

Divorce 901

Chapter 901 Bold Speculations

Ardie nodded, speaking gently, "Yeah. He was always taken care of by our grandmother. At the time, she had to run the business while taking care of him, which was quite tough."

"She is really capable. Ardie, Grandma Rose is my idol. The first time I saw her, I wanted to get close to her," I said without hiding my admiration.

"Yeah. Grandma is great. Because Arnold was small, we always pampered him. He still does whatever he wants now."

"Arnold is very clever. He's very wise when judging people and situations. In the future, he should be a good successor." I praised.

"Our family business is already well-established, and there haven't been any major setbacks. Even if he continues like this, it's enough for him to enjoy." Ardie explained.

"But actually, he has good business acumen. Although he's not as steady as Atlas, who plans and executes meticulously, he has a discerning eye. Do you know what he likes?" Ardie looked at me and asked. I was curious, "What does he like?"

"He likes things different from Grandma's stable business-technology and mining. They use up a lot of money, but they're very profitable."

I pondered for a moment. This was indeed not something an ordinary person could accomplish.

"We have been suppressing him, and he is sometimes very rebellious. This may be influenced by Atlas. Some time ago, Atlas did Dad's work. Dad approved of him, and allowed Arnold to collaborate with Atlas to work on those things."

"Collaborate with Atlas? Are you saying Atlas also wants to get involved in these things?" I was surprised.

Ardie glanced at me, and I could read the content in his eyes. He didn't hide anything from me.

He continued to tell me, "Atlas has always been involved in mining and technology. Arnold wants to cooperate with him to expand the scale."

The information Ardie shared was something I didn't know. Actually, I had never discussed with my husband about the scope of his business.

Ardie looked at me curiously. "Don't you know about Atlas's jewelry store?"

I nodded. "I know about that."

"That's a kind of ore he mined

himself, but that's just the tip of the iceberg," Ardie said. "There are many other high-end minerals. In fact, this is the foundation of Uncle Louis's business, and... well, you'll know later." .

It was evident that Ardie wanted to stop discussing this topic. "But Dad explicitly told Arnold that his

business should not extend to

Solaris So, coming to Solaris jel.net

for fun. Besides, no one knows him

in Solaris."

Listening to Ardie's words, I understood that he genuinely considered me a part of the Beringer family. Otherwise, he wouldn't have talked about such a sensitive topic with me.

I also knew that just because Arnold did not get involved in Solaris did not mean Atlas couldn't. So, I decided to stop at certain points in the conversation. Some things were better left unsaid.

However, for the first time, I learned

that Atlas's business went beyond what was superficially visible. I also discovered why Louis rapidly accumulated wealth, surpassing the Pierce family's enterprises

Perhaps what Celine truly wanted to compete for was the mine in Atlas's hands.

This gave me an unexplainable sense of oppression. I made the bold assumption that because mining was directly related to Louis, could his death be related to this?

As I pondered this, the car had already arrived at a secluded courtyard. It didn't look like a dining place but more like a private residence.

I was a bit surprised. Ardie parked the car and led me out, walking toward the courtyard.

Chapter 902 Three Mysterious Guests

When we entered the courtyard, I discovered it was surprisingly large and elegantly designed. Despite its appearance from the outside, the courtyard inside resembled a palace. It was complete with pavilions,

towers, and gardens.

I whispered to Ardie, "This place is so beautiful, like a palace."

His eyes lit up as he looked at me. "You're smart. This was originally a palace that was purchased by someone who treated it as a cultural relic. He spent a considerable amount each year to preserve its beauty."

I sighed, "No wonder it's so beautiful. The preservation efforts are impressive."

Ardie chuckled. "Exactly. This place is not open to the public. Very few people can enter."

This made me even more careful, following him closely and observing every detail. After all, who knew if I would have the chance to come here again?

Ardie led me to a small courtyard within the larger compound, and the interior decoration perfectly matched the overall style of the courtyard.

As we entered a room, a tall screen concealed the interior. Upon entering, I realized that the room had its own charm. Archie, along with four gentlemen, was leisurely drinking tea and chatting. They were dressed quite modestly. Glancing around, they didn't look like prominent figures but more like ordinary people, maybe even farmers. Among them was an elderly man, and they were all engaged in a lively conversation with him.

