

Chapter 162 I Want To Kiss You

Isaac did not bother denying the truth. "It's true."

Robin's expression darkened.

Even though he cared about his family, the reputation of the Johnston family was the thing that mattered most to him.

To placate Isaac, Robin gave him the entire fortune of the Johnston family. If the scandal were made public, it would not be good for them. The family's good name was his top priority since he was concerned that Isaac would act carelessly regardless of the consequences.

"Do you know what you've done?" Robin seldom scolded Isaac.

This was one of those rare occasions.

Isaac's lips formed a cold smile, revealing the discontent he was feeling from within. "Grandpa, you knew Travis kidnapped my child and my woman, but you did nothing to stop him or tell me about it. Why is that? Are you on Travis' side? Are you his accomplice?"

Robin's eyes widened. "How did you know that I knew?"

He was sure he had gone there without anyone but Stevie knowing.

So, how did Isaac find out about that?

Robin shot Stevie a stern look.

Stevie hurriedly explained, "Sir, I didn't tell anyone..."

"Grandpa, how do you think I found the ship? I located it after following the clues. I actually saw you come back from the ocean with my own eyes," Isaac stated, glaring at his grandfather.

He then walked up and sat down on the chair, crossing his legs and leaning back. "I want to hear your side."

"I was planning to tell you about it, but you found out first..."

"Really?" Isaac snorted, unconvinced. Robin could easily rescue them from Travis if he wanted to. "You should have at least called me first. Is it that hard?"

Robin should have asked Stevie to call him, to tell him where Camila and Joe were.

What a lame excuse.

Isaac was already irritated with Robin's leniency toward Travis and his family.

Now, Travis had even harmed his child and the woman he had feelings for.

If he did nothing at all this time, he would not be able to call himself a man anymore.

"Travis should take responsibility for what he has done." After saying that, Isaac got to his feet.

"You're going to tarnish the reputation of your family just because of a woman and a child? Where's your dignity?" Robin could not believe Isaac was acting like this.

No matter how much he loved his child and his ex-wife, he could not risk the family's honour for them.

Why did the family's reputation have to be ruined now that he was old?

Isaac replied sardonically, "Dignity? It was long gone when my parents died." With that, he turned around.

He had been suppressing his animosity for years and treated Robin with respect. He was his grandfather, after all.

However, he could not forgive Robin's actions this time.

"Are you going to oppose me?" Robin asked in horror.

"I don't want to go against you, but you're on your son's side." The tone of Isaac's voice was soulless and cold, much like the state of his heart. Truthfully, he had never felt the warmth of love from his so-called family.

Robin could only gape at his grandson's back as he walked away.

Isaac exited the estate. He stopped for a few seconds at the entrance, but then he continued walking in the direction of his car without turning around.

Only Robin mattered to him out of all his relatives.

However, that was not the case anymore.

"Where should we go next, sir?" the driver asked in a whisper.

Isaac stared out the window with an expressionless face. When he thought about a certain person, a warm glow of affection rose within him. "Let's go to the Haynes family's residence."

"Yes, sir." The driver started the car and set off for the Haynes family's residence.

Upon the vehicle's arrival, Isaac stepped out and said, "Give me the key, and then you may go."

"Yes, sir." The driver parked the car before handing over the car key to Isaac. After grabbing the key, Isaac entered the house.

There was no one in the living room.

Isaac frowned a little. Shouldn't Camila have been at home?

She would not take the child outside so soon. They had just found him, after all. With that in mind, Isaac went through each and every room in the house in search of Camila. Finally, he opened the door to a bedroom and found her lying on the bed with Joe. She was patting the infant softly to put him to sleep.

Even though Isaac walked in extremely quietly, Camila still noticed him. She glanced at him before covering Joe with a tiny blanket. Then, she sat

up and perched on the side of the bed, staring at him. "Why did they ask you to go to your grandpa's place? What's going on?"

"Nothing," Isaac replied.

Camila raised a brow, not believing what he said.

Why did the phone ring twice if everything was fine?

She did not ask any more questions, though, after realizing that he had no intention of answering them.

"Don't you have to go to the company..."

"No." Without warning, Isaac stepped forward to embrace Camila. She started to resist, but he just held her closer. "Don't move. Let me hug you, even just for a while."

A little taken aback, Camila stopped struggling.

She sat on the edge of the bed while Isaac was standing before her, pressing her face against his abdomen as he tightened his arms around her.

It did not take long before Camila picked up on Isaac's gloomy mood.

Encircling her arms around his waist, she asked, "What's wrong?"

Isaac remained silent and continued running his fingers through her hair.

He felt comforted and warm as he held her.

"I'm so lucky that the woman from that night was you," Isaac mumbled after a long silence.

This caused Camila's body to stiffen.

This was the first time the two had broached the subject since learning the truth.

She could not help but feel a little embarrassed.

"Well..."

"Didn't you get scared?" Isaac inquired.

Camila looked down, avoiding his gaze. She had been terrified. However, he did not hurt her even though he was holding a knife. That was how she knew he was not a bad person, so she decided to help him.

"Why didn't you push me away?" Isaac asked again.

Camila knew he was referring to what happened that night. It was the longest time she had ever spent indulging herself.

She never regretted it until she found herself liking Isaac.

She was flabbergasted when she learned that the man she slept with that night was him.

It was fate that put them together.

At that time, she was trying to vent her anger because Marvin had forced her into the marriage with Isaac, but she did not say that. Instead, she replied, "I wanted to cheat on you."

Isaac chuckled. "You hated me that much?"

"Yes." For effect, Camila nodded her head firmly.

Isaac raised her chin.

She cooperated.

Their eyes met.

Camila's bright eyes were familiar.

Isaac felt he had seen them somewhere before.

He just could not remember when or where.

"What are you thinking about?" Camila asked.

Isaac snapped out of his trance but did not answer her. When his fingers brushed against her cheekbones and caressed her earlobes, her face became flushed.

Slowly, Isaac bent down. Under the warm glow of the light, Camila radiated a certain allure that he had not noticed before. Isaac's eyes, which were gleaming like stars in the night sky, travelled downward. "I want to kiss you."

After he was done talking, his warm lips pressed against hers.

Instead of resisting, Camila returned the kiss.

She reached up and accidentally knocked down the picture frame sitting on the nightstand.

Upon hearing a thud, the two were forced to part.

Isaac turned his head to the side and looked down. "What's that?"

"It was a photo of me when I was young," Camila answered.

Immediately, Isaac's curiosity was piqued. "Can I take a look?"

"Sure." Camila grabbed the picture frame and handed it to Isaac.

Isaac took it. When his eyes landed on the person in the photo, his brows furrowed.

