

Chapter 72 Stop Monitoring Her

Looking into her wide-opened and watchful eyes, Isaac asked, "Don't you remember what happened last night?"

The words "last night" were emphasized in a way that anyone would misinterpret.

"Last night?"

Camila remembered going to the hospital with Isaac and falling asleep on the way home. She did not remember what had happened after that. 'That was to say that she had no idea how Isaac got her to the bedroom or how he undressed her

She did not feel like anything was wrong with her body, though.

She had done it before, so she knew how the body would feel after having sex.

Isaac must have read her mind, because he affectionately tapped her nose and said, "Relax. I didn't do anything to you."

Camila breathed a sigh of relief.

"Anyway, it's late, We should get up."

Isaac got out of bed and left the room to save her the embarrassment he anticipated she would feel if he stayed there.

Camila knew he did not do anything to her.

It did not stop the warmth that engulfed her heart, though

She was thankful for his consideration.

Suddenly, she remembered that she had a dance class. She glanced at the clock. It was close to nine o'clock in the morning already.

Although she was naked, she jumped out of bed. While she showered in the bathroom, she paid little mind to the scratches on her arms. Healing from such small injuries would just take a few days. After showering, she changed into clean clothes and hurriedly headed downstairs.

Isaac was already in the dining area.

"Come and eat," he said when he saw her.

"I'm late for work," Camila groaned.

"Just file for a leave." Isaac beckoned her to sit at the table.

Eventually, she made her way over and sat down.

Isaac handed her a cup of warm milk. "Stay and rest for today."

Camila took the cup and drank from it.

After a brief pause, she whispered, "All right."

She was not taking Isaac's advice. She was just really late for work and had no choice but to ask for leave.

"[have to take care of something today, but I'll be back early tonight," Isaac stated.

He was openly disclosing his schedule to her.

It felt very much like a talk between a man and his wife.

Suddenly, Camila's grip on the milk cup became firmer.

"I see," she replied in a low voice.

She was not used to such a harmonious atmosphere between them.

A little later, Isaac made his way to the company.

Within minutes of his arrival, Wynter informed him, "Mr. Perry has been waiting for you for a long time. It seems like he wants to talk about what

happened yesterday." "I won't meet him," Isaac replied bluntly. "Understood, sir."

Wynter proceeded to the lobby, where Leland was waiting. "I'm sorry, Mr. Perry, but Mr. Johnston is scheduled to meet with another person. We are unable to reschedule this appointment as it was scheduled over a month ago. Would you mind visiting some other time again?"

Please, I just need a moment to speak with him."

Given what happened last night

He knew Isaac well, which was why he decided to visit his company.

He was hoping that Isaac would take what had happened last night as nothing.

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Perry. We really can't reschedule this appointment." Wynter maintained a positive attitude and a respectful distance the entire time. "How about this? Allow me to schedule your next visit so that it won't be in vain that you came all the way here. Mr. Johnston is really busy right now."

Leland, being as perceptive as he w

She came up with a good one too.

Obviously, Isaac had no intention of meeting him.

Since Leland was already at his company, he should be able to spae else. It seemed Isaac was still upset about last night's events.

If not, he would not have been so forthright in his refusal to see Leland. Irritation rose within Leland, and the only person he could express his dissatisfaction to was Wynter. "I get it. Mr. Johnston is busy. You sure have a way with words."

Wynter remained smiling. "Let me see you off."

"No, thanks. I know the way out." His intentions warrive. Nevertheless, he was turned down so flatly.

Naturally, this made him angry.

He could not understand why Isaac was making such a big deal out of last night's incident. They were both able to escape the hole unharmed. And Isaac's relationship with that woman was still unknown to everyone. Maybe she was really Isaac's girlfriend.

In any case, it would not be long before he got sick of her.

Eventually, no one would remember who she was

Then, it was over.

Isaac knew that what happened last night wa

'Wynter returned to the office and r

"By the way, sir, should we continue keeping an eye on your wife?" Wynter asked.

When Isaac invited Camila to the dinner party witeople keeping an eye on her to halt their duties.

For this matter, Wynter required an order from Isaac before making a move.

Isaac gave it some thought before saying, "No."

He did not want to force her to be with him anymore.

He would like it better if she chose to stay with him of her oened yesterday after some time had passed, but he was mistaken.

After some investigation, Marlowe learned that Ca That morning, she decided to visit her workplace.

"Elva, can I take a day off? I won't be able to make it to the dance studio today," Camila asked Elva on the phone.

"Sure, but there's a woman here looking for you," Elva stated. "Who is it?"

"I don't know. She said she was your friend."

Camila did not have any female friend in the city, though She thought for a while.

Was it the woman from last night?

"What's her name?" Camila inquired.

In the dance studio, Elva turned to Marlowe and asked, "What's your name?"

"Marlowe Perry. Where is she now?" Marlowe replied impatiently.

The voice she heard on the other end of

"Tell her that I've resigned," Camila instructed

She did not want to give that woman any more chance to make trouble for her. "Sure," Elva responded.

After ending the call, she tumed her

"Why did she resign?" Marlowe asked.

"She seems to have found another job," Elva lied.

Marlowe snorted. She did not believe

The more she considered the likelihood of i

Because she did not go to work, Camila was left with nothing to do at home. She saw an article online that there was a public address taking place at the Hammaslahti Research Centre today, so she decided attend it.

The Hammaslahti Research Centre was established as a place dedicated to cardiac research.

Camila was never the type of person who would turl conferences, especially when she had free time.

She was already at the door when Gle

"Yes?"

"Are you going out?"

Camila nodded.

“Please wait a minute.”

After getting the first aid kit, Glenda beckoned her closer. “Come here.”

Camila glanced at the first aid kit b

“It’s you who’s hurt, not me. Before Mr. Johnston left, he asked me to treat your wounds with some medicine.

“Mr. Johnston is worried about you either way.” Glenda pinned her a look as if saying that this matter was not up for debate.

If Isaac had not been worried about Camila, he would not have instructed Glenda to treat her wounds. Camila, feeling awkward, di medication to her scratches. Afterward, she headed out.

As soon as Camila left the house, however, she was confronted by someone.