

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 46

Chapter 46 Jealousy

Isaac showed no interest in the performance at first, but Harrell's reminder made him turn his attention to the stage. Under the spotlight was a beautiful woman sitting in front of a piano. His eyebrows shot up in astonishment.

He did not expect to see Camila there.

And he certainly did not anticipate that she knew how to play the piano. "Miss Haynes is really talented. I heard from my wife that she's also good at dancing," Harrell remarked.

Isaac continued staring at the woman unblinkingly.

Camila relaxed her body as she placed her slim fingers on the keys of the keyboard, then her fingertips flowed across the surface of the

instrument. The song she played was very melodious, beautiful, and had a romantic feel to it.

Harrell's musical knowledge was limited, so it did not take a long time for his attention to go elsewhere. "I've devoted a lot of time and

effort into perfecting this drug, but it wouldn't have been finished in such a short amount of time without the money you invested."

Isaac was there because he was an investor in the project.

And because he owned the majority of the shares, he had the most influence in its decision-making process.

"The sales price will be discussed in the meeting the day after tomorrow. Will you be able to attend it?" Harrell asked

However, Isaac was not listening to him.

The woman on the stage held him spellbound Isaac, unlike Harrell, had a good ear for music. He immediately recognized the piece Camila

was playing as a famous one. It was Pachelbel's Variations on the Canon.

The melody of the song seemed enchanted. It was as if it were telling its listeners that anything was possible so long as they believed in themselves and their goals.

This was Isaac's first exposure to Camila's greatness.

Not only did she have a stunning appearance, but she was also an accomplished dancer and pianist, in addition to having a strong background in medicine.

He might not have believed her if she claimed to have such refined musical talent if he had not heard her play himself.

When the song ended, applause from the crowd quickly followed.

In truth, however, only a few people really appreciated the performance. After all, the piano was an instrument that was too sophisticated for the masses.

One particular man in eyeglasses was enthusiastically clapping his hands.

It was clear that he enjoyed the performance very much. He even turned to Harrell to ask, "Does this female pianist work at your wife's studio?"

Harrell replied, "She used to work at the studio, but not anymore. She's only here to help."

The man with the spectacles then inquired, "Does she have a boyfriend?" Isaac immediately turned to him.

The guy adjusted his glasses. Based on his expression, he was obviously

interested in Camila. In an instant, Isaac scowled.

Before Harrell could answer, he chimed in, "She's married."

Harrell looked at him in surprise. "Really, Mr. Johnston? But my wife said she doesn't even have a boyfriend. How can she get married if she doesn't have a lover?"

"She's really pretty, and she plays the piano so well," the spectacled man remarked, clearly taken with her.

After saying that, he got up and walked to the backstage area, presumably to get Camila's number.

As a man himself, Isaac could identify the signs of a man's attraction to a woman.

With a grimace, he stood up and declared, "I'm leaving. I have something else to do."

"But this is only the opening act," Harrell protested.

However, after seeing Isaac's icy expression, he decided to forego further attempts to

convince him to stay and simply replied, "I'll see you off."

"Is that man with glasses an employee of your company? Who is he?" Isaac asked as they made their way to the exit.

Harrell answered, "Yes. I snatched him away from another pharmaceutical company by promising him higher pay. He..."

"Enough." Isaac did not want to know more, Harrell, assuming that his talkativeness had annoyed Isaac, clamped his mouth shut.

He did not say anything more.

As Isaac exited the company, he called Forrest to ask for Camila's contact information.

Once he had her number, he hopped in the car and phoned her. Camila had just finished getting ready to leave when a man in glasses came up to her. "I watched your performance. You played the piano beautifully."

"Thank you," Camila simply replied with a polite smile.

The man followed her outside when she exited the building. "Are you free today? Can I invite you to watch a movie with me?"

Her phone rang at that exact moment. Camila promptly answered it.

The person on the other end of the line instructed in a low voice, "Stay away from that man. Don't give him your number or go out with

him. Go

to the side of the road now." Camila furrowed her brows.

She looked around in confusion. What was going on?

Then, her eyes landed on Isaac's car, which was parked on the side of

the road. At that moment, she recalled that he was Elva's husband's investor. That explained why he was there.

A frown formed on her face. How did she forget about such important information? "Get moving already," Isaac snarled. "Okay, okay," Camila said with a sigh.

Bringing her phone down, she turned to the spectacled man. "Sorry, I have to go now. I have a lot of things to do."

With that, she took a few strides toward the parked car. She was about to enter the back seat when Isaac said, "Sit in the front." Camila went to the passenger seat reluctantly.

