Is Dylan also seriously injured?"

I looked at Ryan in puzzlement.

He nodded and replied. "You're right. Dylan should be injured, too."

"He was in the same car as Atlas. Judging from the car's condition, Dylan should also be seriously injured." I recalled what I had seen on the screen that day. Indeed, the car was severely damaged.

"Chlo, trust that Atlas will be okay. You need to relax," Ryan reassured me, fearing I would get worked up

again, "Sometimes, we must think things through."

I helplessly nodded and said, "There's nothing else I can do. I can't see how Atlas is, so I can only wait.

Please check on the progress of our project in the next few days, especially the project with ATL Empire.

We must carefully avoid any mistakes to prevent Celine from causing trouble.”

Just then, someone knocked on my office door. I said, “Come in!”

Carol entered and whispered, “Ms. Chloe, those two cops are here again.”

I frowned and told her, “Let them in.”

I thought their timing was perfect since I had something to ask them.

Ryan looked at me meaningfully and said, “I’ll leave for now. Don’t get too worked up, and stay calm. Tell

me if you need anything.”

I nodded as he left the room. Soon after, Carol brought in the two cops, but I didn’t greet them warmly

this time. I remained on my chair and watched them enter, calmly saying, “Please have a seat.”

The two officers exchanged glances and then sat on the couch. I looked at them and said, “Is there something else you need from me?”

The older officer answered, “Yes, we have some things to verify with you, Ms. Chloe.”

I nodded. “Please go ahead.”

“Was anyone else with you when Kennedy called?”

“No, I was alone in here,” I promptly replied, “I was anxious when I received the call, so I grabbed my bag and headed to his provided location. Oh, he didn’t tell me the address on the call but sent it to me through text instead.”

I retrieved the text message and handed my phone to them. I sat in the main seat on the couch and observed them as they looked at my phone. I had some doubts about these two cops.

After glancing at the address on my phone, the older officer asked, “What did he tell you during the call?”

I stared at the older cop since he had already asked that question during their previous visit. Since I remained silent, he stared back at me. Once again, I reiterated how Kennedy had called and told me

he wanted to share information about Atlas.

I told them everything in detail and then asked them a question before they could ask me another one.

Chapter 307 Bombarding Them with Questions

I became cold and arrogant. While I was nervous during their first visit, I also felt resentful this time. The cops’ attitudes, expressions, and tone annoyed me.

‘I’m curious, officers. What exactly are you investigating? Although I’m not a professional, I know you’ve missed some crucial questions, I don’t know if you intentionally avoided asking them or if you already have the answers,” I spoke with skepticism.

After a pause, I asked. “Why didn’t you ask me what Kennedy wanted to tell me?”

Immediately after asking that question, I stared at the officer to observe his reaction. As expected, he

was speechless.

The other officer awkwardly said, "That's what we wanted to ask you next."

Then let me ask you two something. Did you overlook this question on your previous visit? Or did you avoid asking it? Maybe you already know what he wanted to tell me?" My follow-up questions were

assertive.

I continued questioning. "Since this case involves me, can I know why you're investigating the cause of Kennedy's death? Didn't you say it was a drunk driving accident? If it were, is it necessary to question

who he contacted before dying?"

The two officers glanced at each other again, and I knew my questions had affected them.

"You don't need to know because it's confidential. You only need to cooperate with our investigation," the

older officer said impatiently.

However, it further annoyed me. I became sterner, saying, "Have you considered how your actions will impact me? You came to my company in uniform to question me. As a person involved in this matter, I

have the right to know what's happening.

They exchanged glances again and were about to retort, but I interrupted them again.

“You’ve come here twice for questioning but won’t tell me why. It makes me anxious, and I can’t eat or sleep properly. Don’t you realize that? I was unyielding as I stared at the two officers

“We’re only conducting routine inquiries. Please don’t feel pressured,” the younger officer said smilingly.

His tone became more relaxed and respectful

I knew my words had affected them, so I continued, “I want to know if Kennedy died in a car accident, as

you said. According to you, it was a freak accident. If so, why are you still investigating, and why did he die immediately after requesting to meet me?

“I’m losing my mind here. What world do we live in where people die for nothing? Am I also in danger?”

