

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 76

Chapter 76 It's Debora

Isaac drove Camila back to the villa. To Camila's surprise, he didn't say anything else. Nor did he show any signs of anger. He just wore a calm expression as he walked into the villa. «

In fact, he was not only calm, but he was also treating her gently. His manners were so nice to the point that Camila even thought he was a gentleman.

But of course, that thought didn't last long. After all, Camila knew Isaac better than anyone else, and she started feeling uncomfortable after a few seconds. She initially wanted to endure till the morning came, but she was having a hard time coping with it.

In the end, she reluctantly opened her mouth and said, "Are you going to get even with me afterwards?"

At that, Isaac showed a very beautiful smile and said, "No, I won't." Camila heaved a sigh of relief. Was he really not angry? Did he really become big-hearted now?

"It's getting late. Go to bed," said Isaac. He then went back to his room without looking back at Camila.

Camila stood on her spot for a few minutes. She was in a daze as she thought about Isaac's sudden change.

Had he really turned over a new leaf?

Thinking about it, she felt a headache, and she finally returned to her room. After closing the door, she directly walked to her bed and sat on the edge of it.

Isaac didn't come to settle accounts with her. Camila looked at her phone

watch and saw it was almost 11 o'clock. Had he gone to bed? Camila put her slender hands on her chest. Her hands could count her

increasing heartbeat as she recalled everything she had done during the day

Sure enough, she shouldn't have done such a thing as smearing others' reputation behind their backs. She would get exposed one day or another.

Camila frowned at the thought of worst case scenarios.

Not wanting to think about it anymore, she got up and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

After washing up, she came out in her pajamas. Strangely, that night, she found her room very quiet.

She walked to the bed and lay down. Then, she covered herself with the quilt and made herself comfortable

Isaac didn't come to her. He didn't get even with her.

Perhaps, he really was a good man. Did she think too bad of him before? Well, she might have done so.

With a train of thought, Camila felt her eyelids getting heavy gradually. Finally, she closed her eyes and started drifting off.

Time passed by slowly that night.

The moonlight from the outside passed through the window and cast a bright light into the room.

The scene was totally beautiful with the night's quietness complementing its beauty. What a sight of nature!

Suddenly, a voice sounded in the still room. Someone turned the doorknob from outside and pushed it open.

The person was none other than Isaac. He had access to the whole villa, and it was no exception for Camila's room.

Therefore, whether Camila locked the door or not, it didn't matter. He could come and go as he wished. Camila had her eyes closed, but she

had not been fully asleep yet. Her ears could still catch the noise, and she became alert to a small extent. But hearing no more noise, she

calmed down very quickly.

She was too sleepy to open her eyes, after all. After some seconds, she went back to her sleep.

Camila was used to sleeping on one side, so half of the bed was empty enough for someone to climb in.

Suddenly, the quilt was lifted, and the bed sheet beside her sank.

This time, Camila couldn't help but open her eyes.

Shocked and scared, she almost screamed on top of her lungs.

She turned her head instinctively and saw the man clearly under the moonlight. Her eyes had widened to the point that they almost popped

out of the sockets.

She said with a shaking voice, "What... What are you doing here?"

Isaac looked at her face intently and replied, "Well..." He still had that calm expression from before.

Camila was rendered speechless.

What did he mean?

Camila couldn't believe this man was acting like what he was doing was ordinary and not creepy at all.

"Well..."

Camila had the urge to remind him that they were a couple in name and that it was not appropriate for them to share a bed

"[don't mean anything else. I just want to prove it."

Camila had a bad feeling and asked, "Prove what?"

"Do I have any diseases?" As Camila looked at Isaac, she couldn't help admiring his eyes. They were dark and deep. Besides, his voice was deep and husky, making her feel something strange.

But Camila immediately shook off those thoughts and said, "I know you don't have any."

"No. I have to prove it with my actions. I will prove my innocence." As Isaac spoke, he wrapped his arm around Camila's waist and pulled her closer to him.

If Camila had known that she would have caused such a big trouble, she wouldn't have told anyone like that.

But right now was definitely not the best time for her to feel regretful Isaac swiftly turned over and pinned her down on the bed. His eyes

were looking down at her, taking every inch of her face in his head.

Camila held her breath. The feeling that she was so familiar with overwhelmed her again

Was it because every man had the same aura when it came to the women they wanted to possess?

At that moment, Camila could clearly sense the aggressiveness and dominance in his action, which made her feel worse than scared.

Isaac lowered his head and kissed her cheek, then her chin, and her collarbone. He was taking his time to get his lips on hers as he enjoyed every moment.

When his lips were only an inch away from hers, Camila suddenly grabbed the sheet under her body.

