

## Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

### Chapter 3 Mysterious Injured Man

Camila got the address and answered, "Got it."

"And Mila, don't tell anyone about this and don't ask any unnecessary questions. Just focus on treating the patient, okay?" Forrest added.

"Okay." After hanging up, Camila took a taxi to the address.

It was located in a high-end neighborhood with top-level security.

The doorman stopped her from entering. As instructed, Camila informed him that she was here to see Mr. Calderon. The doorman called to confirm before finally granting her access.

It didn't take long before she found the house. Taking a deep breath, she rang the doorbell.

Soon, the door was opened.

Seeing that it wasn't Forrest at the door, Willie frowned and asked, "And you are?"

From the way Forrest sounded over the phone, Camila could tell that this patient seemed to care about his privacy very much. Not wanting to get involved, she wore a mask before going.

"Dr. Forrest Walters asked me to come here in his place."

Glancing at the medical kit she was carrying, Willie squinted at her. "You know what to do?"

"Yes, Dr. Walters briefed me. I won't tell anyone."

Willie figured that Forrest wouldn't ask someone unreliable to come here, so he let Camila in.

He led Camila through the huge living room, up the stairs to the second floor, and stopped in front of the door to a bedroom.

The room was very dimly lit. Glancing at Willie, she asked, "How can I treat the patient without lights?"

When Isaac heard that it was a woman's voice, he pulled over his coat over his head to cover his face and said coldly, "Fine. You may turn on the lights."

Willie obliged and turned the lights on.

The room was instantly illuminated.

The voice sounded familiar, but Camila didn't think too much of it. She approached the injured man, who was lying in bed. The blood on his white shirt had dried up, leaving a nasty dark red stain.

She tried not to look at his covered face. After all, she was here to treat him, not to pry.

Obviously, the patient didn't want others to know his identity, so it was only right that she respect his privacy.

She put the medical kit on the table and opened it. Then she took out a pair of medical-grade scissors to cut the cloth on the wound.

As soon as she pried off the blood-caked clothing, she saw that the man had two wounds, and that they had simply been bandaged with gauze.

She put the scissors down and immediately set out to clean the wounds.

Every move was elegant and efficient.

"Are you allergic to anesthesia?" she asked.

After cleaning up the wounds, she found that they weren't that deep and that there was no sign of internal bleeding, but they still needed to be stitched up.

This process would require anesthesia.

Her voice was calm, completely different from how the panicked woman sounded from last night.

Therefore, even though Isaac had heard her voice, he had no idea that this female doctor was the person he had sex with last night.

On the inside, he was impressed by her skill and calmness, but on the outside, he remained cold. "No."

Camila nodded and then proceeded to prepare the anesthetics. She soon injected the substance into a spot near his injuries.

Two minutes later, the drug took effect and she began to stitch up the wounds.

After an hour, she was done.

She was extremely efficient.

Seeing that her hands were stained with blood, she excused herself. "I need to go to the bathroom."

"There's one downstairs," Willie said.

Camila walked out and followed his directions.

When she was gone, Willie closed the door and walked up to Isaac.

"Upon investigating, it seems the person who had hired those hitmen was your Aunt Audrey. Because you dealt with all her spies in the company, she grew desperate and tried to have you killed."

Isaac sat up in bed. He should've been weak given his injuries, but on the contrary, his eyes were sharp and alert.

He looked at Willie and asked in a low voice, "Did the arranged marriage have anything to do with her?"

After a pause, Willie answered, "Yes, I found out that she was in contact with your father-in-law. It was strange that he requested that his daughter marry you but not Audrey's son. Obviously, Audrey had something to do with that."

"She's done so much for me. It'd be rude if I didn't do anything in return." He had just gone abroad for a few days for business, but someone had made so much trouble for him.

He was completely expressionless, but the coldness in his eyes was undeniable. "I heard that her son runs a club called Charm on Cavern Street."

Hearing this, Willie instantly understood what was on his boss's mind. "Since they don't have a place in the company anymore, that club is their only source of income. If they lose it..."

"Do it," Isaac said in a dangerously low voice, his eyes flashing viciously.

Willie nodded and immediately set out to do what he was told. On the way downstairs, he ran into Camila, who was about to go upstairs.

Willie knew that Forrest must've already told her to keep her mouth shut, but he figured it was worth reminding her. "If you tell anyone about what happened today, you'll die a horrible death."

If Audrey and her son caught wind of Isaac's injuries, they'd definitely seize the opportunity to beat him while he was down.

"Don't worry, I won't." With her head down, Camila added, "I'll leave as soon as I get my medical kit."

When she returned to the bedroom, she saw that the man's back was to the door. He had taken his bloodied shirt off, exposing his well-defined back muscles.

"Don't you know it's rude to stare?" The man didn't turn around, but he seemed to have noticed her intent gaze. His voice was lazy, mixed with a hint of mockery.

Camila snapped to her senses and lowered her head in a hurry.

With her head down, she walked over to pack up her things. In a gentle voice, she reminded him, "Don't let your wounds get wet for the time being. Disinfect them once a day, and wear loose shirts so as to avoid infection."