As soon as she sat down, Isaac sighed helplessly "Can't you behave yourself for once?" Camila's frown deepened. She looked at him as if he had lost his mind.

What was wrong with him?

Had she agitated him again?

"Stop causing me trouble." Instead of replying, Camila just ensured that her seat belt was secure.

Isaac himself did not know what was wrong with him. For some inexplicable reason, he was always quick to get angry about the things that she did or the words that she uttered.

Ever since the time they first met, he had been a lot more irritable than usual.

If anyone asks, tell them you're not single anymore."

A few minutes later, Isaac managed to control his wrath, albeit barely. To avoid making him upset, Camila knew she had to make a good

impression on him. She would leave soon, anyway.

"Fine."

After a moment, the tension in Isaac's brows eased.

He looked pleased with himself.

During the drive back to the villa, the two of them savoured their rare moment of quiet together.

Soon, they arrived. Camila was about to exit the car when Isaac suddenly grabbed her hand.

Her mouth dropped open in disbelief as she exclaimed, "What are you doing?"

Isaac had been avoiding coming home because he was upset with her. He still had not forgotten that she had asked Forrest to find a woman to have sex with him.

It was as though the idea of him having sexual relations with another woman did not affect her at all.

Even worse, he could tell by the glow on her face that she was leading a joyful life in his absence.

What a heartless woman.

"Can you stop making me angry?" Isaac asked through gritted teeth.

He did not want to admit that he had feelings for her.

However, he was powerless to stop himself from longing for her or

becoming obsessed with her.

He was aware that she had a lover, that she had been pregnant, and that

she had miscarried. Despite that, he still thought she was the perfect woman for him.

He really liked her.

"What did I do to piss you off again?" Camila asked.

She really could not understand him,

Why was he always angry?

She had a lot of complaints about him

However, she could not express her discontent verbally. Feigning obedience, she added, "All right. I won't make you angry again." She then smiled and asked, "Can you let me go now? I want to get out of the car now."

Isaac looked down at her beautiful, soft lips. Remembering how she exuded poise and sophistication as she played the piano, he bent down and kissed her.

Camila's eyes widened in bewilderment. Immediately, she tried to push him away.

However, he grabbed her hands to keep her from resisting and captured her lips again before she could finish what she was about to say.

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Chapter 47

Chapter 47 Escape Plan

Camila's dewy skin was something Isaac was already aware of, but he had no idea how soft and silky it was until he touched her.

At that moment, it was as if a feather had brushed his heart.

The sensation was so good that it was addictive

Camila's pupils dilated and expanded in horror.

What in the world was Isaac doing?

Was he looking to have sex with her?

No way.

With her current condition, having sex right now would be detrimental to her health.

However, Isaac was being persistent

Unable to escape his grasp, Camila resorted to biting his lips.

Isaac hissed in pain and loosened his grip on her. Camila seized this opportunity to push him away.

She glared at him and questioned, "Isaac, what do you think you're doing? What do you take me for? A woman who can sleep with

anybody?" Isaac's gaze was ablaze with desire as he studied her. "Are you not?" Upon hearing that, Camila almost slapped him

Thankfully, she managed to stop herself.

No matter how upset she was, she must not hit him.

"No, I'm not that kind of woman. I have a lover, and I've only done that with him." She was calm now.

Or at least her tone was.

If she made a scene, Isaac might justify his actions by saying that, as his wife, he was entitled to do whatever he pleased with her. Therefore, she must keep her cool.

Isaac stared at her quietly before saying, "Leave that man."

He had calmed down as well.

All he wanted was for his wife to be faithful to him.

It did not matter how many men there were; he did not want her to be in a relationship with any of them anymore.

Now, she belonged to him only.

Camila thought about the man she had a one-night stand with. She hadn't even figured out what that person looked like.

She did not know him at all.

That was why she did not protest and just said, "Fine."

The only proof that she slept with that man was the child inside her. After hearing her response, Isaac felt much better.

Being so agreeable

to him was unusual for her, but he was not complaining.

"Let's go." Isaac then opened the door and stepped out of the car. Donning a complicated expression on her face,

Camila followed him with

her eyes

Then, slowly, it dawned on her why Isaac was acting strange.

Her gaze dropped.

She and Isaac came from two different worlds.

She could not let herself fall in love with him.

Pretending as if nothing had happened, she got out of the car.

Glenda was taking out the trash when Isaac and Camila entered the house together. Her face lit up as she asked,

"Mrs. Johnston, why are you two together?"

