

## Chapter 23

An Unusual Request Isaac looked at her curvaceous body. His pupils dilated slightly. Gulping, he tried to keep his tone level. "Do you think you can seduce me like this?" Truth be told, he really felt turned on. But his self-esteem wouldn't allow him to have any dirty thoughts about such a woman. "I didn't mean to..." Camila stammered, hurrying to pick up the bath towel from the floor to cover herself. "Don't show your dirty body in front of me again!" After saying this, Isaac walked out and slammed the door behind him. He quickly retreated to the next room to avoid seeing Camila again. But all he could think about was Camila's curvaceous body, and he couldn't stop picturing her... He couldn't control himself. He pulled at his collar hard irritably. Although it was by no means tight, he found it hard to breathe. @ The restlessness made him angry. He cursed in a low voice, "Goddamn woman!" She was right. She really was good at seducing men! What made Isaac angry was that he was absolutely fooled by her. Sighing in exasperation, he unfastened his tie, unbuttoned his shirt, and walked into the bathroom, intending to calm himself down with a cold shower. This was so embarrassing! And it was all because of Camila! Because of this matter, Camila didn't sleep the whole night Although she had previously given herself to a stranger, she wasn't the sort of person who could just shrug something like this off. She felt incredibly ashamed and angry, having exposed her body like that. But she didn't dare to say anything. Because the man who had seen her naked body wasn't someone she could afford to offend. The following morning, she went downstairs with dark circles under her eyes. Traumatized from yesterday, she wore a long-sleeved top and trousers. Glenda had already prepared breakfast. "Where's he?" Camila asked cautiously. Glenda smiled and answered, "He left very early. Come and have some breakfast." Camila breathed a sigh of relief. Isaac's absence made her feel more at ease, and she even felt that the food tasted more delicious. After breakfast, Camila set out to go job-hunting. She hadn't landed a job online, so she needed to look for other opportunities. Isaac didn't come home over the next few days Camila was happy with the current situation, She even relaxed her vigilance. One day, she received a response from one of the companies she applied for. They were looking for a dance teacher. She had already passed the Latin dance exams with flying colors, but she hadn't obtained a teacher's license yet. Fortunately, this company was willing to give her a chance. Camila carefully prepared for the interview. She hadn't danced in years, but she had started at a very early age, and had grown quite good at it. In addition, she was quite slender, so she looked more graceful while dancing. The president of the dance school, Elva Chavez, was easy-going. She said to Camila with a smile, "You've got the basics down, so you can work as an intern first. I'm sure you'll get a license in no time." "Great!" Camila was ecstatic to have finally landed a job. She cherished this opportunity, even though it was far from her original line of work. She had to thank Marvin for this. When she was young, she didn't like dancing, but Marvin had forced her to learn. He said that if she didn't take up dance classes, he wouldn't let her go to school, so she had no choice but to learn how to dance. Little did she know that it would come in handy one day. After spending a few days in the dance studio, she found that she still wasn't fond of dancing, but she wasn't as averse to it as she was when she was a child. The students at the studio ranged from four to twelve years old. She was in charge of a smaller class, which had more than a dozen six-year-old girls. Having gotten along with the kids these days, Camila's mood improved and she temporarily forgot the troubles in her life. After concluding her last class, Elva knocked on the door and asked, "Miss Haynes, are you free tonight?" "Yes," Camila said with a grin. "What's up?" She thought Elva wanted to talk to her about work, but to her surprise, Elva suddenly asked, "Do you have a boyfriend?" Camila hesitated for a moment. "No," she said after a while. She wasn't lying. After all, she and Isaac were only married on paper. Elva grinned even more happily. She approached Camila and linked arms with her intimately, saying, "I wanted to ask you a favor." Camila had always considered Elva a nice person. She had taken good care of Camila ever since she started working here. But at this moment, Elva was so close to her, which made Camila feel a little uncomfortable. She withdrew her arm gently and said, "If I can help you, I'll definitely do it. But if I can't... Then I can only say sorry..." Elva became hesitant. "My husband is the CEO of Relcon Pharmaceutical. He has a team who has been working on an anticancer drug, and we've invested a lot of money into this project over the past few years. Now he has made substantial progress, but he's short of money, so he's looking for investors. But not everyone is interested. Now, someone's willing to invest, but he didn't show up to their last appointment. My husband is worried he's going to back out. That gentleman is single, and he's quite wealthy..." 2 Camila interrupted her somewhat impatiently. "I don't understand what you need me for." What did this have to do with her? She had no money to invest! Of course, from her perspective as a doctor, she certainly hoped that Relcon Pharmaceutical would be successful. If she had a lot of money to spare, she would've invested in such a project without hesitation. But the reality was that she was just another ordinary person who was also

struggling to survive. She could do nothing to help. Or so, that was what she thought. Elva finally cut to the chase. "My husband's looking for a beautiful girl who can come and meet that potential investor with him..." "Wait a second..." It finally dawned on Camila. Elva was asking her to help them get the investment by drinking with that potential investor. Perhaps she was even asking for a little more than that.. "Elva, I'm thankful you gave me this job, but I'm not a barmaid. I don't know how to please people. I'm sorry, but I can't help you." Camila refused Elva's request without hesitation. Even Elva knew that her request was a little unreasonable. But she wouldn't have asked if they weren't so desperate. "I know I'm asking too much," Elva said with a heavy sigh. "To be honest, it's not that my husband can't find investors. It's just that he doesn't want to accept help from foreign investors, or else the drug will be monopolized by them." Hearing this, Camila looked up at Elva. They had only known each other for a few days, but she knew Elva was a warm-hearted and considerate person. She had strict requirements for students and teachers. She also cared about their needs. In a word, she was sensible. "I used to be a doctor, so I know what you mean." Camila was painfully aware that once the foreign investors got involved, the drug's market price would be solely controlled by them.

As a result, the poor would suffer because they wouldn't be able to afford the drug. Although Camila wasn't a doctor anymore, she still held onto medical ethics. "Well... I guess I could try to help your husband win the investment..." Camila bit her lower lip nervously. « She had no experience in such things, nor was she confident she could be of help. Elva was over 40 now. As a dancer, she maintained a good figure, behaved gracefully, and was quite pretty. Although she had a few wrinkles, she had aged gracefully. It was obvious that she and her husband got along well. Camila envied her. After all, Elva had a happy marriage and was able to pursue her career without restraint, Camila, on the other hand, had to settle for a job that had nothing to do with her dream. And her marriage was a complete mess. Hearing this, Elva's eyes lit up happily. She held Camila's hand and asked, "Really? Thank you. Thank you!" [ still don't know if I can help," Camila said cautiously, Elva waved her hand. "We'll try our best. That's what matters." Before meeting with Elva's husband, she went to a pharmacy. Just in case. She couldn't completely sacrifice herself for them. She wasn't that noble. Later, she arrived at a high-end restaurant. There, she saw Elva's husband, Harrell. He wasn't fifty years old yet, but he already had grey hair at his temples. As soon as Camila sat down, the door to the private room was pushed open. Camila raised her head and saw Willie. Behind him was a tall, familiar figure. «