

## Chapter 310 She Missed Joe Very Much

When the door swung open, Camila's eyes widened as she beheld the figure standing before her; Nelson, an unexpected presence.

Surprised, she exclaimed, "What brings you here?"

"Josiah reached out to me and gave me your contact information. I'm here to take care of you because he asked me to. He expressed concerns that you might encounter difficulties in this unfamiliar place," Nelson replied, his words laced with earnestness.

Camila hesitated, her reservations evident, as she prevented him from entering immediately.

"Take it easy. He told me a lot about you, which shall remain a secret," Nelson reassured, attempting to alleviate her worries.

Hearing this, Camila relented, granting him permission to step inside.

Though Nelson had escaped the clutches of death in the car accident, his body bore the scars of his near demise. However, thanks to advancements in medical treatment, he had made a full recovery.

Yet, the loss of Cathy had taken a toll on him, transforming him into a figure aged beyond his years.

His once-vibrant hair was now literally grey!

It seemed as though a decade's worth of life had been etched onto his face in an instant.

"Here is my contact information—phone number and address. Should you require any assistance, do not hesitate to reach out," handing her a business card, Nelson said.

Camila accepted the card graciously, replying with politeness, "Thank you."

"You're most welcome. I've heard of your clash with Isaac. Did it have anything to do with saving me?" he inquired.

Camila shook her head, offering her response. "No, our dispute is unrelated to you. It's a matter between the two of us."

"May I ask why?" Curiosity gnawed at Nelson, and he persisted.

However, Camila maintained her silence.

That was clearly indicating her reluctance to divulge the details.

Nelson recognized his overstepping and quickly apologized, saying, "I apologize for prying."

A faint smile played on Camila's lips.

That smile, though, lacked sincerity.

Fatigue had set in, and she yearned for respite.

Understanding her weariness, Nelson rose from his seat and said, "I shall visit you another time."

In response, Camila stood up and bid him farewell at the door.

Time slipped through their fingers.

Half a year had elapsed.

Camila had called this place home for six months.

She had adapted to the local climate, finding her rhythm within its embrace.

Four months of work had passed by smoothly.

While she initially faced rejection, her unwavering enthusiasm and relentless efforts in the field of medical science earned her the recognition of her peers.

Simultaneously, she diligently pursued her language studies.

Although she was fluent speaking the language, the specialized medical jargon remained elusive, necessitating her continued pursuit of knowledge.

So she had to continue studying!

In fact, she possessed a command of several foreign languages.

In the past, her aspirations to become a doctor left her no time to venture into the realm of foreign tongues. Yet, circumstances forced her hand, courtesy of Marvin.

He insisted that she learn these languages, threatening to withdraw his support for her pursuit of medicine otherwise.

From the very beginning, Marvin had wished for her to marry into the esteemed Johnston family.

In his eyes, a woman capable of captivating a man's heart should possess talents in dance and piano. However, when standing beside a successful man, the ability to converse and possess knowledge held a greater significance.

Only a woman of exceptional ability could truly complement an excellent man.

Marvin had an astute eye, deeming Isaac a remarkable man. Hence, he aspired for his daughter to win Isaac's affection.

Had he lived to witness the outcome, he would have surely swelled with pride, right?

His plan had succeeded.

Sadly, fate denied him the time to see how perfectly things panned out with his two eyes!

Isaac, indeed, fell in love with Camila; a woman meticulously crafted by Marvin.

Late into the night.

Camila remained seated at her desk.

Books of various kinds littered its surface.

They were also accompanied by scattered notes.

Tousled hair hid the fierce scars on her half face, leaving only her flawlessly exposed face visible.

In the dim light, she exuded an aura of serenity.

Setting down her pen, she placed a hand on her swollen belly and cast a detached gaze on the calendar.

Tomorrow marked Joe's birthday.

That was his first year.

And at that moment, the doorbell chimed.

Camila checked the time; it had surpassed midnight.

With Joe's birthday drawing near, her longing for him intensified.

Whenever she thought of her son, Isaac's image would inevitably surface in her mind.

Taking hold of the phone, she clutched it tightly. After a brief moment of hesitation, she dialed the number.