

Chapter 425 Having An Affair

Camila saw a familiar face to her.

She had snapped back to reality.

Her surprise was palpable. "What brought you here?"

She had a clear understanding of Rowena's character.

It appeared that Isaac had a change of heart in Rowena's eyes.

She wouldn't welcome him.

"You naughty girl."

His scolding suggested doting.

Camila's glare bore into him.

Isaac got serious. Gently lifting her blushing face, he leaned down to pepper kisses on her forehead, eyes, and nose. Unable to resist any longer, he sought her lips, the ones he craved day and night.

His kisses grew increasingly intense and fervent.

The room charged with an undercurrent of tension.

Isaac's breathing became heavy.

Camila found herself breathless from their passionate kiss!

She was on the verge of losing her grip.

At the critical moment, Isaac retreated, positioning himself beside her.

His concern for Camila's current state was evident.

He didn't dare push further.



Even though his desires were screaming for more!

Meanwhile, Camila focused on steady breathing, striving to regain her composure.

She turned towards Isaac, querying, "Is your task done?"

Isaac met her gaze. "You'll see the outcome tomorrow."

Camila's eyes flickered towards the ceiling as she blinked.

"What's on your mind?" Isaac probed.

Camila let out a sigh. "I'm pondering why people harbor malevolence."

Isaac softly took her hand, encasing it within his.

"Don't overthink."

People are intricate creatures.

They could possess both admirable and unpleasant traits.

Camila retorted, "I'm not overthinking. Such individuals aren't worth my time!"

She nestled against Isaac, declaring, "I'm exhausted."

Isaac gently rubbed her back. "You're worn out. Sleep well."

Curled in his embrace, Camila questioned further, "You didn't answer my question. How did you manage to get in? Surely my mother hasn't forgiven you yet."

She looked up at him expectantly.

Isaac glanced down at her. "Your window wasn't fully shut. Make sure it's properly closed when you sleep."

Camila was at a loss for words.

She turned her gaze to the window.

There was a tiny gap.



She remembered closing the window. Someone must have tampered with it.

Under the moon's glow, there were traces of footprints on the table.

She was taken aback.

"You climb through the window?"

Incredible!

Camila was in disbelief.

"Weren't you boasting about the security measures here?"

How did he manage to get in through the window so easily?

Isaac confessed in a low tone, "They provided me a ladder."

Camila was dumbfounded.

How could she forget that Isaac had set up this living arrangement, and the guards outside were his men?

In essence, Isaac was the master of this place.

If he wanted access, he'd get it.

Camila closed her eyes and promised, "I'll discuss this with my mother tomorrow."

She didn't want Isaac to resort to window-climbing in the future.

He was behaving like a burglar.

As he held her, Isaac inquired, "I come to see you in such a way. Do you think you look like having an affair with me?"

Camila was rendered speechless.

She bit her lower lip and hid her face in Isaac's embrace, a blush creeping on her face.

Isaac was smitten by her shy, naive demeanor.



He held her even closer.

They held each other and drifted into sleep.

The next morning, Rowena arrived to rouse Camila.

The door swung open.

She was greeted by the sight of two figures lying on the bed.

Their intimate embrace was undeniable.

Had Camila been lenient with Isaac?

Did she no longer recall her past heartache?

Had the sting of that pain left her memory?

"Camila!"

The shout stirred the pair from their deep slumber.

Camila shook her head in bewilderment. "Mom..." she murmured, rubbing her sleepy eyes.

"Promise me you'll do better, my child. He's discarded you like an old toy. Why do you keep opening the door for him? I just..."

Rowena was at a loss for words.

Camila then turned to look at Isaac.

Isaac remained mute, opting to hide under the comforter, leaving Camila to clean up the mess.

"Get up quickly!" Rowena's stern gaze pinned on her daughter.

Camila wanted to clarify, but Rowena was beyond reasoning.

She climbed out of bed, slipped on her shoes, and guided her distressed mother outside.

"You allow him in your bed, even when he's chosen another to marry?" Rowena couldn't help scolding her.



Feeling cornered, Camila cut her off hastily, "Mother, he hasn't betrayed me."

Rowena stared at her, countering, "And Wynter, did she not cast us out? Why do you insist on his innocence? It's as if he's driven you mad!"

Camila was taken aback and speechless for a moment.

She gave her mother a baffled look and asked, "Am I mad?"

Rowena looked at her daughter, persisting, "His looks might be charming, but don't let that trick you."

It was then that Camila grasped her mother's concern.

She scratched her hair in frustration.

"Mom, I'm not swayed by his looks. It's Wynter who poisoned Joe. She holds the antidote. Isaac had no choice but to comply with her demands for Joe's sake..."

"Didn't you and your team create the antidote for Joe?" Rowena interjected. "Have you truly lost your mind?"

"No, Mom. Isaac was coerced by Wynter, he only pretended to be with her," Camila explained.

Even Glenda tried to reassure Rowena, "Mr. Johnston isn't like that. You've known him, witnessed his love for Joe. You must've seen it."

Rowena fell silent for a while, recollecting the affection Isaac showed Joe, his patience, his fatherly love.

"Mother, I'm not naive. If he were truly marrying another, I wouldn't stand by him," Camila comforted her, clutching Rowena's arm.

Rowena's tone softened.

Just then, a news segment on a fire caught their attention.

Rowena recognized the house on fire on the screen as the villa Isaac had bought for her dead body. She gasped in disbelief.

Seeing the shock on her mother's face, Camila questioned, "Mom, what's



the matter?"

Staring at the blazing villa on the screen, Rowena reproached, "All your fault. We thought you had perished, and Isaac wouldn't bury you, so he purchased a villa with a cold storage. But why has it caught fire? It shouldn't have..."

The place was cold, damp, unlikely to catch fire.

Yet the fire in the news was devastating.

To her bewilderment, the report mentioned two casualties. She knew of only one occupant.

However, Camila had some understanding of the situation.

Isaac said there would be a result today.

One of the two bodies turned out to be the person replacing her, while the other one was Wynter.

Camila's expression remained stone cold.

She felt no sympathy for the secretary.

Wynter deserved her fate.

Camila didn't inform Rowena of her speculation.

The latter didn't have to worry about that.

She urged, "Mom, stop watching the news. Joe should be waking up soon."

"Alright," Rowena responded. She looked at her daughter, then at Glenda, "Perhaps I have been too harsh on him. You've given him two children, if he didn't care for you, he wouldn't have fathered them. I'll check on Joe. You should get up, Glenda's prepared breakfast."

Her words stung, reminding Camila of the missing child.

She hid her sadness behind a brave face.

But when she turned away, sorrow consumed her.



She didn't allow herself time to recover, heading back into the bedroom.

Isaac was sitting on the bed, buttoning his shirt when Camila entered and stood before him.

He looked up, noticing Camila's pale face.

His heart clenched. "What's troubling you?"