

Chapter 231 I Miss Him

"What's caught your eye?" Jaylen didn't know what to do. "You're so inebriated that you don't even recognize me, right?" he lamented.

Upon hearing Jaylen's voice, Camila was upset and retorted, "Could you stop talking please? I mistook you for Isaac."

Jaylen was rendered speechless.

"What?! Why are you telling me to shut up? Did you really take me for Isaac?" Jaylen seethed, rolling his eyes at her. He persisted, "We look nothing like each other!"

Camila brazenly quipped, "Yes, you're not as good-looking as him..."

Jaylen was left dumbfounded once again.

"Camila, regardless of how exceptional he may be, I'm the one taking care of you right now. So can you stop bringing up Isaac?" he implored.

"But he's my husband. Why am I not allowed to mention him? I miss him. I can say whatever I want," Camila slurred, emboldened by her drunken state.

At this moment, she found it easy to express herself in a way she wouldn't ordinarily.

Jaylen was left utterly speechless this time.

How could she say something like that?

"You can go flaunt your love at home," Jaylen sneered.

She was always bringing up Isaac.

As Camila made her way to the restroom, she inadvertently knocked over a bottle, causing it to shatter into pieces on the floor.

This startled her and it caused her to lose her footing and nearly fall.

Jaylen sprang into action, catching her and holding her tightly in his embrace.

Camila scowled and demanded, "Let go of me!"

Jaylen grew irate.

"Camila, I just saved you. You would have fallen if it weren't for me. Why don't you show me any appreciation?"

Jaylen was on the verge of reprimanding Camila as a heartless scoundrel.

Camila pushed him away, indicating that she knew, even in her inebriated state, that it was inappropriate for a man to hug a married woman intimately.

Jaylen helped Camila to her feet and asked, "Can you stand up straight?"

Camila nodded in affirmation. "Yes, I can."

But as soon as she spoke, she let out a belch and the foul smell of alcohol wafted from her mouth.

Jaylen frowned disapprovingly.

"Mila, let's keep drinking!" Laura exclaimed, raising her glass.

Hearing this, Camila abandoned the idea of going to the restroom and instead drank another glass of wine with Laura.

Witnessing this, Jaylen was taken aback.

What were these two women doing?

Suddenly, Camila's phone began to vibrate with an incoming call.

Camila tapped Laura on the arm and said, "Your phone is ringing..."

Laura waved her hand dismissively and retorted, "No, it's your phone."

"Mine?" Camila queried before reaching out to retrieve her phone.

Taking it out of her pocket, she glanced at the screen and confirmed that it was indeed her phone ringing.

She answered the call and greeted the person on the other end, "Hello..."

"Is Laura there with you? I can't seem to reach her," the voice on the other end queried.

Camila's eyes widened in surprise. "Forrest?"

Without waiting for Forrest's reply, Camila continued, "Hey, Forrest. How could you do what you did to Laura?"

Forrest sounded crestfallen and responded in a subdued tone, "Where is she?"

"I don't know," Camila stated flatly. But just as she was about to hang up the phone, Forrest implored, "Mila, I know you know where she is. Please don't act impulsively. There's something I need to tell her."

Camila turned to look at Laura, who was even more intoxicated than she was and appeared to be on the brink of unconsciousness.

Camila gazed up at Jaylen, her eyes bleary with drunkenness, and inquired, "Where are we?"

Jaylen took hold of her phone and replied, "Let me inform him."

Camila acquiesced.

Once Jaylen had given Forrest the address, he ended the call.

Camila was inebriated and she was slumped over the table.

Thirty minutes later, Forrest arrived.

Upon seeing the two insensible women, he wasn't taken aback since he had guessed that they were drinking when he was speaking to Camila on the phone.

He held Laura tenderly and pondered how to deal with Camila. Jaylen offered, "I'll take her home."

Forrest scrutinized Jaylen, indicating that he didn't trust him.

Jaylen explained, "I brought them here. I'm Camila's friend. I won't harm her. She just operated on my mother and saved her. I would never repay such kindness with ingratitude."

Forrest nodded and said, "Thank you."

Jaylen replied, "Don't mention it. Camila's a good friend of mine."

After Forrest departed, Jaylen lingered in the room for a while before making his way to Camila's side. He shook her gently and said, "Camila."

Camila squinted her eyes. "Hm...?"

