

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 1 The Most Rebellious Thing by Waly Antos

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In the duty room of the hospital, Camila Haynes was putting on her doctor uniform.

Tonight was the first night of her marriage.

But when a colleague had asked Camila to take her shift for the night, she had gone straight to the hospital without hesitation.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, Camila straightened her lab coat and smiled bitterly. No one cared where she went anyway.

All of a sudden, the door was violently kicked open from the outside, sending it crashing against the wall.

Before Camila could look up to see what was going on, she heard the click of the light switch, and the whole room became pitch black.

Scared out of her wits, Camila trembled, her hair standing on end.

"Who's—"

Before she could get another word out, she was suddenly shoved down onto the table. With a loud clatter, the things on the table fell to the floor. Camila could feel the coldness of a sharp blade being pressed against her neck, and a strange voice barked, "Quiet!"

When her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she could barely make out the man's face, though his eyes stood out. They were sharp and cold.

The metallic smell of blood filled her nose. Instantly, she knew that this man was injured.

Maybe it was because of her training as a doctor, she was used to staying calm and level-headed even in situations as scary and stressful as this.

She subtly lifted her leg in an attempt to kick the man. But the second she moved, the man noticed and forcefully pressed her restless leg down.

"I saw him heading this way!" a voice sounded from the distance.

Then, Camila heard the sound of footsteps approaching them.

It seemed that they'd barge in any second now.

In a moment of desperation, the man suddenly lowered his head and pressed his lips against Camila's.

Wide-eyed, Camila struggled to free herself from his forceful kiss and shoved the man away. Fortunately, he didn't hurt her with the knife he was wielding.

Camila touched her lips in a daze, unable to wrap her head around what just happened.

Just then, she heard the sound of the doorknob turning.

Making up her mind, Camila gritted her teeth and wrapped her arms around the man's neck. Without hesitation, she raised her head and kissed the man.

She whispered in a trembling voice, "I can help you..."

The man swallowed audibly. The next second, he made his move. His hot breath sprayed against her ear, and his voice was low and sexy. "I'll take responsibility for this."

But he seemed to have misunderstood her. Camila only meant to put on an act.

When the door was pushed open, she moaned as loudly as she could, mimicking the sounds she had heard on porn videos.

For a second, the man was stunned. She was so fascinating and seductive.

The people at the door were also in a daze when they heard her moan.

"What the fuck? It's just a couple making out here! I can't believe they'd do this at a hospital."

The door was pushed open a little more. The light in the corridor shone on Camila's body. The man shifted his body, trying to block the sight of those prying eyes. In the dim light, the people outside could only see that the two were hugging and kissing.

"That's definitely not Isaac. He's badly injured. He wouldn't have the strength to do this no matter how sexy that girl is."

"You have to admit, that girl's really good at making slutty sounds."

"Shut up and move! If we can't find Isaac, we're doomed!"

Soon, the sound of footsteps faded away.

The man knew that his assailants had left, but he found that he couldn't move away from the woman. He licked his lips, his lust blinding his reason.

The crisis was solved now, so Camila tried to push the man away. But just as her palms pressed against the man's chest, she suddenly thought about her marriage.

Her whole life had been controlled by others, including her marriage.

Her father, a man ruled by his greed, had forced her to marry into the Johnston family.

Her grandfather used to be the chauffeur of Robin Johnston, the patriarch of the Johnston family. As fate would have it, he died saving Robin's life in an accident.

The small company run by her family had accumulated massive debt and was on the verge of bankruptcy. Her cunning father knew that if he asked for money from the Johnston family, their favor with them would be spent. So he came up with a vicious plan to make his daughter marry Isaac Johnston, Robin's grandson.

In this way, their family would finally establish a more solid connection with the Johnston family—one that was bound by marriage.

Besides, given the Johnston family's wealth, they were sure to get a lot of benefits in the future.

The Johnston family couldn't afford to refuse the proposition, or they would risk losing face in one way or another.

Isaac was extremely dissatisfied with this arranged marriage, so he requested that his new bride never tell anyone that she was his wife, and that she keep her maiden name.