She said in a low and hoarse voice, "I... I..."

She was nervous as hell. Her trembling body and lips said it all. Out of everything, her eyes were the most significant ones that showed her fear.

Isaac saw everything and hesitated for a while. Finally, he moved his body away and lay beside her. Holding her in his arms, he said, "Good night."

He wanted to do it with her, but she didn't. And he definitely didn't like the idea of forcing her. So, he would generously give her time. There was a long time ahead, after all. 2

It never occurred to Camila that he would stop. Being embraced in his warm body, she could tell that he didn't mean to force it on her at all.

"Thank you," she said in a very low voice.

Isaac hadn't fallen asleep yet. Besides, he was sleeping quite close to Camila, so despite her low voice, he could hear her clearly. However, he

didn't respond and just pretended to be asleep.

He didn't need any thanks from her. She owed him. He would remember this, and in the future, he would make sure that she paid double.

The next day, Camila woke up very early. She quickly did her routine in the bathroom and came out of her room to have breakfast. As she

walked downstairs, she saw Wynter coming inside the villa.

She was there to report on Aldrin's case because there was some progress in the investigation.

"Go ahead," said Isaac as he nodded at Wynter. He then walked toward the sofa and sat down.

Because Camila had asked him two times, Isaac had carefully instructed his secretary to inform him as soon as there was any news. Since

Camila had seen Wynter enter, she must be quite anxious to hear it.

"Mila, come here." Isaac called her over and let her sit next to him. @

Wynter lowered her head and said, "It's Debora." Camila's brows raised at that. She didn't expect to hear the name of that woman.

On the other hand, Isaac maintained his calm expression. No one could read what was on his mind.

"Should I warn her?" Wynter asked.

Isaac looked up at his secretary.

Under his gaze, Wynter lowered her head again and said, "I said something wrong."

Camila asked, "She didn't get pregnant.

Why did she take revenge on Aldrin by sending someone to beat him up? Did she want to avenge Willie?" After all, Willie hadn't been

discharged from the hospital yet!

Something flashed across Isaac's eyes. The existence of the embryo left Isaac no choice but to believe Debora.

In fact, the reason why Debora wanted to teach Aldrin a lesson was that Aldrin was Camila's half-brother. She wanted to hurt Camila

indirectly if she could not do it directly.

So, she hired someone to beat him up when he was in the prison. Debora vented his anger out on Camila by using Aldrin.

However, in Isaac's eyes, that was a different story.

Debora wanted to harm Aldrin because of the miscarriage that resulted from the hit-and-run,

Looking at from this point of view, he could understand why she did so,

That was why Isaac didn't want to keep investigating it.

Debora did everything because of the lost child.

"[see. You can go back now," Isaac said to Wynter.

Wynter bowed at him and left. Camila could tell that Isaac didn't want to look into the matter. Well, it had nothing to do with him anyway. It

was understandable that he wanted to let it go.

But judging from his attitude, Camila felt he was being biased toward Debora

Camila didn't feel good about that. But she pretended to know nothing as she said, "It is time for breakfast."

She didn't know why she was feeling unhappy. But she knew Isaac still had feelings for Debora. It made her depressed and sad somehow.

Camila didn't like that feeling. Trying hard to make herself happy, she wolfed down the food.

Isaac frowned as he said, "Why are you eating like a pig? Slow down. Or else, you will get choked."

Camila didn't listen to him at all. She kept her head down and continued eating the food hungrily.

Isaac said, "I'll drive you to work when you finish eating."

"No. It is ok. I might have to go back to the Haynes family's house," said Camila

She knew Isaac didn't like her father. Sure enough, he fell into silence upon hearing that.

But Camila wasn't lying. She really needed to go back.

Camila waited until Isaac left the villa. Then, she dressed up and went straight to the Haynes family's house.

When she arrived there, only Trudy was at the house.

Camila had nothing to say to Trudy, and even if she left the message, she doubted

Trudy would do her a favor to deliver that message to the right person.

So, she just turned around to leave. She thought she would come back later.

Suddenly, Trudy stopped her. "Why are you leaving so soon? Are you happy to see my son in jail? Did you come here to laugh at me?"

Camila didn't want to argue with her. So, she simply said, "I'm looking for my dad."

"Ha! Dad? I thought you disowned him!" Trudy continued, with sarcasm lingering in her words, "Listen, this is not your home. Don't come here from now on!"

This is not your home. Her heart sank as she repeated the words in her head. Home. Did she have a place to call "home"? If she had, where was it?

Camila suddenly felt pathetic about her life!

Overwhelmed by her emotions, she no longer wanted to stay there and pushed Trudy away to leave the place. As she walked, she

unexpectedly

ran into Marvin at the door. He seemed to have come back just now.

