

## Chapter 190 Pretending To Be Dead

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The nurse came to deliver the medicine. She carried a tray on one hand and twisted the doorknob using the other. Then, using her shoulder, she pushed the door open.

When Camila heard the door creak, she almost turned red in embarrassment and buried her head in Isaac's arms.

When the nurse got in, her eyes widened in shock. She never expected to see them...

Now, she was just standing by the door, not sure whether she should come in or go out.

Isaac turned at the door and shouted, "Get out!"

His roar snapped the nurse back to her senses. She realized that she was too reckless for not knocking on the door before entering. So, in a panic, she closed the door and scurried away.

Once she was outside and safe from Isaac's wrath, she heaved a sigh of relief as she placed her hand on her chest. She could feel her heart pounding against her palm.

The look that Isaac shot her was so cold that it made her blood freeze.

Meanwhile, back in the ward, Camila pushed Isaac shyly. She didn't use too much force because of his injuries, which made her push seem coquettish. "The others have already seen us. Aren't you ashamed?!" she scolded.

"Who cares? We're a couple," Isaac said as he stood up and smoothed her wrinkled collar.

What a gentleman. A smile broke on her face.

When they left the ward, they saw the nurse still standing by the door.

"Just leave the medicine on the table inside the ward. I'll apply it to him myself," Camila ordered the nurse.

The nurse nodded. "Okay."

After placing the medicine on the table, the nurse left right away.

The entire time, the nurse avoided making eye contact with Isaac, whose eyes were sharp like daggers.

No matter how handsome he was, she didn't dare to look at him. Just imagining him right now was enough to send a shiver down her spine.

When Isaac and Camila arrived at Aldrin's ward, they saw Rowena helping Aldrin drink water.

"Camila..." Aldrin uttered weakly.

He was begging Camila not to tell Rowena about what had happened.

If Rowena knew about it, he was afraid that she wouldn't be kind to him anymore.

Aside from Rowena and Camila, Aldrin no longer had any family left.

So, when Camila met his eyes, she immediately understood what Aldrin was conveying with his expression. She nodded at Aldrin subtly, hinting that she wouldn't tell Rowena.

Seeing this, Aldrin's body relaxed.

Rowena didn't notice their subtle interaction. When she saw Isaac come over, she immediately scowled at her daughter and scolded, "He's injured and needs a good rest! Don't you know how to take care of him?!"

Camila was taken aback. She didn't know how to respond to that.

"Sit and rest on the sofa," Rowena told Isaac.

Isaac smiled at her. "Thank you, but I'm fine."

"How can you be fine? You're injured! You should be having a good rest!" Rowena scolded again.

Isaac pursed his lips, and immediately, his eyes darkened.

Noticing his stubbornness, Rowena turned to Camila and asked for help to make Isaac sit down.

"My mother has taken a liking to you as her son-in-law," Camila whispered to him.

Isaac looked at Camila and flashed a smug smile. "Of course she likes me. I'm excellent!"

Once again, Camila was rendered speechless.

My God! How could this man be so narcissistic?!

However, this wasn't the appropriate time to think of such things. So, she turned to Aldrin and said, "Did you see the person who sent you these messages? Were you able to take a good look of his face?"

Aldrin nodded. "Yes, I saw her, but she had her back turned the entire time so I couldn't see her face. Although she was wearing men's clothes when we met, I'm pretty sure she's a woman. Her figure and her voice suggested that to me. Perhaps she's dressed up as a man because she wanted to disguise herself."

"A woman?" Camila's face scrunched. She wasn't surprised to hear this.

In her mind, there were only two possibilities on who it could be: Lilith and Fidelia.

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Meanwhile, Isaac was silent the entire time Aldrin and Camila spoke. However, one look at his eyes and it was obvious that he was also deep in thought.

"I have an idea," Aldrin said.

"What is it?" Camila asked.

He then glanced at Isaac. "I'll only tell you."

Instantly, Camila understood that Aldrin didn't want Isaac to hear whatever he had to say. So, she stood up and approached the bedside. "Go ahead."

Aldrin gestured for her to come even closer.

Camila took another step and leaned forward. Then, Aldrin whispered in her ear, "Let Isaac pretend to be dead..."