As we walked in together, Archie smiled and said, "My son and daughter have arrived."

The others turned their heads to look at us, their gaze focusing on me. I quickly walked over, saying, "Dad."

In the presence of strangers, I addressed Archie as "Dad," showing more respect.

"Archie, where did you find such a pretty girl for a daughter?" the others asked as they approached us, scrutinizing me from head to toe. Archie burst into laughter. "Indeed, the Beringer family has been missing a girl like her. It seems she's been found after all these years."

Two gentlemen, approximately Archie's age, quickly inquired, "What's going on?"

"This is the girl Atlas has been looking for," Archie explained.

I realized that these individuals also knew Atlas, creating a sense of familiarity.

Archie continued, "The young man's efforts have finally paid off. He found her with perseverance and the blessings from above."

"Ah? He really found her?" The two men expressed astonishment and then turned their gaze to me.

Archie nodded earnestly and said, "Yes, this kid is lucky. She's still alive."

The elderly man who had sat there motionless, his bright eyes fixed on me, had not taken part in their conversation.

Archie quickly led me to him, introducing, "Chloe, this is Mr. Gordon. He once saved my life."

I quickly greeted, "Mr. Gordon, hello."

Mr. Gordon had silver hair but a youthful appearance, was slender in stature, and had a face in excellent condition. His sharp eyes gleamed with wisdom. I met his gaze directly. en.swhovels.net

He suddenly smiled and said, "A pure-hearted young lady. Archie, she's not bad."

With his approval, Archie seemed

even more delighted, "Anyone who can be my daughter must have such qualities. Beautiful on the outside and

a clean heart on the inside

He quickly introduced the other two elderly man, Jason and Robin.

Honestly, these three gave me a strange feeling. They felt both familiar and unfamiliar-familiar because they knew Atlas, unfamiliar because I had no idea about their occupations. Archie didn't provide me with detailed introductions.

Before everyone took their seats, Gordon's next move surprised me a bit.

Chapter 903 Revealing the Secrets

Mr. Gordon waved at me and didn't say much, indicating that I should sit beside him.

"May I check your pulse?" Mr. Gordon asked.

Perplexed, I looked at the old man. He nodded persistently and pointed to the chair, insisting on examining my pulse.

Jason quickly said to me, "Mr. Gordon is a divine doctor. You better let him check you out. He rarely comes out of seclusion. We need to wait until someone declares giving up treatment before we can ask for his examination. Girl, you're blessed. Even Mr. Gordon favors you."

Upon Jason's introduction, I learned that Gordon was a doctor. If he was called a divine doctor, his medical skills must be exceptional.

I didn't want to be rude, so I sat in front of him, placing my hands on the table in front of him.

Without a word, he extended his hand, lightly placing his fingers on my pulse and silently observing my face.

The others quickly sat down while keeping their voices down, afraid of disturbing Gordon.

Feeling nervous, I wondered why Gordon insisted on examining my pulse.

After a while, he gestured for me to switch hands.

After another two minutes, he asked, "How long have you had this headache?"

I was surprised at his ability to discern this. It seemed he was indeed extraordinary. Moreover, his tone was confident in stating that I experienced headaches rather than asking if I did.

I quickly answered, "Not long, it started a few months ago."

"You're forgetting things, but do memories occasionally resurface?" His question surprised me again.

I shook my head quickly. "No, whenever I try hard to recall something, I get a splitting headache. Those scenes in my mind are blurry, and I always try hard to see them clearly, but... it's impossible." This caused me great pain every time, but I had never spoken about them, not even to Atlas. I was afraid that he would worry.

Last time, when I had a headache,

Atlas invited the best doctor to

examine me. They mentioned there wasn't a good way to treat this condition, and only stimulating the brain nerves continuously to keep them active would help.

When the lost memories were recovered, the headaches would ease and eventually disappear.

Gordon, with just one pulse check, could accurately pinpoint it. It was truly astonishing.

"What memories are you missing?" Gordon asked me, his eyes full of affection and concern.

"I have no memories of my entire childhood, My memories start from the time of my high school entrance exam, and everything before that is a blank slate. I know nothing I said with some pain.

