

Chapter 328 Who Are You

The voice resonated with familiarity, causing Jaylen to stiffly turn around.

Standing not far away was the man who had spoken, his words filled with condemnation.

"In my humble opinion, individuals like yourself, who consistently engage in backbiting, malicious smearing, and slander, are far worse. Wouldn't you agree? Mr. Johnston may have a fiery temper, but he undoubtedly possesses more humanity than you ever could!" Alick had every intention of following Isaac's instructions, but as he exited the company, he unexpectedly found himself bombarded by a string of disparaging remarks from Jaylen.

The shock reverberated through him.

"Jaylen, you're a man! How can you descend into the depths of gossiping?" Alick questioned, disappointment tingeing his voice. "Do you know why your career pales in comparison to Mr. Johnston's?"

"Why?" Jaylen inquired, almost involuntarily.

Regret immediately flooded his expression.

Did his question imply his admission of inferiority to Isaac?

Before he could refute, Alick retorted, "Because you are tainted, ignorant, shameless, cunning, and devoid of integrity."

Struggling for breath, Jaylen found himself unable to find the right words for a rebuttal. "Alick, what are you implying?" he managed to utter.

"I'm merely returning the sentiments you expressed. You should introspect upon yourself. I have no time to waste with an idle person like you."

With that, Alick strode away, leaving Jaylen in stunned silence.

Oh my goodness! Wait a second! Did I hang up?

It appeared that the call was still ongoing.

Did Camila overhear everything?

Panic washed over Jaylen. He wondered what to do.

At that moment, all he desired was to smash his head against the nearest wall.

Slowly, he gazed at his phone, only to find the screen indicating that the call was still connected.

In other words, Camila had indeed overheard his conversation with Alick.

That undoubtedly tarnished his image, making him appear ungracious.

He couldn't help but wish to slap himself for making that call outside Isaac's company's gate.

It was a stroke of immense misfortune to be heard by Alick, that henchman.

Attempting to compose himself, Jaylen adjusted his tone and brought the phone closer to his ear once more. "Mila, well... You didn't happen to hear any commotion, did you?"

Camila's laughter resounded clearly from the other end of the line as she responded, "I heard every word loud and clear. Seems like Alick has a more eloquent tongue-lashing for you than you do for Isaac."

Jaylen found himself momentarily speechless, not knowing how to respond.

"Couldn't you just lie to me? I feel so embarrassed," he finally managed to utter. Jaylen walked towards the roadside and slipped into his car as he continued the conversation.

"Well, I didn't hear anything." Camila played along.

"Forget it. Just keep quiet." Jaylen deflected, swiftly changing the subject. "To be serious, Isaac wants to keep his distance, so I'll handle it

myself. Don't worry. I'll head back to Skystead to visit my mother, and then I'll return immediately."

Camila quickly distanced herself, saying, "You don't need to inform me of your plans. I'm going to bed, so I have to hang up."

Only then did Jaylen realize the time difference between them. "Alright, I won't disturb your rest," he responded.

Camila set down her phone, but sleep eluded her.

She rose from the bed and made her way to the French window. The cool air brushed against her skin as she wrapped herself in a thin blanket. Suddenly, she felt a gentle kick from within her belly. She lowered her head, tenderly caressing the spot. A faint smile graced her lips. "You're quite the troublemaker," she whispered.

In that moment, she pondered whether the mischievous being inside her was a son or a daughter.

Secretly, she yearned for a daughter.

After all, he had expressed his desire for a little girl.

Her phone vibrated, interrupting her thoughts.

She turned around with her eyes lighting up as she checked the incoming message.

Determined, she walked over to her computer, taking a seat.

After a brief moment of hesitation, she mustered the courage to click on the email and anonymously forwarded the contents to Alick's inbox.

She believed her anonymity would shield her from detection.

However, Camila had underestimated Alick's keen investigative skills.

He possessed a keen sense of duty and a meticulous nature that left no detail unnoticed.

To receive such an unexpected message would ignite a fire of relentless pursuit for truth and justice within him.

The moment Camila hit the "send" button, an email materialized in her inbox, its subject line piercing the air with a straightforward question. "Who are you?"



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