

## Chapter 365 How Mortifying

Amara's apprehension of Isaac's potential bullying of Camila lingered like a dark cloud over her. "Allow me to escort you downstairs."

Cradling Camila protectively, Amara strode out of the room, but not before securing the door as if guarding against an imminent breach by Isaac, who she perceived as a malevolent force capable of snatching Josiah away!

Observing Isaac's dark countenance, Camila feared that he might do something to Amara.

Camila mustered a smile and asserted, "I am perfectly capable of managing on my own. It would be wiser for you to attend to Josiah, as he remains home alone and in need of company."

Indeed, Josiah required a companion to watch over him.

"In that case, you..." Amara began.

"If I encounter any ne'er-do-wells, rest assured, I shall promptly summon the authorities," Camila interjected.

Alluding to Isaac, she surreptitiously cast a sidelong glance, making her target apparent.

She wasn't bluffing in the least!

Amara expressed her relief, saying, "It brings me great solace to hear that."

"I am aware. Please return soon!" Camila replied.

Amara's face lit up with a radiant smile when facing Camila, but the moment her gaze fell on Isaac, her countenance darkened.

He was like an unforgivable sinner! 

In Amara's perception, Isaac was not merely someone who appeared villainous but an irredeemable scoundrel.

Amara reopened the door and retreated. As she closed the door behind her, she admonished Camila, "Exercise utmost caution. If you find

yourself in danger, waste no time in summoning the authorities."

Camila nodded with a smile and affirmed, "Of course."

Amara vigilantly secured the door, even to the point where Camila could audibly discern the locking mechanism!

Camila was left speechless.

Isaac stood there, never before thrown off like he was then.

With a grave expression, he said, "I did nothing wrong."

He saw no wrongdoing on his part.

Josiah had thrown Camila under the bus regarding the Cathy matter, and he had even aided Camila in getting away with Isaac.

Wasn't Isaac too supposed to take some action to defend himself?

In the room.

Amara muttered to herself as she entered the bedroom. She stole a glance at her husband, who leaned against the headboard, and mused, "I cannot tell if Camila is in danger."

Josiah inquired, "Why would you say that? Camila is fine. What possible danger could she face?"

"Isaac is by the door," Amara said.

Josiah regarded his wife helplessly and reasoned, "Isaac is her husband. Regardless of his character, he wouldn't dare harm his pregnant wife, would he?"

Amara didn't know how to respond to that.

She widened her eyes in shock. "What? Are you saying that he is Camila's husband? Isaac isn't married, is he? When did he get a wife?"


"I can't tell that," Josiah mused, recognizing that Isaac and Camila's marriage was somehow shrouded in secrecy. After all, Isaac hadn't made their union public or held a wedding ceremony.

Amara slapped her thigh in chagrin and exclaimed, "I should have realized it. They appeared together, and Isaac even waited for Camila at the door. It was evident that there was a connection between them. How foolish of me to warn Camila about Isaac being a malefactor!"


How mortifying!

She playfully smacked Josiah's thigh. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"But Camila was present just now. How could I tell you in her presence?" Josiah retorted.

After a moment's contemplation, Amara concurred, "Camila is a kind-hearted soul. Why would she marry such a scoundrel? I wonder if she has endured domestic abuse." 

Josiah responded helplessly, "Enough with prying! Instead, find me a clean suit. I have an errand to run."


"You are still unwell. Where do you intend to go?" Amara protested, admonishing, "You need to rest properly. Are you oblivious to your own condition?" 


"Despite my condition, I must venture out," Josiah declared seriously. "You must heed my wishes!"


His resolute tone left no room for debate.

Reluctantly, Amara rose to fetch his clothes.


Meanwhile, Camila sat in Isaac's car.

"I would like to return to the hotel," she stated. 

Isaac's expression grew somber. 

Camila elaborated, "I have pressing matters to attend to tomorrow. Furthermore, I prefer to keep my departure from the hotel a secret..." 

"Very well, let us return to the hotel. I shall accompany you," Isaac acquiesced.

Initially, Camila intended to decline his offer, as she had her own responsibilities to address. However, Alick's phone buzzed, interrupting her intended refusal. 

Alick answered the call, and no one could discern the contents of the conversation. His brows furrowed in concern. After ending the call, he glanced back through the rearview mirror and announced, "Mr. Johnston, we have some bad news!" 