

Chapter 262 Facts Can't Be Changed

"We found an authoritative forensics expert. Mrs. Hayes died after a doctor accidentally severed a nerve fiber while operating on her... Surgery on the brain is always risky. There would be a high probability of an accident in the absence of an experienced surgeon. I've already made the inquiry. Six persons, including Josiah and Mrs. Johnston, performed the operation on her that day. I've inquired about it, and everyone points toward..."

Alick didn't say her name.

Everyone knew it, however.

Willie explained, "Perhaps she wished to save her, but she is unfamiliar with brain surgery because she is a heart surgeon. So there's an issue..."

Isaac walked up to the French window and paused there.

He was completely silent.

Willie and Alick just stood there, motionless.

A long silence followed until Isaac finally remarked, "You can leave now."

Both Alick and Willie exchanged glances and then answered nearly simultaneously, "It's quite common to have an accident..."

"I said you can leave now! Don't you get it?" Isaac cut him off calmly.

"Of course!" Alick and Willie walked out of the study.

Camila hid in a corner. When Willie and Alick were gone, she made her way to the study's entrance. Isaac had one hand on the window and was leaning against it. He had dropped his head and bent his waist.

Never before had she seen him like that.

Well, that was Isaac for pride's sake!

He always had an innate sense of self-worth.

Most of all, he hated being in such a predicament.

Now, however...

How heartbreaking for him!

He didn't have time to talk to his just-found mother, who was now dead!

He had felt the agony twice.

As nasty as it was, it was unsympathetic with him!

Unfortunately, she couldn't be there to console him or stay with him right now.

Wouldn't seeing her make him feel like dying?

Now he knew that she was the one who murdered his mother.

She closed the study's door softly.

Without shoes, she made her way back to her room.

It wasn't very cold, but she felt cold.

She plopped down on the side of the bed, lost in her own mind.

That night, Isaac didn't return to his room. And Camila definitely had trouble falling asleep.

It was beginning to light up. Camila took a shower, dressed in new clothing, and applied makeup to hide her ghostly complexion.

She then walked out of the room, not knowing what to expect.

Isaac had already left.

Apparently, he left before sunrise, as per Glenda.

Camila had reason to believe he had gone to the hospital.

She went to the hospital expecting to see Isaac, and she did.

He and Nelson got into an argument.

Nelson preferred to have a private burial for Cathy.

A day would come when he would be laid to rest next to Cathy.

How could Isaac, however, allow Nelson to take her?

Camila came up to them and fixed her gaze on Nelson, who was being firm before speaking. "What she desired was to rest with her original identity. Not your wife, Greta, but Cathy."

"Did she personally tell you that?" Nelson asked.

He was referring to the letter.

"Yes, she said that."

Immediately, Nelson felt disgruntled.

"She still has to come back to him..." At this, he slumped back against the wall.

Isaac entered the morgue and pushed her out.

When Camila attempted to move forward, Isaac looked up and asked in a placid tone, "Did she tell you?"

Camila stared into his eyes and shook, then answered hoarsely, "Yes, she told me before the operation."

She additionally told Isaac that she performed the surgery.

Isaac stared at her for a while but didn't say anything. He just walked past her.

Alick approached and said, "Today, you do not need to be at the hospital. In my opinion, you should tag along with..."

"This is my job!" Camila interjected.

A scowl formed on Alick's face.

He had the impression that the woman in front of him had become abruptly icy and indifferent.

"If you still care about Mr. Johnston and your relationship, you should explain it to him," Alick suggested.

Camila's hand clenched into a fist. She continued to try to be cold.

"Can I alter this existing fact?"