

Chapter 335 You Followed Me

Camila's body and mind were completely paralyzed, struck dumb by the turn of events.

What if he were to awaken?

What would she do?

How could she explain her peculiar behavior?

Was it simply due to his devastatingly attractive appearance that she lost control of her emotions?

What would she do about that?

As her head was grasped, a multitude of explanations flooded her mind.

However, Isaac did not open his eyes.

He even extended his tender tongue and put it into her mouth!

Their kiss was so fervent, as though he sought to swallow her whole.

It was almost suffocating, leaving her breathless.

Had he truly awakened or was he merely traversing the realm of dreams?

"Mila, I long for you," he murmured.

His words resounded crystal clear in Camila's ears.

He left her utterly stupefied.

Did he just say he longed for her?

A tear escaped her eye.

It dripped, down to his face.

Isaac remained undisturbed, seemingly ensconced in his dreams.

Camila rose to her feet, realizing that he had merely been speaking in his slumber.

"But I am also elated to hear that you miss me," she whispered.

Gently wiping the lipstick from his lips, she tucked him in, quietly exiting the bedroom and gently closing the door behind her.

As she opened the door, she caught sight of Alick.

Alick was entrusted with Isaac's care, and he was just by the door.

Seeing Camila, he approached her, inquiring, "Has he fallen asleep?"

Camila nodded in affirmation.

Alick noticed the disarray of her lipstick.

That prompted a furrowed brow and suspicions of what she had been doing with Isaac.

He was on the verge of opening the door.

Camila swiftly intervened, stopping him in his tracks.

"Mr. Johnston has just drifted into slumber. Let us not disturb him," she asserted.

Alick blinked, his eyes harboring uncertainty, and he questioned, "Did you do something to him?"

It was only then that Camila realized her smeared lipstick must have raised alarm bells. She feigned composure, masking how she felt. "It's just sweat. I must be on my way now!"

With that, she proceeded toward the elevator.

Standing in the elevator, she caught a glimpse of her smeared lipstick on the wall.

She delicately wiped her lips and donned her mask.

Outside the door, Alick stood bewildered. Should he venture inside to confirm?

Perhaps not.

If Isaac had truly endured any form of violation, he would have fled the scene.

Isaac was a grown man and fully capable of looking after himself.

Alick needed not to concern himself with that.

With Isaac peacefully asleep and his own restlessness unyielding, Alick thought he should seek solace in a drink to calm his nerves before retiring.

He stumbled on a bar and entered.

The nocturnal realm was now alive, brimming with vitality.

Handsome men and beautiful women intertwined in each other's arms.

The party was a whirlwind of revelry and merriment.

"Sir, the lady would like to treat you to this glass of whisky."

The bartender handed him a glass of drink.

Seated at the bar counter, Alick followed the bartender's gaze, setting his eyes on a captivating beauty adorned in a camisole and shorts.

Raising an eyebrow, he accepted the generous gesture.

He raised his glass, sipping from it.

The beauty approached, her voice filled with flirtation. "Hey, handsome."

Alick ordered two more glasses of whisky, placing one before her. "This one is on me."

The beauty smiled, her gaze seductive. "Care to indulge in some play?"

Alick downed the whisky in one gulp and replied, "I'm afraid I'm not

interested."

With that, he settled the bill and left.

The beauty pursed her lips, remarking, "Not bad."

Emerging from the shadows, Annis chimed in, "I didn't anticipate him to be so well-behaved."

She patted the beauty's arm and glanced at the bartender. "Thank you both."

Then she chased after Alick.

Alick shook his head, a sense of dizziness enveloping him.

He could hold his liquor well, and those two glasses shouldn't have affected him so.

What was happening?

"Feeling a bit woozy, are you?" a clear voice resounded from behind.

Alick turned around, his vision blurred.

There stood Annis, her presence disconcerting.

"You followed me?"

Annis sauntered closer, a mischievous smirk adorning her face. "I followed indeed."

With a gleeful smile, she revealed, "Not only did I follow you, but I also added a trace of anesthetic to your whisky!"

As she spoke, she demonstrated with a hand gesture that it was a mere pinch.

Alick was left speechless by that.

"What do you want to do..." Alick stammered, but the world before him grew hazy.

Annis drew nearer, whispering into his ear, her warm breath sending

shivers down his spine, "Extort confessions!"

She was now menacing to him!

"You, you stay away... From me."

Then, his faculty lost to the drink, and he fell to the floor hard.

Annis pouted. "I wanted to avoid you, but you just became unconscious!"

She called her driver and ordered, "Get him in the car!"

When Alick slowly regained consciousness, he found himself in an unfamiliar location!

Where was he?

Gradually, his senses returned, and he noticed clothes laid out on the bed.

He instinctively examined himself.

And then...

