

Divorce 1371

Chapter 1371 Speaking the Truth

This time, I was genuinely surprised. "The Avila family?"

"Yes, the leader of the younger generation of the Avila family," Atlas affirmed.

"How did you know?" I asked. "Is the information reliable?"

"Are you doubting me?" Atlas asked. "Her whereabouts are never beyond Jared's sight."

"No wonder his cooperation with the Huffman family hasn't been affected," I exclaimed belatedly. "It seems Jared is quite strategic to seize such an opportunity."

Then, I asked, "What kind of man is he?"

Atlas glanced at me casually as if it didn't concern him.

"Is he outstanding?" I asked again, and of course, Atlas knew what I meant.

"He's the youngest military leader in Yare. Quite a tough man, I would say," Atlas said succinctly, leaving it at that.

I involuntarily shook my head, and the fleeting image of the burly figure in the elevator flashed in my mind.

"No wonder when Trinity returned, she seemed very familiar with the Avila family and genuinely concerned about my grandma. From her tone, it seemed that the old lady still regarded her highly. I could tell she had changed."

I murmured to myself, "Looks like it's the power of love."

"Are you very concerned about the Avila family?" Atlas grabbed my hand from across the table.

I looked at him, hesitated momentarily, and then spoke, "To be honest, deep down, I have some... resentment toward the Avila family."

This was the first time I had openly discussed my views on the Avila family with Atlas.

"After all, my mother was

abandoned by that family. Although

my mother made the decision herself and gave up the wealth she should have had, shouldn't the Avila family bear some responsibility when my mom died?"

I just looked at Atlas, and he didn't refute me.

"They disagreed with her choice, so they turned a blind eye to their children? And upon knowing that my mother had passed away, they still maintained an indifferent attitude toward me. This puzzles me."

"Apparently, they tried looking for you, and imposters kept showing up. Perhaps they had their own reasons," Atlas said.

"But I am Lucille's daughter! When I was at my lowest, they just let me be out there."

I expressed my dissatisfaction, and then, with a scoff, I continued, "Hmph. I don't quite accept their way of doing things. Of course, maybe I don't understand the Avila family at all."

Atlas's hand clasped mine, "This is

the first time I've heard your true thoughts. However, they weren't completely indifferent because you were already missing. Otherwise, I wouldn't have spent 18 years searching for you."

"If they had cared about their daughter, how could the subsequent events have happened? Although this wasn't directly their fault, they still had some blame." I looked at Atlas and said, "Honestly, it's a bit heartbreaking."

"Don't be upset, I'm here." he comforted me.

Just then, the waiter came to serve the dishes, and I regained control of my emotions. I didn't know why, but I felt a bit sour thinking that my imposter was still a part of the Avila family.

Even Trinity told me she had shown the old lady my photos. Then why would she still keep an imposter of me by her side?

After the waiter finished serving the dishes and left, Atlas handed me my cutlery. "Let's eat. Don't be angry. I will get it back for you in the future, but we can't let our son go hungry."

I chuckled and took the cutlery from him. "Be careful not to be disappointed if it's not a son we're having here."

"I'll never be disappointed."

"Since when did you become so good at sweet-talking?" I glanced at him sideways, feeling ecstatic inside.

"You're the only one who can make me do this." Atlas smirked at me.

Chapter 1372 Meeting Clark at Night

How was this man so irresistibly perfect and flawless? Truly, it was a stroke of luck to have found him.

I indulged in every bite. Yare, the Avila family-none of it mattered anymore.

When we returned to Pleca Park, it wasn't too late, but the vast living room felt unusually deserted, with only my foster mom present. It was giving off a chilly vibe.

"Mom, why are you all alone?" I approached cheerfully, asking her.

"Hey. Your grandma and Arnold went back home today. The kids were tired from playing and just fell asleep, so it's just me now." She sighed, "Once they left, it felt so empty. It's better when there are more people here, and it's livelier."