Camila smiled at her in greeting before replying, "I ran into him." Glenda nodded in understanding. She then left the two alone. This level of tranquility between the couple was unusual, so she must not disrupt them.

However, Camila did not want to be alone with Isaac, especially after discovering what he felt for her.

She feigned a yawn. "I'm going upstairs first. I'm sleepy." Isaac could tell she was avoiding him, so he said, "I'm hungry. Get me something to eat."

Camila let out a sigh of frustration.

Nevertheless, she had no choice but to obey him

"What do you want to eat?" She forced herself to smile to hide her irritation.

"Anything," Isaac replied.

Camila studied him before going to the kitchen. She washed her hands in the sink, and then she opened the fridge.

There were plenty of fresh ingredients in it.

After deciding to whip up a few easy meals, she grabbed the necessary ingredients.

Isaac stepped into the living room and waited there. He gazed at the occupied woman in the kitchen as he began to unbutton his suit.

Having lost his parents at an early age, he no longer remembered what it was like to eat home-cooked meals.

Before Camila moved in, Glenda was the only one responsible for keeping the house tidy.

Usually, he felt lonely whenever he was at home.

He had no idea what home was supposed to feel like until now.

He slipped off his suit and tossed it carelessly on the sofa before heading into the kitchen.

"Camila."

Camila was busy chopping the vegetables.

She turned to the man standing at the entrance of the kitchen and said, "Wait a minute. Your food isn't ready yet."

Of course, Isaac knew that the food was not cooked yet. He just wanted to tell her that he wanted to keep living with her like this.

However, the words would not come out of his mouth. His sense of dignity prevented him from making such a statement.

In the end, he turned to leave without saying anything.

Camila lowered her head again as her eyes glinted with an emotion that quickly vanished.

She finished cooking half an hour later.

The food that she prepared consisted of uncomplicated, home-cooked meals.

They were nothing special.

After taking a seat at the table, Isaac questioned, "You don't want to eat?" Camila shook her head. "I'm not hungry."

Despite her answer, she still took a seat and watched him eat.

They were supposed to be a couple.

Despite the fact that they were bound together by a marriage certificate,

they did not behave in any way like a couple.

With that in mind, she decided to join him since it was going to be their

final dinner together. The next day, they ate breakfast together. "I'll drop you off at the hospital on my way to the company," Isaac said.

Camila did not tell him that she was no longer working at the hospital. "I'm not going to the hospital today," she replied before she continued to eat.

Isaac did not find anything unusual at first. He just assumed that she was not feeling well enough to work.

"I can make you a full-fledged member of the medical staff at the Military Central Hospital..."

"Thanks, but no." Raising her head, she flashed him a small smile.

She was not used to Isaac being so nice.

Had it happened earlier, she certainly would have been grateful.

Now, though, she had no need for the job anymore.

Isaac frowned a little. Camila was acting strangely.

Had she argued with him as usual, he would have thought nothing of it, but she did not

With narrowed eyes, he stared at her for a few seconds.

He appeared to have picked up on something, but he did not show it on his face.

He got up from the table without making a fuss.

Camila continued to eat slowly.

When she heard the door close, she looked up.

Once she was done eating breakfast, she turned to

Glenda and said, "I'm going to pick up my clothes from the laundry shop."

"Okay," Glenda answered without looking away from the furniture she was dusting,

Camila got rid of the things she did not need before leaving the house. She then asked the driver to take her to the laundry shop.

In the laundry shop, she instructed one of its employees to prepare and pack her clothes. Afterward, she hopped in the car and said to the

driver, "Let's go to the mall." Without hesitation, the driver sent her to the shopping mall. "I'll just do some clothing swapping. I'll be right

back. You can wait for me in the parking lot," Camila lied. The driver agreed.

Camila then entered the mall with the clothes she had fetched.

She did not notice how the driver dialled Isaac's number after she left. Isaac had instructed him to keep an eye on Camila.

She was acting strange today.

Upon noticing that something was off, Isaac immediately kept his defences up.

After making sure that the driver was not following her, Camila took the elevator down to the underground parking lot with the bags of

clothes in her hands. In her mind, freedom was finally within her reach.

She gleefully loaded her belongings into the waiting vehicle.

She recently purchased this second-hand car and strategically parked it there.

All of these steps were part of her plan to escape.

She had Rowena leave the city as quietly as possible. She refused to use a method of departure that necessitated revealing her true identity.

Prior to leaving, she had plotted out her entire trip. She slipped away undetected, having dodged every camera on the roads.

