

Chapter 10 Coincidences

They were wearing similar expressions of surprise and confusion. What a coincidence, indeed. ①

Something urgent had just come up for the both of them at the same time?

This time, Debora felt a prickle of unease. She was able to brush aside Isaac's comment earlier, but what about now?

She studied Isaac and Camila closely, trying to spot any tiny detail that might clue her in on what was between them.

"Is something wrong, Camila?" Debora asked.

Camila was sorely tempted to tell Debora that she was actually Isaac's wife. She would like to see how the man would explain himself then. ⑦

But the truth of the matter was that she didn't dare.

She couldn't afford to provoke the man.

She had already lost the chance to intern at the Military Central Hospital; she couldn't risk

She had already lost the chance to intern at the Military Central Hospital; she couldn't risk losing anything else, especially her job.

Camila mustered an awkward smile and decided not to mention the so-called coincidence she shared with Isaac. "My grandfather wants me to come over. It looks like something happened at home. I'm sorry, but I should really go."

Camila was hoping that they would leave things at that, but Isaac seemed hell-bent on making things difficult for her.

"Well, how about that?" he exclaimed. "My grandfather also asked me to come home. Where does your grandfather live? Let me drop you off." ③

The smile on Camila's face almost dropped. If she had been any less disciplined, she would have already smashed her glass on Isaac's stupid face!

"Please stop joking, Mr. Johnston. I'm sure we're not headed in the same direction. I don't want to trouble you. I'll be going now. Enjoy yourselves, everyone." Camila turned on her heel and hightailed it out of the venue.

heel and hightailed it out of the venue.

Debora watched her go with a frown before turning to Isaac. "Do you know Camila?" she asked pointedly.

He had reverted to his usual aloof self, as if the one who had joked and teased Camila just now was a different person entirely. "I don't know her," Isaac bit out in a cold voice.

Then he abruptly stood up, his chair scraping noisily against the floor.

Debora allowed herself a sigh of relief. She had invited Isaac tonight for the sole purpose of showing off to her co-workers.

It was a damper that he had to leave before the party even started, but at least he came.

Now, everyone in the hospital should know that she had a special relationship with Isaac Johnston.

"Let me see you off." Debora also stood up and followed Isaac out of the hotel. In fact, she was simply worried that he might have another interaction with Camila.

She couldn't let that happen. After all, Camila was the woman from that night, not her. ⑤

Isaac strode out of the building, his eyes immediately scouring the surroundings for any sign of Camila, but she was already gone. ①

Needless to say, Camila had no intention to stick around and wait for Isaac to catch up with her.

She had all but bolted through the hotel doors and hailed the first taxi she saw.

The black car cruised into the driveway. Willie rolled the window down. "Mr. Johnston."

Isaac glanced at Debora and said, "You should go back." He got into the car without waiting for her reply.

Debora stood there until the car disappeared from view.

She couldn't help but regret the way the things were unfolding between her and Isaac.

If she had known it would turn out like this, she would have jumped at the opportunity to marry him the moment he had brought it up.

She would have been going by the name Debora Johnston by now.

As things currently stood, however, Debora was at a loss on how to win the man's heart.

What could she do to charm Isaac? How could she make him fall in love with her? 5

At the Johnston mansion.

Camila was the one who arrived first.

Robin Johnston was already past the age of eighty, and it showed in the wrinkles on his face and the general air of austerity of his bearing.

Fortunately, he was still in a pretty good shape. His eyes were no longer as bright as they had been in his younger years, but they were infinitely kind and wise. "How are you coping with married life?" he asked Camila with concern. "Are you starting to get used to it?"

She just nodded along. "Yes."

It was no secret that Isaac was Robin's favorite grandchild, and Camila's father had all but demanded that she marry him. 2

Robin had known from the start that Isaac did not like Camila. By all rights, he should have refused the match.

He could have easily overridden the favor he owed the Haynes family by giving Marvin something else, something more valuable,

perhaps.

And yet, not only had Robin approved of the marriage, but he had gone so far as to use his connections to secure the marriage certificate while Isaac was out of the country.

