

## Chapter 525 Get Out Of Here

The meal wasn't purchased from a restaurant. Included in it was Yellow Pitaya, not exactly rare but certainly uncommon.

Even Rowena could not have realized how much she enjoyed it.

Its sweetness surpassed many fruits, a fondness from her childhood, yet it remained unknown to many. She swiftly grasped the situation when Harland entered, greeting her with a smile.

Camila's tone was icy. "What brings you here?"

"Just dropping by to see you," Harland replied cheerfully.

"You shouldn't have," Camila responded bluntly.

Unfazed, Harland lingered, curious yet respectful of the silence surrounding Camila and Jaylen's issues.

His desire to understand was palpable.

"I remembered your childhood fondness for this fruit," he explained, pointing to the lunch box. "I thought it would make a nice dessert after your meal."

Camila's gaze dropped. Once, sweet flavors masked her life's bitterness.

But those days were gone. She was no longer a child dependent on such comforts.

With a decisive motion, she discarded the lunch box into the trash.

Harland, taken aback, questioned, "Why would you do that? I made all these dishes just for you."

"I've already eaten. Leave, now!"

It was unusual for Camila to think about that incident during work.

Yet, whenever she saw Harland, painful memories would surface..

Harland bit his lip, trying to reason. "We're friends, aren't we?"

"Don't even go there!" Camila's anger was palpable. "Stop bothering me, and don't come here again. We will never be friends!"

"We were friends once. You were like a sister to me..."

"That's all in the past." Interrupting him, Camila said sharply, "Will you leave on your own, or should I call security?"

Harland stood his ground. "I'm sorry, truly."

That was when Camila called for security.

Soon after, the security guard arrived.

Pointing at Harland, Camila declared, "This man is not allowed here anymore."

"Understood."

The guard, before driving him out by force, told Harland in a gentle tone, "Please, you need to leave."

Harland protested, "But I'm her friend."

"Please leave." The guard repeated more sternly, his patience waning and his demeanor becoming slightly hostile.

Harland seemed oblivious. He persisted, saying, "I've already told you, I'm her friend..."

At that moment, two security guards approached, seizing his arms, restraining them behind him, and forcefully escorting him out.

Harland called out, bewildered, "How could you betray me like this, Camila? Even if you're upset with me, shouldn't you at least tell me why?"

His voice faded into the distance as he was led away.

Meanwhile, Camila was seething with anger.

She found it impossible to settle her nerves.

Work was the last thing on her mind that day.

Rising from her seat, she headed to the lab, throwing herself into her experiments as a distraction.

Slowly, her agitation began to subside.

By focusing on something else, she could briefly forget her worries.

It seemed unlikely Isaac would return.

So, she stayed late at work.

She had already not eaten lunch, and now, she even forgot to have dinner. Deep into the night, a sharp pain in her stomach struck. She hunched over, leaning against the table, sweat beading on her forehead.

Turning off the equipment, she made her way out.

Upon opening the lab door, she was startled to see a man waiting outside.

Clutching her stomach, she hunched over slightly, torn between excitement and the urge to flee.

Looking down, she asked softly, "Why are you here?"