In short, everything went according to her plan.

Once she reached the expressway, she hummed happily in relief. Despite the car's diminutive size and worn-out appearance, Camila drove it with ease,

For the rest of the ride, she continued humming.

The road was partially obstructed by the toll booth. She opened the window, rested her arm on it, and took a deep breath of

the fresh air. One minute, everything was fine. The next, she noticed something amiss. Why were there so many vehicles parked in the roadway in front of the toll booth?

Those did not look like police cars at all.

Suddenly, she caught a glimpse of a man walking toward her.

Camila's eyes widened.

The man was...

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Chapter 48 Catching Her

It was Isaac.

What was he doing there, though?

Feeling like she had seen a ghost, Camila frowned

She pulled her arm back and closed the window before swiftly donning a pair of sunglasses, a cap, and a mask.

All of her preparation for the escape had gone off without a hitch, and she was confident that he still had no idea she had run away.

Therefore, it was definitely not because of her that he was there.

Maybe he had some sort of appointment nearby.

With this in mind, Camila became less nervous.

She ducked her head, trying to hide behind the steering wheel.

She then prayed silently that he would not notice her.

suddenly, she heard thudding sounds.

Someone was knocking on the window of her car.

Camila showed no sign of hearing it.

Then, the car in front of her stopped moving

In her panic, Camila beeped the horn to tell the driver to move over. Isaac was glumly observing her from where he stood by her car. Was

she still pretending she could not see him?

He had already caught her. At this point, she should just get out of the car and face him. A few minutes passed, and Camila remained stubborn. Isaac scowled harder. In that case, he would like to see how long

she

could stay in the car. He turned to Wynter, and instructed, "Get a tow truck to come here." Camila had no idea what he said because the

window was closed. From the front rearview mirror, she could see the vehicles behind her slowly backing up.

After a while, the cars made way for the tow truck.

She did not have time to wonder why there was a tow truck there because her car was hitched and dragged away all of a sudden.

The distance between her car and the other vehicles increased.

She was also moving further away from the toll booth.

She looked back at Isaac as she was moved further away from him.

He did nothing but stand there, his expression grim and menacing. Camila's stomach lurched. Did he know it was her in the car from the start?

How did he find out about her escape so soon?

Had he predicted it?

Did she just walk into his trap?

No, she had to escape. If he managed to get his hands on her, he would never let her go. With this in mind, Camila stepped on the gas

pedal 'There was a grinding noise coming from the tires as they rubbed against the pavement, and a cloud of black smoke rose from the area. Unfortunately, her plan backfired, and her car was dragged backward. Soon, the tires sent off an odour that was too strong for her to ignore. She almost puked because of how bad it smelled. Isaac scoffed as he watched Camila. He muttered, "You still want to escape, huh? Go flatten her tires, Wynter." This way, she would be forced to admit defeat. Wynter walked over and ordered her men to deflate her car's tires using the proper equipment. Camila gaped at him in shock. She was still reeling from Isaac's discovery of her plan to escape. Now, she was appalled that he would resort to such a wicked method to prevent her from getting away. Deflating the tires of her car, really? He was so vicious. Soon, her car was loaded onto a tow truck. The driver then began operating the vehicle. Camila felt her rage rising as she took in her surroundings. Due to circumstances, she had no choice but to go back to where she came from. After a while, the tow truck stopped in front of the villa. Isaac did not urge Camila to come out of the car again. Since she wanted to run away so badly, then she should just stay in the car forever. That way, she would not be able to escape again.

"Have our men keep watch on her." Isaac's eyes were gleaming murderously as he spoke. It was not directed at Wynter, though, but at Camila.

"Yes, sir," Wynter replied

The secretary was very efficient. She immediately got several men to surround the car, trapping Camila inside. The air in the car became increasingly stale, and steam started coating the windows

Camila removed her cap and mask but continued to have trouble

breathing. She proceeded to lower the window.

A gust of wind immediately went in.

Camila inhaled deeply, feeling like she had gone back to life.

Time went by quickly.

Isaac did not come out of the house to see her.

It was like he had forgotten about her.

There was a delicious aroma wafting from the villa kitchen right now.

It roused Camila's appetite.

It was bearable, but she could not risk her unborn child starving. Camila sighed.

She had to admit that Isaac had one-upped her.

Sighing once more, she moved to get out of the car.

However, she was stopped by Isaac's men.

"What are you doing?" Camila asked.

"We were told to guard you. If you run away now, we're doomed. That's why we can't let you out of the car," one of the guards explained.

