

Chapter 377 Got Drugged

Noticing something amiss with Coralie, Camila turned to her colleague, her eyes brimming with concern. "What happened?"

"Our research findings have made an unexpected appearance at the Hammaslahti Research Center. They've published the thesis, making it known to the world." Her colleague, with a solemn expression, delivered the unsettling news.

Camila, trying to maintain composure, asked in disbelief, "How could this have happened?"

Coralie's piercing gaze locked onto Camila. "You mean to say you don't know?"

"I assure you, I am unaware of such a thing." Camila, calm and collected, met Coralie's scrutiny head-on.

"Really?" Coralie persisted, her tone tinged with doubt. "Did you not take it upon yourself to steal our research and give it to Azmar's Hammaslahti Research Center?"

Coralie stared fixedly at Camila's face while she spoke.

If it was truly Camila, she would undoubtedly feel anxious.

However, being an excellent doctor, Camila could be as calm as needed.

Camila remained composed. "No, I did not do such things."

Undeterred, Coralie pressed further, "I recall assigning you the task of organizing the data. During that time, you had access to the core information. It would have been opportune for you to steal it and bring it here!"

Camila's tranquility persisted. "I would never engage in such deceit!"

Coralie replied, "But you hail from Azmar, do you not? You have the reason to do that."

"But I am also a doctor at the Madeline Research Center," Camila reminded her.

"Certainly, you deviated from the planned presentation at the conference today. Your focus shifted entirely to the research in Azmar. The Madeline Research Center has been on it. If you had any contact with the data, it won't be long before they trace it back to me!"

Camila's grip on her hands tightened gradually, betraying her inner turmoil.

Upon catching Camila's secret action, Coralie's expression darkened.

She was well aware of the guilt that weighed heavily on Camila.

Coralie let out a deep sigh.

Despite her sympathies, she couldn't afford to show mercy.

She possessed a compassionate nature, but she had to adhere to the rules of this world.

She knew she lacked the power to change the system, so she had no choice but to do what was expected of her.

"Coralie, I..." Camila began.

Camila's phone ring interrupted her.

She answered the call and her demeanor turned increasingly serious.

As she listened intently to the voice on the other end of the line, her gaze flickered toward Camila intermittently. Finally, she replied seriously, "I understand."

"Yes, I will."

"Of course, sir!"

Who did Coralie just talk to?

After hanging up, she set the phone down and remained silent for a moment. Then, she looked at Camila and said, "We've investigated the matter. It has nothing to do with you. I was just being overly serious. Please, disregard what I said."

What?! Camila was confused.

She had indeed taken the data under Coralie's name! How did they not find out?

Had someone intervened on her behalf?

"I haven't had dinner yet. Come with me and let's grab a bite to eat," Coralie suggested, standing up.

They made their way to the hotel's restaurant.

During the meal, Coralie excused herself to use the restroom.

Camila took the opportunity to ask, "When did the Hammaslahti Research Center publish the article?"

Her colleague responded, "Didn't you check your phone?"

Camila hadn't bothered to look.

"We found out only when we received the phone call. Madeline is renowned as the world's leading heart research center, but now Hammaslahti has beaten us to the punch! Isn't that a joke? Madeline's reputation will be tarnished!"

"Yes," said Camila, lowering her head.

She never anticipated that Hammaslahti would unveil the findings with such haste, catching her off guard.

She had assumed they would capitalize on the data for further investigation.

But they only disappointed her.

It mattered little whether they were hailed as the greatest heart research facility on Earth or not. What truly mattered was the potential of the total artificial heart to save more lives.

She refused to let medical advancements in her country fall behind those of foreign nations.

Despite knowing that Isaac held shares in Madeline, she took the risk of taking the data, hoping to utilize it for their own research and create their very own artificial heart.

Even if Isaac would secure a lower price for the artificial heart, it would still remain unaffordable.

Without the technology of their own, they would always be subject to the control of others.

If they had their own technology, they would never be under the thumb of external influences.

