

Chapter 410 The One To Blame

"Indeed, I have every right. It's you who are out of place," Wynter retorted, casting a disdainful gaze at Rowena. "Do you honestly believe I'm creating problems for myself? Isaac instructed me to drive you away!"

"Stop talking nonsense here!" Rowena flatly refused to believe Wynter's claims.

"Now Joe seems quite uneasy. I doubt he would kick us out of the house at this moment..."

"I will be his wife, so it's you who must leave, understand?" Wynter proclaimed, lounging on the couch as though she owned the place. "You have an hour to gather your belongings. If you don't, I'll throw everything out."

Rowena was seething with rage, her legs trembling so much she could hardly stand.

Swiftly, Glenda supported her.

Glowing at Wynter, Glenda charged forward, clawing at Wynter's face. "You're an evil woman! You brought a sick dog that made Joe ill, and now you strut around here. You're utterly wicked! Mr. Johnston will never like you. You're living in a dream!"

Caught by surprise, Wynter recoiled as a sharp pain seared across her face. She pushed Glenda away, retorting, "I could have you killed!"

How dare Glenda scratch her face?

Despite being shoved to the floor, Glenda wasn't ready to back down. As she scrambled up, ready for another attack, Camila entered. She looked at Glenda and Rowena, suggesting, "Let's pack up and leave here."

Both Glenda and Rowena stood in stunned silence.

They couldn't believe what they just heard.

"What did you just say, Mila?" Rowena could scarcely believe her ears.

Equally surprised, Glenda opined that Camila couldn't possibly mean what she'd said. "You are Mr. Johnston's wife, Joe's mother. She's the one who should go. How preposterous for a secretary to claim she'll marry him. It's laughable to think she's fit for him!"

"I can have Isaac fire you this instant!" Wynter, fuming, shot back.

To suffer such insolence from a servant...

She was so angry that her face turned red.

"I doubt you have the power to do so. I've been by his side for much longer than you've been his secretary. Do you really believe he'd listen to you? Sadly, you lack the allure, the beauty, or the physique to captivate him. Stop deluding yourself. What a disgrace you are!"

Wynter found herself at a loss for words.

Her face alternated between shades of pale and crimson, her fists tightly clenched. Her gaze fell on a cup on the table. Just as she was about to fling it at Glenda, Camila deftly intercepted her, grasping the cup from her hand. "We're on our way out. There's no need to lash out at an old woman like this."

Wynter's eyes flared with indignation. "Didn't you just hear what she said?"

Camila replied, "She's been a part of this house for so long, and now you're driving her away. A little pushback is expected, isn't it?"

Wynter smirked smugly at Camila's comment. "They refuse to believe that Isaac will marry me. Confirm it to them, will you?"

Rowena and Glenda both shifted their attention towards Camila.

Sensing what Wynter wanted her to disclose, Camila addressed Glenda and Rowena, "Isaac truly intends to end our relationship. He's planning to marry her soon. We should start packing..."

"Is he blind?" Glenda exploded in frustration.

Constantly being berated for her ugly appearance, Wynter was annoyed. She might not have been as attractive as Camila once was.

But now, Camila was not beautiful herself!

"No matter how unsightly ugly I may be, I'm still more appealing than Camila. And what would you know?" Wynter stared and shot back at Glenda, "In the eyes of men, beauty isn't everything. They value a woman who can solve their problems. All Camila brings is trouble for Isaac. She's not fit for him. The woman worthy of standing beside him should be me. I'm his reliable work partner and can tend to his everyday needs. How could Camila possibly compete with me? Huh?"

Glenda stared back, her eyes wide with anger.

Meanwhile, Rowena managed to regain her composure.

Rowena surmised that Wynter wouldn't dare act so audaciously without Isaac's permission.

Arguing with her would be futile.

Rowena stated, "Glenda, let's leave."

Then she went to pack up.

Considering that Camila and Rowena refrained from arguing with Wynter, Glenda, a servant, saw it fit to follow their lead and began packing her things.

"Hold on!"

As Camila was about to step into the room, Wynter stopped her.

"Do you know how deeply I despise you, Camila?"

Camila froze momentarily, then slowly spun around to confront Wynter with a cold stare.

"Ever since you wed Isaac, I've harbored hatred for you. Can you remember the car accident?"

For a moment, Camila couldn't recall it.



Wynter jogged her memory. "I pinned the blame solely on you when it was actually Aldrin behind the wheel that time."

Suddenly, the pieces fell into place for Camila. She had lost her unborn child then.

A smile spread across Wynter's face. "In fact, I've found it out. I knew Aldrin was the actual driver, but the car belonged to you. So I schemed to set you up."

Camila's hands instinctively balled into fists.

Although Debora insisted on conducting an amniocentesis, it did not result in a miscarriage. However, the subsequent physical assault caused her to lose the baby.

Her resentment had always been directed at Debora for the incident.

It turned out that Wynter was the one to blame.

Had Camila escaped the beating that day, her baby might have had a chance at life.

She glanced at Wynter, recognizing her shrewdness.

"You've achieved your objective. I confess you've outplayed me."

Wynter declared, "I always get whatever I want."

"Congratulations," Camila said indifferently. Then she turned around.

She merely packed her clothes and a few essential personal items.

Cradling Joe, she exited with Glenda and Rowena who had their luggage in tow.

Wynter sat on the couch, folding her arms across her chest. "This will be my house in the future."

Glenda couldn't hold back her anger and was about to argue with Wynter, but was stopped by Rowena.

Isaac entitled Wynter to do this.

It was pointless to argue with her.

Camila's backward glance at Wynter was loaded with murderous rage.

Wynter had not only snuffed out the life of one of her children but had also harmed Joe.

Camila vowed she wouldn't let Wynter off the hook!

As Camila stepped out of the room, her phone buzzed abruptly. She took it out.

Isaac's message arrived, stating, "The places Wynter is familiar with are no longer safe. I've arranged a new location for you, and the driver will escort you there."

When Wynter expressed her desire to reside here, Isaac immediately agreed. Firstly, Wynter was well-acquainted with this house, and hence, it wasn't safe for Camila and Joe.

Secondly, this move would inflate Wynter's ego.

He would have to soothe her into a false sense of security before dismantling her.

Upon reading the message, Camila didn't respond but simply boarded the car and took off.

Pearson had nearly drained his financial resources to silence Stetson and prevent him from divulging their secret.

Yet, it still wasn't sufficient. His only alternative was to counterbalance with business deals.

"See, these projects are profitable. They hold greater value than mere cash."

Pearson presented the contracts, adding, "Once you sign them, they're all yours. But of course, the condition is that you must destroy those pieces of evidence."

Stetson took his time to examine them.

After all, Pearson was a cunning man.

Stetson had to tread carefully.

After verifying there was no catch, he affixed his signature and destroyed the incriminating evidence right before Pearson's eyes. The evidence implicated Pearson in the unlawful ruination of a family to acquire a piece of land.

Pearson heaved a sigh of relief.

"Oh, by the way, I received an odd email. Here have a look."

Stetson plugged the USB into the computer, opened the video, and played it for Pearson.

Pearson's face slowly turned pale and then livid.

His body shuddered.

He stammered, "This, this..."