Only I knew how precious those lost memories were to me. They contained all the time I spent with Atlas.

Gordon listened to my explanation, his gaze profound as he looked at Archie. With certainty, he said, "Her memories have been sealed."

I stared at him and anxiously asked, "Mr. Gordon, what do you mean? Why do you say my memories have been sealed? How were they sealed?" My tone was urgent, and my expression was probably a bit exaggerated.

Archie reached out, gently placing his hand on my shoulder. The warmth from his large, comforting hand made me feel at ease.

I took a deep breath, trying to calm my emotions.

Archie looked at Gordon and calmly asked, "Mr. Gordon, what is her situation exactly?"

"Someone tampered with her memories," Gordon replied without hesitation.

His words left me in disbelief, to the

point where I seemed not to have understood. What did it mean that someone tampered with my memories?

This statement sounded bizarre. I've heard about many things being tampered with, but I have never heard of memories being tampered with.

Archie seemed to have no doubts and cautiously asked, "Do you have a solution? Can you help her recover these lost memories?"

Chapter 904 Memory Manipulation

Archie's words echoed my concerns, and I also looked at Gordon.

After pondering for a moment, Gordon shook his head slightly and said, "I cannot recover her memories, but I can try to ease her stress, alleviate the frequency of her headaches... but it requires acupuncture." I eagerly pressed for more information. "So, does that mean if I get acupuncture, I might recall some memories? Or is there a way for me to retrieve them?"

The others also looked at Gordon. At this moment, all my hopes were pinned on his answer.

"Acupuncture can only alleviate the tension and stress on your nerves, reducing the frequency of your headaches and the pain you experience. Your memories have been selectively forgotten. So, you only lost memories from a specific period in your childhood."

I felt a bit confused. I asked him, "Mr. Gordon, are you saying I've been hypnotized? Is that it?"

Gordon nodded confidently.

This explanation left me bewildered. Who hypnotized me? Why deprive me of the right to my memories?

Archie's hand on my shoulder became a bit heavier, and he comforted me, "Don't worry. There must be a solution."

He looked at Gordon and asked, "Mr. Gordon, are there any better methods to help her recover her memories?"

I nodded eagerly, hoping to hear a solution from Gordon.

After a moment of contemplation, Gordon spoke. "It's hard to say. It depends on each person's condition. Besides, those who can perform this selective hypnosis are rare. Even if someone does it, the chances of complete recovery are almost impossible."

"What?!"

I was incredibly upset and looked at Archie helplessly.

"I want my memories back. I want to remember all my younger days with Atlas. I want to know the days before I took my last high school exam.

"I want to know how I became Chloe. Only by regaining my memories will I be able to solve this mystery."

Mr. Gordon spoke again, "It's because you are too eager to regain your memory that caused your severe headaches and even risking going into shock."

I nodded. "That phenomenon has occurred."

"It's not good for your brain," Gordon said solemnly.

"Moreover, under compulsive suppression, the fragments of memory you recall may sometimes be false. It may not be actual memories, but rather fantasies or desires."

"False?" I helplessly repeated. At this point, I didn't question Gordon's words at all.

Ardie quickly interjected, "What if we hire a hypnotist to restore her memories?"

"I've said it. Even if the person who did the hypnosis for her at that time tried to do it again, releasing those sealed memories might introduce deviations. Not only will you not retrieve memories, but it might also lead to schizophrenia or even death."

Gordon's words silenced everyone in the room. I felt an unprecedented sense of despair.

Gordon's words were harsh, but he continued, "When you first did the hypnosis and were informed of these drawbacks, they still wanted to proceed. The person who decided on this hypnosis for you didn't want you to remember everything from the past."

When Gordon said these words, my parents instantly appeared in my mind. Could it be that they didn't want me to remember everything from the past?

This thought caused an indescribable pain in my heart. Why did they do this? Why did they deprive me of the right to remember everything?

No wonder when I asked my mom about the old scar on my collarbone, her expression was somewhat uneasy, and there were loopholes in her explanation.

Seeing my distressed face, Archie was also unsettled. He then asked Gordon, "So, what would be the effect of the assistance you mentioned?"

