

## Chapter 427 Shopping

Before Isaac could answer, Annis swiftly said, "He's not my birth sibling. I'm adopted. I'm not a biological child of my mother. So, he's not a hurdle. If we wish, we can be a pair."

Alick was aware that Annis was Cathy's adopted girl, unrelated to Isaac.

Her ties were just with Cathy.

Regardless, clarity was necessary.

After all, Cathy was Isaac's mother.

Yet, before Alick could articulate his thoughts, Isaac declared, "Your romantic liaison doesn't concern me."

In line with what Annis stated, she was only Cathy's adopted child.

How did that relate to him?

Holding Camila close, he turned to Alick, "With your recovery, it's our turn to head back."

"I'll be heading to the office tomorrow," Alick stated.

Isaac registered his words but chose not to respond. He exited the room, taking Camila with him.

"Is your day packed?" Camila inquired.

Isaac queried, "What's the matter?"

"I have to discuss something with you," stated Camila. "The recent breakthrough in the medication development was possible because of Harrell's immense help. I thought of hosting a dinner for everyone who has been supportive. If you can squeeze in some time, I'd be happy to have you."

"Let me handle it," replied Isaac.

After contemplating for a moment, Camila accepted, "Alright."

Isaac might handle it better.

Her social interaction skills were unpolished.

Isaac, on the other hand, was accustomed to socializing, making him the right person to plan.

"How many guests should I anticipate?" Isaac asked.

"Roughly ten," answered Camila.

"Alright."

Knowing the number of attendees would make arranging the dinner smoother.

"I'll drop you home to rest," Isaac offered. He knew she had been exerting herself lately, and with the issue resolved, she deserved some downtime.

Nonetheless, Camila had another plan. "I wish to visit the mall. Joe's outgrown his clothes. I'll purchase a few for him. The timing seems right."

"I'll accompany you."

As they chatted, he steered the car towards the shopping center.

Studying him, Camila asked, "Aren't you preoccupied?"

"Yes, but it's not urgent. I can spare time to shop with you," reassured Isaac, turning towards her. "You don't mind my company, do you?"

Camila remained silent, implying consent.

Isaac escorted her to the busiest shopping hub at the city's heart, home to all premium boutiques.

Camila's first shopping experience in such a location was an eye-opener.

She wasn't fond of accessorizing excessively as it interfered with her work.

Her only adornment was a wristwatch to keep track of time.

Once Isaac parked the car, he took her hand. "Your cabinet is empty. Let's fill it up."

In a playful tone, Camila retorted, "The bill's on you. I'm broke."

Isaac glanced at her, a chuckle escaping his lips. "Isn't what's mine, yours?"

Like all women, sweet words brought a smile to her face.

Arm in arm with Isaac, she joked, "Swear it."

"Swear?" Isaac echoed, feigning seriousness.

Camila quickly withdrew her arm, pushing him aside. "Stay away from me."

Undeterred, Isaac pulled her into an embrace. Whispering in a deep, husky voice, he reassured with a smile, "I swear."

His warm breath tickled her, making her squirm.

She wriggled out of his hold, glaring at him.

Isaac, amused at her blushing face, couldn't resist pinching her cheek.

Pulling away, Camila exclaimed, "That hurts!"

Isaac teased, "Do you want me to be gentle?"

"Don't touch me!" warned Camila. "You're provoking me. Don't expect to share my bed tonight."

Their conversation flowed like sweet banter between love-struck partners.

Isaac guided her towards a ladies' boutique, uttering, "Let's go inside and have a look."

Camila halted him, saying, "No need..."

"I'll pay the bill," Isaac enveloped her in his arms.

Having been with her for a year, he hadn't ever given her a present.

A slight pang of guilt hit him.

In a solemn voice, he assured, "Pick anything you want."

Camila pursed her lips and nestled into Isaac's chest. His proximity instilled a sense of security in her.

Isaac assisted her in picking out suitable attire.

A saleswoman approached.

"The garments displayed here are just samples. I can fetch a fresh piece if you require anything."

Throughout their companionship, Camila always opted for laid-back, cozy clothing. High fashion was barely present in her wardrobe.

Yet, the casual attire complimented her perfectly.

She radiated a youthful, vivacious aura.

She mirrored a young woman fresh out of university.

Isaac made some selections for her.

His eyes fell on a monochromatic dress that seemed to be a good fit for Camila. Thus, he pointed out, "This one."

The saleswoman, after sizing up Camila, instantly knew her measurements. "I'll retrieve the correct size for you. Kindly step inside and await a moment."

A secluded dressing room was at their disposal, ensuring utmost privacy. Even sweet treats were available for guests.

Isaac lounged on the sofa while Camila tried the clothes.

He understood her well enough to discern what looked good on her.

The outfits he chose for Camila made her look stunning.

The fit was just right for her.

As the saleswoman was adjusting the collar, she spotted the daunting scar on Camila's face, recoiling in surprise.

Camila swiftly hid her face upon noticing the saleswoman's reaction.

The saleswoman apologized, saying, "I'm sorry."

Then Camila retreated into the fitting room. After swapping back into her own clothes, she suggested, "Let's leave."

She detested the stares of strangers.

She didn't want to startle people.

Isaac's face hardened. He threw a frosty glance at the saleswoman and stated, "I'll take all of these."

The saleswoman, realizing her lack of tact, swiftly packaged the clothes.

Isaac was aware that Camila disliked the odd looks.

He promptly paid the bill and escorted her out.

Once they reached a tranquil spot, Isaac enveloped her in a hug.

He gently stroked her hair, comforting her in a soft tone, "You're not ugly. Don't mind the way others perceive you."

Camila murmured, "I just don't want to scare anyone."

Those who knew her well wouldn't regard her strangely, but she knew her appearance might shock outsiders.

Isaac felt a wave of sympathy for her and suggested, "I'll take you home. I'll have someone fetch the clothing for Joe."

Camila gave a slight nod.

The day was meant to be joyful.

It was marred by the saleswoman's reaction.

It reminded Camila of her facial disfigurement, sapping her desire to shop.

Isaac's phone began to vibrate.

He picked it up.

It was a text from a private investigator.

"I've traced the doctor's location. If all goes well, I should find him in two days."

Isaac's face turned grim.

"Notify me the instant you have updates."

"Yes, sir."

Isaac ended the call. He was about to share the news with Camila.

However, he noticed Camila was fixated on a spot not too far from him.

He followed her gaze.

Upon seeing the people in the distance, his face suddenly darkened.

121