I suddenly remembered that Archie had already returned to Solaris this morning with Ardie. Arnold, having decided to take over the Beringer family business entirely, had gone to the company early in the morning with Grandma Rose.

All of them had decided to move back to the Beringer family's mansion.

"Is Dad asleep too?" I asked casually.

"He's in the annex, probably chatting with your real father."

Atlas suggested, "Shall we go and see them?"

"Sure." I nodded eagerly.

Sure enough, the two old folks were still chatting. Seeing us come in, my biological father smiled and said, "Just got back?"

Atlas nodded. "Yeah, I had dinner with Chloe."

"Atlas, when will you take me to meet Clark?" My father suddenly made this request to Atlas.

I knew this was a sore spot for him.

Clark, who had been brought into ATL Empire by my father, had ended up...

Atlas pondered for a moment, and asked, "Dad, are you feeling alright?"

"No problem at all. I've healed so much since I returned here," my father said.

George laughed. "You do look better than when you just got back."

Atlas unexpectedly said, "Then let's go now."

I was surprised and looked at Atlas, "It's quite late."

"It's not too late. Plus, I need to ask him something," Atlas said.

"Then I'll come with you," I quickly said.

Atlas didn't stop me. He and the bodyguards helped my father get into the wheelchair, and we were off.

My foster dad quickly looked at Atlas and asked, "Can I go with you guys?"

Atlas nodded without refusing,

he immediately looked pleased,

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taking the initiative to push munt

father forward. The four of us went outside.

Atlas made a call to inform Dylan of our plans.

We went directly to the garage from the corridor, where Atlas chose an RV and helped my father get into it. He pressed a remote, and the wheelchair was stowed away inside the vehicle.

I was amazed by this series of actions.

I had never seen this vehicle before, so it seemed that Atlas had prepared it recently.

We got into the car, with Dylan sitting in the driver's seat. He opened the secret door and drove out through the secret passage.

As soon as the door to the secret passage opened, the two older men were stunned.

My foster dad looked incredulously at the road ahead and exclaimed, "There's actually a passage like this?"

"Dad, very few people know about this road. Even in Pleca Park, not everyone knows about it." I reminded him.

Of course, he understood what I meant and nodded repeatedly. "I see."

My father sighed, "If only we had such a road back then."

We arrived at the storage area, where Cane was already waiting. He helped my father out of the car, and we all headed to the cave area.

My father looked at the facilities inside with approval. I knew he admired Atlas from the bottom of his heart.

This time, we arrived at a spacious

and bright room in the cave area t had been lightly decorated, clean, withcomplete office equipment. It was a very decent office.

Atlas then told Cane, "Bring Clark over."

Cane immediately turned and left. Not long after, I heard footsteps approaching from outside the door.

Chapter 1373 Revealing the Past

We were in the cave, so the footsteps sounded hollow and clear on this quiet night.

We all looked toward the door.

Cane led in Clark, who looked pale and much thinner than I saw him last.

My father narrowed his eyes slightly, and a hint of fierceness filled them. I stood by his side and quickly touched his shoulder, afraid his emotions would be affected.

After Clark entered, he sneakily glanced around the room.

But the next moment, when his gaze fell on my father in the wheelchair, he seemed to have stepped on an electric switch and was trembling uncontrollably.

With eyes full of fear and helplessness, he looked at my father.

"Rory..." He involuntarily took a step back.

But the bodyguard behind him suddenly pushed him forward, causing him to stagger forward uncontrollably. After regaining his balance, he made a surprising move.

He knelt in front of my father with a thud.

"Rory, I-I was wrong. Please forgive me!" He kept repeating this with his head hung low.

Standing behind my father, I watched his actions. I did not feel any pity, but rather a burning anger toward him. I wanted to tear this despicable and shameless man apart with my own hands.