"What?!" Camila exclaimed before Aldrin could even finish what he was saying. Just the idea of it made her restless.

"Shh! Don't be so excited. Listen to me," Aldrin tried to assure her.

Camila then turned around and caught a glimpse of Isaac before leaning back to Aldrin.

"Camila, you're overreacting right now."

She groaned and rolled her eyes. "Just cut the crap and say it quickly!"

Aldrin chuckled a bit. He knew that after what had happened, Camila's heart now completely belonged to Isaac.

It wasn't a bad thing for Isaac. In fact, it was a good thing.

He was blessed with such a good woman.

"Here's the thing," Aldrin began explaining his plan. "First, ask Isaac to pretend that he's dead. Then, I'll meet the woman who gave me the order and tell her that Isaac has already died."

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When we meet, I'll use that as an opportunity to catch her, and we can uncover her true identity. I know that Isaac didn't kill my mother, so it must've been her. She's the one who killed my mother, framed Isaac, and tried using me to kill both you and Isaac. This must be her plan all along!"

As Camila mulled over what Aldrin had said, she thought it was feasible.

"Okay. Let's do it."

"Can you persuade that cold man?" Aldrin said, looking at Isaac.

When Camila turned around, she noticed that Isaac indeed appeared very cold.

Aldrin's description of him wasn't baseless.

So, Camila walked to the sofa and sat beside Isaac. An awkward smile formed on her lips because she didn't know how to say it to him.

Isaac was the one who broke the silence. "It's useless."

"What?"

Camila's eyes narrowed. She didn't understand.

"Your plan is useless," Isaac repeated.

"Who says it's useless?" Aldrin butted in. "You're her target. If she learns that you're dead, she'll definitely want to meet with me. When that happens, we can set her up for an ambush and catch her!"

"We didn't block the news at the start. By now, she should already know that I'm still alive. Do you think that she's easily fooled?" Isaac asked, his tone a bit condescending.

Camila understood his point. "That's right. It's not a secret that you're currently in the hospital. Whoever's behind this must be keeping close tabs on you while not revealing themselves. I'm afraid she already knows that you're fine. It's unlikely that she'll

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be fooled at all!"

Aldrin's head sank in disappointment. He felt like a deflated balloon.

He sincerely thought that his plan was flawless, but after listening to Isaac's analysis, he agreed that the other party must've already been aware that they were fine.

Seeing this, Camila approached him and patted his shoulder. "Don't worry. We have plenty of time," she comforted.

Then, she helped Isaac stand up and said, "It's time for you to go back to your ward and have a rest. Besides, you haven't taken your medicine yet."

When Isaac returned to his ward and sat down, his phone on the cabinet rang.

Camila handed it to him.

As soon as he answered, he heard Willie's voice on the other end. "Audrey is quickly taking action! She has already persuaded the old Mr. Johnston to call the shareholders to hold a general meeting once again."

Isaac smirked. The only reason why Audrey was in such a rush was because she thought she had something on him.

"When is the meeting?" he asked.

"Eight o'clock tomorrow morning," Willie answered.

Isaac's smile grew even wider. He didn't expect Audrey to be so rash. After all, his impression of her was that she was a cautious woman. It turned out that she was more greedy than cautious that she wanted to get the company as soon as possible.

"I see." After saying that, he hung up the phone.

"You're hurt," Camila said, looking worried.

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"It's not a big deal," Isaac assured her. What was happening right now was much more important.

It wasn't only about the company. It was about making sure that Audrey would end up in prison.

For so many years, she had been free, leaving destruction and misery in her wake. Now, it was time for her to pay for everything that she had done in the past.

"Bring me a suit of clothes. I need to go out," he told Camila.

"What's the matter?" she asked. Since she had no idea what he was about to do, she tried persuading him to stay here. "Let's talk about it when you recover."

Isaac shook his head. "No. I'm going to do it today." It was seldom for him to put on a serious face whenever he was in front of Camila.

So, when Camila looked into his eyes, she immediately understood how important this matter was. "Okay. I'll be right back," she said.

"Wait!" Isaac grabbed her by the wrist before she could leave.

Camila looked back, her eyes narrowed in confusion. "What's wrong again this time?"