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Chapter 77

Chapter 77 Deceived

The moment Marvin saw Camila, he strode over to her.

"Mila..." But before he could finish speaking, Trudy ran out and said with contempt,

"Your daughter is ill-mannered. Did you see what she just did? She pushed me!"

Camila regretted coming here.

Why should she care about Aldrin?

She must be out of her mind. How could she agree with Marvin's request and beg Isaac to spare Aldrin?

Marvin stared daggers at Trudy and asked, "You're her senior. Can't you forgive a child?"

"Is she still a child?" Trudy retorted. "She's a grown up and already somebody's wife! To think, she didn't save her own brother. She's a stonyhearted bitch! Do you still expect her to provide for your retirement?"

The more Trudy spoke, the angrier she became:

Suddenly, the fact that her son had been put in jail crossed her mind, which enraged her even more.

Marvin had gone to Camila and asked her to plead with Isaac. However, Camila refused him without a second thought.

In Trudy's eyes, Camila was cruel and heartless.

Marvin could see Trudy's indignation and animosity towards Camila. Not wanting to make things worse, he held Camila's hand and urged,

"Let's go."

Appalled, Trudy walked over and grabbed Marvin's arm.

"Where are you going to take her? I won't let you!" She feared Camila would coax

Marvin into abandoning her and Aldrin. That was the reason why she did not want to let Marvin leave with Camila

"Trudy, stop," Marvin ordered with a frown.

"Your son was put in jail, so you don't want me anymore, do you?" Trudy suddenly broke into a sob. She pitied herself because of what was happening in her family.

Meanwhile, Marvin felt helpless.

Sick of the drama, Camila shook off Marvin's hand and said with a straight face, "I've found out who did it. It was Isaac." #

Isaac was on the same side as Debora, making him the culprit too,

"I told you it was him, but you denied it." Marvin did not seem too surprised by the news.

Camila stared at him for a while and, without another word, left.

"Mila," Marvin said while watching her walk away, "don't blame Trudy. She just wants our son to be safe there. Can you at least speak to

Isaac?" Camila stopped in her tracks and turned around to look at him. "Do you honestly think Isaac will listen to me?

I'm just the woman he

was forced to marry. To him, I'm nobody and nothing but a disgrace. You think I'm the distinguished daughter-in-law of the Johnston

family? You wish!" When she said these words, she

satirized both Marvin and herself. "Love can be learned. If you're a good wife to him, he'll

fall in love with you," he reasoned out.

A sneer tugged at the corners of Camila's mouth.

It was ridiculous!

Marvin had always had such unrealistic expectations of her. At last, Camila stepped out of the house and took a taxi to the dance studio.

At this moment, everyone was busy helping the children put on their performance attire.

"Are they going to perform?" Camila asked Elva.

"Yes. There'll be a show later."

These children would perform in the opening of a shopping mall.

Elva had been doing this for quite some time that she was used to this kind of event.

The more events these children would perform in, the more exposure and training they would get.

Not all children can play in front of so many people. Some would get so nervous that they would be unable to dance.

These kinds of events

could help them shape into better performers.

Camila nodded in understanding and then joined in to help.

There were a lot of children, and they needed many teachers who would supervise and take care of them. So Camila followed them to the show site.

As the teachers were busy with the children, Camila took charge of the backstage.

While she was working, someone walked over to her and urgently said, "Elva left something important in the dance studio. She asked if you could fetch it for her."

Camila had never seen this man before, so she was a little wary of him. "Who are you?" she asked with a frown.

"I'm in charge of the show in the mall," the man answered in a matter-of-

fact tone. He was calm, and he answered the question without missing a beat, so Camila believed him. "What was it that Elva forgot?"

"Well, uh, it's a document on her desk. She has made arrangements with the admin of the mall, and we need the document now."

Camila nodded.

"Thank you. You should, uh, go ahead now."

Without waiting for Camila's response, the man left.

Camila felt the need to ask Elva about the said document. However, there were too many people right now, and the music was deafening.

She looked around the place, but Elva was nowhere in sight.

It had been thirty minutes since the man approached her. Camila did not know if there would be a problem if she did not retrieve the document soon.

After pondering for a moment, she decided to go to the studio. 2 Camila hailed a taxi and arrived at her destination not long after.

But then, when she reached Elva's office, the document was nowhere to be found. Confused, she decided to call Elva.

Perhaps it was because the music was too loud that Elva could not hear the phone ring.

As Camila did not want her efforts to be in vain, she searched for the document again but to no avail.

All of a sudden, she sensed that something was not right.

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Elva was meticulous. She would not forget anything important.