My father sat there, watching Clark. He unexpectedly laughed, then leaned forward slightly and said, "Clark, you didn't expect I'd be back one day, did you?"

"It's all my fault!" Clark looked like he was possessed at this point.

"Because my children will grow up, and you will always act like garbage." My father looked at him disdainfully.

"Clark, don't you remember? When your wife had difficulty giving birth to your son, who was the one who found a doctor for you? Who paid for the expensive medical expenses? Who visited your mother in the countryside every year, ensuring she lives without worries?"

My father scrutinized Clark. I knew he was controlling his emotions. However, his voice was still hoarse. "It was Lucille who did those things, but how did you treat her and her daughter?"

"It was all arranged by Celine! It was Celine who told me to do it!" Clark suddenly looked up, and there was a glimmer of despair flashing in his eyes. Although my father was in a wheelchair now, he still seemed aloof and unapproachable.

Clark hurriedly explained, "She caught my mother, saying if I couldn't find out about your projects, she would do something to my mother!" "What projects?" My father asked coldly.

"Celine said that you and Louis had a

secret, and i

it must be a major

project. Not only did she send ne

me,

but also..." Clark suddenly stopped, sneaking a glance at Atlas

Obviously, he realized he had said the wrong thing.

Atlas looked at him and questioned harshly, "Who else?"

"There are some others as well..." Clark looked down again.

"Who are they?" Atlas asked again.

Clark raised his head abruptly, his despairing eyes fixed on Rory in front of him. "All of them were people working for Louis at the time."

He listed a series of names, indicating that Celine had indeed put a lot of effort into it, even managing to buy off so many people.

I glanced at Atlas and saw that he remained calm, still looking at Clark. It seemed that Atlas had control over these people.

Clark tried to take a step forward, and said, "In fact, I didn't want to go after Lucille. I really..."

"You're not fit to call her name," my father said through gritted teeth, "Speak. What have you found out?"

Chapter 1374 Brutal Torture

"I only knew that you two frequently traveled. I couldn't find anything solid, so she asked me to report to her about the purpose of your trips and the people you would meet. Tina was responsible for reporting your schedules," Clark explained.

"She said you and Louis had a secret that couldn't be revealed and asked me to get close to you and figure out what was happening.

"Leaving you alive was also her idea. At the time, she just told me to knock you out, but she didn't mention anything about killing Mr. Louis! I knew nothing about that."

"You're still trying to justify yourself? Then tell me, who killed my mom?" I couldn't bear it anymore and shouted.

Atlas immediately hugged me, softly saying, "Don't be angry."

"How did Celine know about the secret plan between Louis and me?" my father asked Clark.

"She had long been in collusion with the organization. I don't know how she found out about the secret between Louis and you, but I only knew that she... she was the mistress of the head of the organization." Clark's voice got softer as he spoke.

Atlas asked directly, "What's the name of the head of the organization?"

Clark hesitated, "I... I don't know."

"Bring Jarvis here!" Atlas said harshly.

Clark appeared stunned. From his expression, I could tell he had no idea that Jarvis had also been detained here.

Clark almost collapsed, crawling forward a few steps, "Mr. Atlas! Mr. Rory! Please don't hurt him. He doesn't know anything, I swear."

"He knows nothing, yet he dared to hurt my father. Today, I'll make him feel the pain of having his legs broken," I said coldly.

Clark looked at me pleadingly and said repeatedly, "No... please, I really don't know who the leader is. I only know he's from Etria and they have a child."

"Celine has a child?" I was a bit surprised and exchanged a glance with Atlas. This news caught us off guard.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

Unexpectedly, there was quite a lot of information here. I always thought the organization was an overseas gang, but it turned out the leader was Etrian.

"Where is her child? Is it a boy or a girl? How old is the child?" I asked.

"I don't know about that. I only accidentally overheard her on the phone once. She kept the information well hidden. If she hadn't referred to herself as 'Mommy' on the phone that time, I wouldn't have known she had a child.

