

Chapter 145 Restless Dreams

After Stevie had worked for him for so many years, Robin had grown to trust him. But after what just happened, he felt a little disappointed.

So Robin wanted to test Stevie.

He only hoped that Stevie had really been coerced, not for anything else.

In Roseland.

After the tranquilizer wore off, Camila gradually regained consciousness.

But her hands and feet were tied down. This coupled with the lingering effects of the tranquilizer, she couldn't move a muscle.

In a daze, she called out weakly, "Is anybody here? I'm hungry..."

Her cries for help were met with silence.

When Isaac left, he instructed the guards to call him as soon as Camila woke up and not to go inside her room. If she shouted, then the guards were to just ignore her.

Sure enough, the guard at the door heard her voice and immediately called Isaac.

Right now, Isaac was in the middle of a meeting.

The conference room was packed with senior executives and branch managers.

Today's meeting was to discuss the entire company's quarterly reports, so all the key managers of the company were present.

Isaac, who was sitting at the head of the table, leaned against the back of his chair. While listening to the reports, he'd tinker with the pen in his hand. Whenever he was dissatisfied with what he heard, he'd slam the pen on the table.

At present, a branch company was presenting their quarterly report, which was far from satisfactory. Isaac's expression did not change, but the pen in his hand slammed against the table with a bang.

Just as he opened his mouth to speak, his phone suddenly rang.

Without hesitation, he picked it up and pressed the answer button.

"She's awake, and she keeps saying she's hungry," the guard reported.

Isaac replied indifferently, "Ignore her."

"Okay."

Then, he put the phone down and barked, "Go on."

He did it on purpose.

How could his ungrateful ex-wife marry Jaylen?

He was kind enough not to kill her for divorcing him!

If he didn't teach her a lesson now, she'd never learn her place.

But it seemed that this woman never learned!

She kept crossing the line time and time again.

And he kept losing his stand.

Just thinking about that damned woman made him so angry that he burst into laughter.

The originally depressing atmosphere in the room was broken by his low chuckle.

Thinking that he was in a good mood, someone asked, "Mr. Johnston, did you hear some good news?"

Isaac looked up at the person who spoke and said, "Yes, but I can't share it with you. Just hope that your quarterly report keeps me in a good mood."

Knowing that he had done a good job that quarter, the person who spoke broke into a smile.

Instead of being scared, he smiled confidently after hearing what Isaac said.

And so, the meeting went on for nearly four hours.

The tea on the table was refilled around five or six times.

By the time it finally ended, everyone was tired.

Isaac stood up first and left the room. Then the rest followed suit, going out of the room one after another.

As soon as he returned to his office, Isaac loosened his tie and sighed in relief. Then he ordered Wynter, who had followed him, to buy some freshly-baked pastries. "Make sure they smell good."

"Okay, boss."

Wynter nodded politely and then left.

Finally alone in his office, Isaac threw his tie onto the sofa and plopped down tiredly.

He rotated his neck to loosen up and then leaned against the backrest tiredly.

Then he closed his eyes to rest for a while.

In Roseland.

Even after shouting for what felt like an eternity, nobody responded to Camila. Her throat was dry from shouting, and she had used up the last of her strength.

Being strapped down, she couldn't even move a muscle, like a fish on the chopping block.

Who was behind this? Who would kidnap her on her wedding day?

A sense of dread started to eat at her.

She wondered who would dare to capture her.

Ryder? Or...

She didn't think it was Isaac.

After all, she was supposed to get married.

Isaac probably didn't give a damn.

That man was so arrogant. It would be beneath him to pester a woman who was about to get married, right?

He wouldn't do that, would he?

In her eyes, her biggest suspect was Ryder.

While there was no enmity between her and Ryder, the latter did say that he would take revenge on Isaac for hurting Debora, using her as the hostage.

Thinking of this, she smiled bitterly.

She had already divorced Isaac.

And her ex-husband already had a new girlfriend.

If Ryder wanted to take revenge on Isaac, he should've captured Fidelia, not her.

So why did he kidnap her?

Her eyes darted around the room warily. Her surroundings were totally unfamiliar.

The curtains were drawn, obscuring the view from the window. However, sunlight streamed in from the gap in the curtains and landed right on Camila's face, blinding her. As if her thirstiness and hunger wasn't enough torture already.

At a loss, she closed her eyes and tried to go to sleep. Maybe she could forget about her thirst in her sleep.

Unfortunately, it took ages for her to fall asleep.

