

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 51

Chapter 51 Where Is The Key

Camila turned her head to the side. When her eyes landed on the window, they lit up.

The door was locked, but she could escape through the window.

At once, she sprang to her feet and headed towards the window.

Camila wanted to check how high it was and see if she could leave through it, but the window could not be opened in any way.

She turned the knob and gave it a hard shake.

The window did not move, though.

She frowned.

From the outside of the door, Glenda asked, "Mrs.

Johnston, did you make Mr. Johnston mad? He looked really angry earlier. Then, before

he left, he asked us to lock the door to your room. He also told us not to let you out without his permission. If that's the case, then you

should apologize to him and ask for his forgiveness."

"With his temper, I don't think he'll forgive me even if I apologize." Camila doubted that Isaac would forgive her.

With rage consuming her, she slammed her hand against the glass window.

"Bastard!" Camile hissed.

"Well, you don't have any other choice," Glenda muttered. While Camila was thinking of a way out, she lay down on the bed to save her energy.

Over and through, she mulled over possible solutions.

In the end, though, she came up empty-handed. The door was locked, and the room was secure.

She was at her wits' end.

Isaac said he would make her pay for what she had done.

True to his word, he did what he said he would do.

Before now, she only fell asleep for a while.

Then, she woke up to find the door locked.

"Glenda, I'm fine. Try to calm down."

Suddenly, Glenda heard noises from the first floor.

She hastily made her way downstairs.

Isaac had returned.

Glenda said, "Mrs. Johnston said she was hungry..."

"Let her starve." Isaac looked up to the upper level before adding, "I have to go on a business trip. Don't you dare feed her behind my

back." Glenda opened her mouth to say something.

Isaac, however, gave her a warning look.

Frightened, Glenda dropped her head and remained silent.

Isaac did not return for the next three days.

Camila had lost all of her strength after being confined for three days. @ On the bed, she lay as though dying. Her face was wan. She felt

dizzy, and her lips were dry and pallid.

For all she knew, she could have been suffering from hypoglycaemia right now. Later on, she might experience other symptoms. #

If that happened, who would save her?

As her hopelessness grew, Camila's hatred toward Isaac increased. That man really wanted her dead, didn't he? She was starting to feel desperate when she suddenly thought of Forrest. Camila dragged herself from bed and made her way to the door.

With every ounce of her strength, she knocked on the door.

Glenda paced in the living room anxiously. #

Camila had not eaten or drunk anything in three days, and it worried her. She stopped pacing when she heard thudding sounds.

The noise alerted Glenda, and she hurriedly headed toward the second floor. With a disturbed expression on her face, she stated, "I'll call Mr.

Johnston and try to convince him..."

"No, call Forrest instead." Camila then proceeded to recite Forrest's contact number. "Tell him about my current situation." Camila sat

immobile by the door, unable to move anymore. She looked like she was suffering from a critical illness, given how frail her appearance was.

Isaac would definitely not give in to her pleading.

Perhaps Forrest would be able to rescue her.

He was her only hope now.

"I'll call him right away."

Glenda was really worried. At this rate, Camila might really die. Following Camila's instructions, she headed downstairs and called the number Camila provided.

Soon, the call connected. "Hello?"

"Hello, Camila asked me to call you. She's been locked up in her room for three days without any water or food."

Forrest's eyes widened.

Camile was pregnant. It was unhealthy for her to go without food and water.

"Where is she locked up?" Forrest asked hurriedly.

"In the villa..." Forrest ended the call before she could finish her words.

It was because he already knew where Isaac lived.

Glenda put the phone down and started walking back and forth, anxiously awaiting Forrest's arrival.

Half an hour later, she heard a knock on the front door.

She immediately went to open it.

"Where is she?" Forrest questioned anxiously.

"On the second floor."

The man hastily made his way to the second floor.

"Where's the key?" Forrest asked once he reached the door to Camila's room.