I cleverly formed my questions, hoping to get clues from the cops. After all, Kennedy was about to tell me about Atlas, yet the former died on his way to meet me. Anyone would find that highly unsettling.

“Can we ask you another question then?” the older officer asked.

“Go ahead. I can’t refuse since you’re already here, right?” I kept my sharp attitude.

I knew I needed to be assertive. After all, the cops treated me like a suspect when they came in. However, my firm demeanor demanded their respect.

“So, what’s your relationship with Mr. Atlas?”

“We’re good friends and business partners.” I shrugged and spread my hands, answering calmly. I guessed they might be embarrassed to pry because it would be intrusive.

“Then what kind of information do you want about him?” Finally, I heard the crucial question and couldn’t

help but smile.

“I think you’ve finally hit the mark,” I praised the officers, “You should’ve asked this key question the last time you came.”

I glanced at them arrogantly before answering their question. I wanted to use this chance to gauge the

Chapter 308 News Blackout

I remained silent momentarily before saying, “I was eager to know how severe his injuries were and why there’s no news about it.”

One of the officers said, “Mr. Atlas suffered severe injuries in his accident, and ATL Empire requested to remove the news.”

I couldn’t help but frown at the words “severe injuries.”

“We could only cooperate with ATL Empire. However, it doesn’t affect how we usually handle his case. The news blackout only concerns Mr. Atlas’s condition, not the case’s outcome. The public should receive a satisfactory explanation once we’ve concluded the case.”

I knew the officer was tight-lipped and that trying to extract the information I wanted from them was unlikely. However, I deduced that Celine had ordered to block the news because Atlas was in a coma.

Although it was a reasonable precaution on her part, I needed to know what she planned to do afterward. I figured only she and her people knew.

I helplessly looked at the two officers and softened my tone, "That's why I rushed to meet Kennedy when he said he had information on Atlas. But Kennedy died on the way. I want to know if it was really a car

accident."

"There are no signs of foul play yet, so we concluded it as a freak accident." The officer's response didn't change, and I could tell they didn't have any leads yet. Still, the case seemed suspicious, or they wouldn't

continue investigating it.

I felt exhausted and muttered, "This situation makes me anxious. I wonder why people end up dying just because I want to know Mr. Atlas's condition. I hope you can provide a reassuring answer once you've

concluded your investigation."

pinched the bridge of my nose and added, "Oh, if it was foul play, then I want to know who killed

Kennedy"

elayed silent after saying this. I suspected the officers sensed my reluctance since they quickly ended

the conversation and left my office

mediately after, Carol entered and gave me a thumbs up, saying. "You sure are assertive, Boss!"

sorted to express my exasperation, I haven't committed any crimes, so why should I fear what they

being assertive Uni, 110

how to prove my suspicions.

Just then, Ivanna called me. She told me Stella had gone to see Harmony, which surprised me. I wondered why Stella would visit Harmony at a time like this and what Stella was planning.

I grew annoyed but knew Stella would reveal her true intentions soon. Unbeknownst to me, I had

manifested it.

Chapter 309 She Came on Her Own

Yesterday, Ivanna told me that Stella had visited Harmony. Today, I was surprised to see Harmony at my

office.

I leaned into my office chair as I watched Harmony saunter in. I smirked and said, "Hey, Ms. Harmony, did you wander into the wrong office? Although we're neighbors, we have no business together."

Harmony responded playfully, "What's wrong with that? You should be honored that I came here. Not to brag, but many companies want to hire me."

stood up with a bright smile, walked out from behind my desk, and sat on the couch. After gesturing for Harmony to join me, I said, "You're right. Since you're a guest, please have a seat."

Harmony appeared playful and elegant as she sauntered to the couch. She put down her bag and put it aside. She looked at me and said, "I didn't expect your company to be so well-organized. I

underestimated you.”

Her words made me see her in a different light. I was surprised that she dared to speak the truth. I agreed

that she had underestimated me.

I didn't hide my dislike for her, saying, “You don't have to flatter me. I'm just a small business owner trying to make a living. I'm just a nobody to a famous person like you. Let's talk.”

