

## Chapter 409 Who Do You Think You Are

Isaac didn't feel relieved after hearing Camila's words. She didn't misunderstand Isaac; she trusted him. Her words intensified his determination to deal with Wynter.

He had never felt such an intense desire to end someone's life.

Nothing would deter him.

"I'll do everything in my power to find a cure," Camila said in a hushed tone.

Isaac replied with a simple, "Hmm."

Though their words were few, they understood each other's thoughts.

Camila glanced out the window, her arm slowly descending weakly onto her lap.

The outside scenery whizzed by as the car maintained a steady pace.

But Camila found herself unable to calm down.

This situation was like a turbulent wave constantly crashing against her heart.

The car came to a stop.

Camila mustered her strength to appear composed and deal with the impending challenges.

Isaac would handle Wynter, and her task was to identify the virus within the dog's body.

The Hammaslahti Research Center was likely the best place to find answers.

It was the country's top research institute.

Uncertain about the virus's contagious nature, Camila asked the driver to wait and ventured inside to negotiate.

"I'd like to meet the director of your research institute. Please provide me with his contact information or arrange a meeting," Camila requested, her face tightly wrapped to hide her scars. She looked somewhat unusual due to her recent childbirth confinement.

The receptionist scrutinized her from head to toe and replied politely, "I'm sorry, but not just anyone can see our director."

Camila presented her work certificate from the Madeline Research Center and her attending physician credentials. "I'm a doctor and fellow researcher. I have something important to discuss with your director."

"I'm sorry, I can't assist you," the rigid receptionist responded, seemingly looking down on her.

"Are your credentials fake? If you held such a high position, why would you need to approach our director at the reception desk?"

Camila furrowed her brow. She was caught by surprise at the receptionist's attitude.

Reluctantly, she took out her phone, contemplating whether to call Josiah or Forrest.

Either of them should be able to reach the director.

However, the receptionist interpreted her hesitation as an act.

"Why are you hesitating? Are you pretending to call someone you know?" the receptionist asked condescendingly.

Camila raised her gaze, her expression sharp and icy. "You're working at the front desk, which means your job is to assist everyone here. So what's with the attitude? Do you think you're superior to others?"

Camila was seething with anger.

How could the reception work in such a prestigious research institute be

She was beyond disappointed!

The receptionist's face darkened as she retorted, "Who do you think you are? Do you believe just any rubbish can see our director? Take a good look at yourself in the mirror. Do you think you're worthy?"

Camila was further taken aback by the receptionist's offensive behavior. She hadn't expected such rudeness.

"Mila?" Josiah appeared. He was here to see the director.

It was mainly due to the previous research report, and the vice director had already faced consequences.

Camila had also been caught up in the fallout.

Josiah had come to request that the director continue studying the hard-earned research report and develop it for the benefit of the country.

The director agreed with Josiah on this matter, while also blaming himself for failing to notice the vice director's mistakes, which led to significant trouble.

After their discussion, the director personally saw Josiah off. They didn't anticipate encountering Camila in the hallway. Aware of her physical condition, Josiah quickly approached her with concern. "Why are you out? You should be resting at home."

Camila sighed helplessly. "I have something to attend to."

"What's the matter? Do you need my help?" Josiah asked.

"I'm afraid I do," Camila replied with a bitter smile.

"Just tell me. I'll do whatever I can."

Josiah felt indebted to Camila and genuinely meant his offer.

"I have a dog that might be carrying an unknown virus. I need the assistance of the research institute's equipment and personnel urgently."

Josiah had never seen Camila so anxious. He assured her, "It's not a

problem."

He turned to the director and said, "She's the one who retrieved the research data from the Madeline Research Center. She was caught because we accidentally leaked the data. Her husband, Isaac Johnston, has a vast network of connections and resources. Otherwise, she might not have made it back here."

"What?" The director was surprised and impressed by her actions. He extended his hand and said, "It's you. We deeply apologize for the data leak and the trouble you faced."

The director held Camila's hand and continued, "You and your husband are truly remarkable. If it weren't for him, the seminar wouldn't have been held in our country."

Simultaneously, the director expressed his commitment. "From now on, your matter is our research institute's matter. If you need anything, just let me know."

As Camila looked at the director, she felt a glimmer of hope that the research institute wasn't as corrupt as she had feared.

She replied softly, "Thank you."

"No, no. We owe you," the director insisted.

Upon seeing that Camila had returned from Madeline, along with being Isaac's wife, the receptionist hurried to apologize.

"I misunderstood you earlier. You really did come back from Madeline!"

Camila glanced at her but didn't pay it much mind.

She had a pressing need to identify the virus in the dog's body.

She instructed the driver to bring the dog inside and warned, "Everyone, try not to come into direct contact with it. I'm not sure if the virus in its body is contagious."

While on their way to the test center, Camila's phone rang. It was a call from Rowena. She informed her that Joe had developed a fever.

Feeling a sharp pang in her heart, Camila tried to remain composed. "I

"When will you be back?" Rowena asked, her concern evident. Joe's condition seemed dangerous with red bumps and a fever.

"I'll be back as soon as possible."

Ending the call, Camila tightly held Josiah's hand and pleaded, "Please do me a favor."

Josiah looked at Camila and recognized the gravity of the situation.

"Tell me, and I'll make sure to handle it properly."

The director also chimed in, "Our research center will assist as well."

"Help me determine the virus in this dog's body," Camila requested.

The director assured her, "Leave it to us."

Josiah added, "I'll be here. If there's any progress, I'll call you."

Camila nodded and expressed her gratitude.

She hurriedly rushed back from the research institute, urging the driver to increase their speed.

Upon reaching home, she opened the door only to find Rowena angrily shouting, "You're just Isaac's secretary! Who do you think you are? What right do you have to ask us to move out?"