After a moment of silence, Gordon

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said, "After administer acupuncture to controt her headaches, it will alleviate the pressure on her memory. Fewer memory fragments will suddenly flood her brain nerves. It's just a relief, not a cure,"

"Can you think of any other methods?" Ardie inquired.

Chapter 905 Bizarre Gifts

He didn't answer Archie's question but continued to ask, "Child, did you experience insomnia after the onset of headaches?"

"Yes. I never had insomnia before, but ever since the headaches started, I've been having trouble sleeping. When I can't sleep, those blurry, frightening memories appear. The dreams are like a terrifying slideshow, making it difficult to sleep, as my heart will race," I described in detail.

He nodded occasionally, contemplating. "Under what circumstances did your headaches initially occur?"

Reflecting on the beginning of my headaches, I suddenly recalled, "Someone placed an incense in my car-a kind of poison. I started experiencing these symptoms upon inhaling the poison. "Since then, the headaches have persisted, and I keep recalling some things, but they are very vague, like short freeze frames."

"That's it. That must be the external factor that triggered the increase in neuroactivity, inducing latent crises and activating dormant nerve cells," he explained vaguely, but we all understood.

At that moment, a knock on the door signaled the arrival of the waiter with the dishes.

Gordon quickly suggested, "Let's have our meal first."

I felt a bit reluctant but refrained from pressing further.

He reassured me, "I'll find a solution. Don't worry."

Ardie also comforted me, "Yeah, don't think too much. There will be a solution."

I nodded, quickly pushing away my despondent emotions. No matter what, I couldn't let the elders worry.

The dinner was joyous, like a family feast, and no one brought up the topic of memory loss. Unexpectedly, when it was time to part, they all wanted to give me parting gifts, and each gift was peculiar.

Jason gave me a large stone, rough and heavy. Robin's gift was three seeds in a small glass bottle. The seeds resembled apricot pits, round and full. There was also a card inside the bottle, shaped like a warning note.

Looking at these gifts, I was

fascinated, especially Robin's small

glass bottle. I held it in my hand and said sincerely, "I will plant these

seeds in our family's yard when I return."

He smiled and said, "Plant them wherever you like. The card inside has instructions for their care. It's just a small gesture."

"How could it be? My dad will love them. Gardening in the yard is his favorite. Thank you, Robin."

Jason, however, dismissively said to me, "My stone is too ugly. We have plenty of them. Let the kid play with it as much as she wants."

I laughed happily, treating it like a precious treasure.

Gordon, without any hint of disdain, took out a piece of jade from his pocket. It was pure white, appearing exquisite. He pushed it toward me on the table, saying, "Take this."

I quickly waved. "Mr. Gordon, I can't accept this. It's too valuable."

He smiled and said calmly, "This stone is fitting for you. Carry it with you. It will help improve your insomnia and soothe your nerves."

Feeling uneasy, I glanced at Archie, and he smiled gently, "Take what Mr. Gordon gave you. It's good for you. Don't hesitate. Just remember to keep Mr. Gordon in mind in the

future."

I quickly responded, "I will."

"I'll think of a solution when I get back. If necessary, you must come to Solaris again," Gordon said calmly. "Next time, I'll give you acupuncture. You can come to Solaris anytime."

I looked at Gordon, expressing sincere gratitude, while Archie picked up the jade and hung it around my neck.

"Always carry it with you."

"Okay, I got it." I nodded obediently.

After leaving the courtyard, Archie and I got into Ardie's car, heading back home. The other three people refused a ride and leisurely left the courtyard, disappearing into the play of light and shadow.

Chapter 906 The Fear of Past Memories

The Fear of Past Memories

I felt a little embarrassed and asked Archie, "Are you sure we don't need to give them a ride back?"

"They live nearby," Archie said casually.

I didn't press any further.

In the car, Archie asked me, "When's your flight? Is it tomorrow morning?"

"Yeah. There's a lot to handle back home. I've also invited some suppliers for an on-site meeting to finalize the materials. I can't afford to be careless. But... do you think Mr. Gordon might have a solution—"

"Just let things take their course, Chloe. Don't force it. It doesn't matter if you don't remember anything. What's important is a safe and happy life ahead. Everything else is just part of life's journey." His words were clearly meant to console me.