Camila huffed in disbelief.

Was she supposed to stay in the car for the rest of her life, then?

"I want to see Isaac," she said through gritted teeth.

The guards proceeded to discuss among themselves before one of them went to Wynter to inform her about Camila's request.

Upon receiving the news, Wynter approached Isaac and said, "Mr. Johnston, Camila wants to see you."

Isaac raised his head slowly, and a smile of mild triumph flashed across

his face Was Camila admitting defeat already?

Why did she give up so soon? A sense of disappointment crept into his mind. He thought Camila had a backbone. It seemed he was wrong.

Isaac stood up from his seat and stated, "Let's go and check up on her." With Wynter following him, Isaac walked to the car with an expressionless face.

Camila immediately put on a fake smile. "I don't understand why everyone got so worked up. I just went out for a walk."

"For a walk? You didn't have to bring all your stuff with you if you were just going for a walk. Or do you still wet your pants and need to change your clothes from time to time?" Isaac asked sarcastically.

Camila stared at him in shock. Isaac did not mince his words at all. Did he really think she would not punch him for insulting her?

Not that she would do that, of course.

In the end, Camila had no choice but to let the insult slide

"You're hilarious. I don't wet my pants anymore. I'm a grown-up adult, you know?" she replied through clenched teeth.

It took her all to suppress her rage.

"can I get out of here now?" she asked, still feigning a smile.

Isaac placed his hands behind his back and snarled, "No. Don't you want to run away? Then stay there."

Camila gawked at him.

Was he really planning to lock her in the car forever?

With a tense jaw, she gripped the steering wheel tightly.

She was fuming mad to the point that she wished for Isaac to be erased from existence

This guy was very cold and heartless.

He was completely unmerciful. However, she knew she had to ask for his forgiveness for the sake of her child, Additionally, she was starting to feel sick.

Look, I'm sorry," Camila said apologetically

"Why? What did you do wrong?"

Upon noticing that she did not seem to feel well, Isaac had a sudden urge to check up on her.

He quickly tamed it, though

He made sure his demeanour resembled that of a lifeless machine.

"I shouldn't have tried to run away. I'm sorry now. Let me get out, okay?" Camila asked pleadingly.

Eventually, Isaac nodded after sensing the sincerity in her apology.

"Come with me. Wynter, take care of this." With that, Isaac turned

around. Wynter glanced at Camila and then at the guards. "You may leave now." Exhausted, Camila followed Isaac inside the house.

As soon as she entered the bedroom, she headed straight for the bathroom to wash her face.

She could not get away from him despite her best efforts, and he ended up catching her.

She had to prepare. There was no way he was going to let her off the hook.

Camila thought Isaac was going to punish her, but he did not. He even let her eat a good meal. She was still wary, though. After all, Isaac was the type to hold grudges.

When dinner was over, she made a beeline for her room, where she

collapsed into bed. She was really exhausted. Shortly after, the door opened. Camila sat up abruptly.

Isaac made his way ponderously to the bed.

Her instincts screamed at her to run away.

She was right.

He really came to punish her.

In an instant, Isaac grabbed her by the shoulder and forced her down onto the bed. Then, he seized her by the throat.

His eyes were burning with rage as he glared at her.

Did he not make it clear enough that he loved her?

He had cast his pride aside and accepted her.

However, she just crushed his heart under her foot.

She was even determined to get away from him by any means necessary. Did she give his love no importance at all?

How dare she disrespect him? #

Isaac was trying to win over a woman who had her heart set on someone

else.

He had never done that before, and yet she still rejected him.

"Tell me. Where did you plan to go? Were you planning to see your lover?" Camila gasped for air as a result of being deprived of her oxygen

supply. Seconds later, her face turned crimson red.

She fisted her hand on the bed sheet, trembling

If she was not sure before, she was now.

If she wanted her child to survive, she must leave Isaac.

She had to do it for her baby.

In a raspy voice, Camila replied, "Yes. I want to see him. I want a man

who can give me pleasure in bed... Hmm..."

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Chapter 49

Chapter 49 Won't Let Her Leave

Before Camila could finish speaking, the grip around Camila's throat tightened.

All Isaac could think about was strangling her to death.

Camila made him feel nothing but disgust. 2

She did not deserve an ounce of his love.

She did not deserve any of it.

At this moment, Camila's neck hurt. Her chest also heaved violently as she struggled to breathe.

She said those words to make Isaac hate her and let her go.

But when she saw the hurt expression in his eyes...

She closed her eyes, unable to bring herself to look at him any longer. She was aware he had never once loved her.

