

Chapter 322 Unrelated People

Harrell's unexpected presence left Camila bewildered.

She couldn't help but wonder why Jeff had taken the initiative to invite her to dinner when they had never shared such an occasion before.

The mystery of it all intrigued her.

It turned out there was an ulterior motive behind the gathering.

Sensing the underlying purpose, she swiftly made her exit from the restaurant, sending a message to Jeff to apologize for her sudden departure. "I have something urgent to deal with. Sorry, I'm afraid I can't show up."

After sending the message, she turned around and left.

Walking alone along the bustling foreign street, Camila adopted a relaxed and carefree demeanor.

She had adorned herself in a stylish beige knitted dress and a loose blouse, her face and neck concealed by a silk scarf.

With her arms gently swaying by her side, and feeling unusually relaxed and leisurely, she savored the sight and sounds of the vibrant street.

"Okay, I see..." Engrossed in a phone conversation, Jaylen walked absentmindedly and collided with someone. Preparing to apologize, he was taken aback when he realized it was the same woman he had deemed ugly in the past.

However, that time, her scarred face was concealed by the scarf, revealing only her forehead and eyes, bearing a striking resemblance to someone from his memory.

Jaylen stood there, stunned by the unexpected encounter.

Camila instinctively covered her face with her hands, gripping them tightly.

She lowered her head and hurriedly tried to make her escape.

Yet, Jaylen, regaining his composure, pursued her as he called out, "Hey, why are you running away? I won't harm you."

Camila remained silent while lowering her head.

"You never compensated me for the shoes you dirtied last time. You can't just get away with it," Jaylen said, firmly gripping her arm.

A gust of wind blew, causing Camila's silk scarf to slip from her face, exposing the scars that marred her features.

Jaylen's eyes twitched at the sight of the disfiguring mark, finding it both repulsive and unpleasant.

Struggling free from his grasp, Camila quickly shielded her face.

Jaylen stood in her path, his voice softening as he tried to explain, "I didn't mean anything else. It just feels good to meet someone from our homeland in a foreign land. I can speak our mother tongue with you."

Camila's eyes widened in realization.

She had unintentionally spoken to him in their native language.

She had been overwhelmed by nervousness.

She even forgot her surroundings.

Sensing the need for caution, she waved her hand, signaling her disinterest in conversing further and briskly walked away.

Jaylen stood rooted to the spot, his gaze fixated on her retreating figure.

Thoughts swirled in his mind.

He questioned the validity of what his eyes had witnessed.

How could these two seemingly unrelated individuals, with such contrasting appearances, be the same person?

Jaylen shook off the perplexing thoughts, dismissing them as mere

illusions.

The next morning arrived, bringing Camila to the Mede Research Center. She swiftly changed into her work attire, donning the white coat and mask. She also secured her work badge. With her hands tucked in her pockets, she emerged from the changing room, ready to face the day's challenges.

"Jane, come here. I have something important to discuss with you," Jeff called out. He seemed to have been waiting patiently for her.

Curiosity piqued, Camila approached him.

Jeff wasted no time and inquired, "Why were you absent yesterday?"

Camila found herself at a loss for words. How could she explain that she had deliberately avoided the restaurant because she didn't want Harrell to spot her?

"I intended to introduce someone to you yesterday. He hails from Azmar, just like us. He shares your passion for the artificial heart research. You see, this research has become our top priority. Once we achieve success, we'll establish a monopoly in this field."

"I'm aware of that," replied Camila. She was cognizant of the significance of the research.

Jeff furrowed his brows and pressed further, "So, what are your thoughts? Yesterday, this man mentioned that if you were willing to return and join him in his research, you could request anything. He also mentioned having the backing of Mercury Corp. I have dug into Mercury Corp. It's an elusive financial group with global reach. With the backing of such a supporter, you can conduct your research with unwavering confidence. Your talent is evident to everyone. The accomplishments you've made here are exclusive to the people of Faymoor."

Knowing that she couldn't go back to her home country, especially with the mention of Mercury Corp, she was more determined to refrain from return.

"Then why don't you go back?" There was caution in her voice.

"Although I was born in Azmar, I've grown up here. My entire family

resides here. We've integrated into this place and can't go back," Jeff explained, his gaze fixed on Camila. "But you're different. You're a newcomer. Remember how they initially rejected you when you joined the center? Only after witnessing your exceptional skills did their opinion change."

He paused before continuing, "Your language proficiency and talent have afforded you a good life here. Yet, they're exploiting you. Deep down, you're still a citizen of Azmar. Don't you wish to save more patients from your homeland?"

"I treat all lives equally," Camila responded steadfastly.

Jeff's enthusiasm waned. "Very well. Will you reconsider?"

Camila, her fists clenched inside her pockets, replied firmly, "No need. I won't go back."

Jeff had no other recourse.

His words had indeed stirred something within Camila's heart.

However, she felt trapped by circumstances.

She needed time to gather her thoughts and regain her composure.

As she exited the building, a figure suddenly materialized before her.

It caused her eyes to widen in fright. Instinctively, she tried to retreat, only to find herself frozen in place.

She was intercepted by the person.