

Chapter 369 Short Of Money

A staff member's reckless behavior grabbed everyone's attention. Standing at the door, he clumsily balanced a stack of documents in his arms, like a tightrope walker testing his limits.

His intrusive presence abruptly halted Camila's speech.

The staff member himself seemed aware of his audacity, slinking along the wall with a bowed head, his guilt evident.

His purpose for coming was to deliver some documents.

But the task proved challenging with his hands full.

Faced with the difficulty of opening the door, he resorted to elbowing it, only to be met with an unexpected bang as the door swung open forcefully.

Embarrassment washed over him, turning his face crimson with self-consciousness.

However, the interruption was short-lived.

Camila, undeterred, seamlessly resumed her speech, like a skilled conductor picking up the rhythm after a brief pause.

In the corner.

Meanwhile, Isaac occupied a nook.

His gaze passed other participants and was fixed on Camila as she delivered her speech.

She was radiating brilliance like a star in the night sky.

The source of this brilliance lay in Camila's unwavering confidence in her domain of expertise.

Isaac couldn't help but grin with joy.

Momentarily, he recognized her uniqueness and felt a deep admiration for her.

She was not an innocent girl.

He could feel her enthusiasm in the speech.

He admired her. It was indeed rare to come across a woman so self-established.

The seminar comprised two sessions.

As the first day's session drew to a close, Camila, gently cradling her pregnant belly, paced herself out of the hall, needing a moment to unwind.

Unexpectedly, Harrell materialized before her, giving her an enthusiastic thumbs up.

"I never anticipated this level of brilliance in your research. Your speech truly took me by surprise," he exclaimed.

He was surprised by Camila's achievements in this area.

Many of the technical phrases were completely foreign to him, but he listened with intense curiosity anyhow.

"I was surprised to learn that you are employed at the Madeline Research Center. I went to Faymoor in search of a top-notch medical professional but came up empty-handed. Is working from home something that could interest you?" Harrell wouldn't shut up about what he had in mind! He intended to go back to his unfinished task.

However, Camila had no immediate plans to leave her current position.

"In our country, there's a dearth of talent like you. Why don't you consider returning? Is it due to the pay there?"

"Harrell!" Isaac's voice sliced through the air, cold and unwelcoming.

Harrell was interrupted out of the blue.

Isaac walked over and asked, "Do you know who this lady is?"

Harrell nodded. "Yes."

"Then it would be in your best interest to stop your nonsense!" Isaac's discontent was apparent. Camila had endured a long morning of meetings, and her pregnancy added another layer of fatigue.

Harrell's interruption, driven by his own agenda, was an annoyance Isaac

wouldn't tolerate!

Besides, would she even care about the issue of money for a second?

Harrell, realizing his misstep, slapped his forehead in frustration. How could he forget?

Camila was Isaac's wife who had no need to worry about financial matters.

Obviously, shortage of money would never happen!

What was more, Harrell got pay from Camila and her husband.

After all, Isaac had already spent money on this endeavor.

Bitterly smiling, Harrell acknowledged his fault. "It's my fault."

Isaac had every right to be unhappy.

It was clear to Camila why Harrell had visited Faymoor previously.

She assured Harrell, "Don't worry. Our country's medical care is trustworthy too."

Harrell inquired, "Is there any good news?"

Camila glanced around, ensuring their privacy, before saying, "Isaac is a shareholder in the Madeline Research Center."

Harrell's eyes widened!

He had sought to recruit people from the very institution Isaac now had ties to.

Isaac's success was undeniable, not only becoming involved with the Madeline Research Center but also assuming a leadership position within it.

Harrell was full of admiration.

Isaac just had all the makings of a professional success story!

"Let's go," Isaac said, placing an arm around Camila's shoulder.

"Are you hungry? What would you like to eat?" he asked.

Camila pondered for a moment before replying, "I crave hot pot..."

Isaac's gaze softened as he gently declined, "No way!"

Concerned for her well-being, especially considering her pregnancy, he didn't want her to experience any discomfort.

After all, their baby came first.

Camila sighed, accepting his decision. "Alright, then it's up to you."

"Okay."

Isaac took her to a cozy home-style eatery.

He ordered their specialties and as they waited for the dishes to arrive, Camila turned her attention to Isaac.

"Have you been in contact with Forrest lately?"

With her work completed for the day, she needed to gather more information about Laura.

"We've had some business dealings," Isaac replied nonchalantly.

Forrest might have been in charge of the family business, but his true calling lay in medicine rather than business.

Isaac had engaged in business transactions to support his friend.

"Why do you ask?"

"I have to meet him after the meal," she revealed. ③

However, just as the words left her lips, Isaac's phone erupted into a ringtone. ①