

## Chapter 261 The Letter

"Did you hear everything?" Josiah let out a weary sigh and glanced at Nelson, who seemed unfazed by the situation at hand. "He's as old as Methuselah and he's feeling embarrassed in front of a younger generation like you," he remarked with a hint of exasperation.

Camila remained silent, her presence a testament to the fact that she had read Cathy's letter.

Had she not read it, she wouldn't have been there.

"As you wish, I agree," Camila said, her sudden change of heart catching Josiah off guard.

He couldn't react fast enough.

"What... What was that you said?"

Josiah couldn't believe his ears.

"I'll say I did the surgery..."

"You don't have to take the fall for me. My own selfishness caused her harm, and now that she's gone, I don't want to live anymore. Don't tarnish your reputation for me."

But Camila knew better. "Actually, she had already remembered everything from the past," she said, throwing Nelson for a loop.

"What... what did you just say?" Nelson asked, his body tensing up.

"How do you know?" Josiah asked, his own surprise evident in his tone.

"She wrote me a letter and sent it to the hospital since she didn't know where I lived. I just finished reading it," Camila explained.

"And what did she say?"

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"And what did she say?"

All of a sudden, Nelson grabbed Camila's shoulders and said, desperation apparent in his voice, "Tell me, what did she say?"

"It was Cathy's wish that I keep it a secret, and I have to respect that."

"Where is the letter?" But Nelson was not ready to give up that easily. "If you can't tell me, just give it to me!" he implored.

"I can't do that," Camila said firmly.

Camila's departure was marked by a stoic expression, devoid of any emotional display. She gently removed Nelson's hands and silently exited the room.

Nelson, eager to know more, was stopped by Josiah.

"The two of us go far back. She won't tell you anything she doesn't want to. On top of that, she won't say anything to you since Cathy asked her to keep the secret. Please stop making things hard for her. Remember how she said Cathy would be devastated by your death? I believe Cathy told her that, therefore in order to let her rest in peace, you need to live a good life. Live a good life for her."

Nelson turned to Josiah and inquired, "Would she be sad if I were to die?"

"You two have been together for more than a decade, so yes. After being with you for so long, she must still care about you even if she recalls the past."

There was solace in Josiah's voice.

Nelson reiterated, "She would be sad if I were to die..."

"Yes, so you have to take care of yourself," Josiah replied.

After Camila left, she sat on a bench in the garden outside the hospital.

She stayed there from sunup to sundown.

The flicker of the streetlights lengthened her silhouette.

It cast a dark and gloomy shadow over her.

Suddenly, a dark shadow enveloped her.

With that, Camila raised her head.

That face was a familiar one to her.

With a hoarse voice, Camila apologized to Isaac, "I'm sorry..."

Isaac replied calmly, "It's not your fault, is it?"

Camila struggled to find the words, stuttering, "I... I..."

"Stand up and go home," he whispered to her.

After sitting for an extended period, Camila's legs had gone numb. When she tried to stand up, she stumbled and fell back onto the bench.

Isaac caught her by the waist, preventing her from falling.

Camila buried her face into Isaac's chest.

By now, tears were streaming down her cheeks like a waterfall. A step at a time...

As they made their way back, they remained silent, the weight of their emotions filling the air like a thick fog.

Even when they got home, Camila's eyes remained moist, but she refused to let out a sob, biting her bottom lip hard and curling up under the quilt to restrain her feelings. Meanwhile, Isaac cradled her gently in his arms.

Camila's cries grew hoarse, her nose clogged, and her eyes swollen. Though she might have dozed off, she never slept well. At the slightest sound of the door closing, she was stirred from her slumber.

Camila awoke to see Isaac walking out of the room.

She got out of bed, her clothes all wrinkled, and walked barefoot. Hearing sounds coming from behind the study's door, she carefully made her way there.

She walked over.

Peeking through the slight crack in the door, Camila overheard Alick's words.



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