

Chapter 194 Outdoing Camila

"Today, when I went with Aldrin to listen to the case, I happened to meet a woman..." Camila trailed off midsentence and added, "Forget it. It's not a big deal anyway."

With billions of people in the world, it was not impossible that there were some who looked alike.

Besides, Isaac was busy right now, and Camila did not want to bother him with such a trivial matter.

"Why don't you finish what you were saying?" Isaac asked with a frown.

"It's nothing. Anyway, Trudy's funeral will be finished tomorrow. We can let it go for the time being," Camila said with a smile.

As soon as Camila finished her words, someone knocked on the door.

"Come in," she loudly said, and the door opened at once.

It was Willie. He appeared to be carrying a cardboard box, containing documents and daily necessities.

When he walked in, he put the things on the table and walked over to them. "They chose Travis to be CEO," he reported.

Isaac did not seem surprised by the result. He just nodded slightly in response to show that he knew.

This was all part of his plan. Only when he left the company

would Audrey lower her guard.

"In the meeting earlier, those shareholders who only care about their own interests pissed me off. We've helped them much over the years. And now, they have the nerve to turn their backs on us?" Willie scoffed, aggrieved.

Although he knew this was part of the plan, his hackles still rose when he saw those selfish bastards.

"But it's a blessing in disguise, though. If they spoke for me, they would ruin our plan. Now, I'm looking forward to the day Paramount Corporation goes bankrupt," Willie uttered resentfully.

The loss stated on the document Fidelia had handed to Audrey was real. The company did lose money.

Little did they know, the missing money was transferred to a company called Mercury Corp in Clouland.

That was Paramount Corporation's last money.

It could be said that the said company was like a hollow shell. It only had a few profitable projects. And those who made big profits had been transferred abroad.

What was more, Travis did not have the capability to reverse the loss. And even if he had, it would be impossible for him to promote the projects in a short time. What would he explain to the shareholders when he had to make a summary in the middle and end of the year?

He would not stand a chance against those shareholders.

All they cared about was the benefits. They did not care about the process, even if it was extremely difficult.

"But come to think of it. We will no longer be controlled by other people in the future," Willie said with a smile. At this

sudden realization, he felt much better again.

Despite having substantial resources, Paramount Corporation required the board of directors' approval for projects exceeding 10 billion dollars. In case of disagreement among the board members, the project could not proceed. Presently, all decisions for Mercury Corp were made solely by Isaac.

It was more fun there than in Paramount Corporation!

Willie was thankful that those shareholders were predictably selfish. If there was one who was on Isaac's side, they would have to return the favor he had given them. Thankfully, there was none, so there was nothing Isaac should worry about.

"It doesn't matter. You can go back now. There might be a handover request later. You'll be responsible for it," Isaac said.

"I understand. By the way, I've asked Wynter to continue being a secretary in Clouland. But she doesn't want to leave the country. She wants to stay here and see you. What should I do? Should I agree to her request?"

Camila pricked up her ears when she heard that the secretary was involved.

Perhaps women's intuition was naturally good. Or maybe, women knew what other women thought.

Camila had a feeling that the secretary liked Isaac.

"I'm afraid Isaac can't go out. When he went out today, his wounds got infected," she said at once.

Although she did not want Isaac to see Wynter, what she said was true. Besides, it would be better if he did not wear clothes. That way, his wounds would scab and heal in

a few days. But if he refused to take necessary precautions, it would take about two weeks for him to recover.

"But she didn't want to listen to me. What should we do now?" Willie asked in a dilemma.

"How about I convince her on your behalf?" Camila suggested.

Isaac turned to look at her. And at a glance, he seemed to have read what was on her mind.

Camila, on the other hand, looked away, not daring to look into his eyes.

"If you want to go, I won't stop you." Isaac turned sideways, and half of his face sunk into the pillow.

Meanwhile, Willie pursed his lips and said nothing.

There would always be someone appearing in your life who could make you melt, and Isaac was not an exception. Though he appeared sharp and domineering, he still got controlled by Camila.

"You stay here and rest," Camila sternly said while applying ointment on Isaac's wounds.

Suddenly, Isaac grabbed her hand. "Come back early. Let Willie go with you."

Camila nodded in response. Without another word, she made her way to the door.

"Let's go," she said to Willie, who was waiting for her at the door.

With the car key in his hand, Willie quickly followed her out. He opened his mouth to say something but stopped himself on second thought.

"If you have anything to say, just say it," Camila impatiently said.

"I just think that you're overthinking. Wynter and I have received a huge favor from Mr. Johnston, so we're both loyal to him."

"How do you know I'm overthinking?" Camila asked back.

Willie did not know the answer to that, so he just shut up.

After getting into the car, Willie started the engine and drove away. And from that point onwards, the two remained silent until they reached their destination: Wynter's residence. With that, he got out of the car with Camila and knocked on the door.

Wynter opened the door shortly. And when she saw Willie her face darkened. "I said I wouldn't go abroad. I'm Mr. Johnston's secretary. If he's not there, then what am I supposed to do..."

Wynter trailed midsentence upon noticing Camila standing behind Willie. And for a second, a trace of vigilance flashed through her eyes.

"What... what are you doing here?"

"She's here to convince you," Willie answered on Camila's behalf.

Wynter averted her gaze and asked, "Convince me to what?"

"To convince you to go abroad." Camila took a step forward and told Willie, "Wait for me in the car. I'll talk to her in private."

"If you have anything to say, you could've had Willie tell me. Why did you even bother to come here?" Wynter retorted.

"Because you're Isaac's subordinate. Sadly, he couldn't come because of his injuries. As his wife, I feel it's my responsibility to speak on his behalf. So, aren't you gonna invite me in?" Camila replied without beating around the bush. She also showed her authority as the wife of Wynter's boss.

Wynter had no choice but to do as Camila said. Although reluctantly, she glanced at her uninvited visitor and unwillingly said, "Come in, please."

Camila looked around as she entered Wynter's house. The location and the decor of the house were beyond the means of regular individuals. It seemed that Isaac was really nice to his secretary. Otherwise, she would not be able to live in such a nice home in an expensive neighborhood.

Wynter seemed to have read what was on Camila's mind that she took the initiative to explain herself. "Mr. Johnston is very kind and generous to his subordinates."

Camila nodded to show that she already knew that.

Without another word, Wynter went to the kitchen to get her visitor refreshments.

"Have some tea, please," she offered once she returned.

Wynter felt uneasy having Camila over that she looked like a visitor in her own home.

"Thank you," Camila, who was sitting on the sofa, replied with a smile.

Wynter lowered her eyes, not daring to look into Camila's, and then cut to the chase. "I have my reason for not going abroad."

"Tell me." Camila held up the teacup and took a sip.

As Isaac's secretary, Wynter was very confident and capable. However, it did not seem to be the case in front of Camila.

Camila seemed to outshine her.

It could be said that if Wynter and Camila stood side by side, people would notice the latter more.

Not only did Camila have a prettier face, but she also had an excellent temperament.

Her tranquil and serene demeanor was so captivating that it drew people toward her. But at the same time, they dared not to do so.

Wynter looked up at Camila and indifferently said, "I'm a secretary. Do you know what a secretary's job is?"

If Camila was better at her in those aspects, then Wynter would outdo her in her specialty!