He was just being nice to her because she lost her child.

But if he found out she still had the other one in her womb, he would not let her off this time.

Worst case scenario, he would even force her to have an abortion. Camila remembered the time when she lost the baby. Isaac had told that

even without the accident, he would not let her give birth to it

And now, she swore to herself she would not give up her child for this devil, Isaac.

She would not be blinded by this so-called love.

"You can... strangle me... all you want..." Camila squeezed out these

words with all her remaining strength.

She felt that death was approaching by the second.

Meanwhile, Isaac's grip tightened, and his eyes blazed with anger. The only thought he

had in mind was killing the woman in front of him. At this moment, a trace of fear flashed across Camila's face. For it was only then that Isaac came to his senses.

At last, he loosened his grip on Camila's throat and let her go.

His hand trembled.

He was out of control just now and almost strangled Camila to death.

He was flustered yet he tried to maintain his composure.

"L won't kill you. I don't want my hands to get dirty because of you," Isaac spat.

Now that Camila could breathe, she opened her mouth and took a large gulp of oxygen.

It was as if she was dead until a gust of fresh air breathed life into her. Her eyes were also red and wet with tears.

She was terrified shitless when Isaac's hand was on her neck.

And even now that he had let her go, her heart was still pounding in her chest.

Camila had thought her plan was perfect. She had no idea how Isaac discovered it.

She tried her best to calm herself down and then asked, "How, how did you find out I was leaving?"

Isaac just stared at her and said nothing

The truth was, he had sensed that something was wrong as she suddenly became obedient to him.

Camila never listened to him and always did whatever she wanted despite his disapproval.

If she was meek and submissive, then something must be up. So, when Isaac left for work, he ordered the driver to keep an eye on Camila at all times.

While she thought everything was going according to plan, the driver was secretly watching her.

Camila was truly a heartless woman.

No matter how nice Isaac was treating her, she didn't care. She was only thinking about her lover.

However, it seemed that he would not give her a chance to leave again. "You will never be able to escape from me for the rest of your life!

You want to go and find your lover?! No fucking way!" @ Isaac swore to never let Camila go.

Even if she did not love him back, he would not let her escape from him. He was determined to make her life a living hell.

"I'll make you pay the price, Camila." Isaac slammed the door and left angrily.

The door closed with a loud bang, and the entire house seemed to tremble because of the force.

Meanwhile, Camila was still in fear,

The instant Isaac stepped out of the door, her body trembled more violently.

She unconsciously clutched her belly with one hand and stared at the door for a long time.

It turned out that Isaac's suspicion was aroused because she had flattered him too much. ®

She had thought that by doing it she would lower his guard, but what had happened was the other way around. Unfortunately for her, escaping would, if not impossible, be extremely difficult in the future.

At this moment, Camila leaned against the headboard and gazed outside the window.

She was exhausted, and her eyes were brimmed with tears.

She caressed her belly and said in a low and hoarse voice, "I love you, my dear baby. Although your arrival was unexpected, you're still a part of me. I will protect you and ensure you come to this world safely."

At the office of Paramount Corporation, several documents were piled up in front of Isaac.

When he left the villa, he drove here to divert his attention and drown

his emotions with work. He wanted to forget about everything about Camila, But then, he could not seem to focus on work.

For some reason, he was irritable, and his mind kept wandering elsewhere.

Camila...

The more Isaac thought about her, the angrier he became. This woman was killing him.

What she had done annoyed him to the core.

Isaac had never been this restless before. It was all because of a woman. While he was in deep thought, a knock came at the door.

Isaac calmed himself down and said, "Come in."

Wynter came in with a document in her hand.

"Mr. Johnston, I've found out what you've asked me to investigate. Camila has quit her internship at Military Central Hospital. She had asked Glenda to send the clothes to the laundry in advance so she could take them away without alerting you. It's safe to say that she has planned her escape long time ago." Isaac was not at all surprised when he heard this.

In other words, Camila had pretended to be obedient to get away from him.

"I know," Isaac replied in his usually cold voice. "Good news: Willie's recovery has been amazing, and it won't be long before he gets discharged."

"I see."

Wynter stared at Isaac for a brief moment. Judging from the look on her face, she wanted to say something but stopped on second thought. "Anything else?" Isaac urged.

Truth be told, Wynter wanted to remind him that Robin had forced him to be with Camila. So, if she wanted to leave, he should let her go. ®

But, of course, she could not say that.

