

Chapter 14 Do You Like Her

Willie was just as surprised when he had first found out.

He wasn't expecting to see the pair happily sharing a meal together.

He wouldn't believe it if anyone told him, either, but he had seen it with his own eyes.

"Do you want me to call Forrest over so that you can ask him?" Willie suggested.

Isaac simply hummed in agreement.

Willie wasted no time and made the call.

In less than half an hour, Forrest was entering the company building.

He went directly to Isaac's office and spoke as soon as he walked through the door. "I actually have something to discuss with you—" ¹

"You know Camila?" Isaac interrupted him bluntly.

"Yes, I do," Forrest nodded. "She is my junior at university, and she is also the one who treated you the other day." ²

Isaac leaned back on the leather sofa, his eyes turning pensive. So it had been her that day?

He was taken aback by this discovery. ①

Forrest strode over and plopped on the chair across from him. "As I was saying, Isaac, do you think you can cut her some slack?"

Isaac raised an eyebrow and cocked his head to the side. Anyone who knew him well would know that the more relaxed he appeared, the more dangerous his thoughts were. ①

Was Forrest so familiar with Camila that he would speak up for her like this?

Isaac was inexplicably irked by that.

"Are you trying to champion her right now?" he asked in a low voice. "What is your relationship, exactly?"

Forrest was all too willing to advocate for Camila. "We've been friends since medical school. She was two years my junior, and I took her under my wing. I heard that her father was a cheating bastard who was cruel to her and her mother. She worked part-time throughout school in order to pay for her tuition herself. Camila has been through a lot, Isaac."

Since Isaac had asked first, he jumped at the opportunity to plead for his friend's generosity.

He needed to convince Isaac to let Camila off and not force her out of her job.

"That's why I take care of her, Isaac. Because we've been good friends for a long time, and Camila doesn't deserve to suffer more from life. I hope you forgive her, if only for the sake of her sick mother. She needs the job to pay for her mother's treatments. I have no idea what she might have done to offend you, but please do this for me, for old times' sake." ¹

Isaac remained indifferent on the surface, but his heart was wavering.

He had to admit that Camila's life did sound tragic.

Nevertheless, her tribulations and her trespasses against him were two different things. He saw no reason to forgive her. ⁵

Isaac shifted to a more laid-back position, and his tone turned mocking. "I can forgive her, but she will have to beg me for it herself."

Forrest could tell that his friend was still angry. "She is in a desperate situation," he said with a sigh, "or she wouldn't have come to me in the first place."

He knew all too well that Camila hated to trouble others.

Isaac let out a derisive snort.

If that woman was really as desperate as Forrest claimed, then why hadn't she come straight to Isaac?

No, she wasn't desperate enough just yet.

"Isaac," Forrest tried again, but Isaac was done listening.

"I've stated my condition. Tell her to come to me and ask for my forgiveness herself." His tone had become curt.

Forrest sighed again, knowing that it was pointless for him to push any further. "Fine, but don't make things too difficult for her. She treated you when you were injured, after all."

Isaac tried to look nonchalant. "Do you like her?"

Why was Forrest so protective of Camila?

Were they really just friends?

Did Camila like Forrest back? Did she cheat on Isaac because of Forrest?

"Of course not!" came Forrest's immediate reply.

"I mean, I do like her... No, to be exact, I admire her. It's true that she's popular. There were a lot of boys who tried to pursue her back in university, but she never entertained their advances. She's a sensible girl who values her

morals. Well, I suppose if I didn't already have someone I like, I might have fallen for her, too. Haha..."

Isaac narrowed his eyes at Forrest, thinking that the latter must be a blind fool. ①

Did the man honestly think that Camila was a saint or something?

Would a woman with good morals cheat on her husband? ②

On their wedding night, no less? ③

Isaac's face darkened at the thought.

Meanwhile, Forrest was too preoccupied by his own musings to notice the change in Isaac's expression. His mission was a total bust, but there was nothing he could do at this point.

The men exchanged their goodbyes. The first thing Forrest did after exiting the building was to call Camila.

She was on her way to the hospital to check on her mother.

Forrest apologized over the phone and told her that he had failed to persuade Isaac. ④

"It's all right," Camila reassured him. She had expected as much, given Isaac's temper. "Don't trouble yourself over it anymore."

They had a brief chat, before she hung up and walked into the In-Patient Department.

She was met by the nurse in the hallway. "Your mother has woken up."

Camila instantly brightened. "Really?"

"Yes, I was just about to call you. Now, go and sit with her."

"Thank you."

Her mother had been transferred to a general ward after the surgery. Camila hesitated by the door and just looked at her conscious mother. She took a moment to calm herself before walking into the room.

"Mom..."

She tried to smile, but her emotions got the better of her, and tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Mila," Rowena called out in a weak voice as she reached for her daughter.

Camila rushed to her bedside and took her hand.

To be able to talk to her mother again was one of the most gratifying moments of her life.

"I'm sorry, Mila..."

All along, Rowena had known just how grave

her condition was. Since she had gone through surgery and was now recuperating, she figured that Camila had married into the Johnston family as demanded by Marvin.

Otherwise, Camila wouldn't have been able to fund her treatment.

Rowena's eyes turned red. "Oh, I would have rather died than to make you sacrifice yourself."

Camila tightened her grip around her mother's hand. "Mom. How do you expect me to carry on if you are not here?"

Rowena had suffered a difficult labor when she gave birth to Camila. As a result, her body grew weak, and the doctor had informed them that she wouldn't be able to conceive another baby. If it hadn't been for that, Marvin would have probably never strayed from their marriage.

"How... How are you doing in the Johnston family?" Rowena gazed at her daughter intently, her apprehensions evident in her voice. ②

Considering their family's circumstances, she feared that the Johnston family weren't treating Camila well.

Camila mustered a smile. "I'm fine, Mom. Grandpa and... Grandpa and Isaac are both good to me. Don't worry and just think about your

recovery. You need to get plenty of rest." 1

Camila put up a brave front and pretended that nothing was wrong.

Thankfully, Rowena nodded and let her guard down. She looked exhausted and was already dozing off.

Camila stayed with her mother until she fell asleep.

It was already dark when she came outside.

It was a balmy evening, but Camila felt cold. Her problems weren't over yet.

Specifically, she still had to face Isaac.

She couldn't hide from him forever. She made up her mind and took out her phone. Camila was willing to do whatever he wanted to ask of her, if it meant that she could keep her job.

However, just as she was about to call him, she realized that she didn't even have his contact number. She had no choice but to return to the villa and ask for it from Glenda.

To Camila's dismay, Isaac's car was parked in the driveway when she arrived home.

What was he doing here? 17