

## Chapter 265 I Will Miss You

Isaac didn't say anything for a while. Then he looked up at Alick and asked in a low and cold voice, "He's not dead?"

Alick gulped quietly and answered, "He's not. The driver died instead."

"Deal with it properly. Compensate the driver's family."

"Got it, sir," Alick replied.

He felt really guilty. He was aiming for Nelson, but he only succeeded in killing an innocent person.

"Sir, you may need to go to the company," Alick said in a low voice.

"Okay." Isaac nodded.

Isaac's tone was still very cold. He gave off a very cold aura that automatically froze the air around him. After that, he flicked his hand, sending Alick away.

Alick understood and walked out.

Isaac hadn't been himself recently and it affected Alick so much that he couldn't talk to him normally anymore.

He closed the door of the study behind him and looked at Camila who was holding Joe in the living room. "Mrs. Johnston, can you show Mr. Johnston a little more care?"

Isaac's men felt suffocated whenever they were by him.

Even Willie didn't like coming around anymore. He used to hate going to the company and preferred spending his days here before. Now, he spent his days in the company and avoided the villa like the plague.

All Camila wanted to do was care for Isaac and be there for him, but she knew what he needed and that was time. Time to accept Cathy's death.



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It hadn't been long since Cathy died.

They couldn't expect him to be all smiley and fun to be with.

That was quite impossible.

He had never been that kind of person anyway. And with what he was going through, it was even more impossible for him to be that happy person.

Camila understood how bitter and angry he felt.

She sighed and said to Alick, "Just give him some time."

"It's just that Mr. Johnston has been this way for too long. Honestly, we're worried."

Alick thought that Isaac was too depressed, and it wasn't a good thing.

It would have been better if he cursed, broke things or just did anything to express how he felt. This silence wasn't healthy, and it affected the people around him.

Alick was just scared that Isaac would get sick if he kept it all bottled up for too long.

"I understand," Camila said softly.

Alick sighed dejectedly and gave her a small smile. "I'll leave now."

"Okay." Camila nodded.

She stood up to go to the bedroom with Joe in her arms. When she passed by the door of the study, it suddenly opened.

Isaac looked at her and said, "Come in. I have something to tell you."

"Okay. I'll just put Joe down. He's asleep."

Isaac just closed the door and Camila went upstairs.

When she put Joe on the bed though, he moved restlessly. So Camila held him in her arms and patted him back to sleep.

It took a while before Joe finally fell into a deep sleep, and she could stand up.

Since Joe was heavy now, her arms were numb after carrying him for so long.

She walked out of the room and closed the door gently so as not to wake him up. Then she walked towards the study while moving her arms.



In front of the study, she pushed open the door.

When Isaac heard the sound of the door opening, he turned around, his tall and straight figure bathed in sunshine coming from the window. The sunlight on his face made him look more handsome, yet, made his cold expression more prominent.

Camila took a deep breath, then walked in.

This was the first time she really had the chance to study his features. Despite being in his twenties, he was mature, steady and really hot.

Right now, he looked really cold. Nothing about him was welcoming, and it broke Camila's heart to see him this way.

She hated this feeling.

However, she shoved whatever she felt to the bottom of her mind and went to him with a smile on her face.

Isaac didn't return her smile. His face was so stoic that it was impossible to read him.

"You said you wanted to talk to me?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes. I have to go to the company," he said coldly.

After a while, he added, "It may take some time."

"What about Forrest's wedding? Will you attend it?"

"I don't know."

They stayed that way in silence for another while until she suddenly walked forward and wrapped her arms around him. "I'm going to miss you," she whispered.

Isaac stiffened and stayed silent.

Camila still stood on her tiptoe and placed a kiss on his cold lips.

Once their lips touched, he moved away.

"If I don't come back, represent me."

Then, he freed himself from her grip and said, "I still have things to do."

His intent was obvious. He was asking her to go out.

Camila's face paled. His indifference hurt her more than she could imagine.

She hated this feeling and she couldn't take it anymore.

She also didn't want to hurt him more than he already was, but...

"Isaac, there's something I have to tell you. About your mothers death."



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