"I thought maybe she had adopted a child, as there were many children like that with Celine. But when she said, 'I gave birth to you, and I'll give you the best.' I realized she had actually given birth to a child. This was also a reason for her to hunt me down."

"I have one more question," I said coldly.

"Just ask. I'll tell you everything I know, so please don't make things difficult for my son." He looked at me, pleading.

I asked, "After my mother had an accident, what did you take from her house?"

Clark was stunned before he looked

at me in doubt. "I didn't take

anything. That noon, I got a call from Celine asking me to meet her. I hurried to the side hall in the

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backyard of the old mansion. There, she gave me a potion, telling me to deal with Lucille." Content, belongs

to

I clenched my hands tightly, my heart hurting as if it was being torn apart.

"I was shocked and kept saying I couldn't do it. After all, Mrs. Lucille had been kind to me, and she's also a princess of Yare. How could I dare to do anything to her?"

"But Celine told me that if I wanted

to see my mother again, I had to do it. Otherwise, she would send my mother and me back to our

over

hometown together. Of course

As he

knew what she meant by 'hometown'. I had no choice." said this, I felt my father's body trembling uncontrollably. Content

I pressed down on his shoulder, comforting him. I knew that Clark's narrative was a cruel torture for my father.

Chapter 1375 Aching Knees

Clark hung his head, saying, "I held the potion, hesitating all along, not knowing what to do. Then I received a call from Celine. She was shouting at me, saying she would give me two more hours or I would return to my mother's dead body.

"I reluctantly went to the Pierce family's residence, and Mrs. Lucille was just leaving the house then. I said I needed to talk to her. Her attitude was colder than ever before. I felt a bit scared because it was like she knew something."

Clark glanced at us, then quickly lowered his gaze.

"Sure enough, Mrs. Lucille looked at me and asked, 'Tell me where Rory is.'"

Tears welled up in my eyes, and Atlas tightened his arm around mine. I knew Atlas sensed my fluctuating emotions.

Clark continued, "I pretended to comfort her, saying Rory was indeed dead. She suddenly got angry and aggressively asked me, 'Do you also think Rory is dead? Then tell me, how did he die?' I felt guilty and didn't know how to answer her.

"She then asked me, 'What did he say when you saw him that morning of the accident?'. I immediately understood that she knew I had gone to the location of your business trip that morning and had seen you."

Clark seemed to return to the state he was in when he saw my mother that day. He murmured, "This woman is too terrifying. She knew I saw you that morning."

"Because that morning, she called me, asking when I would go to the airport. What time was my flight? What time would I be home?" My father growled lowly. His emotions were getting out of control, and his veins bulged in his hand as he gripped the wheelchair's armrest hard.

But Clark continued, "So, I understood Celine's intentions; I had to silence her. Hence, when Mrs. Lucille went to fetch the newspaper, I poured the potion into her cup. She..."

This time, not only did my father tremble, but I did too. Atlas hugged me tightly, supporting me.

"Go on!" My father roared.

Clark trembled. "Later, she showed me the photos from the scene of the accident, pointing at the arm of the body identified as you, saying, 'Rory didn't have a tattoo. This isn't him...'

"I was afraid someone else would

overhear, so quickly handed her the cup. I tried to persuade her not to get worked up, that everything would be investigated thoroughly, and persuaded her to drink some water to calm herself down. She drank the water, and I quickly left. I didn't dare to see her in her fit." Content

"You monster!" My father pointed at him, his anger uncontrollable. "You've lost all your conscience. What right do you have to bargain with me?"

"Clark, you killed my mother and crippled my father! Do you think you can still live?" I shouted.

"I deserve to die, and I don't want to

live anymore. But my son is

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innocent. He knows nothing about

all this. I'm willing to pay with my life, but let him live, please. He's still young."