Time passed. Muddleheaded, she vaguely smelled the aroma of freshly-baked goods. She slowly peeled her eyes open and saw a spread of delicate pastries on the table. Her mouth watered immediately.

She opened her mouth, which felt as dry as the dessert. She wanted to water more than anything.

But she was also very hungry.

Earlier, that table was empty. The food must've been placed on the table while she was asleep.

Was her kidnapper taunting her on purpose?

Or perhaps the food was poisoned?

Otherwise, why would they deliberately starve her and then place tantalizing food in front of her?

She struggled to turn her head away from the food, resisting the

painful temptation.

It was a torture to her.

Who would save her from this?

In the living room, Isaac watched her every move on the monitor.

Her lips were cracked and dry, and her face looked haggard.

He felt sorry for her and reluctantly shut the laptop in front of him.

He didn't want to see her in pain anymore, so he went inside her room directly.

"W-water..." The sun was gone and the room was shrouded in darkness. Feeling hopeless and helpless, Camila could barely make a sound.

Isaac propped her up and made her lean against him, holding a glass of water to her lips.

She greedily gulped down the water.

After finishing the whole glass, she felt rejuvenated, like a dead plant that came back to life.

Isaac patted her on the back gently. "Go back to sleep."

Isaac had untied the rope on her limbs. She felt so much better now that she wasn't strapped down. However, she was still weak and was floating in and out of consciousness.

She didn't know whether she was dreaming or not.

But she had just drunk a whole glass of water. Was she so thirsty that she dreamed about that, too?

If this was all indeed just a dream, she hoped that the dream would last forever.

"Joe..." the half-asleep Camila muttered softly.

Maybe she missed her baby so much that she suddenly dreamt about him.

Her voice was so low that Isaac almost didn't hear her.

"Baby, I'm so sorry..." A single tear rolled down her cheek.

Camila considered herself a bad mother. After giving birth to her baby, she wasn't able to take care of him. She always put him in danger, and she was rarely by his side.

What a terrible mother she was!

The tear dripped from her cheek onto the pillow, disappearing silently.

Isaac heard her last sentence clearly.

In his eyes, he thought that Camila felt heartbroken because she was dreaming about her lost child.

He knew how she felt as the mother of the child.

As the father, he felt the same way.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, he held the woman in his arms close, as if only in this way could he alleviate his pain.

How he wanted to have another child with her!

It was a long night.

Isaac tossed and turned in bed restlessly.

He simply couldn't fall asleep.

The following morning, when Camila woke up, she saw...

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Isaac's face was right in front of her. "Isaac?!" she gasped in shock.

However, because she was so weak, her voice was barely above a whisper.

So Isaac didn't even stir in his sleep.

He didn't fall asleep until early in the morning, so he was in deep sleep now.

Camila rubbed her eyes in disbelief. In doing so, she realized that her arms and legs weren't strapped down anymore.

She also realized that she was only in her underwear. Camila was confused.

Did the man undress her while she was unconscious?

Thinking of this, her expression darkened. Fucking bastard!

He was always taking advantage of her!

And why did he kidnap her?!

Did he have nothing else to do with his life?

Did he think that she'd just let him bully her like this?

At that moment, she really wanted to strangle him, but she could barely even sit up in bed.

She had no choice but to save her strength for now.

Quiet as a mouse, she gently lifted the quilt and struggled to get

out of bed, her bare feet touching the cold floor. She didn't dare to breathe too loudly, lest Isaac wake up. Looking around, she saw nothing she could use to cover her body except Isaac's clothes. In the end, she picked up his shirt and put it on.

As soon as her eyes landed on the pitcher of water and the pastries on the table, she practically raced towards it. She drank from the pitcher directly, and she didn't put it down until she had drunk half of it. After she put down the pitcher, she glanced at the pastries hesitantly. In the end, she couldn't help but stuff one into her mouth!

Previously, she didn't know who had captured her, so she didn't dare to eat the food lest they were poisoned.

But now that she knew it was Isaac behind this, she was almost relieved.

She knew that Isaac was bad-tempered, but he would never kill her.

So she was certain that the pastries weren't poisoned.

Overcome with hunger, she stuffed herself until her stomach started to ache.

She patted her stomach and sighed heavily.

"Satisfied yet?"

A magnetic voice sounded from above her head.

She looked up in surprise, only to meet the cold gaze of the man standing in front of her.

If it wasn't him, how could she be like this?

This was all his fault!

"Isaac, what the fuck is wrong with you? What good will it do you if I starve to death?" she asked crossly.