"You have two social engagements this afternoon. At three o'clock, you'll have a tea party with the bank president in Chai Point. The other one would be at eight in the evening," she reported.

Isaac nodded. "Very well. Remind me when it's time to go."

"Yes, sir."

"If there's nothing else, you can go." Isaac waved his hand, beckoning her to leave.

Without another word, Wynter walked out of the office and closed the door behind her.

She stood in front of the door but did not leave. Instead, she stared at it with a burning gaze as if she could see the man through it.

"What are you looking at?"

A woman's voice with a tinge of mockery suddenly came from behind Wynter turned around and found that it was Debora. "What are you doing here? Mr. Johnston won't see you."

Debora smiled. "It's not up to you whether he'll see me or not. And look at you. Didn't you just stand at the door to spend more time with

Isaac?" Women understood women well.

It was true that Wynter was reluctant to leave. So, she could not blame Debora for making such an assumption.

"Not everyone can do what you've done to achieve their goal. You even faked your pregnancy. And now, Mr. Johnston feels nothing about

you but disgust. Believe me. Don't even think about stirring up more trouble and just leave."

Debora's face darkened.

"Who do you think you are? You're just a secretary. Yes, he doesn't like me anymore, but don't forget I was once his woman. What about

you?" Wynter clenched her fists in anger.

For a moment, she wanted to refute Debora's words but held herself back. She kept reminding herself not to ruin her image just because of this lowly woman.

Isaac seemed to have heard the argument outside his office.

He went out to see what was happening. His face turned gloomier upon seeing Debora

"Who said you could come here?" He turned to look at Wynter and added, "Tell the receptionist and security not to let her come in ever again." Without waiting for a response, he turned around to get back to his office.

Wynter glanced at Debora with a smirk and said with gloating, "I'll tell them right away." Debora shot daggers at her.

Just as Isaac could enter his office, she stopped him.

"Isaac, wait!" 5

He hated it whenever she called him by his name.

All of a sudden, he stopped in his tracks, turned around to face Debora, and stared at her with an intense gaze. If looks could kill, she would have already dropped dead.

Isaac's sharp eyes frightened her.

At this moment, Debora bit her lower lip and looked back at him fawningly. "I'm sorry. I won't call you like that again. Anyway, I came here to tell you something."

"I don't want to hear it," Isaac spat.

"It's about the embryo sample. It has your genes, right?"

Debora had come prepared.

Meanwhile, Isaac was stunned.
Although he hated to admit it, Debora was right.
The test result did show that he was related to the fetus.
"What do you want to say?" Isaac impatiently urged.
[just came to tell you something about that baby."

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Isaac stared intently at Debora with narrowed eyes. "About the baby?" Feigning calmness, Debora replied, "Yes, the embryo that I provided you is indeed mine. At that time, blood was dripping down my legs because Thad just had a miscarriage. It's not because of my period at all.

You know how many women you've slept with and how many of them could get pregnant with your child, don't you? You also know I can lie, but the embryo can't."

Isaac maintained his composure and said nothing

In reality, however, he had already begun to consider the possibility.

He only slept with a woman once.

Therefore, if someone was carrying his child, it would be the woman who had sex with him that night.

Indeed, Debora could lie.

The paternity test result, on the other hand, could not. Truthfully, though, he did not want to pursue the matter further because he did not want to have anything more to do with Debora.

Following up on her previous remarks, Debora said, "The doctor lied. He was bribed to slander me."

"Really?" Isaac asked coldly with a raised brow.

"He's downstairs. You can ask him whether I'm telling the truth or not." Before she came to him, Debora had done extensive preparation.

She was not worried even if Isaac asked the doctor. If anything, she was afraid he would not.

"Look, I won't make something like this up. Someone really set me up." Debora's eyes began to fill with tears, making her look utterly

heartbroken. This time, she wisely did not mention what had happened before. "You know I can't lie to you because you always find out the truth in the end. Also, I have no reason to do so."

"That's not true. You know the reason why you'd lie to me," Isaac sneered.

At this point, he had lost faith in Debora.

He just could not make sense of what she was saying about the embryo. If she was lying, then where did she obtain the embryo?

This could only mean one thing

There really was a woman who was carrying his child. #
That was where the embryo came from.

Debora's lips twitched. Undeterred, she continued, "You can look into it if you think I'm lying."

To all appearances, she looked completely honest and innocent.

She really looked like she had been wronged.

"Well, it doesn't really matter now even if the embryo was yours and you were pregnant with my child." This time,

Isaac's tone was not as icy

and harsh as it had been previously.

