

## Chapter 163 Having No Sense Of Shame

"This is your photo?"

Camila gave an affirmative nod. "Yes. If my memory serves me right, that was taken when I was six or seven years old."

Suddenly, Isaac burst into laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" Camila demanded, looking at him incredulously.

Why did she feel like he was mocking her?

Isaac handed her the picture frame. "Are you sure this is your photo?"

Only then did Camila realize that the photo was not actually of her but of Joe instead.

A faint pinkish hue coloured her cheeks.

"Mom must have changed my photo inside to Joe's," Camila speculated.

No one would do that except for Rowena.

Camila placed the picture frame on the nightstand.

As he stared at the photo, Isaac said, "Live with me in the villa again, Mila."

Camila hesitated for a second before responding, "All right."

"Mila, are you here?" All of a sudden, they heard Rowena's voice and the sound of her footsteps.

Camila immediately got to her feet. She felt a twinge of guilt, perhaps because Isaac was there.

She immediately shook it off, though.

After all, there was nothing to feel bad about.

"I'm here, Mom!" Camila called.

When she realized that her daughter had returned, Rowena ran to the bedroom. "Have you found Joe?"

She was already inside the bedroom when she was talking.

She was a bit taken aback by Isaac's presence, but her expression quickly hardened. "Why are you here?"

From Rowena's point of view, Isaac was a man who lacked responsibility and compassion for others.

Camila had a tough time giving birth to his child, but what about him? What did he do?

At this time, Joe suddenly burst into tears.

"Oh, Joe!" The moment her eyes landed on the child, Rowena sprinted to the bed. She had cared for Joe ever since he was born, and her affection for him was undeniable.

After Joe was captured, she became so worried that she could not eat or sleep well, causing her to lose a significant amount of weight.

Rowena picked up the infant and cooed, "Oh, my dear child."

She caressed Joe's cheeks, and then her face darkened. "He lost a lot of weight."

Through gritted teeth, she hissed, "Jaylen, that monster!"

"Mom," Camila called to remind Rowena that they were not the only people in the room.

Rowena, on the other hand, did not care losing her manners. She could even be willing to sacrifice her life for her grandson.

Isaac was aware of Rowena's ire toward him. He wanted to explain

himself, but he did not know where to start.

In addition to being terrible at explaining things, he also hated doing it.

However, Rowena deserved an explanation for everything that had happened.

He owed her an explanation since she had been taking care of his child and she was Camila's mother. He had to change her opinion of him, too.

When Camila saw what Isaac was up to, she turned to him and asked, "You're busy with other things, right? Let me send you off."

Camila touched Isaac's arm to show Rowena that she had reconciled with Isaac.

Isaac looked hesitant.

"I'll explain everything to my mother later," Camila said.

Finally, Isaac followed her downstairs.

She accompanied him to the front door. "It'll take my mom some time to warm up to you. She knows that we didn't get married for love, and so many things have happened during our marriage. She's definitely disappointed in you because you weren't there when I gave birth to Joe."

Isaac remained silent.

Camila continued to explain, "She doesn't know what happened between us. At that time, we had no idea that it was us from that night, and I didn't know you were Joe's father, so I kept him a secret from you. Anyway, Mom disliked the way you treated me. So, don't take it personally if she's rude to you."

Truthfully, Isaac was not offended by Rowena's curtness.

In fact, he was grateful to her for taking care of his child.

"Hey, say something." Camila shook his hand off, apparently assuming he did not believe her explanation. "I told you she didn't know what happened between us. Why get so worked up over such trifles? I already explained everything to you, didn't I?"

Her displeased expression amused Isaac right away. "Are you mad?"

Camila roared in reply, "What do you think?"

Then, she turned around and huffed.

Isaac grabbed her wrist to stop her from leaving. "Hey, I'm not angry at your mother. In fact, I'm thankful for her."

The woman swivelled around to face him again.

He reached down and laced their fingers together, saying, "Go to the company with me. Perhaps Willie has already resolved the issue."

Camila wanted to decline. She did not get to spend a lot of time with Joe after she gave birth to him. With nothing pressing on her schedule, she planned to stay with her son.

"I don't want to."

"Come on. I'll have the driver send you home later." Isaac pushed her gently into the car.

Camila glared at him, at a loss for words.