Just, two shadows emerged from behind Camila. Just as she turned around to leave, she saw two men standing behind her.

One of them was the one who had approached her in the shopping mall and asked her to retrieve the document here.

"Who are you?" Camila asked while trying her best to sound brave. It was only now that she realized she had been fooled.

They deceived her so that she would come here alone and they would corner her.

There were so many people in the mall that they could not possibly do what they wanted to do. So, they tricked her into coming here to the dance studio.

"It doesn't matter who we are. What matters is that someone has given us a huge amount of money to deal with you," the man from the shopping mall said

"Cut the crap," the other man snapped at his companion and added, "Let's just get her."

Camila instinctively picked up the objects on the table and flung them at her assailants.

The men dodged the objects, and Camila took the opportunity to run away. But before she could reach the door, the man from the shopping mall grabbed her by the wrist. "You can't run from us."

With all her strength, Camila pushed the man away. However, the other man grabbed her in the other arm. "If I were you, I'd give up."

The room was small, and two strong men were at the door. It was extremely difficult, if not impossible, for Camila to escape.

To make things worse, she was pregnant. She could not jump out of the window to get away from them. And even if she did, it was highly

unlikely she and her baby would survive the fall.

Upon realizing that she had no chance of escaping, she gave up

struggling and pretended to cooperate. "Fine. I can't escape anyway." "Good. You made our job so much easier."

The two men were satisfied with her attitude,

With that, they took Camila out. It turned out that there were three of them. The last accomplice was responsible for driving the getaway

car. The moment they walked out of the door, a van drove over to them.

The two men escorted Camila to the van, and that was where things turned.

Camila was not one to give up without putting up a fight.

She stepped on the foot of the shopping mall man and kicked the groin of the

other at the same time

The two loosened their grip on Camila out of pain, and she seized the opportunity to run away.

There were a lot of people outside. Now that she was let loose, it would be difficult for them to catch her again.

They could not capture her in broad daylight, after all. Thankfully, there happened to be a patrol police officer nearby. Camila sprinted to him to ask for help. The men behind her knew better than to follow her. Not wanting to go back empty-handed, they discussed with one another what they would do next. They had decided that they would give up for now and find a way. Now that her pursuers were gone, Camila patted her chest and breathed a sigh of relief. All of a sudden, her phone rang. She picked up and looked at it to see who was calling. It was Elva. "You called. What's the matter?" she asked with concern. "Nothing much," Camila lightly replied so as not to worry Elva. "Oh. Where are you now?" Camila glanced at the street where people came and went and took a deep breath. "I'll go back there now." But just as she was about to take another step, she saw a car come to a halt not far away. A familiar woman got off the car, which made Camila on alert once again. Was she the one who had sent those men to catch her?

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Chapter 78

Chapter 78 Slap Herself In The Face

Marlowe took a step forward toward Camila. Camile immediately backed away.

She spotted the patrol police officer, who was yet to leave. The police would scare Marlowe away.

"Come here, Camila." Marlowe stopped in her tracks.

"What do you want from me?" Camila asked.

"You lied to me because you only wanted Isaac for yourself. Did you know that it was my first time apologizing to someone last night?"

Marlowe could no longer contain her rage

She had to get back at Camila one way or another.

"It was Isaac who asked you to apologize. You should be coming at him, not me," Camila pointed out.

Considering that Marlowe chose to confront her instead of Isaac, the woman probably thought she was a pushover.

"No! You were so brave when you lied to me! Why are you acting so scared now?" Marlowe demanded.

Camila retorted, "You want to hurt me, so of course, I have to stay away from you."

Marlowe went tight-lipped for a while.

Was it so easy to know what she was thinking?

Indeed, her goal all along was to cause Camila pain.

She did not want her near Isaac.

However, she could not come up with an effective strategy.

In the end, she lost control of her temper and confronted Camila. Camila studied Marlowe's expression.

The fact that the woman did not deny her statement meant that she was really the one who sent those people.

Camila clenched her hands into fists.

"I won't leave Isaac. You won't get him."

Since Marlowe had taken the initiative to act against her, she could no longer sit idly by.

She had gotten under Camila's skin successfully.

For that reason, she refused to give Marlowe what she wanted.

"Also, I'll tell him how vicious you are," Camila continued.

Marlowe's features became flushed as her rage increased.

"You bitch..."

Camila straightened her back.

Assuming a submissive demeanour would make people view her as an easy target.

"Camila!"

Marlowe finally lost it. As much as she tried, she could not bring herself

to calm down. At this point, all she wanted to do was beat Camila up to death.

Marlowe tried to reach for Camila again, but the latter took another step backward.

"If you dare lay a finger on me, I will call the police and report you."