"That's enough!" I roared, "I'll ask you again, did you take anything from the house?"

"I really didn't take anything," Clark kept saying that, his eyes showing helplessness and resignation. It didn't look like he was lying.

I exchanged a glance with Atlas.

My father regained his composure and then asked, "How did you collude with Navi?"

Clark was stunned for a moment and clicked his tongue. His eyes instinctively darted around, obviously pondering how to answer this question. Just then, Cane's men had brought in Jarvis.

Both father and son seemed unaware they'd see each other here. Jarvis immediately rushed toward Clark, shouting, "Dad!"

Then he turned to us. "Let him go!"

Before he could finish, one of the men kicked his knee. Jarvis fell to the ground, and the sound of his knee hitting the ground made my own knees ache faintly.

Clark immediately looked at my father. "I'll tell you! I got in touch with Navi through Celine. She asked me to pick up a child for her."

Chapter 1376 Unraveling Deep-Seated Resentment

My adoptive father, George, who had been silent all along, suddenly asked, "Were you the one who received the child from Navi?" Clark turned to look at George, squinting slightly, while Atlas urged in a sinister tone, "Speak!"

"Yes." Clark nodded, "That's how I got to know Navi."

"How old was the kid? Do you remember any distinguishing features?" He seemed eager and involuntarily took a step forward.

I knew he was trying to find out about where Gemma was.

"It was a girl. She was young, around 8 or 9 years old. There was nothing particularly distinctive about her."

"And what happened to that child afterward?" I asked.

"She... she is now Ms. Stella," Clark said naturally.

I glanced at Atlas.

Stella again? But why had Atlas said the test results proved she wasn't Gemma?

"Are there any other girls around Celine?" I asked.

"I don't know." Clark glanced at Atlas, then quickly continued, "She never let me get close to her inner circle. She only entrusted me with minor tasks and dealt with me personally for trivial matters."

It seemed like Celine had been very cautious.

Clark looked at George and said, "Actually, my most important task after the plane crash was to take care of Rory."

"Why did you hand me over to Navi?" my dad asked coldly.

"Because only I knew about Celine's plan to hide you," Clark said sincerely.

"You said only you knew? But you couldn't have hidden him by yourself. How did you do it?" Atlas asked sharply.

"I hired a local. He helped me find a place to hide Rory, and then I killed him," Clark said, trembling.

"Why did Celine want to kill you later?" I asked Clark.

"I overheard what she said on the phone. She found out, and I lost two children."

"Two children?" George asked.

"Mr. Atlas and Ms. Chloe. She didn't blame me at that time, but she made me bring Mr. Rory back to her," Clark said disdainfully.

I looked at Clark, realizing that he was right. It matched what Atlas had later discovered.

It was clear that Clark hadn't handed my dad over to Celine for a reason.

If Clark had really handed my dad over to Celine, we wouldn't have been able to be reunited today. Celine would have definitely tortured him a lot

more.

"I knew things weren't going well back then. After all, I drugged you, and I had been responsible for hiding you all along. She had no reason to be suspicious and only occasionally asked about you. She had no intention of taking care of you.

"But since I eavesdropped on her phone call, she suddenly wanted to take over thought that she must have had some other plans. I knew that I was safe as long as I had you. Once I handed you over, I would be dead for sure."

"Looks like you were cunning enough. My dad became your bargaining chip for survival?" I

couldn't help but shout angrily, "But you caused the deaths of so many innocent people!"

Clark looked at me with his rat-like eyes and helplessly said, "I had no choice."

I wanted to tear him apart as I looked at his defiant face.

I couldn't dispel the hatred in my heart no matter how I dealt with this man or Celine, who was still at large.

Chapter 1377 What a Well-Executed Plan

Clark continued, "I sensed something was wrong. She didn't trust me anymore, so I secretly took my son out and kept him close to me. After all, he was still young, and I was afraid that Celine might harm him. Her usual tactic was to use him to control me."

