

Chapter 2 Feeling Guilty

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 Grieth, 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 Grieth 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."