"Once you're free, you can come back to Solaris and let him administer the acupuncture to ease your pain. It's important for you to take care of your health. Don't neglect it. His medical skills are unparalleled, and you can trust him."

"I trust your friends, but I'm just too impatient. I never imagined my memory loss would be like this. This is so unfair. How could they take away my right to remember?" My voice grew softer, and I felt a deep discomfort.

"No one's to blame here, Chloe. It's happened already. We just have to face things no matter who did it." Archie's tone was stern.

"I understand." I knew that my negativity was perhaps too overwhelming.

Back at home, I spent some time chatting with Archie. He reminded me of a few things, like a caring father advising his daughter. I felt increasingly at ease as I sensed more of a familial connection between us.

Winter was approaching in Solaris. I checked his wardrobe, thinking that I should get him some warm clothes next time I visited.

I couldn't help but feel that he should have a woman by his side to take care of him. But I also understood that his status didn't allow for just any woman to be by his side.

After going downstairs, Ardie joined our father-daughter team. The three of us chatted about our lives, discussing work and ongoing projects.

It was late when Archie finally urged me to go back to my room and rest, reminding me that I had to return to Foswood the next day.

That night, I slept soundly without any dreams.

Early in the morning, I got up and prepared breakfast for Dad. He was delighted and ate a lot before heading to work. Before leaving, he reminded me to come back to Solaris as soon as possible.

Ardie insisted on taking me to the airport. On the way there, he comforted me again, advising me not to dwell on unpleasant things.

He watched me as I entered the security checkpoint before leaving.

It made me feel like the affection between us as a family was becoming more pronounced.

After I landed, I saw Atlas waiting to pick me up. I rushed into his arms as soon as I came out of the exit and hugged tightly. We attracted quite a few glances, but I didn't care.

This trip to Solaris had unexpectedly uncovered many secrets, which had made things hard for me.

The discussion about my memory had caught me off guard too.

Atlas sensed that something was wrong. As he held me tight, he asked softly, "What's going on? Hmm? You look so distressed. Tell me about it."

I allowed him to embrace me, wanting to quietly feel the safety he provided. At that moment, I felt that only he could give me this kind of security, even more than what I thought my parents could offer.

I couldn't understand why they had erased my memories. What had made them so afraid that I would remember the past? Was it just because they weren't my biological parents?

Just thinking about it sent shivers down my spine.

Chapter 907 Tell Me About It

Tell Me About It

I didn't know who to trust anymore. Maybe I could only trust Atlas, who was holding me tight right now.

I wanted to know what happened to past me, but it seemed impossible to find any answers.

I really didn't understand why they erased my memories. They had no right to strip away my right to know, no matter who they were.

After a while, I finally calmed my overwhelming emotions and stepped out of Atlas's embrace.

I looked up at him, pretended nothing was wrong, and said, "It's nothing, I just missed you. Let's go home."

He bent down, gazed into my eyes, and said softly, "Really? If there's something wrong, you need to tell me. I'll help you fix it."

"What if I never remember the past again?" I couldn't hold back my emotions.

"Don't think about it, then," he said decisively.

"But I want to know about the time we spent together." I started to tear up.

"I'll tell you all about it. I'll recount every day I remember. I won't miss a single detail," he said solemnly.

Melancholy washed over me.

How could it compare to what I remembered myself? What I remembered carried the hues of my own emotions, rather than the stories he told me. But I didn't want Atlas to worry about me.

He had been worrying about me for too many years.

So I looked up at his handsome face and smiled as I said, "Alright. Tell me all about it. One bit at a time, every day."

"Absolutely." He nodded without hesitation.

"Let's go home," I exclaimed, putting on a cheerful facade and linking my arm with his as we walked outside together.

During the car ride, I told him about the people I met at Archie's request. I was sure that Atlas knew who they were, but he didn't tell me much about them.

I showed him the gifts they had given me, and he took the ugly stone, examining it with deep, profound eyes.

"Are you interested in that rock? Take it then," I joked.

He handed the stone back, saying, "I can't take a gift that was meant for you."

"What's mine is yours," I said confidently. Then I looked at him suspiciously and teased, "Are you rejecting it because it's too ugly?"