I tilted my head, murmuring, "What a perfect scheme."

Clark looked at Atlas and said, "I knew that if I handed him over, she would have no use for me. So, I tested the waters..."

Atlas looked at him expressionlessly, his gaze icy. "Go on."

Clark turned to my father. "I told Celine you had escaped. That was when you constantly wanted to flee. When I tried that, I found out that she really wanted me dead."

"I had no other choice and nowhere to run. She sent her spies out everywhere to hunt me down. In the end, I had to seek refuge with Navi.

"I didn't know anyone else at the time. But even if I did, no one would have dared to shelter me. But Navi was different. I knew what he was capable of. He was ruthless and he wasn't afraid of anything. Plus, I figured that you must have had some value since Celine wanted to keep you.

"I took advantage of the situation. I made you sound valuable to Navi and negotiated with him. My condition was that he had to protect me and my son. So, I handed you over to Navi.

"But that was also the best way to keep you safe, Rory. Would you still be alive now if you had fallen into Celine's hands? It's hard to say." Clark was slick indeed.

"So, you think you deserve some credit?" I scoffed angrily. "You and your son crippled my father, and you think you still have a right to negotiate with us?"

"Who asked him to keep trying to run away?" Jarvis yelled.

One of Atlas's subordinates suddenly kicked him hard in the back, sending him flying.

Clark immediately bowed to us. "Mr. Rory, this is all my fault. Forgive him. He's still young, it's all my fault, I made him turn out like this..."

Their audacity enraged me. "How dare you try to bargain with us? You're an ungrateful scoundrel. You killed my mother and crippled my father! Do you think you deserve forgiveness?"

Clark looked at me in despair, then suddenly turned to my father and shouted, "Is this what I deserve? We were classmates. You managed to curry favor with Louis and acted like a savior. Why did you hog the limelight when you brought me to Louis? Why didn't you let me get close to him? Why did he only like you?"

His words left me speechless. How narrow-minded could someone be? I didn't think someone like this existed in this world. I hadn't expected

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Byron, Melanie, and Michelle to turn out the way they did either

Clark kept ranting, "He made you shine and tower above everyone else while I could only do menial tasks. We had the same education, family background, and upbringing..."

"You're wrong. What set us apart

was our hearts." My father looked at him disdainfully, his tone remarkably calm. "Louis saw who you really? were along time ago, so he didn't favor you. I gave you a chance by making you my assistant."

My father paused for a moment, adjusting his emotions. "But when I see how things ended, I'm glad I listened to Louis and didn't tell you our core secrets. That's the best decision I've ever made."

Clark knelt on the ground, looking at my father. "Do you really have core secrets?"

Chapter 1378 Don't Rush, Think It Through

When my father heard Clark's question, he looked at him mockingly. "Yes, we do. It's a secret that would fulfill all your desires overnight, and it's something you couldn't even dream of!"

A glimmer of hope shone in my father's eyes like a halo of imminent achievement.

"But someone like you doesn't deserve to know this secret. You're destined to be nothing but a clown, a lowlife who lives in the gutter forever!" With that said, he looked at Atlas. "Get him out of here."

Clark immediately knelt up, looking at my father. "Rory, I did everything. Spare my son. He..."

"We can't forgive him either. He harmed the people I love. This will be the last time you two will ever meet," Atlas said calmly.

"Don't get cocky. When I'm gone, my son will grow up and never let you off the hook," Jarvis shouted furiously.

"Too bad you don't have a son anymore," Cane said icily.

"What do you mean? Say that again!" Jarvis struggled, looking at Cane angrily, demanding, "What did you do to my son? Tell me now!"

Cane looked at the enraged Jarvis, coolly saying, "We don't harm women and children, unlike you. But that doesn't mean someone else won't do anything."

"Your wife remarried long ago, but her new husband is quite something. He's just like you were back then. He's been leading your son astray, causing trouble, stealing, and harassing girls. Can you guess what happened to him?"