Marlowe went silent.

She was too enraged to say anything.

"I'm not done with you yet. Remember that!" After saying that, Marlowe stormed off.

Camila, however, did not relax her vigilance. Instead, she decided to be more wary. @

There were people out there who were actively trying to hurt her, so she had to stay vigilant.

First, it was Debora. Now, it was Marlowe.

Camila cursed inwardly. Ever since she met Isaac, her luck had been nothing but bad. «

He brought her nothing but trouble.

She could not afford to be weak in front of Marlowe again, or it could be the end for her.

Just thinking about the possibility of it sent chills down her spine. Camila made her way back to the stage.

The kids' dance recital had come to an end. At the moment, everyone was getting ready to leave.

Elva quickly pulled her to the side when she returned.

"Why did you leave all of a sudden? You got me worried."

"I'm sorry for worrying you. It was an emergency," Camila explained. 4 "It's okay. I'm just glad you're safe," Elva said.

Camila looked away and averted her gaze.

It was as if she were trying to hide what she was thinking.

The students were excused from class today because of the show. They only stopped by the dance studio for a while before going home.

After the kids left, Camila and the other teachers cleaned the dance studio together.

"Thank you for your hard work today. Let's go and grab something to eat. My treat!" Elva declared once they were done.

"Thanks, but I won't go."

After a long day, Camila was exhausted All she wanted to do now was go home and get some rest. "Alright," Elva said. She probably noticed how tired Camila looked.

"Have fun, guys."

With that, Camila turned around to leave.

Everyone else left to go have a good time.

As for her, she ended up returning home

Camila's thoughts continued to be preoccupied with something while she was being driven back to her house by a taxi.

It was like she was still in a state of shock.

The vehicle had not even reached her house when her phone rang. Camila glanced at the screen.

It was a call from Isaac.

"Come to the company."

Camila sighed. She just wanted to go home to get some rest. Was that too much to ask?

"If you have something to tell me, just say it over the phone."

The person on the other end of the line paused.

Isaac probably detected the impatience in her voice.

"Someone came here to tell me that you hit her. You should come here to clear this up."

Camila was taken aback.

When did she hit someone?

Wasn't she the one who was always picked on?

She was never one to pick on others unless provoked.

What did she have to bully others?

Camile brought a hand up to massage her temple. "All right." After she agreed, she ended the call. She then gave the driver the address of

Isaac's company.

She took a deep breath and pulled herself together.

She wondered who was causing problems for her this time.

Soon, the taxi came to a stop in front of the Paramount Corporation's building.

Camila got off the vehicle after paying the fare.

Wynter approached her as soon as she walked inside the building. Evidently, she had been waiting for her arrival.

"Mrs. Johnston, please come with me," Wynter said.

Camila nodded.

She was led to the reception room.

Isaac, Marlowe, and her father were all there.

Marlowe's face was red.

Additionally, there was a handprint on her cheek.

Camila glanced at her and wondered if she wanted to set her up by slapping herself.

She frowned. How could Marlowe be so cruel to herself?

She really hurt herself just so she could put Camila in a bad light.

"Dad, it was her who slapped me!" Marlowe cried as she tugged at

Leland's sleeve. "What evidence do you have that I hit you?" Camila asked.

"What more do I have to show? Isn't the evidence already on my face?"

Marlowe refuted. Camila snorted at how absurd she sounded. "If you're going to be like this, then let me also say that it's your fault that my arm is like this."

She pulled her sleeves up, revealing the scratches she obtained when she was trapped in the hole. "You have no proof that I slapped you,

but I have proof that you caused me harm. Everyone knows I fell and acquired these scratches because of you. I should ask you for an explanation as to why you did that." Marlowe gaped at her in shock.

"You're unreasonable!"

Leland scowled. It looked like he had underestimated Camila.

He did not expect her to be so witty.

Still, he had to put on a brave front for the sake of her daughter. "She didn't mean to push you into the hole. You, on the other hand, slapped her with the intention of hurting her. My daughter has never been treated like this before. You should apologize to her."

Isaac glanced at Camila.

He knew she was smart and had a glib tongue.

Sure enough, her wit did not disappoint him

He did not find anything particularly cutting about Camila's words. In fact, the current situation entertained him.

He liked it whenever Camila defended herself.

She resembled an aggravated feline.

She never hesitated to extend her claws to protect herself.

All right. Let's say that Marlowe didn't mean to push

Camila, but how can you be so sure that she intentionally hit your daughter? It's also

possible that Camila didn't mean it, you know?" Isaac said slowly.

It was clear that he was siding with Camila.

Leland frowned.