He did not love Debora

Nevertheless, she was the woman he had been intimate with once. He ought to show her some mercy.

"How much do you want?" In the end, he decided to use money to put an end to this relationship.

Debora gave him a pointed look. "I don't want your money.

I can also ask you to marry me, but I won't. I know you don't love me, and as

much as

I'd like us to be together, I don't want to force you to do anything." The more he listened to her, the more Isaac's irritation level rose.

Tugging at his collar, he spat, "You want me to thank you?

Is that it?" "No. I just think that if we try, maybe we'll fall in love with each other

eventually..." "I won't fall in love with you. That's for sure."

Every time Isaac thought about what she and that man were doing in the room,

he felt sick. #

"I think you already know the reason why," Isaac said.

If Debora confessed now, she might make Isaac see her as someone who was not afraid to own up to her mistakes.

However, she could not bring herself to tell him about Ryder.

Not even a word about him.

"If you don't want money, then what are you doing here?" Isaac asked. "I'm here to explain my side to you. I just don't want you to think badly of me. That's all." Debora knew that asking for anything right now would be pushing her luck. For now, she just wanted to gain Isaac's trust.

All right. You've explained yourself. You can leave now." Without hesitation, Isaac proceeded to close the door. Debora grimaced.

This was not what she expected to happen.

She was sure Isaac would interrogate the doctor.

The truth was that she had bribed the doctor again.

Should Isaac inquire, the doctor would tell him that Camila paid him to slander Debora.

She could kill two birds with one stone with this plan. By proving that she was really pregnant, Debora would not only be able to frame

Camila but also restore Isaac's respect for her. =

However, Isaac did not ask the doctor anything. Debora could not understand where it had gone wrong. She had wanted to turn the tables in her favour, but Isaac prevented it from happening.

Determined not to give up, Debora fisted her hand to knock on the door, but Wynter suddenly spoke up. "If you do that, you'll just irritate him even more."

Instantly, Debora dismissed the idea of knocking on the door.

Then, her mind began to wander.

Wynter was right.

Maybe Isaac needed time to process everything she had said. Additionally, she might get exactly the opposite of what she wanted if she kept badgering him.

With that in mind, Debora turned around to see Wynter staring at her unfriendly. Ignoring her, she walked away confidently.

Inside his office, Isaac watched the world outside through the French window. The window was high and strategically placed, giving him a panoramic view of the city's wealthiest neighbourhood.

When he peered down, he caught a glimpse of the doctor by the car. After a while, Debora approached him and said something to him.

Then, they hopped into the car and drove away.

The door of the office opened, and Wynter walked in. She informed him in a low voice, "Miss Griffith has left, sir."

Isaac just hummed in response.

Wynter hesitated for a moment before asking, "Should I have the doctor investigated? Maybe someone really bribed him, and he was

lying..." "No," Isaac interrupted.

The doctor could lie, but the embryo could not. He only had sex with someone once, and that someone was Debora, which was why she came to him with such confidence.

Perhaps Debora was really pregnant with his child. =
However, it did not matter anymore.

The baby was gone now.

He did what he should have done.

Truthfully, Isaac was avoiding acknowledging Debora's pregnancy.

He wanted the past to stay in the past.

At a loss what was going through Isaac's mind, Wynter slowly retreated from the office

Meanwhile, in the villa, Camila couldn't open the door of the room.

It was locked from the outside.

"Glenda! Glenda!" Camila shouted.

She then started pounding on the door.

Glenda came running to the second floor.

"Mrs. Johnston, please don't knock. It was Mr. Johnston who asked me to lock the door."

"What?" Camila hissed

Why did Isaac do that?

Was he afraid that she would run away again?

Or did he simply want to imprison her?

"I'm hungry, Glenda. Open the door and let me eat something."

Glenda hesitated before replying, "Mr. Johnston told us not to give you anything to eat."

"What?"

Camila gaped at the door. Was Isaac planning to starve her to death?

The man was really vicious. "Mrs. Johnston, I think it'd be better for you to behave and save your energy..."

Camila stopped banging on the door and went to sit down on the bed instead.

She forced herself to calm down.

Isaac did tell her that she would pay for what she had done. It seemed this was how he wanted her to pay.

He was a man of his word, all right, but not in a good way.

In any case, Camila had to find a way out.

She could not starve to death there.

Taking a deep breath, she reached down to rub her stomach. "Don't worry, baby. I won't let you starve."

If she did not eat, her baby would not get any nourishment.

For this reason, she could not just sit there and wait for her death.

Suddenly, an idea occurred to her.