


Chapter 12 His Real Purpose

It didn't take long for Robin to think of a way. In fact, he had already started making preparations before Camila and Isaac had even gotten their marriage certificate.

Stevie was pretty much in the same page as his boss, so it didn't take him long to put two and two together. "Back then, you asked me to look for a heart donor..." 

He was unable to finish his words as Camila stepped out of the bathroom.

Stevie immediately shut his mouth.

Robin leaned against his cane and pulled himself up from the sofa. "Come with me," he beckoned to Camila.

The old man turned away and headed to his study.

Camila left the medical kit to Stevie before following Robin.

Moments later, the Johnston patriarch was

sitting behind his desk with a sorrowful expression. "Isaac was very young when his parents died. I was the one who raised him. He stayed in a boarding school for the most of his student life, and immediately moved out of the mansion after graduating from university. He took over the company and buried himself in work. That brat barely even comes home to see me anymore." ¹

Robin turned even more morose as he talked about the past. Isaac's father was his eldest son, and the pain of losing him and his daughter-in-law still felt fresh even now, a decade after the incident. ²

Aside from his parents' death, Isaac also had other reasons for staying away.

Robin could more or less predict how Isaac would deal with his uncle's family once he passed away.

He also knew that Isaac had been holding himself back all these years for his sake.

Robin wanted his grandson to have a good and sensible woman by his side, someone who would understand his struggles and help him change for the better.

Someone who would encourage Isaac to let go of his hatred and look ahead into the future.

Regardless of all that had transpired, they were still family, and Robin didn't want to see them going at each other's throats.

"Grandpa..." Camila didn't know how to comfort the old man.

Robin had always been nice to her.

It was clear to all that Marvin had acted out of greed and practically coerced the Johnston family into allowing the marriage, but Robin had never taken it against her.

He raised a hand now, silently telling her that he was fine. "I agreed to your marriage with Isaac because I know that you are a good egg. Your grandfather was very loyal and kind, and I was certain that he had passed those admirable traits to you. That's why I want you to stay with Isaac and take care of him." ⁵

"I understand what you mean, Grandpa, but I think that Isaac should be with the person he likes," Camila said from the bottom of her heart. "Someone he chooses. That would be for the best."

Robin knew this, too, of course, but he could also tell that Camila was only looking for an excuse to leave his grandson.

He had been around for a long time, and had seen all kinds of things over the course of his life.

It also meant that he had the talent for manipulation when necessary. "I am aware of your personal hardships." Robin took out a folder and handed it to her. "Your mother is in dire need of a heart transplant, right? I've found a suitable donor for her, and the organ was already sent over to the hospital. Sign this, and I will arrange for your mother to have her surgery immediately. I will take care of the hospital bills and the follow-up treatments as well."

Camila was initially overjoyed by this unexpected surprise, but she soon realized that there was more to the offer than it appeared. She read through the document.

It was a guarantee note, stipulating that she would never divorce Isaac, no matter the circumstances.

"I heard that your mother's condition is

declining. If you delay her transplant any further, I'm afraid that even the best experts in the field won't be able to save her. You know as well as I that a donor match is hard to come by, even with all the money in the world. And, I'm sorry to say this, but you don't really have a lot of that, do you?" Robin already knew what to say to convince Camila. He had discovered her weakness, and had no qualms about using it to his advantage. 4

Camila's hand clenched, crumpling the corner of the folder. Her emotions were all over the place. She didn't know what to do.

A voice inside her head was telling her that this was Robin's true purpose in calling her over today.

"Grandpa, what makes you so sure that I can take care of Isaac?"

"Because you are your grandfather's granddaughter. I have faith in you." 2

She took a deep breath. The more she tried to calm herself, the more panicked she became.

It was true that she couldn't afford to delay her mother's surgery any longer.

An earlier transplant would mean better chances at recovery.

Camila sighed. She had to do this if she wanted to keep her mother alive. "I'll sign it." ²

"Good." A smile finally appeared on Robin's wrinkled face. "I didn't misjudge you. I'm sure you will bring light and happiness in Isaac's life." ²

Camila pressed her lips into a thin line and kept silent.

The only thing she could think of saying was that the old man was wrong, that she didn't have the power to make Isaac happy.

Only Debora could do that.

"I'll make a call at the hospital and tell the doctors to carry out your mother's surgery as soon as possible." Robin was already reaching for the phone.

Camila simply stood there in nervous anticipation.

"Grandpa," she said as soon as Robin finished the call. "May I go to the hospital and check on my mom?"

Her devotion and filial piety touched the old man. "Of course. You may go."

After what had just happened, Isaac would probably not let her step into his room, anyway.

Robin sighed at the thought.

"Thank you, Grandpa," Camila whispered with immense gratitude.

Robin nodded and called for the butler, who was stationed outside the door. "Stevie, arrange for someone to drive Camila."

"Young Madam, please come with me," Stevie said kindly.

Camila offered a sincere bow to Robin before following the butler out.

Camila was still reeling from the events as she sat in the car on the way to the hospital.

Everything had happened so fast. It didn't feel real to her just yet.

But when she arrived at the hospital, it all finally sank in. Robin had kept his word.

Her mother was already being prepped for surgery.

The operation took the entire night, but it was successful. Even so, her mother was still under observation, and it would take her a while to fully recover.

Camila watched her mother through the glass window, a huge wave of relief washing over her. At last, her mother had escaped the clutches of death.

Camila didn't get a wink of sleep and headed straight to her department for work.

"Dr. Haynes," she heard her name being called. She turned and saw a nurse who was working shifts in the same department.

"You left early yesterday, so you managed to escape Dr. Griffith's self-righteous speech," the nurse remarked. "She must have some pretty strong connections."

Camila simply lowered her head and refrained from commenting.

"I personally think that she pales in comparison to you, Dr. Haynes. How did she ever manage to charm Isaac Johnston?"

The nurse seemed fully invested in this piece of gossip, but Camila wanted no part of it. "Dr. Griffith is a beautiful woman. Since Isaac Johnston fancies her, he must see something in her that we don't. It's not appropriate to speculate about her personal affairs and talk

behind her back."

But the nurse wasn't ready to let the matter go just yet. "In any case, she obviously planned her so-called farewell party to show off. Everyone knows that the internship should have been yours—"

"Excuse me, I'm needed somewhere else," Camilla interrupted before the other woman could say anything more. ²

She couldn't let such words go around the workplace, or it would cause even more trouble.

Thankfully, the nurse seemed to finally understand that Camila didn't want to talk about the subject, and prudently held her tongue. The hospital was busiest in the mornings, and patients were already lining up at the registration window.

They said their goodbyes, and Camila and the nurse parted ways.

Camila had to conduct two surgeries in the morning. She napped for a couple of hours before making her way to the operating room. Given that she had barely slept the previous night, Camila was exhausted by the end of the

second surgery. She planned to get another nap during lunchtime, but she was unexpectedly called to the director's office.

"What's the matter?" Camila asked the nurse who had come to notify her.

Unless it was an emergency, she would much prefer to go there after her nap.

"I don't know," the nurse said with a smile. "I was just asked to relay the message. I suppose you'll find out when you get there."

Camila sighed. "All right, I'll be on my way."

She stood from her desk and trudged to the hospital director's office.

She rapped at the door twice before letting herself in.

"Sir."

The director was going over some documents on his desk. He put them down upon Camila's arrival, then leaned back against his seat with a frown. He wasn't sure how to approach the matter at hand, but he knew that he needed to get it over with.

"Camila, did you offend Isaac Johnston in any way?"