

## Chapter 455 Redemption

"Seeing your drug development process was truly a revelation for me. I hold deep respect for your dedication and your line of work."

The director stopped briefly before going on, "You've had your time at Madeline Research Center, and brought back cutting-edge research insights. Even though you're not part of my institute, you've contributed significantly. I want you to take my job."

Caught off guard, Camila's eyes widened in surprise at the prospect of her taking over his role.

She found herself at a loss for words.

"I don't think I'm ready for..."

"Don't be quick to dismiss the idea. Take some time to ponder over it." Pouring her a glass of water, the director continued, "The vice director was the obvious successor, but then he..."

His face broke into a smile. "Luckily, events unfolded in such a way that his true nature came to light. It would have been catastrophic to have him leading the research center."

Camila chose to stay silent, sipping her water.

Old chapters should be closed.

Clutching onto the past served no purpose.

"If you reach a decision, feel free to reach out at any hour," the director offered sincerely.

"Your offer is kind, I'll give it some thought," Camila responded.

"Don't undersell yourself. Despite your youth, you've demonstrated immense potential and talent. I want you to take my job for the sake of the medical progress of our country." The director hadn't found a suitable

individual who could take the helm of the research center.

Camila, despite her young age, had experienced a lot.

After lunch, she picked up some fruit and headed to the hospital.

Aldrin's recovery was progressing well.

His face lit up upon seeing her.

"I was starting to believe you'd forgotten your brother," he jokingly reproached.

"Maybe I shouldn't have saved you, so I wouldn't have to endure your complaints," Camila replied, peeling a banana for him.

Aldrin chuckled. "I'm just kidding. Don't take it to heart."

"When did the doctor say you could be discharged?" she asked, pulling up a chair to sit beside him.

"Perhaps in a week's time."

"Alright." After a brief pause, she asked, "Are you aware of who your heart donor was?"

"Some donor from the hospital." He didn't seem too curious about the matter.

Regardless of the donor's identity, they were no longer living.

"It was Debora," revealed Camila.

"Debora?" Aldrin looked stunned. "How is that possible?"

He swiftly changed the topic. "I've long suspected she was behind my mother's death, but couldn't substantiate it. Now that she's gone, it feels like a load off my chest."

Camila looked at him, pausing for a moment before finally disclosing, "She confessed..."

"Confessed what?" he asked, growing anxious.

"Just let me finish," Camila replied patiently.

He immediately fell silent.

"She confessed to killing your mother. She agreed to donate her heart to you as an act of repentance. With her passing, you two are even," she tried to reassure him.

Aldrin looked taken aback.

The heart that now beat in his chest was donated by the person responsible for his mother's death.

It was inconceivable!

"Camila, is this some kind of cruel joke?" He refused to believe it.

"In reality, it's not a grand tragedy. She was on her deathbed, and had she not donated her heart, you'd be dead too. Would your mother want to witness your death? She would want you to live a full life," said Camila.

"A life for a life?" He let out a bitter chuckle.

"Her path to redemption."

Debora had committed numerous wrongs, finally realizing her mistakes.

Maybe it was because of her baby.

She wouldn't want her child to remember her as an evil person, a monster.

"Yes, she's gone. I've avenged my mother, she can finally rest in peace," Aldrin declared.

After conversing for a while longer, Camila departed, reminding him to rest well.

She didn't head straight home, instead stopping to buy some fabric and cake.

The cakes were typically baked fresh, so she had to wait.

While she was waiting, a woman took the seat opposite her.

"What brings you here?"

Lifting her gaze, Camila was startled to see who was sitting across from her.



Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.

