

Chapter 73 He Is Impotent

It wasn't someone else, but rather Marvin.

"Isaac had nothing to do with Aldrin getting beaten up. Now think about it carefully. Did you offend anyone who might have vented their anger on your son?"

"Not Isaac?" It was obvious that Marvin did not believe her. "Who else would it be if not him? I offended no one. The only possible suspect is Isaac, no one else."

"And do you have any evidence to back that up?" Camila asked.

"He hit Isaac's assistant who is still in the hospital, and his girlfriend..." "Well, Dad, you'd better check and gather your proof before slinging accusations."

Camila wasn't interested in speaking with her father anymore. Especially when he mentioned Debora.

"You won't get dragged into this matter, right?"

Marvin had belatedly realized that his daughter might be implicated in the issue.

Camila flashed him a cold smile. "This concern of yours is quite rare." The man narrowed his eyes at the unmistakable sarcasm in her tone. "Listen, I'm too busy with the matter of Aldrin to waste time on you..."

Camila scoffed. Sure enough, her father was only putting up appearances. There was no reason for him to actually care about her.

"I have something else to do," she cut in before he could find some flimsy excuse. "Let's talk about this at another time."

Marvin clearly wanted to say more, but he could only sigh and leave Camila got in the car and looked out the window. She couldn't help but feel conflicted.

Ultimately, she decided not to ask Isaac about the issue.

Isaac had already asked his assistant to investigate. If they had found anything, they would have surely contacted her by now.

She brushed the matter off her mind and decided to focus on the speech. Whenever she heard something related to her needs, she immediately recorded the snippet. The speech went on for more than two hours, and Camila didn't miss a minute of it. Once it was concluded, she stretched, feeling parched. She spotted a café across the road, and she headed over. After ordering a glass of juice, she settled down and reviewed her notes. Without warning, someone was standing beside the table.

Camila raised her head to find it was none other than Marlowe.

She instantly became alert.

"It's really you. I thought I've mistaken someone else. It looks like we're destined to meet." Marlowe had no reservations at all, and sat across from Camila

She leaned forward and went straight to the point. "Tell me, what is your relationship with Isaac?"

"Why should I tell you? It's none of your business. Stop being nosy." Camila took one look at her pompous face and retorted without hesitation,

Marlowe's expression darkened. "You'd better watch your back. You're just a dance teacher with no background to speak off. Do you honestly think Isaac will marry you? You would do well to nip your daydreaming right in the bud."

Camila smirked and looked at her like she was an idiot. This was probably just another bimbo who obsessed over Isaac's appearance and wealth.

"Well, if Isaac doesn't marry me, what then? Are you saying that he's going to marry you?"

Marlowe cocked her head to the side and flashed her a haughty grin. "I'm certainly a more suitable candidate than you. My family background alone makes me a perfect match for him. You have no hope in that regard."

"Oh, I see." Camila nodded without care.

Marlowe was visibly puzzled

"Hmm? Why, what were you expecting?"

Marlowe blinked at Camila, at a loss for words.

Just then, the waiter arrived and placed Camila's glass of juice on the table

She picked it up without missing a beat and downed the beverage in one go. She wanted to leave the place as soon as possible.

Camila finished her juice and t

Camila was amused.

This whole thing was just so ridiculous.

“Do you know Isaac well? A
Judging by their conversation, C
Otherwise, the woman wouldn't be so arrogant.
Camila sighed inwardly. Sur
It was definitely because

“Don't you know that the party you attended was actually arranged by my father for the specific purpose of introducing Isaac and me? But then he arrived with you hanging on his arm, and it screwed up our plans. If it weren't for you, I might already be with Isaac.”

Camila's hands reflexively clenched into fists under the table.

It was true that Marlowe hailed from a powerful family.

What astounded her was the fact th

If Isaac hadn't taken her there,

So, Marlowe hated her for ruining her chances with Isaac.

But Isaac had a foul temper and wa

They just kept coming, one after another.

“I'm really curious how you fell in love with Isaac,” Camila asked.

“He's very attractive,” Marlowe replied

Indeed, the most common re

And then there was his net worth.

Women were bound to floc

“So, are you going to leave Isaac or not?” Marlowe prodded.

“If he's willing to leave me, t

Marlowe blinked at her, dumbfounded.

“What is that supposed to mea

But before Camila could even ans

Camila paused. It was a long-

“I sincerely hope that you get the man you desire as soon as possible,” she said before getting to her feet.

“And let me give you some insight into Isaac's special hobbies. He's a weirdo who likes beating up women, and he has a pretty complicated love life. Not only that, but he also has a secret condition. Yes, I'm saying that he is impotent. He may look like the ideal man on the surface, but he is not human at all.”

“Nonsense!” Marlowe burst

“Because he has an image to maintain, of course. Why else? Do you think he would reveal his true nature to just anyone?” Camila smirked. “Like I said, I wish you the best, and may you win his heart as soon as possible.”

With that, she glided out of the café

Marlowe watched her go with na

If Isaac was indeed the perfect catc

Perhaps there was a sliver of truth in Camila's words.

While Isaac's looks could rival a god's, Marlowe had no plans to marry an impotent man 'She wanted a happily ever after.

Camila went straight back to the villa.

Isaac's car was already parked when she arrived. He was home?

She glanced at her watch.

It was too early for him to

Isaac wasn't in the living room, so she went upstairs and knocked on his bedroom door. No answer.

She turned around and was ab

She whirled around, but the person standing there was not Isaac.

Moreover...