Glenda shook her head. "I don't know."

Forrest swallowed nervously. What should he do now?

"Maybe we should call Mr. Johnston," Glenda suggested.

Her voice was shaking.

She had just called Forrest to come to the villa without Isaac's permission. If he found out about this, she would be doomed.

"I don't think he'll tell us where the key is. It was him who locked Mila up to starve her to death, after all," Forrest replied in a grim tone.

While Glenda was concerned for Camila, she was also terrified of Isaac's rage. Anxiously, she rubbed her hands together and asked, "What do we do now?"

"I have to kick the door open." Forrest then knocked on the door. "Camila, are you behind the door? I'm going to kick it open. I don't want to hurt you, so get away from the door as far as possible." Camila, despite her frailty, managed to crawl away from the door.

Forrest retreated two steps and gathered his strength. Just as he was about to kick the door open, a deep voice of a man stopped him.

"What are you doing?"

Glenda and Forrest turned their heads toward the owner of the voice. They spotted Isaac standing not far away from them. None of them noticed his arrival at all.

Glenda hurriedly explained, "Mr. Johnston, please. At this rate, Mrs.

Johnston won't be able to« "What did Mila do for you to torture her like this? Do you really want her to die?"

Forrest chimed in snappishly.

Did Isaac find out about the baby in Camila's womb? Was that why he was so angry?

"Is she dead?" Isaac scowled menacingly.

Forrest and his actions annoyed him beyond words.

What was his relationship with Camila?

This was not the first time that he intervened to help her. He even rushed to Isaac's villa to save her.

It provoked Isaac's wrath to a high degree.

It gave him the impression that his personal belongings were being coveted by other people.

"Glenda, go to the study and get the key."

He was curious as to whether or not that woman had really died.

At the moment, the expression on Isaac's face was ghastly.

Out of fear, Forrest held himself back from commenting further.

He was sure now that Isaac had discovered Camila's pregnancy.

Forrest sighed.

Soon, Glenda returned.

"Mr. Johnston, here's the key." She handed it to Isaac's awaiting hand.

With the key in his hand, Isaac walked to the door and inserted it in the keyhole.

He then turned the knob and opened the door.

The first thing that greeted him was the sight of Camila lying on the

floor. Her hair was a tangled mess.

Her lips were dry and cracked, and her face was deathly pale

Camila sat up slowly and then scowled at Isaac through her tangled hair. Without a doubt, this man was evil to the core.

Those small acts of kindness from him must be something she made up. Everything about him was vicious.

Isaac looked at her with chilly eyes. "I see you still have enough strength to glare at me. You're not dying at all, are you?"

Both Forrest and Glenda exchanged a glance.

Silence ensued next, as no one dared to speak

With her eyes glaring at him, Camila spat through gritted teeth, "You bastard... You should've just killed me earlier."

"I can do that now if you want," Isaac retorted flatly.

"Do it, and when I die, I'll drag you to hell with me!"

A sudden rush of strength washed over Camila. She had no idea where it came from. All she knew was that she was desperate to get out of her current predicament.

She sprinted over to Isaac and grabbed the collar of his shirt.

Isaac did not panic at all. Instead, he gazed at her in a nonchalant manner.

After three days without food and water, she looked emaciated and feeble, like she might pass out at any moment. However, in spite of her frail and deathly appearance, her eyes were alive and shining with hatred.

She exuded the resolve of a woman who refused to admit defeat. Instead of being offended by her behaviour, Isaac found himself admiring

her. He leaned his face closer to hers. In a deep, seductive voice, he asked, "Oh? Do you have what it takes to kill me?"

It dawned on Camila all at once that she was defenceless and powerless. Perhaps that was why he mocked her so casually. Camila felt

humiliation and rage rising in her heart.
In a frenzy of rage, she jumped up on tiptoe and bit his neck.

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Chapter 52 Fainting

Isaac's face contorted in pain.

