

Chapter 534 Being Used

"You shouldn't have done something so foolish," the director's voice echoed through the door, laden with anger and regret.

Hyman replied, "If it wasn't for her, my master would have..."

"It's your master who's to blame here. Camila was nearly killed because of him. If Isaac hadn't saved her, your master would be facing even harsher consequences!" The director's tone held a mix of disappointment and frustration. "I get that you're grateful to him, but there's a time and place for everything. Your master messed up, and here you are, trying to get back at someone for him. Have you fucking lost your mind?"

The director was so upset that he couldn't help but swear.

Hyman, on the other hand, stayed quiet, stubbornly refusing to acknowledge his mistake.

The director fixed his gaze on Hyman, thinking that if Hyman were his own kid, he would have definitely given him a good slap.

Trying to calm himself, he said, "You need to get back to work. When Camila arrives, you better apologize sincerely and ask for her forgiveness..."

"No, I won't do it," Hyman defiantly said. "After all, she's the reason my master is suffering..."

The director's eyebrows shot up in disbelief.

He was so close to slapping Hyman but restrained himself.

"Haven't I made myself clear?" The director tried to keep the voice down.

"I heard you just fine," Hyman retorted. "My master did something wrong, sure, but his career is ruined because of her, and..."

"Shut up!"

The director, having heard enough said, "Fine, keep up your defiance. But soon, harsh reality will open your eyes!"

Hyman scoffed, "What's she gonna do? She needs proof to touch me."

The director gave Hyman a look of disbelief.

"She can pin this on you, you know. You think she's got no proof?" the director asked.

Hyman found no words to counter.

He fell silent, lost in thought.

After a pause, he declared, "I have no regrets. I'll face whatever she throws at me. She's young barely in her twenties, and already about to replace you. Bet her husband's been pulling strings, huh? She got here on a man's support. Who would respect that? There are others here more skilled and experienced than her. Why her?"

The director's anger subsided, replaced by understanding.

He knew Hyman wasn't inherently bad.

The man kept to himself, hardly mingling with colleagues, always on the fringes.

Now, his outburst seemed so out of character.

"Come on, tell me. Where'd you get these ideas? Why'd you act out?" the director pressed.

Hyman was honest. "My master's wife confided in me. She claimed that everything involving my master was Camila's doing..."

Now, the director grasped the whole situation.

He realized Hyman had been unwittingly manipulated!

He needed to inform Camila about what happened to Hyman.

"Just wait here..." After a moment of thought, the director decided. "Never mind. Camila should be here soon."

No sooner had he spoken than someone knocked on the door.

He went to answer it.

Upon opening the door, he inquired "Why are you late?"

Camila had been outside the room, listening all this time.

She wasn't late.

She simply hadn't entered.

Her gaze shifted to Hyman, who stood off to the side.

Hyman looked up.

There was no sign of remorse in his demeanor.

"He didn't do it on purpose." The director defended Hyman, "He's not a bad guy."

Camila bit her lip, remaining quiet for a moment before speaking to the director. "I need to talk to you alone."

The director agreed, "Alright."

He asked Hyman to leave.

"Actually..."

Camila, uninterested in the director's justification for Hyman, cut in, "I want to know who Hyman's master is?"

