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Isaac's eyes changed. They didn't look as cold anymore.

He seemed to be waiting for what she had to say.

Camila was about to open her mouth and say she had no business in her death when she recalled Cathy's words in the letter.

She felt frustrated. Her lips quivered as she stuttered, "I... I... I'm sorry!"

She avoided his eyes. "You have to believe me. I didn't mean to, I swear!" she added hurriedly and rushed out of the study as fast as her legs could carry her.

She locked herself in the bathroom and clutched her hands to her chest, trying to hold her tears in.

But she couldn't hold it in.

Tears flooded her eyes and before she knew it, she was crying.

She covered her mouth to stifle the sounds of her sobbing. The last thing she wanted right now was for anyone to find her in such a mess.

It was long before she finally sniffed for the last time and cleaned her tears.

At dinner, she sat beside Isaac as usual.

She looked at the food, but had no desire to eat.

Isaac noticed this but didn't say anything.

He just took a glass of milk that Glenda had heated and placed it in front of Camila. After that, he stood up and left.

Camila stayed in her seat and stared at the glass of milk in a daze.

Glenda looked at her and said in a soft voice, "The milk will taste better if it's hot."

Camila blinked and came back to her senses. When she looked down at

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the glass of milk again, a tear drop escaped from her eyes and dropped in the white liquid.

Camila picked up the glass and drank up the milk without really enjoying it.

As she walked back to her room, she spotted Isaac in Joe's room.

She stood at the door for a while and watched them, before she continued on her way and went to her room.

After her shower, she lay on the bed and stared absent-mindedly at the ceiling.

As soon as Isaac pushed open the door, she snapped her eyes closed and pretended to be asleep.

She didn't understand why she did that. Maybe it was because she didn't know how to face him.

Or maybe she was just scared of losing her calm and being more embarrassed.

She was also trying to protect her heart. Because she knew how much it would hurt when she looked into his cold eyes.

It was better this way.

She soon heard water flowing in the bathroom for a while. After a while, she heard his footsteps coming closer, and then felt the other side of the bed sink under his weight.

Before this, he never stayed in bed without holding her in his arms.

But now, he was lying so close to her that she could feel his breath, and yet, she felt like they had never been more apart.

The night was like a torture to her. She couldn't find sleep.

She didn't know if Isaac had it easier than her at night or not. But she heard it when he woke up very early, making the least of noise.

Glenda had already packed up his luggage.

Alick too got here early.

Isaac stood in the living room, well dressed in a well-cut pure black suit which brought out his figure. His back view alone was enough to make

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anyone want him. Barefeet, Camila watched him through the small crack in the bedroom door.

His profile looked very intimidating and powerful.

He looked at Glenda and warned, "She is too busy with work to remember eating on time. Make sure you remind her."

"I will." Glenda nodded.

"Let's go," he said to Alick and walked towards the door. However, he stopped halfway, but didn't look back.

Camila held her breath and held the doorknob tightly.

She wished she could rush out and hug him.

But she gritted her teeth and kept her feet on the floor.

Tears welled up in her eyes and trailed down her cheeks.

That was all she could do.

He hadn't even left yet, but she missed him already.

She leaned against the wall and slid to the floor with a gasp.

She buried her head in her arms and let the tears fall, her shoulders moving as she sobbed.

By the time Camila had cleaned up and was ready to go out, Glenda had already prepared breakfast. "You should have breakfast before going to work," Glenda said when Camila was already at the door.

Camila was going to skip it, but she recalled what Isaac had told Glenda before he left.

She swallowed the lump in her throat and gave Glenda a forced smile. "Alright."

She sat down, had breakfast and left soon afterwards.

After spending a whole night without sleeping, she looked horrible.

One glance at her and Josiah knew that she was having a hard time. He looked at her sadly and said, "I can give you some time off if you need to rest."

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Camila shook her head hurriedly. That was the last thing she wanted.

She would miss him if she took a break.

So she had to stay busy.

If she was busy, she would have no time to think.

Josiah sighed resignedly and said, "I did something on Cathy's body for Isaac to think that Cathy died because of the surgery. That way he wouldn't hold Nelson accountable for her death. However, I was wrong to think that Isaac was a kind man."

He had known that Isaac would look into it. But being in the system as a doctor, it was very easy for him to make the forensic department think the cause of death was what he wanted.

He thought he had done this right with no error.

But clearly, Isaac didn't buy it.

"What did Isaac do?" Camila got curious since he mentioned Isaac.