

## 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,” Camila 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?”

” 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 tumed 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.