However, he did not push Camila away.

She was clinging to him now.

Her tender form quickly triggered his arousal, making him feel like a pervert.

He could not believe himself. Why was he getting excited when it was clear that Camila was ill?

Isaac did what he could to stifle his lust.

On the surface, he appeared composed and unconcerned.

Deep down, however, he felt a little horny.

Soon, Camila's hold on him slackened.

After biting him so hard, Isaac figured she had no more strength to continue her assault.

When her hands slipped from his collar, he instantly wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her closer.

"Camila!"

There was a hint of panic in his voice.

Camila did not respond.

She had fainted.

Isaac immediately swept her up in his arms and strode off to tell the driver to get the car ready.

"Let's use my car. I'll start it now," Forrest said.

He then sprinted outside and hopped into his car.

Glenda followed him and opened the door for Isaac and Camila.

In a flash, Isaac boarded the vehicle with Camila in his arms. After everyone was buckled in, Forrest sped away.

He drove the vehicle in the direction of the hospital.

During the drive, the atmosphere in the car was gloomy and oppressive. It was Forrest who broke the silence.

"She must've passed out due

to low blood sugar. She hadn't eaten in three days, after all. Don't worry, though. She'll be fine."

As he spoke, he glanced at Isaac through the rearview mirror.

The bite mark on Isaac's neck was so noticeable that it gave the impression that he and Camila had done

"something" in the room together.

Clearing his throat, Forrest averted his gaze.

Flustered due to the panic he was feeling, Isaac sternly urged, "Drive

faster!"

Forrest stepped on the accelerator harder.

The speed of the car was increased to eighty kilometres per hour.

After a while, they finally arrived at the hospital.

With Camila in his arms, Isaac hastily exited the vehicle. Forrest was the first one to enter the hospital. He quickly made arrangements for an examination to be performed on her.

Since he worked as a doctor in the hospital, it was much easier for him to make the necessary arrangements.

As evidenced by the results of the examination, Camila had indeed

fainted due to hypoglycaemia. Following the examination, the doctor prescribed glucose for her. On the bed, Camila was getting an

intravenous drip.

She was still unconscious.

After a while, Forrest blurted out, "Do you know now?"

There was only one thing he could attribute Isaac's cruelty toward Camila to: His awareness of her pregnancy.

Isaac would not have been so ruthless otherwise.

Isaac looked up at him slowly but steadily. "Do you also know that she plans to run away?"

Forrest's eyes widened.

Did Camila try to run away?

He did not know that.

She did not tell him anything about escaping.

"You locked her up because she tried to run away?"

Forrest was frowning

now. "Why else would I do that?"

The confirmation left Forrest speechless for a while. He threw Camila a glance.

Did she really see no other option except to run away? If so, then she might as well tell Isaac the truth.

As soon as the thought occurred to him, Forrest immediately shook it out of his head.

Revealing such information to Isaac would only make him despise her and torment her even more.

The thought of this made Forrest anxious about Camila's future. Suddenly, his phone rang.

He answered the call. It was his family asking him to go home

After ending the call, Forrest turned to Isaac. "Do you need me to arrange

a nurse to take care of her?" "No." Isaac planned to stay and take care of her personally. Forrest thought for a moment, then replied, "All right. I've got to go now."

In response, Isaac made a low grunting sound. Forrest left the room and carefully shut the door behind him.

Once outside, he let out a sigh. Based on what happened today, it was clear that Isaac had feelings for Camila. #

He understood now why he did not want to divorce her.

However, that did not change the fact that Camila was carrying another man's child, though. &

Forrest was certain Isaac would never accept the baby because it was not his.

He sighed again. The only thing he could do for Camila now was to pray for her.

Time went by in a flash.

It was getting dark outside.

The entire hospital still had its lights on.

Camila no longer needed intravenous infusions.