When she was done packing her medical kit, she took out a bottle of pills and a tube of ointment. "I'm leaving you these medicines."

Isaac didn't turn around and grunted in reply.

Camila had nothing else to say, so she left.

She walked out with the medical kit.

She hailed a taxi and went back to the hospital. It was almost lunchtime when she arrived, so she went to the canteen of the hospital to eat. As soon as she returned to her office, she was summoned to the hospital director's office.

"I'm sending Debora to Military Central Hospital for the internship," the hospital director said seriously. He seemed to have some unspeakable reasons.

Camila was stunned. "Didn't you say that you'd give the chance to me?"

"All our high-tech medical equipment was donated by the Paramount Corporation. Its CEO, Mr. Isaac Johnston, told me to take care of Dr. Griffith. I had no choice."

At the mention of Isaac's name, Camila couldn't help but feel a little nervous. Although she was technically Isaac's wife, they hadn't even met each other yet.

She only had seen his face on some financial magazines and TV.

What was going on between him and Debora?

Camila's heart was pounding wildly in her chest, but she managed to keep a straight face. "Really?"

"Yes. We recognize your professionalism and medical skills, but I'm afraid we have no say in the matter." The director tried comforting her. Among the young doctors in this hospital, he appreciated Camila the most.

Camila lowered her head and answered in a low voice, "Okay, I understand."

Perhaps in Isaac's eyes, she was nothing to him since he was forced to marry her.

"I still have surgeries this afternoon, so please excuse me," she said feebly.

She clearly knew that the decision was irreversible.

The director sighed and watched her leave dejectedly.

Despite her heavy heart, Camila went back to work. After successfully completing two surgeries, she was exhausted. She washed her hands, took off her blue scrubs, and sank onto the nearest chair to get some rest.

Just then, Debora passed by.

"Dr. Haynes," she greeted with a smile. "Let me treat you to dinner."

"I'm afraid I'm not available tonight," Camila refused politely. The relationship between her and Debora was professional at best.

To put it simply, the two were just colleagues that had graduated from the same medical school.

Also, they were from the same batch.

But Debora was quite the character. She was very competitive and ambitious, always showing off to get everyone's attention.

On the other hand, Camila liked to be low-key.

The two didn't mesh well together, that was all. So they didn't become good friends.

"Oh, that's too bad. Actually, there was something I wanted to tell you," Debora said, looking a little embarrassed.

Without looking at Debora, Camila spoke. "Go ahead."

For some reason, after finding out that Debora had something to do with Isaac, Camila had a gut feeling to stay away from her.

"You must've heard the news. I'm really sorry. I didn't know that the director would—"

"It's okay, don't worry about it." Not wanting to hear it, Camila cut Debora off mid-sentence.

But Debora wasn't done yet. She lowered her eyes and looked away awkwardly. "So can you keep it a secret that you took my shift last night? Since I'm going to the Military Central Hospital for the internship, I don't want to get into any trouble."

Her line of reasoning was a little farfetched.

But Camila wasn't surprised to hear this from her. "Don't worry. I won't tell a soul."

It wasn't uncommon for doctors to cover shifts for colleagues.

After all, doctors still had lives of their own.

Outside the hospital, it was getting dark.

The street lights came on one by one.

A black luxury car was parked at the gate. Forrest was inside, boasting proudly, "My junior was great, wasn't she?"

Isaac was sitting next to him, leaning back lazily. Thinking of Camila's calmness and agility when she dealt with his wounds, even he had to admit that she was quite skilled.

"Mr. Johnston, Miss Griffith is coming," Willie, who was sitting in the passenger seat, announced.

Isaac lowered the window.

Debora came over, wearing a small smile.

Seeing her, Forrest's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Debora?"

"You know her?" Willie turned around and asked with great intrigue.

Forrest nodded. "She was my junior back in medical school."

Upon hearing this, Isaac's eyes took on a different light.

She was the one who had saved him last night.

Was she also the one who had dealt with his wounds earlier?

Willie noticed the change in Isaac's demeanor and exclaimed, "Cupid finally noticed you!"

Was that it? Did Cupid finally decide to shoot Isaac with his arrow?

Forrest frowned in confusion. "What're you talking about?"

"Mr. Johnston?"

At this time, Debora came over and interrupted their conversation.

Forrest had only hitched a ride with Isaac to see Camila at the hospital.

Seeing that Debora was here, Forrest quickly opened the door and got out of the car. "Excuse me."

After Forrest left, Debora got into the car and sat opposite Isaac. She felt a little uneasy, worried that Isaac would realize that he had mistaken her for someone else.

But she had already tasted the benefits of being affiliated with him.

Because of Camila's skills, the hospital director had always appreciated Camila. Debora knew that he had only vouched for her to be sent to Military Central Hospital because of Isaac.

So she made up her mind to win this man over, no matter what it took.

Such an opportunity was rare. She must have to seize it!

"I've made up my mind," she said softly. Then she looked up and locked eyes with Isaac.

Isaac didn't seem to expect her to make a decision so soon. He looked at her emotionlessly and seemed to be disinterested, but deep down, he was curious about her answer.