

# Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

## Chapter 137

### Chapter 137 He Intervened

Isaac finally looked up at the mention of Camila's name. Jaylen looked smug. He deliberately opened the invitation and held it up so that Isaac could see the photo and the names written in bold

letters. "See?" Still, Isaac looked as composed and unaffected as ever. "Jaylen, Camila is just a woman I discarded. If you like her that much, then by all means, take her." Jaylen continued to smile, knowing that Isaac had a talent for hiding his true feelings.

"A woman you discarded? Only because you have no idea what a gem she is. I don't mind that she used to have a lover. Why should I worry about her past when she will only belong to me in the future, anyway? In any case, I suppose I should thank you for letting her go. I assure you, I will love her properly and treat her well."

"I see. You can get out now." Isaac went back to his documents, signing his name with a flourish before tossing the papers aside.

Jaylen chortled with glee, and Isaac ached to punch him in the face. "Don't forget, Mr. Johnston. It's this Saturday. I look forward to seeing

you there." Isaac curled his lips into a vicious sneer  
Unfazed, Jaylen set the invitation card on the desk. "I'll  
see you then."

There was a spring in his step as he exited the office, and  
he was even whistling a triumphant tune

The moment the door closed, Isaac's calm face turned  
ferocious

"Camila!" he muttered through gritted teeth

So, she had pushed him over to another woman just  
because she wanted to marry that bastard, Jaylen?

Well done, Camila! Isaac thought furiously

He had told himself that she did not deserve his care or  
his affections. Yet he

still went mad when he learned that she was going to  
marry another man

Isaac was so mad he could barely breathe

"Mr. Johnston." Fidelia suddenly entered the office without  
so much as a knock on the door

Isaac was already angry as it was, and her rude  
interruption only fanned his fury. "Get out!" he roared

Startled by his outburst, Fidelia immediately stepped back  
and closed the door

She had never seen Isaac so angry before

Her heart was still hammering with fear as she backed  
away from the door

Since Isaac was in a foul temper, she thought it would be  
best not to meet him

She turned around and was about to leave when Willie  
came rushing over

"Did you do anything to anger Mr. Johnston?" he asked  
the second he spotted Fidelia

He had just been on the phone with Isaac, and the man was definitely in a murderous mood

Fidelia shook her head. "I only came to hand over these documents, but he told me to get out before I could even come close to his desk.

What's going on with him?"

"How should I know?" Willie retorted in a sullen tone Even he had been shaking with fear when he had gotten off the phone

He took a deep, fortifying breath and plastered a smile on his face before pushing the door open. "Mr. Johnston."

"Find something on Jaylen." Isaac pulled at his tie until it came loose, then he threw it forcefully on his desk. "I don't care what methods you

resort to, I want dirt on him as soon as possible."

Willie paused and considered the situation. Had Jaylen done something to irritate Isaac?

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Isaac looked up and shot him a menacing look. "Willie, you're really getting more and more capable, huh? If you can't even do this much,

then why are you even still working for me?"

"I understand," Willie said, lowering his head

"Then move and give me the results I want!" Isaac had never been this agitated

The collar of his shirt wasn't even that tight, but he was struggling to breathe

He snapped the first two buttons open, but it didn't ease his discomfort one bit

Isaac had never lost to anyone, yet he had repeatedly submitted himself to

difficult situations because of one woman—Camila. This was not like him at all!

And he hated himself for it

Why did he have to lose his reason over such a heartless woman?

Did she even deserve him?

The answer was a solid no

Isaac took a deep breath and tried to calm himself

Meanwhile, Willie was back out in the hall, patting his chest in relief. He had no idea why his boss was on a rampage. Did it really have

something to do with Jaylen again?

"Willie, what's wrong with Isaac?" Fidelia hadn't left. She had been waiting for Willie all this time

She wanted to know why Isaac was so mad

Willie scowled at her. By all appearance, Isaac did treat Fidelia differently compared to most women, but Willie had never approved of how

familiar the woman was acting toward his boss. Did Fidelia already see herself as Isaac's wife or something?

She was even addressing him by his first name in the workplace!

This, along with a host of other reasons, was why Willie did not like Fidelia

"This is pretty usual behavior for Mr. Johnston," he replied.

Then he strode

away before Fidelia could utter another word

Still, the tenacious woman hurried after him. "Willie, wait up. Do you think he'll still be mad if I come in now?"

"You're free to try," the man replied with a sly smile

He knew very well that Isaac was still on a full-blown rage.

Anyone who stood in his way would definitely suffer

To her credit, Fidelia was wise enough to recognize the danger. "I'd better wait a while longer. I don't want to risk irritating him."

"Smart," Willie snorted

"I just don't want to make Isaac even more angry," Fidelia huffed before strutting away with her documents

Isaac's foul mood lasted the entire day

Even worse, he couldn't concentrate on his work and had even made a few bad decisions. Realizing the disastrous state he was in, he

postponed the rest of the appointments he had and went home early

Life in the villa was the same as always. Glenda had prepared the food according to his preferences, just as she always did

The only difference was that Camila was no longer around

Then again, she hadn't lived here that long

Even so, Isaac still felt the void caused by her absence  
He had grown used to having her around  
He sighed and shook his head at himself, thinking he was  
being ridiculous

"Mr. Johnston," Glenda said in a careful tone  
Isaac had been cranky ever since Camila had left, and  
Glenda had been walking on eggshells around him  
"What's the matter?" Isaac took off his coat and plopped  
on the sofa. He pinched the bridge of his nose and said,  
"Get me a glass of water  
first." Glenda did as she was told and was back with the  
glass of water in under a  
minute

Isaac finished it in two large gulps  
As soon as he set the glass down, Glenda asked, "What  
should I do with the painting upstairs?"  
All of Camila's belongings had been cleaned up and put  
away, except for that painting  
Isaac's expression shifted ever so slightly, but it was gone  
in the next second

"Cover it up."  
Glenda muttered an acknowledgment and was about to go  
upstairs when Isaac spoke again  
"Forget it." He shot up to his feet. "I'll handle it myself."  
Moments later, he was on the second floor, staring at the  
painting

He had to admit that the painter had excellent painting  
skills. Camila's likeness was so accurate, not only in  
appearance, but also her overall  
vibe, that Isaac felt as though she was really in front of him  
The days passed, and soon, it was Friday

Camila juggled the company's affairs with school. Due to Aldrin's bad academic performance, she felt compelled to watch him and make

sure he studied properly

It wasn't too late to start working hard

She was completely dedicated to her career, wanting to keep the company

their father had left behind. Once Aldrin was capable of taking over the reins,

she would hand over the business to him

That way, she wouldn't be betraying her father's trust in her

On their way home that day, Aldrin received a call telling him that there was a problem at the company

They had to turn around halfway and go back to see what it was

"What happened?" Aldrin asked

"The last batch of goods we sent out were returned," said the person in charge

of delivery

"Is there anything wrong with the items?" Camila chimed in

"No, nothing wrong at all."

Aldrin sighed impatiently. "In that case, why were they returned?"

The other man hesitated, apprehension written all over his face

Sensing that something else was going on, Camila softened her tone. "Just say whatever you have to say, otherwise we won't be able to

address the problem." "I heard that the return was deliberate. According to my contact, Isaac



intervened with the transaction."  
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