Strangely, Harmony didn't get angry this time. Instead, she casually asked, “What's this? You don't even offer me a cup of coffee? Is that how you treat your guests?”

I raised an eyebrow, stood up, and confidently spoke into the intercom on my desk, “Ms. Harmony wants some coffee. We have as much coffee as you want. I guarantee our coffee is top-notch.”

She glanced at me and said, “All right, don't push it. I just want one cup.”

For some reason, Harmony seemed much improved today. She looked like she had a newfound clarity, and I couldn't help but laugh. I hadn't laughed so heartily in a while. Still, I wondered why this

troublemaker visited since we weren't friendly with each other.

suspected Stella could have sent her to gather information. I observed Harmony and deliberately

avoided asking her why she had come. I wanted to see what she would say.

Meanwhile, Carol placed two cups of coffee on the table and left the office. I sipped mine but remained

and observed Harmony. Finally, she grew uncomfortable and awkwardly drank her coffee

irked and asked, "Aren't you going to ask me why I'm here?"

I playfully responded, "Why the rush? You traveled all this way but haven't mentioned your purpose yet. That's unlike you. Besides, you can't leave until you've completed your task, right?"

I knew she didn't come to me of her own accord. She wasn't cunning enough for that. Harmony laughed a few times before saying "I came here today to tell you some good news."

I kept my smile and sharp remarks, "We're not close, so I can't imagine what good news would require

you to come here so excitedly."

you

I knew Harmony was pretty innocent, and her strategies weren't cunning. She wouldn't openly claim Atlas was her boyfriend if she were crafty. So, I only provoked Harmony to make her lose control and

unintentionally speak the truth.

"Don't be so pleased with yourself. You didn't even ask what the good news is." Harmony's expression

turned cold.

I sensed the timing was right and asked, "I can tell it's good news because of how excited you are. All

right, spill the beans. Is the news about you or me?"

Chapter 310 Sowing Discord

Harmony smirked and said coyly, "Guess."

"I'm not curious, so why should I guess?" I refused to cooperate.

My response caught Harmony off guard, and she turned cold, "Don't you want to know about Atlas?"

I scoffed and looked at her with disdain. "Why would I want to know? He's your boyfriend, not mine. At best, Atlas and I are just business partners. Did you fall for someone's tricks again?"

I chuckled and looked at her triumphantly. I might've been anxious to know and fall for her tricks if it were yesterday. However, I could keep my poker face now, even if I was anxious. Indeed, my attitude confused

Harmony.

She stared at me in disbelief and asked, "You genuinely don't want to know?"

"Do I look like I'm lying?" I pretended to be casual, lounging on the couch. "I guess whoever sent you here has ill intentions. They're probably trying to sow discord between us. Harmony, we're not even friends, so

is there a need to make us fight?"

I smirked and taunted her, "Since you came all this way, tell me what she said about Atlas. Tell me everything, or it'd be embarrassing for you."

I tried provoking Harmony with my mocking gaze. I feigned indifference to what she wanted to say, even amazing myself with my attitude. Sure enough, she was in disbelief. I

Harmony said coyly, "Didn't you say you weren't curious?"

I snapped, "You can leave now. Don't forget that I'm a businesswoman, and my time is valuable. Let me clarify, if you waste my time again, I'll charge you by the hour."

I grew irritated and walked toward my desk.

Seeing that I wouldn't deal with her anymore, Harmony exclaimed, "You're pretending, aren't you?!"

"Does it look like I am?" I stared at her coldly. "You honestly think I have nothing better to do than to entertain you?"

was about to retort, but I interrupted her, "You're in my office, not your studio. I gave you time to speak and gave you your coffee. Now you're accusing me of pretending? I have a reputation, too, even

ourth it's not great.

things slide if know I'm not wrong 111 take you to court if you provoke me) suppesty

don't expect me to respect you for wasting my time.

I don't care if you're a star or how others mess with you. How dare you come to my office and provoke me? Do you think I'm a pushover? Why would you fall for someone's trap if you're not a fool?"

I waved, saying. "There's the door. Don't let it hit you on the way out!"

The sudden change in my attitude stunned Harmony. She stared at me in disbelief for a long while before.

finally asking me a question.