

## Chapter 329 Are You In Heat

Camila's mind spun like a whirlwind as she absorbed the rapid turn of events.

Alick's unexpected email had thrown her off balance.

His investigative prowess was well-known. He had surely noticed the inadequacy of her feeble attempt at deception.

She had to act swiftly, or her secret would be exposed.

Alick's message echoed in her head, demanding answers like a relentless interrogator.

"Who the hell are you? How do you know that I'm investigating the Joviek family?!" Alick inquired again.

His skepticism hung heavy in the air.

He didn't believe the information she had sent at all.

Camila's heart raced with desperation. In her frantic search for a solution, a flicker of hope lit up in her mind. Summoning her courage, she concocted a daring response. "I'm Jaylen Williams."

The words spilled from her trembling fingers, a calculated gamble to deflect suspicion and maintain her fragile facade.

Alick's surprise was evident, his thoughts racing as he connected the dots.

Aware that Jaylen had met with Isaac earlier, Camila seized the opportunity, quickly composing another email. "I met Isaac today to tell him about the Joviek clan and the Madeline Research Center," she fabricated, skillfully weaving a web of half-truths to support her cause.

Alick scrutinized the email, his doubts dissipating like morning mist.

The pieces fell into place for Alick, who now understood Isaac's sudden investigation into the Joviek family.

The doubts that had clouded his mind cleared, replaced by a newfound certainty.

"Since you have it, why don't you use it yourself?" Alick's inquiry revealed a glimmer of amusement, a shared understanding of Jaylen's limitations.

"I'm not capable enough," Camila admitted, her response laced with a mix of humility and caution.

It wasn't a lack of trust in Jaylen's abilities, but rather a pragmatic wait-and-see approach.

Alick's near-laughter reverberated through Camila's thoughts, a subtle affirmation that Jaylen possessed a modicum of self-awareness.

Nevertheless, Jaylen's assistance had proved valuable, prompting Alick to express his gratitude. "Thank you," he typed, acknowledging the unexpected aid.

As Camila exhaled a sigh of relief, she gently patted her chest, relieved to have weathered the storm for now.

The tiny life growing inside her seemed to sense her emotions. Its subtle movements transitioned from stillness to playful joy.

But the turmoil had taken its toll, rendering sleep elusive for Camila.

Frustrated, she shifted onto her side, burying her scarred face in the pillow while the unmarred half exuded a delicate charm.

Her hand caressed her burgeoning belly, a tender smile gracing her lips. "Who will you take after?" she whispered with a mixture of anticipation and exasperation. "Hmm? You're quite mischievous, aren't you? You're torturing me," she playfully scolded the unborn child, a testament to the unique bond they shared.

Meanwhile, Alick diligently organized the materials and evidence provided by "Jaylen", meticulously preparing them to present to Isaac.

The efficiency he exhibited surprised even Isaac, who marvelled at such



newfound dedication, a stark departure from the past.

With the documents in hand, Isaac's frown deepened as he delved into the scandal surrounding the Joviek family. His gaze pierced through the pages, seeking answers to the mysteries that had remained buried.

Curiosity tinged with suspicion laced his voice as he demanded, "Why did you find out such a secret so soon?"

Alick, ever humble, credited Jaylen for the revelation without seeking all the praise.

The scandal had been meticulously concealed by the Joviek family, making its discovery even more astonishing.

The potential repercussions of exposing this hidden truth posed a significant threat to the entire Joviek family.

Alick understood its value and relevance to their cause.

"Jaylen may be unreliable most of the time, but occasionally, he surprises us," Alick admitted.

Isaac's features darkened as he scrutinized the document, his doubts creeping in.

How could Jaylen have obtained such sensitive information?

Isaac's skepticism loomed, yet Alick had no reason to lie.

Closing the file with determination, Isaac issued his command. "Prepare yourself. We're heading to Faymoor."

Alick, ever the dutiful assistant, responded promptly, assuring Isaac of his readiness.

As Isaac possessed a private plane for his convenience in travelling between Azmar and Clouland, commercial flights were unnecessary. The acquisition of Rosecurity International Aviation by Mercury Corp further streamlined their operations.

Isaac's reliance on medication had proven futile in recent times, evident in the dark circles under his eyes, a testament to his sleepless nights.

Concerned for Isaac's well-being, Alick approached him, suggesting, "How about taking some medicine and getting some rest?"

Isaac waved off the offer dismissively, focused on other pressing matters.

Alick recognized the importance of addressing Wynter's proposal, prompting him to contact Willie, delivering a straightforward message. "Find a gentle and attractive woman."

"Are you in heat?" Willie's response was quiet cheeky.

It irked Alick, who wished to scold him for his impertinence.

Instead, he stressed the urgency of ensuring Isaac's mental stability, insisting on finding a suitable companion promptly.

Willie, acknowledging the gravity of the situation, pledged to fulfill the task diligently. Alick, satisfied with the response, typed, "Okay."

He thought about the whole situation before surrendering to sleep's embrace during the flight.

Time slipped away unnoticed until he awakened in a daze.

A quick look at Isaac's face revealed that all was not well.

Isaac's eyes, usually a piercing shade of blue, now resembled smoldering embers.

Streams of crystalline sweat cascaded down his pallid cheeks, glistening like ethereal tears.

The intensity of his suffering was palpable, casting a dark cloud over the once serene atmosphere.

Stunned and alarmed, Alick couldn't contain his concern any longer. "Mr. Johnston!" he exclaimed, his voice quivering with worry. "What's wrong with you?!" The distress etched on Isaac's face was unlike anything Alick had ever witnessed, igniting a flurry of anxious thoughts in his mind.

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