"How could she have done it without meaning to?" Leland asked

helplessly. He did not think it was a mistake that Marlowe got slapped in the face. Unbeknownst to him, it was Marlowe who slapped her

own face repeatedly in order to set Camila up.

If he found out about it, he would be furious for sure.

"Then, how can you be so confident that she did not intend to push me into the hole?"

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Chapter 79

Chapter 79 She Had A Good Father

Leland was sure he had the upper hand. But now it seemed it was the other way around.

No matter how he viewed it, it was his daughter who was at the short end of the stick.

"You're being unfair, Mr. Johnston."

This time, Leland dropped all respect he had for the younger man when he addressed him.

His impending argument with Isaac was evident from the direction the talk was taking

Isaac had no intention of causing a rift in their working relationship, but he was not afraid to do so if it became necessary.

"I'm just protecting what's mine."

He beckoned Camila over.

Camila obeyed and walked toward him.

She sat next to him.

Isaac was being unreasonable, in Leland's opinion.

Marlowe was his dear daughter.

Camila, on the other hand, was no one special.

"She may be pretty, but she's nobody. I don't see how she's more important than my daughter."

Camila's heart sank in an instant. She and Marlowe were both daughters, but her father did not love her nearly as much as Leland did when it came to Marlowe.

At the moment, Camila was no longer as calm as she looked. Her emotions were all over the place.

It was like there was a hole in her heart

"I'm sorry," Camila said all of a sudden.

She did not feel sorry at all, but she apologized because of Leland.

He was what fathers should be like.

It was a luxury she had never had.

Now that Camila thought about it, Marlowe had what it took to make people jealous.

For one, she had a good father.

Camila's sudden change in attitude caused Leland and Marlowe to look at her in surprise.

Isaac also scrutinized Camila with narrowed eyes.

She appeared calm on the outside.

However, she was not acting like her usual self. She was not the type to give up easily. He knew more than anyone else how resilient she could be.

Isaac reached for Camila's hand and held it tightly. That was how he discovered how cold her hand was. Marlowe thought her ears were playing tricks on her, so she asked, "What did you say? I didn't hear it."

"I'm sorry," Camilla repeated without hesitation.

Now, Marlowe and Leland had no reason to pursue the matter further. After all, Camila had already apologized. They would look irrational if they did not stop now.

"I take it that you're admitting to hitting my daughter. Well, now that you've apologized, I have no qualms about putting an end to this matter.

I'm just glad that it's finally over." Leland also added, "We should bury what happened that night as well." "Sure," Camila muttered.

After that, Leland turned his attention back to Isaac. "Mr. Johnston, we're sorry for bothering you. I'm glad that the situation has been

resolved to everyone's satisfaction. I hope that we can continue to be on the same level of professionalism and respect if we work together again in the future."

Isaac had no expression on his face as he eyed Leland, making it hard for everyone to figure out what he was thinking. "Of course."

He then called Wynter to the room and instructed, "See our guests out." Wynter walked up to Leland and said, "Let me see you off, Mr.

Perry." Soon, the door to the reception room closed.

"Why did you admit to hitting her?" Isaac asked.

Camila raised a brow. "Shouldn't you be asking why I hit her?"

"I know you didn't," Isaac stated with certainty.

Then, his eyes dimmed. "Do you think I can't help you?"

Camila shook her head. "It's not like that."

After a while, she said, "I'm tired."

Isaac, finally noticing how exhausted she looked, said,

"There's a lounge

in my office. You can sleep there for a while." Camila did

not refuse. "Thank you." Isaac stood up from his seat and

replied, "You're welcome."

Camila followed Isaac into his office and noticed a glass

door to the left. She pushed it open.

There was a bed, wardrobe, a desk, and a bathroom in the room, so it was functional despite its lack of frills.

It was also well-kept and neat. "Go to sleep. I'll wake you

up once I'm done with work. Then, we'll go home

together."

"Okay," Camile replied.

She lay on the bed and covered herself with the comforter.

As she stared at the ceiling, she muttered, "Marlowe has a good father." She let out a sigh.

That was all it took for Isaac to know what she was

thinking, but he said nothing. When he pulled the curtain

closed, the room was suddenly

plunged into darkness.

He paused when he reached the bedside before walking out of the room. With a light click, the door closed.

Camila squirmed into a ball and placed her hands on her abdomen, hoping to keep the child inside her warm. 2 This child was the only thing that gave her the strength she needed to face the world.

After a few seconds, she closed her eyes.

Isaac walked out of his office and called, "Wynter."

In an instant, Wynter was on his side. "Yes, Mr. Johnston?"

"Go and find out who Camila met today. While you're at it, find out who slapped Marlowe as well."

"Yes, sir," Wynter replied respectfully.

"Go."