Cane looked meaningfully at the furious Jarvis.

Jarvis roared, "You're lying! She wouldn't dare do that. Are you making this up?"

"Your son inherited your family's fine qualities. He was only thirteen, but he knew how to please other people. He snitched and demanded favors. As a result..." Cane paused

"What happened?" Clark's voice trembled.

Jarvis gulped as he stared at Cane, afraid to even breathe, fearing he might miss what Cane said.

But Cane just smiled silently at him.

"Tell me, damn it! What happened?" Jarvis tried to break free from the hands that were restraining him.

"Your son was stabbed to death by

the people he betrayed. They stabbed him twelve times, and his blood was everywhere. When his mother arrived, your son was beyond saving, and she went insane. Her new husband ran away.

"By the way, the autopsy report showed that your son was a drug addict. As for when he got involved

in that stuff, you can think about that slowly. There's no rush."

Jarvis was dumbfounded, staring blankly at Cane while Clark sat on the ground. He seemed petrified.

Atlas glanced at Cane, who immediately signaled to his men to take the father and son away.

Once they had all left the room, I took a long breath and looked at Cane. "Is what you said true?"

Chapter 1379 Clark's Retribution

Cane nodded, "It's absolutely true. We were watching that kid all along, but he was reckless. His mother couldn't control him, and he was disrespectful. Plus, he had a history of addiction since he was eleven."

His words shocked all of us.

Cane sneered, "This was all Clark's fault. After he got in touch with Navi to protect himself from Celine's retaliation, he tried to send Jarvis to Navi. Once Jarvis was there, he fit in perfectly. It was as if he had found his calling.

"Clark didn't hesitate to join the trade for money. He hid the drugs at home and even used his son as cover during occasional sales. Over time, that brat's curiosity led him to try it, and he ended up addicted. Things spiraled out of control from there."

My father sighed. "The father and son have met their karma. They're paying for their sins now."

After leaving the cave area, Atlas led the two fathers around, explaining the situation here. It was as bright as day despite it being night time.

Both my fathers looked very pleased, nodding continuously.

They were concerned that I would need to get some rest, so we got into the car to return to Pleca Park.

Inside the car, my adoptive father, George, hesitated to speak to Atlas, who gently asked, "What's on your mind?"

"Um..." George leaned forward as if he was gathering his courage to speak. "I have an idea. It's something I've been thinking about for a long time, and seeing this place today has helped me make up my mind."

"Go on," Atlas encouraged warmly.

"Can you... make room for me to do some research here?" He sounded hesitant.

I was shocked to hear that. Was my father trying to return to his old profession?

I immediately looked at Atlas, but he didn't seem surprised.

George explained nervously, "You know that I have Phd in chemistry, but I wasted my life by taking the wrong path. When I was sick, I thought that my life was over and all my ideas would be buried with my mistakes. However, I'm not willing to accept that."

He looked pressured, and his head hung low.

His voice grew softer as he continued, "I failed my country, I deserve to die.

"But..." he suddenly raised his head, determination burning in his eyes as he looked at Atlas, "I can't just take~~~ all my knowledge to the grave. I need to use my remaining years to repay my country and those who nurtured me. I need to make up for my mistakes.

"I don't have much time left. I want to use my time to do something worthwhile. Will you let me use this place to set up a small laboratory?" George was basically pleading at this point.

His words were sincere but incoherent, yet we all understood his meaning.

Atlas smiled at him immediately. "You should have told me about this idea long ago. I had this in mind too."

"What?" George was stunned by Atlas's words, staring blankly at his face.

"I thought about it when I saw your notebook, but the past is past. I was afraid you wouldn't want to talk about research or work in this field anymore. To be honest, ATL Empire has our own research and

production base for

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pharmaceuticals, focusing on the

creation of new drugs."

