

Chapter 45 Change Of Plan

Glenda was usually a calm person. But why was she so anxious right now?

Noticing the apprehensive look on Glenda's face, Camila put aside what she was doing and worriedly asked, "What's the matter, Glenda?" Glenda handed the phone to Camila with trembling hands. "Look!" Camila's eyes fell on the screen. It turned out that what had happened this morning had been posted on the Internet. The video portrayed Camila as a distasteful woman.

It did not take a genius to know who was behind this.

Was this why Trudy made a scene this morning?

The Internet was easy to manipulate, and framing a person was a piece of cake. All you had to do was pay someone to badmouth your prey, and everything would eventually fall into place. And once you stirred up the anger of these netizens, they would do all the dirty work for you. These people would believe whatever they saw and never explore the truth. Some radicals could even force a good person to death. Not long ago, there was a news report about a girl who had asked a courier to deliver food to her father. The girl thanked the delivery guy for his help and even gave him a tip. However, perhaps out of shyness, the delivery guy did not accept it. Feeling grateful to him, the girl wired 200 dollars into the delivery guy's account.

It should have been a nice story.

The netizens, however, were not impressed and instead criticized her for not giving enough money.

Unfortunately, the girl could no longer bear the cyberbullying and committed suicide.

It could be seen that those who had forced the girl to death were worse than executioners.

This must be Trudy's plan.

She wanted Camila to take these comments to heart until she could no longer tolerate it.

Unfortunately for Trudy, Camila was not timid or stupid.

She would not kill herself just because of this

As a matter of fact, she would take good care of herself.

"Who the hell does he think he is? How can he curse someone he doesn't even know?" Glenda complained with utter indignation.

Almost all the comments under the video cursed Camila as if they knew everything,

When Glenda read them, her blood boiled in anger.

Camila smiled and reassured her, "Don't worry, Glenda. It's not true anyway. I've never done anything to harm others. I have a clear conscience, so I have nothing to be afraid of."

She would ignore all these comments and not let them affect her in any way.

At the thought of this, she caressed her belly and swore to herself she would stay strong for her child.

"But..." Glenda was about to say something but stopped when she saw Camila stroking her belly. "Mrs. Johnston, are you feeling unwell?" Camila withdrew her hand at once and answered, "I'm fine."

"Hmm. I can see a bulging on your lower abdomen. Have you gained some weight recently?" Glenda asked with a frown. Her gaze trailed to Camila's arms and face, and she asked, "But your face and arms are still the same."

"Uh, it's because my belly gets fat first," Camila hurriedly explained. "By the way, Glenda, can you do me a favor?"

Glenda nodded. "Anything. What is it?"

Camila handed Glenda all the clothes she was going to take and said, "Please help me to send them to the laundry."

"You want to have all these cleaned?"

Camila nodded,

She felt much better now, so she should start finding an opportunity to get out of this place.

Her baby bump was getting bigger as days went by, and it would not be long before someone noticed.

Moreover, she had to leave without leaving any trace.

In this way, nobody would be able to find her.

Glenda packed up the clothes that needed to be washed. But before she read the news about you on the Internet. You'll only be pissed off."

Camila nodded. "I know. Thank you."

Glenda was one of the few who treated Camila with kindness and respect.

It was because of her that Camila was reluctant to leave this place.

At this moment, Camila took a deep breath and stopped thinking before she changed her mind.

Glenda returned shortly and informed Camila that it would take up to six days before she could get the clothes. "It's okay. I'm not gonna wear them anytime soon." Isaac did not come back in the evening

Camila did not mind, though. She spent her time working as a part-time teleconsultant or recuperating. During those days, she never left the house, nor did she pay attention to the news.

What had happened did not bother her in the slightest.

Isaac did not come home in the next few days.

Thinking that this was the perfect opportunity

"Oh. I'll get them for you," Glenda offered.

"It's fine. I want to go out and breathe some fresh air. I might as well bring them back while I'm at it."

But the truth was, Camila didn't intend to come back.

Without a second thought, Glenda gave Camila the laundry ticket. "Glenda, I'm gonna miss you." \$

Glenda looked at Camila with confusion. "What are you talking about? We'll see each other later."

However, Camila could not tell Glenda what she was up to and could only give her a warm smile. Without another word, she left the house. She arrived at the laundry not long after. But just as she was about to go in, her phone rang.

"Mila, do you still remember me?"

Camila racked her brain for a moment and answered, "Oh. It's you, Elva. What's up?"

"As you know, my husband is in the pharmaceutical research field. His

company is holding a celebration for the success of drug research and development in the evening.

However, one of the dancers got burnt, so she won't be able to perform later. And then I remembered you can dance—"

"Uh, I don't think I can dance now."

As Camila was pregnant, she could not dance, especially in high heels. Aside from the dance being passionate, the costume would be tight. Camila could not wear it as her baby bump had become a little obvious. Elva fell silent. "I see."

"Yeah. I'm sorry."

"Hmm. I saw you play the piano for students in the class last time. It was mesmerizing. Do you think you can do it again later?" Elva pleaded. "Please don't think that I'm forcing you to perform. It's just that the program has been finalized. If one program is missing, the time won't be enough. Other teachers have their own programs."

Camila lifted her gaze and cast a glance at the laundry in front of her. It had been very difficult, and its success was worth celebrating.

She could leave tomorrow.

"Fine."

"OMG. Thank you so much! I promise I'll give you something in return," Elva said with a beaming smile.

Camila, however, was not interested in the payback

Elva and her husband were good people, after all.

"The program starts at eight. The address is

"I see. Do I have to bring anything?"

"No, no. Just come." Camila turned around and left. She had already been outside, she might as well have a stroll.

But then, someone she did not know recognized

Camila had no choice but to head back.

The Internet was indeed powerful.

Trudy had stained Camila's reputation without doing so and berated her as if they knew the entire story.

"Where are the clothes?" Glenda asked upon seeing Camila return home empty-handed.

"Well, there are two clothes they haven't cleaned. I'll take them next time," Camila reasoned out with a smile.

At eight o'clock in the evening, Camila arrived at the place Elva had mentioned.

She did not have to bring anything as Elva had prepared everything beforehand.

At this moment, Elva presented Camila an exquisite evening dress.

It looked like a wedding dress, and it revealed the beautiful parts of her such as her long neck, deep collarbone, and thin arms.

A thin layer of makeup was applied on Camila's face. She possessed a beauty that radiated from her serenity that heavy makeup would only conceal it. Camila's performance would mark the start of the party. The first part of the show was supposed to be a dance performance, but something unexpected happened. To kick off the evening, the president gave a speech before the evening party truly began. And finally, the moment had arrived for Camila to bask, commanding attention with her poised demeanor. In the audience, Harrell, sitting next to Isaac, asked, "Mr. Johnston, do you remember this lady, Miss Haynes?"