He laughed, kissed me, and praised, "You're too generous, sweetheart. You're giving away a valuable gift so casually."

I chuckled inwardly. He really knew how to sweet-talk me. It was just a stone, but he had called me generous. Was I really that stingy?

Next, I took out the small, transparent glass bottle containing the golden seeds that rolled around inside.

"This is from Robin. I'm going to get Dad to plant them in the garden when I get back. We'll see what grows from this. I'm so excited." I rotated the bottle, watching the plump seeds tumble around.

He looked at me and said, "Maybe you'll harvest some unexpected surprises."

I grinned like a child, clutching the little bottle in my hand.

Then, feeling embarrassed, I added, "Mr. Gordon's gift was too expensive. Archie insisted I accept it."

I took the jade pendant from around my neck and showed it to him. He examined it carefully.

"They say it soothes the nerves and will help me sleep. I don't know if it was just a placebo, but I slept very well last night without any dreams," I said.

Atlas nodded. "That's a good thing. You should keep wearing it. It'll be good for your health."

"Isn't this too valuable?" I asked him uneasily. I shouldn't have accepted such a precious gift from an elderly person.

"You deserve it," Atlas reassured me, kissing my forehead. "It's not expensive. People get what they deserve. Not just anyone can get to know Mr. Gordon. He's an extraordinary person."

"How extraordinary?" I asked in amazement.

He ruffled my hair with his large hand. "You'll find out soon."

He placed the jade pendant back, took my hand, and intertwined our fingers.

I tried to dispel the gloom in my heart and we returned home. After a simple lunch, we changed, getting ready to attend Ava's kindergarten event.

We dressed in white sportswear, a couple outfit that had been custom-made by Atlas in Italy. It was a style that was in fashion but also extremely comfortable. The fabric was gentle against my skin.

I was used to Atlas in crisp suits, so seeing him in casual wear mesmerized me. I stared at him with my mouth half-open, completely smitten.

Chapter 908 A Lifetime Label

I only snapped out of it when Atlas kissed me, his agile tongue playfully circling in my mouth. He embraced me tightly.

"You look so beautiful in sportswear, baby." He looked at me with narrowed eyes. "How can sportswear make you look like a fairy? Are you a goddess?"

"You surprised me. Why are you so handsome?" I couldn't help but tease him back.

He said earnestly, "It's my fault. I shouldn't have looked so good and made you worry."

His words amused me, and I dove into his arms.

"We're too much."

He laughed and kissed me again before reluctantly letting me go, whispering sweetly, "I'll kiss you good tonight."

Suddenly, he lifted me up and strode outside.

As he walked, he said, "We'll be late if we don't hurry. Our princess is going to scold us."

I patted his back. "Put me down. The servants might see us."

Instead, he gave my butt a playful smack. "Behave."

I laughed until tears welled up in my eyes.

He finally put me down at the staircase and held my hand as we descended together.

My mom looked at us in our matching couple outfits with a content smile on her face. I felt a little bitter. I knew they loved me, but why did they have to strip away my memories? Was it just because they loved me?

A love like that was selfish.

"We're going to join Ava and Jenny for the parent-child day, Mom. We'll be back after it's over," I said.

She looked pleased. "Good. Go ahead. I know she's been looking forward to it for days. She even asked me if you were really coming back this morning. Go quickly. She'll worry if you're late." We got into the car and headed to the kindergarten.

The road was clear, and we arrived with some time to spare. It was still early, but many parents were already there, which showed just how enthusiastic everyone was.

The kindergarten was full of people. Red flags were flying everywhere, indicating that it was a grand event.

But Atlas and I attracted some attention as we entered hand in hand. People turned to look at us as if they had heard a silent command. It was indescribable.

Two kinds of gazes were upon us. All the women looked at Atlas, while the men stared at me, dumbfounded.

Ava's sharp eyes spotted us the moment we walked in.

She ran toward us immediately. She was wearing a white sports outfit and looked beautiful in it.

She shouted, "Daddy... Mommy, you finally came! I thought you broke your promise."

Jenny followed behind her in a white outfit too.

"Why would we? We never break our promises, I told you." Atlas picked her up and hugged her tightly.

The little girl looked radiant, if a little arrogant.

Jenny came over and grabbed my hand. This was how my family usually was.