However, she had yet to regain consciousness. Isaac slouched on the sofa by the window. He leaned back, and the lapels of his suit jacket spread. His face was hidden from view, and nobody could tell what he was thinking.

Camila awoke at around twelve o'clock at midnight. The light in the room was dim, so she had no trouble adjusting to it. Although she continued to feel weak, she appeared to be in much

better shape thanks to the energy supplement.

She lifted the blanket covering her and got out of bed.

She then walked to the table, got herself a glass of water, and downed the entire thing in a single gulp.

After a while, she let out a burp. Camila belatedly realized that she had drunk too much.

However, even though she felt full, she still wanted to drink, most likely because she was extremely dehydrated.

Camila grabbed the pitcher and refilled her glass.

This time, she barely managed to drink half a glass.

With a sigh, she turned around and made her way to the bed. Only then

did she realize that someone was sitting on the sofa. She walked closer to see who it was.

It was Isaac. In an instant, the hatred in her eyes returned.

Camila clenched her hands into fists.

It took everything in her not to surge forward and wrap her hands around

his neck.

"Are you angry?"

There was a pause as Isaac lifted his head.

Even with his eyes closed, he could feel the intensity of her anger. Before Camila could answer, Isaac let out a chuckle. "You said you'd take me to hell with you. Does that mean you want us to die together? That's really romantic." @

While he was talking, he moved his collar to the side and ran his fingers across the scar her bite left on his neck. Camila grimaced. She replied sarcastically, "Thank God I'm still alive." There was nothing but hatred in her heart for him now. Luckily, her baby was fine. If not, Camila would certainly make him pay. Suddenly, Isaac's face became very gloomy. He looked like he wanted to eat her alive. After a moment, he got to his feet. When his shadow fell over her, he felt like being engulfed by a huge, terrifying beast. Camila retreated two steps out of instinct. She crossed her arms over her stomach in an effort to keep her unborn child safe. She shot him a scowl while pretending to be unconcerned. "What do you want?"

Once again, the words she had spoken had enraged him, and he clenched his teeth in response. It took a while, but Isaac was able to control the rage that had been building up inside of him. "Whether you love me or not, you will forever be tied to me." The corners of his mouth lifted upward, giving him an air of superiority. He then leaned very close to her ear and mumbled, "You might hate me, but you can't do anything about it. Your only choice is to submit to

me.” Camila's whole body trembled in anger. , She tried thinking of the child inside her.

It was enough reason for her to calm down.

Getting emotional at this time would be unhealthy for both her and her unborn child.

"You're unbearable."

Isaac widened his smirk. "I'll take that as a compliment.”

They were so close to each other that she could feel his warm breath on her neck

It somehow made her blush in embarrassment

Then, she noticed something was off with her reaction.

Camila stepped back to put distance between them, only to sprain her

ankle afterward. @

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Chapter 53 The Lunch Bag

Before Camila could hit the floor, Isaac wrapped his strong arms around her waist.

Then, he drew their bodies closer.

It was as if he was trying to permanently attach Camila to himself. Through her clothes, Isaac ran his fingers along her waist.

Camila's face flushed as she barked, "Let go, you damn pervert!"

She gaped at him. To think that there were men like Isaac in the world was inexplicable.

Isaac ignored her clearly displeased expression and continued touching her. He became more brazen, and his hand reached into the hospital gown she was wearing.

As his fingers gently stroked her soft skin, Isaac took a deep breath. Fascinated by the sensation of her skin, he fought the urge to take her right there and then.

Camila's eyes widened in shock before she struggled desperately to get away from him. She shouted. "Let me go!"

Isaac ignored her protests and answered playfully, "Hey, in case you forgot, you have duties to fulfil as my wife. It's fine if you don't know how to serve your husband. I can help you learn."

Camila glared daggers at him.

She wondered if Isaac was out of his mind. First, he tried to kill her. Now, he was taking advantage of her. @

She could not understand him at all

He was completely beyond her comprehension.

