

Chapter 19

Not Debra In the living room, Trudy Greville, was lounging on the sofa, dressed in silk pajamas. When she saw Camila come in, Trudy's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Well, well, well, look what the cat dragged in." Camila couldn't help but clench her fists angrily. How dare her father's mistress live in this house while her mother was sick! Just then, her eyes landed on the expensive-looking jade bracelet on Trudy's wrist. It seemed that the money Marvin got from marrying Camila into the Johnston family had truly helped him turn the tables. Such a thought left a bitter taste in Camila's mouth. "I'm here for Marvin," she said coldly. Trudy flipped her wavy hair over her shoulder and said, "Your father isn't here." Not wanting to waste her breath on this woman, Camila turned around to leave. "Wait! Mila, did you come here for money? You've already married into the Johnston family. How can you still need money from us? Besides, your mother is already draining all of our funds." Hearing that, Camila stopped in her tracks and pursed her lips unhappily. Trudy was just a mistress. Why did she act as though she was the hostess of this house? "Marvin hasn't divorced my mother yet. If he refuses to pay the medical fees, I'll sue him." "Why, you little—" Trudy was about to curse Camila, but when she saw someone entering the room, she immediately put on a kind expression and softened her voice. "Marvin is your father. How could you call him by his first name?" Noticing the abrupt change in Trudy's disposition, Camila knew that Marvin must be home. She turned around to find him standing behind her. "I need money." Camila went straight to the point. Marvin's expression darkened. "Now that you've married into the Johnston family, you've gotten bolder. I heard you saying that you'd sue me." Camila didn't flinch. "My mother needs money for her surgery. You agreed to give her one million." "I don't have any money now—" Marvin started to say. "The Johnston family gave you two hundred million as dowry. Don't tell me you don't have money." "Dad, I'm your daughter, and mom is still your wife. I hope you'll keep your promise. Otherwise, I'm not afraid to take you to court." As she spoke, Camila locked eyes with Marvin firmly. "Are you threatening me?" Marvin raised his voice in anger. "Growing up, you never paid attention to me because I'm a girl. You only used me. I'm also a person. If you push me too hard, I have no choice but to fight back." Marvin was stunned by the fierce determination in her eyes. Thinking about how he could still use her to get to the Johnstons, he eventually gave in. "Fine. Come with me." Marvin walked towards the study. Alarmed, Trudy stood up from the sofa and tried to stop him. "Marvin..." "shut up! I know what I'm doing." Marvin went to the study and pulled out his checkbook from the drawer. After writing "1", he paused and wrote "5" next to it. After filling in the details, he handed the check to Camila and said, "Here's 1.5 million dollars. Take it and buy yourself some clothes. You're a Johnston now, yet you still wear such shabby clothes. No wonder Isaac doesn't like you. Speaking of which, doesn't he give you money?" Camila stared at the check in her hands and felt a lump form in her throat. After all, she was keenly aware that her father was just acting nice because he wanted to use her. It hurt to know that her biological father only saw her as a means to an end. "Don't you know how I was able to marry into the Johnston family? How could you ask if Isaac gives me money? He wants me dead!" Marvin sneered impatiently. "You're a girl. You should learn how to please men. Besides, you're not that ugly—" "Do you think Isaac's into that kind of stuff? Or a man like him would be interested in women's appearance? I'm leaving. I hope you'll find the time to divorce mom properly." "What the hell are you talking about? Your mother and I still love each other." If Marvin really wanted a divorce, he would've done it a long time ago. In fact, Marvin had already made up his mind not to divorce Camila's mother. He could still sink his claws into Camila if he stayed with her mother. If he divorced, it would be difficult for him to control Camila "I'm only with Trudy now because she's the mother of my son. You know, it's your mother who can't have any more kids. You can't blame me for looking for another woman. I can't just stand by while I still have no heir "I'm leaving. Goodbye." Camila didn't want to hear about her father's bullshit excuses. Marvin still had feelings for her mother? Only Camila's mother would fall for such empty words. Camila walked away. Marvin called after her, saying, "Come home more often if you have time." However, Camila didn't reply. She didn't want to spend another minute in this house and left quickly. She went to the bank first. She wouldn't feel relieved until the money was in her account. The whole time, she kept comforting herself, saying that she could take her mother away when the latter got better. But as of right now, her mother was still too weak to leave. Camila had no choice but to stay put for the time being. That day, Isaac went straight to the company after leaving Bluebridge. Willie was about to leave when Isaac arrived. He hurried forward and greeted, "Mr. Johnston." Isaac glanced at Willie and asked impatiently, "Have you found anything yet?" Hearing this, Willie's smile stiffened. Isaac had already given him tons of work today. "Not yet... But don't worry, sir. I'm on it," Willie stammered, his tone riddled with fear. At the same time, he couldn't help but wonder what was going on with his boss. Why was Isaac so angry? Just then, Wynter approached and announced, "Mr. Johnston, Miss Griffith is here. She said she wanted to see you." "Miss Griffith? Is that De—" Before Willie could finish

his question, he was silenced by the icy-cold look in Isaac's eyes. Willie sensibly shut his mouth. The atmosphere around them seemed to drop several hundred degrees. Finally, Isaac said, "Bring her here." "Yes, sir." After a while, Willie led Debora to the CEO's office. Isaac was standing by the desk. He took off his coat, casually put it on the back of his chair, and slowly turned around. Debora smiled at him calmly, still looking dignified and elegant as though nothing had happened. "Did I interrupt anything?" she asked softly. Isaac decided against exposing her on the spot. Instead, he just said, "No." Anyway, it wasn't like he was going to marry her. It didn't seem to matter whether she was pure or not. Debora hesitated for a while before finally opening her mouth again. "Well... The thing is. Her voice trailed off feebly. "Need money?" Isaac asked bluntly, seeing right through her. Debora was stunned. How'd he know that she needed money? Isaac wasn't in the mood to waste time on her. "How much do you need?" Debora hurriedly tried to make excuses. "My father's sick, so—" "Ten million? A hundred million? Just tell me how much!" Isaac didn't want to listen to her bullshit. He knew perfectly well what the money was for! And he didn't care! Debora could tell that Isaac was angry today, but she didn't know why. She thought that she had kept up a flawless facade in front of him. She had only come to him for money now because she really had no choice.

Ryder had agreed to break up with her if she paid him back. But she had to pay him back within the day. Obviously, Ryder didn't believe that Debora would be able to pool enough funds in such a short amount of time. However, Debora wanted to get rid of him so badly that she was willing to come groveling to Isaac. "I'll do my best to pay you back as soon as possible." "No need. Just tell me how much." Isaac's patience was running thin. Not until then had he found the woman in front of him pretentious. Realizing this, he felt extremely unhappy. Why did he sleep with such a terrible woman? "Twenty-five million." Debora decided to deal with Ryder first. She could always rebuild her image in Isaac's mind afterwards. Without missing a beat, Isaac picked up the phone and called his secretary. "Take Miss Griffith to the financial department and give her thirty million dollars." "Isaac..." Wynter soon came in and said to Debora, "Miss, please follow me." Debora bit her bottom lip and followed Wynter out, glancing at Isaac one last time before closing the door. Isaac's attitude towards Debora had changed so dramatically, and he had asked Willie to investigate what had happened that night again. Willie couldn't help but ask, "Do you suspect that the girl from that night isn't Debora?"