But no one asked Camila what she wanted.

And to make matters worse, the groom never showed up at the banquet, even though no one outside either family was present.

Camila had been left alone at the banquet, her face white as a sheet.

She felt so humiliated! And she refused to accept it!

Perhaps it was because of the tension in the atmosphere, but Camila's pent-up feelings of rebellion suddenly exploded.

Her life was barely worth living because it was controlled by others.

Thus, she decided to resist her fate in her own way!

Without much resistance, Camila gave her first time to this stranger.

After it was over, the man kissed her cheek gently and said in a low and hoarse voice, "I'll come back for you." Then he left quickly.

Camila couldn't get up after a long time. The man had fucked her hard, and her crotch felt raw and burned with pain.

All of a sudden, the sound of her phone ringing broke the silence.

She reached out to grab it and answered the call. An anxious voice sounded from the other end of the line, "Dr. Griffith, emergency! Please come here quickly!"

Camila adjusted her voice and answered calmly, "Okay, I'll be there soon."

After hanging up, she looked at her phone in a daze.

Her disheveled clothes and the sticky feeling between her legs told her that this was not a dream. It really happened. She had sex with a stranger on the first night of her marriage.

This was the most rebellious thing she had ever done in her life!

But she didn't have the time to dwell on this. A patient needed her. Gritting her teeth, she quickly got dressed and rushed to the emergency center.

Camila was busy for the rest of the night.

When she finally returned to the duty room, she found that it was still a complete mess.

Recalling what happened here a few hours ago, she couldn't help but run her fingers through her tangled hair in distress.

"Thanks for taking over my shift, Dr. Haynes." Camila's colleague, Debora Griffith, suddenly strode in with a grateful smile.

Camila forced a smile and answered, "You're welcome."

"I can take it from here. You should head back and get some rest." Only then did Debora notice the mess in the room. Eyebrows raised, she asked incredulously, "What happened here?"

Turning her head to hide the panic in her eyes, Camila said, "I accidentally knocked over the things on the table earlier. Anyway, since you're here, I'm going to head home now."

Debora felt that Camila was acting strange, but she didn't care. She shrugged and bent down to start picking up the random things on the floor.

Just when Camila left, the director of the hospital and Isaac's assistant, Willie Calderon, showed up at the door.

"She was the doctor on duty last night, Debora Griffith," the director said.

Willie walked into the room and peered at Debora's name plate on her lab coat. "Ma'am, please come with me."

Debora looked up in confusion.

"Where are we going?"

"You'll see. Just come with us," Willie answered expressionlessly. The hospital director, on the other hand, wasn't too happy with her hesitation. He pulled her rather forcefully and hissed, "Don't keep Mr. Johnston waiting."

Albeit confused, Debora obediently followed them to the hospital director's office.

Isaac was sitting upright on the sofa with his legs crossed. Without paying close attention, the paleness on his thin lips would've gone unnoticed.

The strong, pungent smell of disinfectant in the hospital also covered up the smell of blood on him.

Dressed in pure black, his sharp features and strong aura seemed to show that he had overcome countless difficulties. Even a single glance from him was daunting.

Willie walked over to Isaac and whispered something in his ear. "All the surveillance videos last night were deliberately tampered with, likely thanks to your assailants. They cleaned up their tracks and got rid of any possible evidence. This is Dr. Debora Griffith, the doctor on duty last night. I also just went to check the records, and it was indeed her shift."

Only then did Isaac look up at Debora.

Debora was shocked. The man on the sofa was none other than the CEO of Paramount Corporation.

"Are you the one who helped me last night?" Isaac asked, looking at her face carefully.

Debora immediately averted her gaze, not daring to meet his eyes.

"Y-yes, it... It was me." She didn't know what exactly had happened last night, but she knew that she could benefit a lot if she could get into Isaac's good graces.

It just so happened that Military Central Hospital was about to select candidates for their internship.

Although it was called an internship, whoever was selected would stay on as their official doctor.