In the end, she had no choice but to come with him.

"You're such a brat," Camila grumbled, but her lips formed an amused smile.

Isaac was a very proud man, so why was he acting so adorable right now?

The ride to the company was devoid of conversation. Both were silent, but the atmosphere between them was comforting.

They looked like a happily married pair.

Soon, Isaac stopped the car in the company's parking lot and announced, "All right, we're here. You look thirsty. Let's go inside and get some water."

Once more, Camila found herself at a loss for words. She was not thirsty at all.

What would he say next? After she drank some water, would he ask her to stay until he got off work?

He was so childish, really.

Even so, Camila did not turn him down. If anything, the amused smile stayed on her lips. She actually liked it when Isaac was being clingy.

They entered the building and rode the elevator to the top floor.

When they passed by Wynter's, Isaac instructed, "Prepare two cups of coffee."

"Let me do it. How do you like your coffee?" Camila inquired.

It was Wynter who answered. "Leave it as it is. Mr. Johnston likes his coffee pure."

Isaac gave the secretary a disapproving look.

Wynter bowed her head in an instant.

Feigning jealousy, Camila remarked, "I have no idea what kinds of things you enjoy."

Isaac grinned, pleased that she wanted to learn more about him.

Camila saw the look in his eyes and quickly changed the subject by saying, "I'm going to make coffee now."

Wynter had already shown her around, so she knew exactly where the pantry was.

After making two cups of coffee, Camila made her way to Isaac's office.

Then, she spotted Fidelia standing outside her destination.

Willie demoted Fidelia from her previous position. As a member of the lower management team, she was not permitted to be on this floor.

Still, she did everything she could to hang around because Isaac worked in the same building.

She wanted to get close to Isaac.

More specifically, she wanted him to fall in love with her.

That was why she fabricated an excuse to visit his office.

She even brought the jade pendant with her.

It was the reason Isaac had asked her to stay last time. She also hoped that by wearing this jade pendant, Isaac would give her a higher position, allowing her to get entry to the top floor.

It was the only way she could see Isaac regularly.

Fidelia's expression twisted in disdain the second she laid her eyes on Camila. Hiding the jade pendant from sight, she asked, "Why are you here?"

Camila lifted her head and questioned, "Why can't I be here?"

"You..." A look of rage spread across Fidelia's face. "Get the hell out of here!"

If this were in the past, Camila would ignore Fidelia.

Things were different now, however. She wanted to give Joe a complete family. Therefore, she could not afford to ignore the woman who also wanted Isaac if she wanted to win over the man she liked.

"I can't do that. My husband asked me to come here, so can you get out of the way?" Camila asked tauntingly.

Sure enough, the word "husband" was enough to set Fidelia off.

"You two have split up! How dare you call him your husband? You bitch!" Fidelia raised her hand to hit Camila.

This was exactly what Camila wanted to happen. Before Fidelia could slap her, she jerked her head to the side. Unprompted, she collapsed to the floor, covering herself in coffee.

Fidelia stared at her with furrowed brows.

She had not hit Camila yet.

So, why was she on the floor already?

Camila did not think twice when she drenched herself in the coffee since she knew its temperature was not particularly high. Her skin turned a little red, though, and she felt a slight sting.

Isaac was startled by the sound of glasses shattering from outside the office.

He immediately went out and saw Camila seated on the floor, looking dishevelled. Coffee coated her face and splattered all over her body. Her bra straps were visible through the coffee-soaked fabric of her blouse. As he took in the sight in front of him, Isaac grimaced.

"What happened here?" When he finished speaking, he extended his hand to Camila.

Without giving Fidelia an opportunity to speak, Camila explained quickly, "I'm fine. I just tripped. It wasn't Miss Armstrong's doing at all."

There was a hidden meaning behind her words.

She made it sound like she was defending Fidelia when, in fact, she was suggesting that the other woman was to blame for her fall.

Camila accepted the hand Isaac was offering.

Isaac hoisted her to her feet and then pulled her closer to him.

Fidelia grew so angry that her nose almost twitched.

"I didn't hit her!" she exclaimed.

This time, Camila did not have to say anything. Fidelia worsened the situation on her own.

Leaning on Isaac's chest, she asked, "Maybe I should go home first."

Isaac gave Fidelia a stony look before questioning, "Who allowed you to come here?"