As the four of us stood together, we immediately became the center of attention.

One of the onlookers couldn't believe it and exclaimed, "Is that... Atlas? Is he here for the parent-child day?"

"Looks like he's really been enchanted by that... woman? Unbelievable..."

"Yeah, my goodness..."

"Don't speak nonsense. A while ago..."

Those people huddled together and

spoke in hushed tones. I knew

exactly what they were talking

about. It was that incident with the

chubby kid that had happened some

time ago.

I pretended not to hear anything and took the kids away from the gossip. It was natural to hear different opinions with so many people around.

Besides, they weren't entirely wrong. I didn't match up to Atlas. After all, I had once been someone else's wife. It was a label I couldn't escape in this lifetime.

But I sincerely thanked the heavens

for his unwavering love. Atlas loved me as if it had been me from the beginning. I would always remember that and use this lifetime and the next to love him. That was the only way to repay his steadfast feelings.

I didn't want him to be caught up in such an awkward situation, but I knew we had to face it.

Atlas held me and completely

ignored those whispers. He lifted

Ava and hugged me as I held Jenny. Together, we returned to our seats, unabashedly facing the curious gazes of the onlookers.

Chapter 909 Farm Rendezvous

The two little ones were very excited and eagerly discussed what was going to happen today.

Ava was brimming with anticipation and pointed at the prizes on the award podium. "Daddy, look, there are prizes."

Atlas asked confidently, "What prize do you want, Ava? Tell me."

"Are you sure? Will we definitely get a prize?" Ava questioned, looking at Atlas.

Atlas nodded confidently, asserting, "Daddy has never lost at anything before."

Ava's expression immediately brightened. She pointed at the biggest dolphin plushie on the podium. "I want that baby dolphin, Daddy. Jenny says she likes the little bear."

"Okay, I'll get one for each of you. Let's make our dreams come true and do our best. Are you feeling confident?"

The two little ones shouted in unison, "Yeah!" Their enthusiasm was overwhelming.

I felt immensely proud. Jenny had been brought here by Atlas to accompany Ava, but when she was around us, she was no different from our child, especially since Atlas treated her as his own.

Their spirited response drew many eyes. Some gentlemen who knew Atlas hurried over to greet him, flattering him about their children being in the same class as Ava. They even brought their kids over for confirmation.

Atlas was being exceptionally approachable today, sporting a rare and gentle smile. Those who had initially approached him cautiously were suddenly filled with confidence and enthusiasm, sensing an opportunity to meet him.

Someone even suggested inviting us to a leisure trip at a farmhouse in the near future.

Surprisingly, Atlas readily agreed.

Suddenly, the parents of children who weren't even in Ava's class rushed over.

There was an explanation for this, of course. After all, the men in this community were either wealthy or influential, and they were mostly businessmen. Who wouldn't want to hitch a ride on Atlas's ship? As long as they boarded this vessel, they were bound to reap unexpected rewards.

The men were afraid they would miss this excellent opportunity to greet Atlas and establish a connection, so they hurriedly approached him.

In no time, almost all the men had crowded around us.

Later, some parents who didn't know what was going on saw Atlas in the crowd. They hastily crossed a row of chairs and hurried over.

Eventually, teachers had to come and persuade everyone to disperse, as some were reluctant to leave.

But the event was about to start, and

to get everyone in their proper places, Atlas unexpectedly

suggested to the fathers, "How è about this? If everyone is free next week, we can arrange a visit to the countryside farm that gentleman was talking about. You can bring your family and kids to get closer to nature. I'll take my family there next Saturday, and we'll see you there."

His proposal received a positive response from the men. The one who had suggested it said, "Consider it done, Mr. Atlas. I'll coordinate with the farm and see how many people we can

accommodate there."

"Great. It's a big place. Everyone can join as long as you have time." Atlas was evidently familiar with the location.

In an instant, the parents were enthusiastic and eager to go. They seemed even more excited for that than for the parent-child activity happening right now.

I saw some mothers who had come

alone scolding their husbands over the phone, clearly displeased. They told their husbands about next week's farmhouse gathering, urging them to check out the venue quickly, fearing that they might miss this chance.

Some fathers who had arrived late sprinted over. They had obviously been summoned by this news.