"Really?" He was excited when he heard Atlas's words. "Where is it? Can I see it?"

"It's in Nocturnia. We have a secret base there. We also have one in Foswood, but it's just a small team. However, we have hospitals in major cities worldwide," Atlas said casually.

"That's great. I..." George's words became incoherent as he gestured excitedly, not knowing what else to say.

"We still have your notebook. I had our senior experts look at it, and they were all shocked by your experimental data. They want to meet you."

"Didn't we burn that?" I looked at Atlas in confusion.

Chapter 1380 Setting Up a Laboratory

We had watched Cane burn the notebook at Navi's base, so how did we still have it?

Atlas smirked. "I wouldn't actually burn George's life's work, of course. We burned a replica. We just made it look old." Oh.

"You still have it? That's great." My dad couldn't contain his excitement. "That's fantastic, but it wouldn't be a loss even if it had been burned. All that data has been deeply ingrained in my mind. Besides, there's a lot of unpleasant stuff in there. We're better off without it."

"You're mistaken, George." Atlas countered. "I want to develop an antidote against those toxins. It's a promising venture and an urgent global project." "Do you have any ideas?" George asked immediately.

"I do. Several top research teams across the world are working on this, but there hasn't been a breakthrough yet. Your data and formulas are already in a leading position. If we succeed, it'll be a project that will benefit humanity and rescue those people. You'll be remembered throughout history." Atlas's brief words carried immense power.

My dad's eyes lit up. "I've wanted to make amends for my mistakes for a long time, but I had no clinical proof."

"Don't worry. If you want to continue working, I can provide all the necessary equipment and facilities, as well as all the assistants you require. We'll make sure to convey your ideas well, of course" Atlas reassured him immediately.

"I don't need any of those honors; I just want to atone for my sins. I want to save the people who have fallen into desperation because of my mistakes." George was deeply regretful.

He wanted to say more, but we had already returned to Pleca Park.

"Let's talk more when we have time. Since you're interested, there's no problem. I'll build a lab for you there." Atlas firmly agreed to my dad's request.

My father was very happy. "Great! I need to recover quickly. Otherwise, I'll fall behind you, George."

The two of them laughed excitedly.

We sent my father back to the side building.

As soon as we returned to the main building's living room, I saw my mom looking extremely anxious.

When she saw us, she immediately relaxed, asking urgently, "Where have you been? I was so worried when + couldn't find you anywhere. You didn't even take your phones with you."

I looked around and noticed my phone was still on the sofa in the living room.

It was late, so we didn't say much to each other and went back to our own rooms. I saw my dad as he walked away, filled with a sense of elation.

Back in our room, Atlas picked me up, asking affectionately, "Are you tired? Hmm?"

I whined, "I'm falling asleep, but I'm a little hungry."

"Take a shower, then. I'll bring you some food. Eat a little to fill your stomach before sleeping." He kissed me and gave me a tender smile. "Do you want me to help you shower?"

My face turned red, and I quickly said, "No need, I'll just take a quick one."

"Okay, be careful," he said, then sent me into the bathroom and handed me a clean set of pajamas before heading downstairs.

There was always some stew at home to prevent me from getting hungry at times.

When he came back, I had finished washing up.

I quickly dried myself off and reached for the clean pajamas Atlas had prepared for me. Suddenly, my feet slipped, and I stumbled.

I grabbed on to the sink next to me

to steady myself with a cry of surprise. I managed to stabilize myself amidst my confusion, but my heart pounded wildly. I didn't know if I was scared or startled, but it was a close call. It was terrifying to think about what could have happened.

Atlas rushed in and hugged me, looking panicked. "What happened? Did you fall?"

My heart was still pounding, and I didn't dare move. I wasn't sure if I was scared or just shaken.

He held me, looking me up and down. "Did you hit anything?"

I shook my head and took several deep breaths, pressing my hand against my waist, trying to move.