With that, Isaac returned to his office

Camila could not really say that she slept well because she was in anew place. Nonetheless, when she woke up an hour later, she felt much better.

She got up, made the bed, and pulled the window curtain open. The lightning returned to the room instantly.

She then exited the room

Isaac was seated at his desk, which featured a pile of papers on top of it. He was only wearing a white dress shirt now. His coat and tie were hanging on a hanger next to him.

His long neck and collarbone were exposed to some extent via the gap in his shirt's neckline.

He occasionally grimaced whenever he ran across an issue His expression was one of the seriousnesses and intense focus Camila had never seen him at work before.

As it turned out, he took his profession quite seriously. Noticing her eyes on him, Isaac raised his head. Their gazes met.

It was Camila who averted her gaze first.

"Make some coffee for me, will you?" Camila was just about to declare that she would be leaving first. However, Isaac asked her to make him coffee.

She borrowed his bed. Therefore, she should do something for him in return.

"With sugar?" Camila asked.

"No."

She nodded before walking out of the office.

She was a doctor who was unfamiliar with the place, so she did not have the sense of urgency shared by the employees in the office.

The floor was off-limits to everyone but the company's top brass.

She was making her way past a group of workers when she saw how intently everyone was concentrating on their work.

Camila began searching for the pantry Fortunately, it was not hard to find.

As she approached the room, she noticed that someone was making coffee inside.

When the woman saw Camila, she asked, "Are you a newbie here?" Camila smiled, but she did not respond.

The woman asked, "What do you want to do?"

"I'm here to make some coffee," Camila replied.

"You'll find the coffee in the upper cupboard and the cups in the lower one. The hot water is in there," the woman said gently.

"Thank you," Camila muttered.

Instead of leaving with her coffee, the woman proceeded to study Camila. She was curious because she had seen her walk out of Isaac's

office earlier. "Are you familiar with Wynter?"

Camila shook her head.

The woman took a sip of her coffee before asking, "Then, are you familiar with Mr. Johnston?"

After a pause, Camila answered, "No."

"Really? In that case, why did I see you come out of Mr. Johnston's office earlier?"

It was obvious that the woman did not believe her.

"I'm only here to do some cleaning work," Camila lied.

The woman looked Camila up and down. "Aren't you too young to be doing cleaning work?"

"Well, I don't have any educational background, so..."

Camila did not want to lie, but she was not allowed to tell others who she was in Isaac's life.

What if Isaac got into trouble because of her?

That would make her feel terrible.

"You do cleaning work, but you also make coffee for him.

Is that right?" The woman narrowed her eyes in suspicion.

"Wynter isn't here, so he asked me instead to make coffee for him,"

Camila lied again.

The woman parted her lips to say something more, but Isaac suddenly emerged at the pantry's entrance. Instantaneously, she straightened up. "Mr. Johnston." Isaac nodded in greeting, but his gaze was fixed squarely on Camila.

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Chapter 80

Chapter 80 Seek Justice For Her

Camila did not know what Isaac was trying to convey by staring intently at her.

She immediately explained, "I'm not familiar with this place, so it took me a lot of time to find the pantry. Don't worry, though. Your coffee's made. I'll bring it to your office right away."

The woman winced.

It was actually because she kept chatting with Camila that she was delayed in taking the coffee to Isaac's office.

Isaac did not appreciate it when his employees chatted amongst themselves while on the job.

It was a mistake on her part to forget it.

Isaac sent a chilly glare in her direction before turning around and walking away.

The woman let out a sigh of relief. She thought she would be punished or, worse, get fired.

This time, luck was on her side.

She quickly went back to her work desk after deciding it was no longer safe for her to engage in chatter.

In Isaac's office, Camila carefully placed the cup of coffee on the table. Isaac stood not far away from her, regarding her from behind. "You

don't want others to know you're my wife?"

Camila spun around to face him.

Did he hear what she said earlier?

I just don't want to cause you any trouble," Camila explained. Isaac sat down and stared at her intently before asking, "What makes you

think you'll cause trouble for me by admitting that you're my wife?" Camila gazed at him silently for a few seconds

"You told me not to tell anyone that I'm your wife when we married. I was just doing what you told me to do."

"I did set some rules between us, but you don't follow most of them anyway. Why start now?"

He saw Camila was working hard to distance herself from him in front of the woman. She was acting like he had a disease.

It irritated Isaac for some reason.

"I'm just doing what's right," Camila stated.

"Really?"

Isaac did not believe her in the slightest.

"Sure," Camila answered affirmatively.

"So, you're just following what I said, huh? If I tell you to stay by my side forever, will you do it?"

Calmly, Isaac reached for the cup of coffee.