The teachers used this opportunity to finally persuade everyone to leave our side.

Meanwhile, Ava's classmates were astonished. They chased after Ava and asked, "Is that your mom and dad, Ava?"

Ava, with an air of pride, replied, "Yes, that's my Mommy and Daddy."

The little girls flattered Ava, saying, "Your dad is really handsome."

A few little boys remarked, "Ava's mom is the most beautiful mom I've ever seen."

Ava suddenly laughed. She looked at the boy who said that and said, "So, do you believe me now? I said my mom and dad were the best looking couple of all time. You didn't believe me before this!" "Well, I believe you now. You really weren't exaggerating."

The handsome little boy blushed as he spoke.

Chapter 910 Making a Move

I couldn't help shaking my head. I looked at Atlas and sighed. "My goodness, were we like that when we were kids?"

With a serious expression, Atlas said, "You followed me everywhere back then and never left my side."

I was speechless.

As I sat next to Atlas, I watched Ava, who had an arrogant look on her face. I chuckled and said, "Look how conceited you've made our daughter. Isn't she being a little too shameless?"

Atlas responded proudly, "It's true, though. Her parents are something to be proud of."

This man was behaving even more shamelessly.

I was puzzled. Didn't she have any of my genes? Why was she so much like him?

He wrapped his arm around my shoulder. "Don't you think we're the most affectionate, harmonious, and well-matched couple among all these parents?"

I smiled and shamelessly said, "You're absolutely right. My husband is the most handsome man of all."

When he heard me say that, he kissed me suddenly, startling me. I quickly looked around, sure that people had seen us.

But he didn't care at all and asked me, "Is this too much? Don't affectionate couples show their love like this?"

I pinched him and softly warned, "You need to watch your image. There's a lot of people around here. You can't just act recklessly." Ava covered her mouth and giggled. I immediately turned red.

She said, "Don't mind me, Mommy. I didn't see anything."

Atlas laughed, and Jenny chuckled too.

I quickly pinched him again. He looked at me with a grimace, whispering, "Sweetheart, your Mommy is ruthless."

My daughter patted me and said, "Don't bully Daddy. We should live in harmony. We're a loving family."

Her words left me speechless.

I quickly changed the subject. I looked at Atlas and whispered, "You've arranged to go to the farm next week. What if we have no time to go? And what if too many people show up?"

"It'll be a rare opportunity to take the

kids out to play. Besides, they're always playing in our yard. Wouldn't it be more fun for them to be around other kids? They'll make more

friends and be more lively sel

cheerful. It'll broaden their horizons.

"No matter who they are, children will always be children. It can't be like when we were young, with just the two of us in the yard every day. We need to make more friends." Atlas spoke convincingly, "If they want to make friends with me, it'll be just for business. I'll judge them accordingly, weed out the bad, accept the good, and that's it."

I felt relieved when he said that.

I didn't think that the following Saturday would be eventful as well, but that was another story.

The parent-child activities continued, and no matter what, we couldn't escape the routine. The first event was the three-legged race.

But our three-legged race had a bit of a twist. A pair of parents would be tied together by their legs, and each parent had to hold their child while running forward. The distance was 100 meters.

After Atlas heard the requirements for the activity, he made detailed arrangements for the two of us and patiently instructed me on the techniques we needed to use. After our legs had been tied together, we tested our coordination and he gave me an OK gesture. He held Ava in his arms, with one hand around her and the other around my waist.

Before the race started, he emphasized the key points to me again and told me to relax, trying out the rhythm a couple of times.

More than twenty couples were participating in this activity. We all stood in a long line, making it look quite spectacular.

As the starting gun went off, I got nervous and froze for a moment. Atlas murmured the stepping rhythm to me in a low voice.

At the beginning, I was nervous and

a little slow, Atlas used his arms to lift me up almost entirely, and constantly gave the rhythm command. After the first fifty

meters, our steps became extremely smooth. We quickly passed the

couples in front of us.

As we gradually left all the other families behind, Ava screamed in Atlas's arms.

In the end, we finally stood out as the fastest to reach the finish line.

Atlas embraced both of us, mother and daughter. When we looked back, the scene behind us was simply heartbreaking.