

## 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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