

Chapter 528 Strangers

"Mila, let's meet!"

Isaac glanced at her with a puzzled look, as if asking who was on the other end.

Camila simply shook her head, showing she didn't recognize the voice.

The phone number was a complete mystery to her.

Curious, Isaac turned on the speaker and questioned, "Who's this?"

But this person quickly hung up when he heard a man's voice instead of Camila's.

Camila's brow furrowed in confusion. "Any idea who that was?" she inquired.

Isaac could only shrug, admitting, "No clue."

He wondered if it might be Jaylen who used some apps or tools to change his voice.

Quickly writing down the number, he sent it off to Alick for a check.

Then, shifting topics, he asked, "We're heading to the emergency room now, right?"

Camila nodded in agreement. "Yes."

She felt okay, guessing some warm porridge might even make her feel better.

The doctor gave her a check-up and prescribed painkillers, saying that she could take some if the discomfort got too much, but Camila was wary. She knew they were just a temporary fix with side effects, not really solving her stomach issue.

Politely declining the doctor's offer, she got up and left the room.

Isaac, following, asked, "What did the doctor say?"

"Just to eat something," she replied, keeping it simple.

Isaac paused for a moment, realizing that no restaurants were open at this hour. Camila suggested, "I'll head home and whip up some porridge."

"Don't worry, I'll call Glenda and ask her to prepare something. It'll be ready by the time you're home," Isaac responded, dialing as he spoke.

While he was on the phone with Glenda, Camila looked surprised.

He glanced back at her, asking, "What's up?"

"Look over there," Camila urged.

Isaac lifted his gaze and saw Stevie holding a bunch of medicine.

Stevie seemed equally taken aback to see them. It was clear he hadn't expected this chance encounter.

"Mr. and Mrs. Johnston," he greeted first.

Isaac didn't reply, nor did he inquire about the medicine.

It was obvious that Robin was sick, and Stevie was here on his behalf.

Isaac chose not to delve into it.

Gripping Camila's hand, Isaac said firmly, "Let's go."

They walked briskly, almost as if evading something.

"Mr. Isaac Johnston, Mr. Robin Johnston is gravely ill. Are you really going to turn your back on him? Won't you even check on him?"

Stevie called out from behind.

Isaac didn't slow down.

Camila glanced at him, noticing a stern look on his face.

He seemed to be wrestling with his emotions.

Despite Isaac's reluctance to admit it, Robin was still his family, an unchangeable part of the Johnston family.

Camila remained silent, simply trailing behind Isaac.

Perhaps he appreciated the silence at that moment.

Glenda's porridge wasn't ready yet. Camila waited briefly before checking on the children, who were deeply asleep.

At three in the morning, after finishing her porridge, Camila went upstairs.

Isaac stood on the balcony, devoid of any thoughts.

She joined him, and they stood together.

The moon shone brightly, and the stars sparkled.

"Let's go to sleep." Isaac turned to her.

She nodded, acknowledging the lateness of the hour.

She still chose to sleep on the sofa, instead of sharing the bed with Isaac.

Understanding her hesitation, Isaac offered, "Next time, I'll take the sofa."

"It's not comfy for you," Camila protested. "The sofa suits me just fine."

They exchanged looks, understanding each other without words.

In the morning, Camila, not having slept well, appeared tired but made an effort to stay lively.

As she approached the yard's gate, a voice called out from behind.