She wanted to scold and beat the crap out of him, but she was too weak to do so.

Isaac reached out to pinch her chin.

He violently forced her to raise her head. Such a posture made it hard for her to even breathe. "Isaac, let go of me!" she croaked.

As she spoke, she tried to push him away.

But Isaac managed to grab her restless hands.

"Isaac, what the hell are you doing?!" she yelled, eyes wide open with fear and confusion.

Isaac brought his face close to hers, and their lips almost touched. He held her gaze steadily.

She could feel his warm breath on her face.

"Did you get my permission to get married? Huh?" His voice was dangerously low. He tried to suppress the sense of powerlessness he felt at that moment.

Only Camila could make him feel like this!

It wasn't like he could beat her or scold her!

Camila's eyes were filled with disgust. This man was out of his goddamned mind!

He already had Fidelia. Why couldn't she marry someone else?

"We're divorced. I can marry whoever I want. It's none of your business!" she yelled.

Isaac took a deep breath in an effort to control his anger. "There you go again with your sharp tongue."

"Don't change the subject, Mr. Johnston! Why did you capture me? You're a kidnapper!"

"Mr. Johnston?" Isaac echoed her words in a low voice, sending a shiver down Camila's spine.

He didn't like this title.

In fact, he hated it!

"Don't call me that. Call me by my name," he ordered unhappily.

"No—"

Before she could refuse, Isaac silenced her with a kiss on the lips.

She gritted her teeth firmly, resisting his advances.

Isaac pulled away slightly, while Camila glared at him stubbornly.

"You don't want me to kiss you, huh? Then who do you want to kiss?" he sneered coldly. "Jaylen?"

"Yes," Camila answered against her will, straightening her posture defiantly.

Isaac's expression instantly darkened.

The look in his eyes was enough to instill fear in anyone who looked directly at them.

"You wish!" he roared.

Without warning, he pressed his lips against hers once more, but she still resisted. He bit her lower lip hard, making her groan in pain. But her moan sounded more enticing to Isaac's ears.

Camila felt so ashamed and angry, but she knew she had to pretend to like his kiss. As expected, Isaac was stunned that she seemed to like it, but before he could savor it, Camila bit down on his lower lip hard.

Isaac didn't pull away, nor did he wince. He endured the pain silently.

She bit down so hard that she drew blood.

The metallic taste filled her mouth.

Still, Isaac didn't stir. In the end, Camila had no choice but to let him go.

"You like me, do you?" he asked with a smug smile.

"Dream on," Camila snapped, her voice filled with disgust.

"If you behave yourself, I'll consider letting you go, but you've been too disobedient thus far."

He straightened his posture, standing over Camila like a giant.

Camila's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "What do you mean? Are you going to keep me here?!"

"What choice do I have? You're so disobedient." He spoke as though the answer was obvious.

She couldn't keep her calm anymore. How dare he lock her up like some prisoner?

She wasn't just going to stand by and let him do this to her!

Gritting her teeth, she glared at him with unmasked hatred.

She turned around, intending to make a run for it.

But Isaac wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her close. Through the thin cloth, she could feel his hot body, as if it could burn her.

She struggled and kicked desperately, yelling, "Let go of me!"

Isaac grabbed her hands to prevent her from hurting herself.

"No." Isaac threw her on the bed and tied her hands and feet again.

With her eyes wide open, she shook her head and begged, "No, don't..."

"You're too smart for your own good. I'm afraid that you'll outsmart the guard. Whatever happens, I can't allow you to marry Jaylen, Mila." As he spoke, he tightened the knot on her wrists.

Tears welled up in her eyes. "I hate you," she said in a voice filled with rage and turmoil.

Isaac stiffened for a moment. Then he broke into a smile. "You can hate me if you want, but I won't let you get away."

"Isaac Johnston!" she roared at the top of her lungs. "Don't push me too far! Aren't you afraid of retribution?!"

Isaac stared at her wordlessly for a while.

"I already got my retribution. What else can make my heart ache more than this?" After saying that, he chuckled dryly, and the light in his eyes seemed to dim somewhat.

When she saw this, Camila was stunned. Her anger faded a little.

"When will you let me go?" she asked in a calmer tone.

"Depends on whether you'll behave or not."

Just then, Isaac's phone on the bedside table started to vibrate.

He walked over, picked it up, and tapped the answer button.

Willie's anxious voice sounded from the other end of the line. "Bad news, boss."

"What's wrong?" Isaac's expression darkened.