Suddenly, the urge to vomit seized her.

Before Jaylen could react, she tried to get up. However, she stumbled over the corner of the table and fell onto Jaylen.

At this point, Camila was unable to hold it back any longer.

Chapter 232 On His Bed

Please don't come over. Jaylen implored inwardly.

Camila couldn't hold it any longer and vomited.

She spewed vomit all over his face!

Jaylen was livid and lost for words.

Camila felt queasy and sprinted to the bathroom to continue retching.

At that moment, words failed to convey Jaylen's mood.

There was vomit all over his face - this was a first!

It was a feeling that few could comprehend.

However, he couldn't let his temper get the best of him. After all, was it worth creating a scene with a drunken woman?

Given that she was intoxicated, it would be petty and futile to argue with her.

Fortunately, he had a room at the venue. He could take a shower there and ask the waiter to fetch him a fresh set of clothes.

After cleaning up and returning to the private room, Jaylen found Camila dozed off on the couch.

Checking the time, he realized it was nearing midnight.

With a sigh, he lifted her off the sofa and carried her to the bed.

He tucked her in and stood by the bedside, gazing at her.

Camila was stunning, especially when she slept soundly.

She was beautiful and alluring, even without any makeup.

With a chuckle, Jaylen remarked, "If Isaac knew that you were unconscious in my bed, he would be furious."

He considered snapping a picture of the scene and sending it to Isaac.

"Should I do it?" he asked.

But Camila was too drunken to hear him.

He was hesitant, unsure if he should proceed with his plan.

Recalling the way Isaac had treated him before, he was determined to get revenge on that sly and scheming man!

At the airport, Isaac boarded the car and Alick stowed away his luggage.

"Blast it! The flight's delayed," Alick grumbled.

Isaac appeared indifferent, almost aloof.

Alick spoke cautiously. "Once we confirm her identity, our trip will be worthwhile. We just need to wait for the identification results."

This trip abroad had been organized impromptu by Isaac after Robin had sent him a photograph.

The woman in this said photograph bore an uncanny resemblance to his mother.

His recollection of his mother was hazy though. The woman in the photograph looked old but she still had a striking appearance.

Robin had explained, "Tripp gave me this photo. He met your mother before. So when he met this woman, he took this photo of her. If you're willing to let go of Travis and the company, I'll give you the photo and tell you her whereabouts."

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Tripp had returned to handle Fidelia's funeral arrangements. Although Tripp was furious, he realized there was nothing he could do, even if he argued with Robin.

Moreover, Robin had assured him that Fidelia's murderer would face justice. This had somewhat calmed him down.

Robin also said, "Your mother doesn't have any sisters and since your grandparents passed away, there are no known relatives. It seems impossible for someone to resemble your mother so closely. Perhaps she is still alive."

Isaac readily struck a deal with Robin's.

As soon as he had received the woman's photo and address, he had wasted no time in traveling overseas.

Over the past few days, Isaac had been diligently investigating the woman, even going so far as to obtain a sample of her hair to run a paternity test.

The results of the test would be out soon.

Alick believed that the trip was worthwhile and that the deal with Robin was a good one.

Discovering that Isaac's mother was still alive would be a wonderful thing.

Surely, Isaac would be much happier to learn this fact than to seek revenge against the Johnston family, wouldn't he?

The only regret was that Camila did not accompany them on their journey. Isaac seemed to be in a sour mood due to her absence and he wore a frown throughout the entire trip.

Finally, they arrived at the address.

The car came to a stop.

Isaac exited the vehicle and cast a brief glance at Alick before saying dispassionately, "Go back."

"Okay," replied Alick.

Upon entering his residence, Isaac discovered that Glenda was still awake, waiting for Camila's return.

"Sir!" exclaimed Glenda, surprised to see Isaac.

Isaac tugged at his collar and inquired, "Where is she?"

Realizing who he was referring to, Glenda responded promptly, "Madam has yet to return."

Glenda had previously addressed Camila as "Mrs. Johnston," but after Isaac's falling out with the Johnston family, Glenda had changed the way she referred to her.

"She hasn't returned yet?" Isaac asked, raising his hand to glance at his watch. It was getting late.

Just then, his phone began to ring!

Chapter 233 Obsessed

Isaac, with his phone in hand, glanced at the screen and noticed a picture message waiting to be viewed.

