

## Chapter 339 What Did You Do To Me

"Who exactly?" Camila inquired with obvious curiosity.

"It is one of your patients," the director replied cryptically.

Just like an afterthought, he added, "He is also now the major shareholder of Madeline Research Center. So, I'll advise you to refrain from doing anything to offend him, as that might result in a number of trouble for you at work."

First, he was one of her patient? And now also a major shareholder of Madeline Research Center

She couldn't help but wonder who it was.

It took her a short time of brain racking to finally conclude that it could be none other than Isaac.

But how had he been able to get the shares so soon?

She was fairly certain that among her current patients, Isaac was the only one with the capabilities and any sort of connection to the Joviek family.

While she pondered over that, the director's voice came again, "He's still in the same ward as he was the last time. You can go and see him there."

It seemed like a confirmation of her guess. She replied, "Okay."

However, instead of going directly to the ward, she took a detour to the bathroom, where she quickly applied makeup on her face.

Her original plan was to meet him in the evening so she hadn't bothered to use makeup while coming to work in the daytime. Fortunately, she had everything she needed to apply in her bag.

Ten minutes after entering the bathroom, she walked into the ward looking quite different. True to her earlier guess, it was Isaac.

He had been standing by the window, but turned around when he heard

her approaching footsteps.

As she entered the ward, she met his gaze and asked in a clear voice, "Mr. Johnston, what can I do for you? Do you need any advice concerning your health?" Camila didn't really enter the room, but she stood by the door and calmly watched him.

Isaac remained silent.

He felt a little disconcerted.

He felt like he was supposed to feel at least some form of aversion towards such an ugly woman, but he didn't really feel that way.

After some minutes of silence, he tentatively asked her, "What did you do to me yesterday?"

He wondered if it was possible for him to fall asleep as a result of a massage.

Not only that, he had also had a dream.

The dream was about her.

It felt so real.

He had felt her breath on his skin. Her body temperature also felt quite real.

Meanwhile, Camila looked so astonished.

She thought he had a dream and had no idea that she had kissed him.

She composed herself and said, "I gave you a massage and that made you fall asleep."

"Really? Just like that?"

Isaac looked dubious at the notion.

He then looked at her and said, "I can still remember what happened, you know."

"Whatever it is you might have remembered me doing to you is strictly within the confines of my medical obligation to you. I have not violated any rules, neither have I crossed any lines. Please trust me as a professional," Camila replied calmly in a clear voice.

There was no hint of panic in her voice or manner.

She had been with him for so long.

It was long enough to understand him to some extent.

She knew that if he had known about the kiss while he was asleep, he would have been furious.

Nevertheless, that couldn't simply be a test or a mere questioning. He was probably suspicious of something.

Narrowing his eyes, Isaac couldn't help but notice Camila's intelligence despite her unappealing appearance.

"You seem to be really good at what you do. I'll see you in the same room at the same time tonight," Isaac said, still watching her intently.

"I'll be there on time," Camila replied without hesitation.

Isaac gave her one last cursory glance before dismissing her. "You can go now."

As Camila opened the door and walked out, she noticed Alick standing nearby. Sensing something was amiss, he quickly walked into the room.

"Mr. Johnston," Alick greeted.

Isaac still couldn't shake off his doubts about that woman.

"What are you contemplating so deeply?" Alick asked as he saw Isaac's expression.

Isaac was uncertain of why he felt doubtful about an "ugly" woman like Jane.

He couldn't pinpoint any specific reasons for his suspicions.

It was simply a strange feeling.

"I need you to install a secret camera in my room as soon as possible," Isaac ordered.

He wanted to observe the massage she would give him that night.

Alick found the order confusing and hesitated a bit. "Mr. Johnston, well..."

Just as he was about to express his reservations, he caught on to why



Isaac might have thought of that. "Okay, I'll do that right away."

Meanwhile, Camila had returned and was standing right outside the room.

She was there to provide an ointment for Alick's injured eye. However, she overheard Isaac's request for the camera installation.

Was he suspicious of her?

That made her realize that Isaac was indeed displaying an unexpected level of vigilance.

Camila decided to maintain her pretense, acting as though she had just arrived. When Alick opened the door and saw her, he frowned in concern.

With a faint smile, Camila explained her presence there. "When I came out of the room just now, I noticed the injury around your eye. So, I brought you an ointment to help remove the bruise."

Alick, worried that she might have overheard the conversation with Isaac, cautiously asked, "You just came here?"

"Yes, I just did. Why do you ask?" She still managed to maintain her smile.

Alick thanked her as he accepted the ointment. "Nothing. Just a casual question. Thank you."

"You're welcome. The cost of the ointment will be added to Mr. Johnston's tab," Camila informed him before turning around and leaving.

Alick was left completely speechless.

He realized that Camila's caring gesture wasn't as genuine as he had initially believed.

He couldn't find happiness in being cared for by such an "ugly" woman, anyway.

It was soon night time.

Just as promised, Camila arrived at the Owston Motel. Taking the elevator to the designated floor, she passed by room 907 and heard a familiar voice.

Curiosity piqued, she approached the half-closed door.

She gently pushed it, allowing her to catch a glimpse through the crack.