However, revealing the research findings at this point in time would only fuel defensiveness from foreign countries toward Azmar's medical treatments.

It seemed that there were only drawbacks and no benefits to making the information public.

A deep sigh escaped her lips, betraying her disappointment.

Her colleague noticed her distress and inquired, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Camila replied, masking her true emotions.

Coralie returned to the table and took her seat.

"Why aren't you eating?" she asked.

"We've been waiting for you," her colleague answered.

"Just go ahead and eat," Coralie urged, delving into her meal.

"Coralie, you can even use Azmar's chopsticks." Her colleague felt amazed.

Coralie chuckled. "It's not that difficult. Since we're in Azmar, we should embrace their customs."

A waiter arrived with a cup of coffee, perplexing the colleague.

"We didn't order this."

"I ordered it," Coralie revealed.

She handed the milk to Camila and added, "Since you can't drink coffee, I ordered milk for you."

The colleague decided to join in. "I'll have a cup of coffee with Coralie."

He received his own cup of coffee.

"Thank you, Coralie." Camila expressed her gratitude as she accepted the milk.

At that moment, Camila felt thirsty and took a sip from her glass.

However, an unsettling sensation washed over her, causing dizziness to cloud her senses.

Concerned, her colleague inquired, "Are you alright?"

Camila shook her head. "I'm fine, perhaps just a bit tired."

Coralie interjected, "You should go back and rest."

Following Coralie's advice, Camila stood up and stated, "I'll head back first."

Something felt amiss.

As she rose from her seat, her gaze fell on the milk. It dawned on her that there could be something wrong with the milk.

Why else would she feel so weak and powerless?

Coralie observed her closely and admitted, "You're quite clever, Jane. I drugged the milk. I received a call instructing me to bring you back. They've discovered that you leaked the data. If I don't comply, my career will be ruined. I can't afford to lose my job before retirement, so I had to do this!"


Her colleague froze.

He was simply beyond surprised.

Coralie was so calm and had meticulously calculated everything, which threw him off.

Gripping the chair tightly, Camila struggled against the growing dizziness that enveloped her.

Coralie advised, "It's best to give up any resistance. I know you're a doctor, which is why I controlled the dosage I administered. You won't even realize it. It will render you completely powerless!"

Camila understood that she mustn't collapse. If she were to fall to the floor now, the safety of her unborn child would be at risk. Though her body felt weak, she slowly squatted down, aiming to minimize the impact of the impending fall. Eventually, her strength gave way, and she succumbed, collapsing onto the floor. 

Witnessing her plight, the waiter rushed over to help her.

Coralie instructed her colleague to lift Camila up, then turned to the

waiter. "They will take her to the hospital."

When they exited the restaurant, Camila's colleague asked, "Coralie, where are we going?"

"Let's leave this place for now. Faymoor has arranged a helicopter to pick us up."

Her colleague nodded in compliance.

After all, they were all tied to Faymoor.

There, their interests reigned supreme.

On the other side.

Isaac summoned Forrest to the company.

He had devised a plan to find Laura. He realized that to find her, they first needed to track down Divya.

"For what purpose have you summoned me here?" Forrest questioned, his tone laden with displeasure.

He was still harboring resentment from their previous unpleasant encounter.

Isaac regarded him coldly, his gaze piercing. "Do you think I would willingly involve myself in your affairs if Mila didn't ask me to?"

With a hint of insecurity, Forrest inquired, "What have I done wrong?"

"Mila has requested my assistance in investigating Laura's situation. We suspect that Divya might be involved..."

"It can't be Divya. She is the victim," Forrest interjected, cutting off Isaac's words.

Isaac regarded Forrest with a gaze that seemed to question his intelligence.

His patience wore thin.

Alick interjected, "We won't know the truth until we put it to the test!"

"How are we going to do that?" asked Forrest.

"That's up to me," Alick declared.

Pulling out his phone, Alick composed a message and sent it to Divya.