

## Chapter 448 Hostility

"No. What's up?" replied Camila.

Having finally found her lost younger son, she yearned to stay by his side.

Venturing out was out of the question.

It was incomparable to the companionship she got from him at home.

"Laura is with me now, but she has forgotten everything. She no longer recognizes me and meets my attempts at connection with hostility. I believe you can talk to her on my behalf."

After a brief moment of contemplation, Camila hesitated before inquiring, "Could I perhaps delay our meeting?"

Her younger son had just arrived, and she must attend to his needs with utmost care. He was fragile, and she must dedicate her undivided attention to his well-being.

"Very well, I have administered a tranquilizer to Laura. It is likely she will awaken within the next three to four hours."

With that, Camila gently placed the phone down and entered the room, cradling baby Joe in her loving arms.

In the past, it had been Rowena who had taken care of Joe.

And now, Camila marveled at how effortlessly her younger son was being tended to.

She found herself standing by, mesmerized, as Rowena seamlessly attended to the baby's every need, leaving no room for Camila to intervene.

Isaac stood in the room as well.

He was completely silent.

He wore an expression on what was usually a blank face.

He projected an air of peaceful tranquility.

Right now was a peaceful and pleasant time.

"Mila."

Camila raised her head.

Their eyes met.

The corner of her mouth rose in a grin as she said, "Well, what's up?"

"Now that we have two wonderful children, it seems only fitting to celebrate our union with a wedding. We never had the chance to hold such an event until now. With our children now in our midst, it feels incomplete without a proper celebration. What are your thoughts?"

Camila sighed and said, "I don't have the energy!"

She hadn't get enough rest recently.

She would certainly tire herself if they were to hold a wedding ceremony.

In truth, she questioned the necessity of such an event.

After all, they already had two beautiful children. Did they truly require a wedding to validate their bond?

Seeing through her apprehension, Isaac held Joe tenderly in one arm and gently grasped Camila's hand with the other.

"While a wedding ceremony may not serve as proof, it will tell the world to recognize and acknowledge your rightful place in my life."

To outsiders, their relationship had remained enigmatic, lacking clarity.

A wedding seemed to be the means to rectify this.

"Isaac is right," Rowena chimed in, her gaze fixed upon Camila. "When you married into the Johnston family..."

Recognizing her slip, Rowena quickly diverted the conversation,

concluding, "It would be fitting to hold a wedding celebration."

Camila had sensed the unspoken words on Rowena's tongue, a reminder of the forced and clandestine nature of her marriage into the Johnston family, a secret hidden from all.

All but a select few.

But now, with the presence of their two children, the world had caught a glimpse of their union.

In the eyes of outsiders, their relationship was unclear.

"Everything must be done in a reasonable and fair manner. You need to pay attention to Isaac for the sake of your two kids." Rowena sighed with relief and said, "You could also do it for my sake. My wish has always been for my daughter to have a wedding. The time to act has come. Just hold it, will you?"

"Yes, just hold it!" Glenda echoed.

"Okay, I'll hold it!"

Isaac beamed with satisfaction, holding Camila closer. "Don't worry, my love. I shall take charge of all arrangements."

"Okay." Content with Isaac's reassurances, Camila indulged in playing with her son.

"I must venture out later."

However, her attention soon shifted from her son.

"Where are you headed?" Isaac quizzically inquired.

"Forrest called. He informed me that he had located Laura and wanted me to have a look."

"Laura?"

"Yes, she's still alive. Until I meet Forrest, I won't know what occurred."

After a moment of silence, Isaac said, "Let the driver take you there."

She agreed and left an hour later.

Forrest sent her the address.

She walked straight to the front door upon her arrival and knocked.



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