

Chapter 188 Do You Hate Me

The bomb had stopped counting down, and the timer was stuck at zero when Camila opened her eyes.

However, it did not go off as expected.

Aldrin spoke out just when her confusion was at its peak.

"Camila, I was planning to use you to force Isaac to admit that he killed my mom. Then, I'd turn over all the evidence to the authorities and make sure he got what he deserved. However, I've never thought of hurting you. The bomb is fake."

"Aldrin," Camila called shakily.

"I believe you. You're right. Isaac wouldn't go to all the trouble to get her out of prison if he really wanted to kill her. It wouldn't make sense. I also think I'm being manipulated."

He walked over and freed Camila from her bindings. "Are you mad at me?"

"No, I'm not."

Camila was astonished and touched at the same time.

Aldrin was obviously devastated by Trudy's passing; thus, his extreme actions were not out of the ordinary.

Still, it was touching that he never intended to blow Camila up with a real bomb.

It was clear that he cared deeply for her and considered her family.

Once she was free, Camila wrapped her arms around Aldrin. "Aldrin, our father may be gone now, but nothing will change the fact that you're my brother. Don't worry. We'll find the person

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Aldrin nodded. "Thank you. Camila, do you not hate me?"

Camila's hatred had never been directed at him in the first place. Trudy was the one she held a deep, abiding animosity for, but now that she was dead, all of her resentment toward her had dissolved. She simply could not hold on to the past anymore.

She could not let her resentment toward a deceased person fester within her, so she let go.

In addition, she and Aldrin were related by blood.

It was impossible for her to inflict harm on the living out of spite for the dead.

"I don't hate you." With a smile, Camila continued, "From now on, we'll work together. We'll exact justice for your mother."

Aldrin indicated his agreement with a nod.

"By the way, do you know now who sent the message to you? Have you met them?" Camila inquired.

She wanted to know who had laid this trap for them.

It was hard to fathom the potential fallout if Aldrin was really convinced that Isaac was responsible for Trudy's death and the bomb turned out to be real.

"Yes, I have..."

"This isn't the right place to talk about that. Let's head back first," Isaac chimed in.

That was when Camila realized her eagerness to know the truth had gotten the best of her. Indeed, it was dangerous for them to stay in such a place. "You're right. Let's go home."

"Okay," Aldrin agreed.

With that, the trio descended to ground level.

Isaac was walking across the little area of grass by the door when he heard a ticking noise. His eyes shifted to the side, where he spotted another bomb concealed in the grass.

To make matters worse, the countdown on the timer was down to the final seconds: 5, 4, 3, ...

"A bomb!"

Isaac dropped himself hastily on the ground, arms around Camila.

The bomb went off the instant they hit the ground.

In an instant, the grass all around them was on fire.

Everything in the vicinity felt the effects of the bomb's might.

Aldrin reacted a little slower than the other two. The force of the blast had knocked him unconscious.

Camila was the first one to gain consciousness.

She attempted to stand up, but Isaac was still draped across her back. Clearly, he used his own body to shield her from harm.

"Isaac." Camila wriggled from his protective embrace. Isaac had passed out as well. She got to her feet and examined the wounds on his back and arms. When the bomb exploded, it sent debris flying in all directions, including bricks and stones that became dangerous projectiles.

That was how Isaac got hurt. Camila squinted her eyes and saw

a stone on his back that was partially lodged in his flesh.

She rushed to him to feel his breath and hear his heartbeat. After learning that he was only unconscious, she went to check on Aldrin.

Compared to Isaac, Aldrin's wounds were more severe. She quickly pulled out her phone and called an ambulance.

While waiting for help to arrive, she administered first aid to the two unconscious people.

Soon, they were all sent to the hospital.

The two men were wheeled to the emergency room. Camila was no longer working at the hospital. No matter how helpful she could have been, she would not be allowed inside.

After more than an hour of treatment, Isaac and Aldrin were released from the emergency room. Then, they were transferred to separate rooms for monitoring.

Camila could not take care of both of them at once because they were in different wards, so she asked Rowena to tend to Aldrin.

She also called the phone in the villa. It was Glenda who answered it. "Isaac and I won't be going home tonight. How's Joe?"

"He's fine. Don't worry. I'll take good care of him."

Camila let out a sigh of relief. "Okay. Thank you."

Next, she called Willie using Isaac's phone.

At first, all she planned to do was let Willie know that Isaac would not be able to go to work for the time being and he could call her if anything came up. However, upon learning that Isaac would not be able to go to the company, Willie demanded, "Why can't Mr. Johnston go to the company? Did something happen?"

"He's injured," Camila replied truthfully.

Afterward, she told Willie the name of the hospital they were in.

Willie made it to the hospital in under a half-hour. He was not alone when he arrived. Isaac's secretary was with him.

When Camila saw Wynter, she immediately thought back to the last time she had seen the other woman. At that time, Wynter was in Isaac's office.

Right now, she had a solemn expression on her face.

She looked very different now than she did on that day.

If Camila had not seen it with her own eyes, she would not have believed it was her.

"How did Mr. Johnston get hurt?" Wynter asked.

With his voice laced with worry, Willie added, "Yes, what happened? How did he get hurt?"

"He got injured because he protected me," Camila started before telling them everything that had happened.

"He got hurt from an explosion?" Willie exclaimed. "How is this possible? Was it the Johnston family's doing?"

"I'm not sure. We won't know until Aldrin wakes up," Camila replied.

The person who was trying to control Aldrin must have set up the real bomb there, knowing that Camila would be there.

Therefore, Aldrin definitely knew who the culprit was.

"Is Aldrin involved in some way in this incident?" Willie inquired.

Camila nodded.

When Wynter sneaked a look at Isaac, it did not go unnoticed by Camila.

Without losing her composure, she said, "There don't need to be so many people here. You two should go home for now."

Wynter immediately suggested, "I can stay here and take care of Mr. Johnston so that you can get some rest."

Camila shook her head. "It's okay. He's my husband, so I should take care of him. If something happens, I'll just call Willie."

"She's right. Let's just go home since we won't be of any help here," Willie told Wynter.

Wynter lowered her head before saying, "All right."

With that, she turned around.

When she reached the door, she turned to look at Isaac, but as soon as her eyes met Camila's, all expression instantly left her face. "I'll see you two later."

Camila stared at her with indifference but said nothing.

It was just speculation before, but now, she was certain that Wynter had feelings for Isaac.

"Tell me, Willie, how long has Isaac's secretary been working for him? Does Isaac trust her very much?"

"We've been working for Mr. Johnston for a long time. She's a very capable woman, which is why Mr. Johnston trusts her a lot," Willie answered.

"I see," Camila muttered.


"Why are you asking?" William asked.

Camila shrugged nonchalantly. "Nothing. I'm just curious about the people around Isaac."

Willie accepted her response without much thought.


"Anyway, I'll handle the rest here. You can go now," Camila stated.

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 +120 Points at most

She turned around and was surprised to see Isaac awake. Exactly when he awoke was a mystery to her. At the moment, the man was staring at her.

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