Eagerly, he tapped on the message and saw a photo of Camila, peacefully sleeping.

Instantly, his face darkened and a frown formed on his face as he processed the situation.

Then, a text message arrived with a simple statement, "Camila is with me."

With a sense of satisfaction, Jaylen plopped down onto the sofa, crossed his legs and began to shake them in contentment.

Isaac was currently overseas and the news would undoubtedly cause him to worry.

Even if he returned immediately, it would take a significant amount of time. The anxiety must be unbearable for him.

Suddenly, Camila's phone buzzed.

Jaylen chuckled knowingly. "Someone is anxious."

Jaylen glanced over at Camila, who appeared restless and uneasy because she sensed the vibration of her phone.

He softly retrieved the phone from her pocket. "Sleep well, I'll take this for you," he murmured gently.

In her daze, Camila's mind was consumed with restlessness and she turned her back on Jaylen to try and find some peace.

Jaylen couldn't help but smile when he saw the caller ID was Isaac.

He was right!

Jaylen felt successful in his objective and answered the phone, standing next to the bed.

As he said hello, there was no response on the other end of the line.

Just as Jaylen was about to speak again, a voice on the other end interrupted and said, "Let her answer the phone."

Jaylen chuckled and replied, "I'm afraid I can't. She's sound asleep."

His complacent tone was incredibly irritating to Isaac, who was deeply frustrated.

Isaac was not annoyed by Jaylen's provocation but rather by the fact that while he was away, Camila had grown close to another man and was sleeping in his bed!

The thought of Camila being with Jaylen made him sick to his stomach.

He didn't believe this was the case, of course, but he couldn't shake the disgusting image from his mind.

"What can I do? Camila likes being with me. Why don't you give her over to me?"

Jaylen said smugly.

After a few moments of silence, Isaac hung up the phone, feeling livid.

"You think you're so clever?" Jaylen said with a smug smile.

He then placed the phone down on the table and turned his attention to Camila. "If Isaac ends things with you because of this, remember that you can always come to me. I want you," he said, clicking his tongue.

Camila was sound asleep, completely oblivious of what was

going on around her.

Jaylen grabbed a blanket and made himself comfortable on the sofa, gazing at Camila in the moonlight.

A smile crept across his face as he closed his eyes to sleep.

However, his peaceful slumber was abruptly interrupted when the door was kicked open with a loud bang.

Jaylen was startled and sprung up from the sofa, ready to scold whoever was at the door.

As the light flickered on, he was stunned to see Isaac standing before him.

Did Isaac not travel abroad? How could he have returned so soon? Had something gone amiss with his plan?

"How did you manage to come back so quickly? Surely you didn't fly back? Are you so upset that your soul came back before your body?" Jaylen mumbled, still blinking his eyes in disbelief.

Isaac strode towards Jaylen, his imposing figure making Jaylen step back and stammer, "Well, you see, Camila had a bit too much to drink. I'm sleeping on the..."

Before he could finish, Isaac swung a punch at him.

The last time they had met, Jaylen had made a point of hugging Camila.

And today was it another deliberate move on his part to make her drunk?

Jaylen was clearly determined to come between them.

Jaylen was struck by the punch and staggered back, blood oozing from the corner of his mouth.

He raised a hand to wipe it away, leaving a smear of red on his skin.

"Isaac," he said, his voice shaking, "is it really necessary to be so violent?"

Isaac glanced at him before heading towards the bed where Camila lay. It was obvious she was out cold because she had not even stirred despite all the commotion.

As he got closer, the smell of alcohol emanating from her was suffocating.

Isaac scowled. "How much has she drunk?" he demanded.

"They almost got through two bottles and..."

Isaac interrupted Jaylen before he could finish. "Did you tell her to drink?"

"Um! It's so noisy!" Camila suddenly mumbled.

Her eyes flickered open momentarily to see a familiar figure.

It looked just like... Isaac?

She soon dismissed the idea as impossible though. It couldn't be.

How could he just appear out of nowhere?

It must be her mistaking Jaylen for Isaac again. She sighed and closed her eyes, resigning herself to the mistake. "I'm cursed," she muttered.

Everyone seemed to resemble Isaac. Was this what obsession meant? Or was it just an illusion caused by missing him too much?

"Camila," a deep voice called out and she froze.

That voice...

Suddenly, Camila's eyes snapped open.