The resources there were much better than that of this hospital.

If Debora could get the help of someone as powerful as Isaac, she'd definitely be selected for the internship.

"I'll give you whatever you want—even marriage." Isaac's expression was indifferent, but when he thought of what happened last night, his cold face softened somewhat.

"W-what? Marriage? Er... I..." Isaac dropped a bomb on her so suddenly that Debora couldn't think straight.

"Once you've made up your mind, you can come to me." Isaac then stood up and asked his assistant to give her his phone number.

The hospital director bowed slightly and offered, "Mr. Johnston, let me escort you out."

Isaac refused him, returning to his cold demeanor. "That won't be necessary." Then, he seemed to think of something and added, "Please take good care of her."

"Of course, Mr. Johnston," the director said with a subservient smile.

After making sure that they were out of earshot, the assistant reminded Isaac in a low voice, "Sir, you're already married. I don't think you can marry Miss Griffith if she ends up wanting the marriage."

Upon thinking the bride he was forced to marry, Isaac's expression darkened. "Are you so keen to die?"

The assistant immediately fell silent, a shiver running down his spine. He didn't know if Isaac was pissed off about the woman he married or the person who sent the hitmen after him.

After work, Camila went home to her husband's villa.

As soon as Camila entered the house, the middle-aged housekeeper, Glenda Rivera, came up and asked, "May I ask where you were last night?"

"I had to cover someone's shift," Camila answered in a small voice.

There were dark circles under her eyes, and she clearly looked tired.

Glenda didn't press her for more information when she saw how exhausted Camila was. Instead, she bowed and let Camila retire to her room.

Camila went straight to the bathroom and ran a hot bath. Soaking in the tub, she suddenly recalled the events of last night, and her face suddenly became as hot as the bathwater.

She rubbed her temples, trying to clear her messy mind.

After all, she had let a stranger take her virginity.

Moreover, she was married now.

She couldn't help but feel guilty.

After getting out of the tub, she got dressed and headed out.

Seeing that Camila was about to leave, Glenda came over and asked, "Are you leaving again so soon? You should at least have breakfast first."

Camila glanced at her watch and sighed. "No thanks. I'll be late for work."

Glenda knew that Camila was a doctor, and she knew how hard this job was. Thinking of this, she looked at Camila with newfound respect and brought her a glass of warm milk. "At least drink this before going to work."

Seeing the concern on Glenda's face, Camila felt touched. She took the glass of milk and said softly, "Thank you."

"Of course." Glenda smiled, her chubby face looking very kind and friendly.

After finishing the milk, Camila handed the glass back to Glenda and headed out.

But she didn't go straight to work. She had left early so that she could go to the in-patient department first.

Because her mother was in the intensive care unit.

After entering the ward, she checked her mother's status and saw that she was still in bad shape.

Her heart sank.

Her mother had suffered from heart failure and was now in a critical condition. The only solution was a heart transplant, which would cost a lot of money.

She agreed to her father's demand and married into the Johnston family because her father threatened her, saying that he wouldn't pay the fees for her mother's surgery if she didn't agree.

If they could just find a suitable heart donor, her mother would be saved.

She looked at her mother, who was lying peacefully in bed, and said in a low and bitter voice, "Mom, I swear I'll save you."

A single teardrop ran down her cheek. Her mother was the person closest to her.

The phone in her pocket started to ring.

"Hi, Mila! Can you do me a favor?" A cheerful voice sounded from the other end of the line.

It was her senior, Forrest Walters who called her. They graduated from the same medical school, but he was two grades above her. He had gone abroad for further studies, and now, he was a very famous doctor.

More importantly, he had always taken good care of her.

So the two were pretty close.

"What kind of favor?" Camila asked.

"I have a patient who needs treatment, but I'm in the middle of something urgent. I won't make it in time. Can you tend to the patient for me please?"

Camila checked her schedule. Aside from two surgeries in the afternoon, she was relatively free that morning, so she agreed.

"I have sent you the address. Just tell them that you're there for Mr. Calderon, and the doorman will know what to do."