

Chapter 319 We Share Blood Ties

Nelson swiftly grabbed some food for Camila, insisting they have dinner first.

However, he purposefully avoided mentioning anything about Camila.

Camila had always preferred to keep her personal matters private, so Nelson chose not to disclose the details to his daughter.

But Annis, filled with curiosity, persisted, "Dad, please tell me. I'm dying to know."

Trying to divert the conversation, Nelson swiftly changed the subject, asking Annis for her impression of Isaac, hoping for a spark of romantic interest.

But to his surprise, Annis didn't dwell on it much and simply remarked, "God bestowed upon him a strikingly handsome appearance, but also cursed him with a terrible temper. So, I suppose God's sense of fairness is at play."

Chuckling, Nelson prodded, "And then?"

Perplexed, Annis responded, "And then what?"

Noticing that Annis didn't develop any feelings for Isaac, contrary to his expectations, Nelson felt a wave of relief.

It seemed she was solely focused on finding Cathy's gravesite, putting his concerns to rest.

Despite Annis not being his biological daughter, she had always shown immense filial piety, which warmed Nelson's heart.

Upon Annis' realization, she stared at Nelson as she accused him, "Dad, we share blood ties. No matter how handsome he may be, I can't like him.

What's gotten into you?"

Nelson had adopted Annis when she was just two years old, and she had no recollection of her adoption.

They had always treated her as their own, never discussing her adoption in her presence.

Annis believed she was the biological child of Nelson and Cathy.

"My mistake. I was mistaken," Nelson evaded, attempting to shift the blame. "I had a few drinks at noon and it's affecting my clarity."

Concerned, Annis reminded him, "Dad, I understand that you're grieving after Mom's departure, but you must take care of yourself. I still need you. I've lost Mom, so I can't bear to lose you too." Annis spoke sweetly, eliciting a smile from Nelson.

"I know. I won't drink anymore."

After dinner, Nelson instructed Annis to head home while he attended to some business.

Determined, he made his way to Camila's place.

Knowing she hadn't returned from work yet, he waited by her door patiently, the anticipation building within him as the minutes ticked by.

The clock neared ten o'clock when Camila finally arrived, her attire a delicate floral dress concealed beneath a wind coat. A silk scarf artfully draped around her neck concealed the scars beneath, while the wind teasingly caressed her figure, emphasizing her noticeable baby bump. Absorbed in the papers clutched in her hand, she absentmindedly nibbled on a piece of bread, oblivious to the presence at her doorstep.

Unaware of the observer, she continued munching away. "You're settling for just bread for dinner?"

Nelson's brows furrowed in disapproval as he voiced his concern.

Camila raised her head, meeting his gaze, and replied, "I'll go home and have some soup. Just grabbing a quick bite for now."

Time constraints had forced her to opt for a hasty meal, the bread serving as a temporary fix after a long day's work.

"You're pregnant. You can't go on like this. Come with me. There's a good restaurant nearby. Let me treat you to something hot and nourishing," Nelson insisted, reaching out to take her arm.

Reluctantly, Camila complied, following him to the restaurant.

She placed her belongings down and contemplated removing her scarf, but hesitated, aware of her scarred face.

She even took extra precautions to shield her visage when the waiter approached.

Nelson placed their orders, and the dishes arrived promptly.

"Start with some soup," Nelson encouraged.

Camila replied with a grateful "Thank you," and Nelson responded with a kind "You're welcome."

As she sipped the warm bowl of soup, warmth radiated through her stomach and body, enveloping her in comfort.

"Eat more," Nelson urged, concern etched on his face.

True to his words, Camila's hunger was apparent, and she gratefully indulged herself.

Meanwhile, Nelson remained motionless, seemingly uninterested in his own meal.

"Aren't you going to eat?" Camila questioned, puzzled by his lack of appetite.

"I already had dinner with my daughter," Nelson revealed with deliberate mention of Annis. "Isaac sent her back."

The mere mention of Isaac's name transformed the once delectable flavors in Camila's mouth into a bitter, tasteless void.

She chewed her food mechanically, lost in her thoughts.

"She couldn't locate Cathy's cemetery. Since you know Isaac and are acquainted with him, do you have any ideas on how we can find the cemetery?" Nelson's eyes rested on Camila, brimming with hope.

He believed she held the key, a method or insight to unravel the mystery.

However...