He was also the one who had persuaded Camila to live in Isaac's villa after their marriage.

All that felt like a lifetime ago, but Camila still couldn't figure out the reason behind Robin's actions.

"Isaac isn't giving you a hard time, is he?" the old man asked with obvious affection.

Camila pressed her lips together to keep herself from saying that his grandson was a pervert.

Despite everything else, he was still Robin's beloved grandson.

"He isn't..."

No sooner had she finished speaking than Isaac came bounding through the door.

Robin clicked his tongue at his grandson. "You and Mila are a couple now. Aren't you supposed to spend the evenings together? What took you so long to get here? Mila has been waiting all this time."

Isaac cast a sardonic glance at Camila and said nothing.

Of course, Robin knew that Isaac was upset with the arrangement. He only scolded his grandson for Camila to hear.

"The two of you should spend the night here. Stevie, take Mila to Isaac's room."

"Yes, Sir." Stevie appeared at Robin's side and gave him a small bow. Then he turned and gestured to Camila. "Young Madam, please follow me."

Camila sneaked a peek at Isaac, but he remained cold and distant. She withdrew her gaze and quietly left with the butler.

Soon enough, only Robin and Isaac were left in the room.

Robin sighed, a helpless expression marring his face. "I know that you harbor hatred and resentment in your heart, but it has been so long. You should let it go."

The atmosphere turned somber at the mention of the past.

Isaac had plopped on a chair and was now leaning back in a casual position. He pursed his

lips and said nothing, a storm of emotions swirling in his eyes.

"I agreed to the marriage on your behalf. I only did it for your own good, so I hope that you wouldn't take it against me. You're not a child anymore, Isaac. It's time for you to start a family of your own. I know her father's methods were deplorable, but Mila is a good person." ¹

Isaac raised an eyebrow at that. What kind of good person would cheat on their spouse on their own wedding night? ²⁴

But of course, he couldn't tell Robin that. His only option now was to quickly and quietly divorce the woman.

Robin heaved another long sigh.

He was the only one in the Johnston family that Isaac listened to.

If it hadn't been for him, Isaac would probably never step foot in this mansion again.

Isaac had retreated into his small world after his parents passed away. He seldom went back here.

This was also part of the reason why Robin

didn't want to push Isaac too much. He waved a hand and said, "It's late. You should go to bed."


Isaac stood up without a word.

"Young Master," Stevie greeted him when they ran into each other at the foot of the stairs.

Isaac merely nodded without breaking his stride.

Once he was gone, Stevie hurried over to Robin's side and whispered, "Are you sure this will work?"

Robin scoffed. "No matter how cold-hearted he is, he is still a man with natural needs and desires. How can he remain unaffected in the presence of such a beautiful woman? At the very least, his body would react and tell him what he truly wants. His heart will eventually keep up in time."

But the butler wasn't convinced. "We both know how volatile his temper is. I'm sure he's already figured out that you set them up tonight." 

"Well, how do you expect them to fall in love if they don't spend some time together? He may not listen to me when he is out and about, but in this mansion, my word is the law." Robin was huffing indignantly, but he did feel a pang

of guilt for his machinations.

"I don't have much time left," he added in a more serious tone. "He needs to have someone beside him, someone to take care of him."

"Of course. I'm certain that the young master will come to understand your good intentions."

Robin grabbed his cane, and Stevie helped him retire to his room.

In Isaac's bedroom.


Camila couldn't refuse when Stevie had brought her here.

"This is Isaac's childhood bedroom," he had told her. "It has been redecorated once."

The room's decor was vastly different from the ones at the villa. This one had a dark interior; everything was black or gray. Camila imagined that even the meager beam of sunlight through the window would not be enough to brighten the air in this room.

She let her eyes wander around, and they ultimately landed on a dainty little box sitting on a shelf. It stood out like a sore thumb, mainly because it looked like something a girl would own, not a cold young man.

Chapter 10 Coincidences

 +90 Points at most

Camila stepped closer and reached out to take a look.

"What are you doing?" A cold voice suddenly came from behind her. 18