

Chapter 288 Annoying Her

Divya gave the man a thick envelope.

"Let's keep this between us." Although she spoke in a hushed tone, her manner held an implicit threat.

The man weighed the envelope in his hand and grinned with contentment. Then he said, "No need to fret. I'll keep this confidential."

Divya scanned her surroundings to ensure no one was within earshot. She then pulled down the brim of her hat and declared, "I'm leaving. Please refrain from contacting me in the future. Forget everything about me."

He chuckled and replied, "Sure thing, but feel free to reach out if you require my assistance again. Who would have thought that hanging a banner could bring in so much money?"

She didn't decline the offer. "Alright, I'll come to you if necessary, provided that you maintain your silence. Your compensation will always be generous."

"Don't worry. I'll keep your secret safe," he reassured her. Then he asked, "But are you really content with the outcome?"

She nodded, satisfied that her objective had been accomplished.

The man had been responsible for creating the banner displayed on the exterior wall of the building. She had hired and paid him to do the job.

It was all in an attempt to frame Laura and to mislead people into believing that she was responsible for the banner.

If things went as planned, Forrest would begin to doubt Laura and Hana would develop an even stronger dislike towards her.

Based on the current outcome, Divya's plot seemed to be working perfectly and she was satisfied to have achieved her goal.

Furthermore, considering the events that transpired earlier that day, it was evident that Hana harbored an intense hatred towards Laura.

No one would suspect Divya of being involved, let alone being responsible.

It was her wedding day, after all.

It was ironic at the best and unimaginable at the worst that the bride would do anything to tarnish her own reputation.

The prime suspect would naturally be Forrest's ex-girlfriend.

"If you require assistance in the future, don't hesitate to reach out to me," the man repeated for the umpteenth time.

"Okay," replied Divya. They didn't communicate via phone and even if she were to give him money, she wouldn't be so stupid to do an electronic bank transfer to him.

There wasn't and would be no evidence of their transaction.

Walking away, the man counted the money with a satisfied grin on his face.

Camila was very surprised when she found out.

She couldn't believe that it was Divya who had orchestrated the scheme.

It was her very own wedding for crying out loud.

What had she been trying to do? Why would she go out of her way to tarnish her own reputation on her wedding day?

What was her motive?

Was it solely to frame Laura?

It was startling for Camila.

Was Divya really so conniving?

Her maliciousness was in stark contrast to her seemingly innocent

demeanor.

Her seemingly pure facade was exceedingly deceptive.

She had projected an image of innocence and simplicity, yet was capable of such deceitful actions.

Indeed, one should not judge a book by its cover.

Camila resolved to be more cautious when interacting with Divya in the future. After taking a deep breath to calm herself, she headed to the supermarket to purchase a plethora of items.

When she got back home, she exited the car with a large bag of groceries.

She then proceeded to bring the groceries into her house.

However, upon entering, she discovered that no one was around.

She placed a call through to Rowena.

"I took Joe for a stroll and fresh air. We'll return shortly," Rowena said as soon as she picked up the phone, rightly guessing the purpose of her call.

With her curiosity satisfied, Camila ended the call.

She proceeded to arrange the items she had bought in the refrigerator and the cabinet.

When she finished, she prepared a delicious and healthy soup.

Camila placed the ingredients into the casserole and allowed them to simmer.

Then she went to the living room to relax on the sofa.

She had begun to drift off to sleep when the sound of her ringing phone jolted her awake.

Camila reluctantly answered the phone.

She heard Stevie's voice on the other end.

Rubbing her eyes, she asked, "What's going on?"

"Mr. Johnston wants you to come to the old house," Stevie said.

That information made Camila furrow her eyebrows. Isaac's relationship with his grandfather had been messy. How could he have the audacity to call her to his home?

Camila wondered if Isaac's grandfather had forgotten that she was married to Isaac.

Unbelievable!

"I'm busy at work," she said in a firm voice that conveyed her declination to the offer.

"But I was informed that you took the day off today." It was apparent that Stevie had tried to get a hold of her that day.

He seemed to be aware of her day off work.

Camila felt a sense of unease upon hearing that. Had Stevie been investigating her?

Feeling even more repulsed, she replied in a cool tone, "I'm actually feeling unwell today, so I won't be able to make it there either."

"We can come and pick you up if you're not feeling well," Stevie suggested. He persisted, as though it was imperative for her to honour the invitation.

Was he going to compel her?

Camila suggested that Stevie should contact Isaac directly if he needed anything.

He reminded Camila that she was not only Isaac's wife but also a member of the Johnston family, which meant that she had to participate in the family affairs unless she believed that Isaac was no longer a part of the family.

His words infuriated Camila. Especially the impolite tone he spoke with. It was the first time she had heard him speak to her in such a way.

"I am a member of the Johnston family and you are merely a housekeeper. Is this how you address your employer? I can go to the old

house on condition that you leave the house for good!"

Camila abruptly ended the call.

Her anger was still burning hot and did not subside.

All of a sudden, the doorbell chimed.

Assuming that Rowena and Joe had returned, Camila went to answer the doorbell.

She slipped on her slippers and headed towards the door to answer it.

However, as she opened the door, she was surprised to see that it wasn't Rowena, but someone else standing there.

"What are you doing here?"