He was trying to mask his nervousness
He wanted to know if Camila would try to run away again
or if she had
forgotten about her lover already. With her gaze cast
down, Camila declared, "I... I will." Isaac was unable to
conceal the smile that spread
across his face. @

"I need to get some work done. You can read some books
if you're feeling

bored," Isaac said while pointing at the bookshelf.

Camila made her way to the bookshelf, but none of the
books piqued her interest.

She wanted to read medical books. However, the books
here were all about business.

"Your books are boring."

Isaac huffed, "Aren't your medical books also boring?"

"No, not at all. I'm sure you'll find them interesting if you
read them," Camila said with certainty.

"No, thanks," Isaac refused.

Camila puckered up her lips and replied, "You have no
taste at all."

"A lot of my collections here are out-of-print books. You're
the one who has no taste," Isaac retorted

Camila would rather sleep than read those books.

So, that was what she did. She curled up on the sofa and
closed her eyes. Isaac raised a brow in disbelief.

Didn't she just wake up?

Why was she going to sleep again?

"Are you a pig?" Isaac asked.

Camila had an itch to talk back to him.

She had to hold herself back, though, because she was in his territory. Additionally, the man seemed to be in a good mood today.

If he lost his cool, things would get worse for her.

Therefore, she must behave herself.

As they said, in each loss, there was a gain.

With that in mind, Camila decided to let the insult slide.

Being pregnant made her feel very sleepy and gave her an increased appetite.

Those were indeed the traits of a pig.

Isaac, finding her silence odd, grabbed the financial magazine on his

desk and threw it at her. When it flew past Camila's head, she grinned at him. "You missed." Isaac's left brow twitched.

What an annoying woman.

He had to admit, though, that her smug expression was quite amusing to look at.

The next day, Wynter came to report as soon as Isaac had arrived at the company.

"Miss Haynes was nearly abducted yesterday outside of her dance studio, but she was smart and lucky enough to get away. In my opinion,

Marlowe was the mastermind behind the kidnapping because she was in the vicinity. Regarding the handprint on her face, it was she who

slapped herself. Her car had a recording device installed in it. I had to bribe her driver to get the evidence we needed."

What he learned took Isaac by surprise, but soon, he was boiling in anger.

Marlowe had crossed the line this time.

"Schedule a meeting with Leland," Isaac instructed in a cold tone.

"Yes, sir," Wynter replied

When Leland's secretary told him that Isaac wanted to meet with him, he was taken aback.

Nonetheless, he immediately agreed.

They set up a time to meet at a restaurant at noon.

As they ate, Leland asked, "Do you want to work on something with me, Mr. Johnston?"

Isaac chewed his food slowly and quietly. After swallowing it, he took a sip of water and replied, "I'm always happy to work with you, but

that's

not why I asked you to meet me here." Then, Isaac proceeded to show Leland the video his secretary had obtained. "What's this?" Leland asked while frowning at the video in front of him. "Play it," Isaac said.

Leland cast a suspicious glance in his direction before tapping the play

button. The video started playing.

Soon, he was greeted by the sight of his daughter slapping herself in the face.

In the otherwise quiet space, the sound of slapping echoed. A flush of redness spread across Leland's face.

He was beyond mortified after discovering what his daughter had done. "Because Camila has no one to turn to for help and no influential

father to lean on like Marlowe, she tended to keep her pain to herself. She could just say she was sorry, but I can't do that. I have to seek

justice for her. Now, Mr. Perry, what shall we do about this?"

The veins at the back of Leland's hands started bulging as he formed fists.

He was enraged as well as embarrassed.

"I'll ask my daughter to personally apologize to Miss Haynes," Leland said, hoping to save even a little bit of his dignity.

His response did not satisfy Isaac at all.

"Your daughter tried to kidnap Camila. Do you know that?"

"What?" Leland exclaimed.

Just how many things had Marlowe done behind his back?

"To accuse someone of kidnapping without proof is a very serious matter,

Mr. Johnston." Leland knew that his daughter was headstrong, proud, and full of herself. However, she would not be so reckless as to really carry out a kidnapping.

Isaac almost rolled his eyes. If he had not been prepared, he would not

have asked Leland to meet him. There was a surveillance camera installed at the entrance of the dance studio where Camila worked. It

caught how she struggled to get away from her abductors. Not long after, Marlowe appeared in the frame. Instantly, Leland did not know what to say.

Before him was the proof that his daughter was guilty.

"I promise to give you an explanation regarding this."

With that, Leland got to his feet and fled.

He returned home fuming.

He was too smart to be fooled around at his age.

Yet, his own daughter still managed to trick him.

"Dad, you're back..."

The air reverberated with the sound of someone being slapped. ®

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