Unfortunately, Isaac was stronger than Camila could ever hope to be. It was basically

impossible for her to get away from his grasp.

She continued to struggle, but to no avail.

Once again, Camila realized how much she hated Isaac. In the end, she could only glare at him to show her displeasure.

Despite her protests, Isaac lifted her up and carried her to the bed. Instead of leaving after placing her on the bed, he leaned into her ear. "I

will give you a much worse punishment the next time you try to run away. I'm not joking."

"I know you're not. I also know how cruel you are," Camila retorted coldly. Isaac tried to ignore the distaste in her tone. , It should not have surprised him that the woman who tried to escape from him despised him.

"Good. You'd better remember it for the rest of your life."

After saying that, he grabbed the blanket and draped it over her body. "Go to sleep. You need to rest."

Camila shot him a glare. He was really weird.

Most of the time, he was mad at her, but there were times when he cared about her.

Was this his way of deceiving her?

Unfortunately for him, Camila would never let herself be fooled by him. She would never like him just because he occasionally treated her with basic human decency.

She would never forget how horrible he was to her. #

With a huff, Camila turned to the other side and closed her eyes.

Isaac cast his gaze downward.

He felt a wave of disappointment when Camila turned her back to him. For a while, he just stood by the bed.

Camila proceeded to act as if she was fast asleep.

They made quite an odd sight.

One of them was lying in the bed, while the other one was standing. One was pretending to be asleep, while the other refused to leave.

Neither was very far away from the other.

However, they never tried crossing the distance between them. Eventually, Isaac went back to the sofa, Camila slowly opened her eyes.

Isaac still puzzled her.

If there was one thing she knew about him, it was that he would show her no mercy if she disobeyed him again.

When Camila closed her eyes again, she slipped into slumber for real. Even if she wanted to remain vigilant, her body needed rest,

It was morning when she woke up again.

She sat up on the bed, turned in the direction of the sofa, and looked around. Isaac was nowhere to be found. He must have left while she was asleep.

On the bedside table sat a lunch bag.

Camila grabbed it and opened it. The food inside was still warm.

She wondered who had placed it there.

Suddenly, she heard a knock. Once she gave permission to enter, Forrest pushed the door open and walked in.

With his brows furrowed in concern, he asked, "How do you feel?" "Fine," Camila answered.

"You're not. You fainted because of hunger."

Forrest then joked, "Why didn't you tell me that you wanted to escape?" Camila did not tell him about her plan to escape because she was certain he would inform Isaac about it.

She could not say that to him, of course.

With a small smile, she replied, "I don't want to get you in trouble. If Isaac found out that you knew about my plan, he'd get angry at you."

Forrest immediately saw through her lie. "You thought I'd snitch on you to Isaac, didn't you?"

"No," Camila denied.

"Well, indeed, if I knew about your plan, I'd be torn between remaining silent and telling Isaac about it. He's my friend, after all. So, if you still plan on running away in the future, don't let me know about it." Forrest really did not want to know.

It would be too troublesome for him.

"Did you bring this here?" Camila asked, raising the lunch bag.

"I just arrived," Forrest pointed out.

"Then who brought it here?" Camila frowned in confusion.

Forrest shrugged. "Maybe it's Isaac."

Camila snorted. "He's not that nice."

"He's not that bad."

Forrest proceeded to change the subject. "You just tried running away, but he almost starved you to death. What do you think he'll do if he finds out about your pregnancy?"

"He'll definitely kill me. That's why I must leave him,"

Camila replied. With Isaac's personality, he would never let her live if he ever

discovered that she was carrying another man's child. 2

"You have to think of a good plan," Forrest stated.

"I know," Camila said with a sigh. She was running out of time. She needed to quickly devise a workable strategy.

"You need a glucose infusion," Forrest informed.

Camila nodded.

"Anyway, I have to go back to work. Remember to eat something."

Camila glanced at the lunch bag again. She did not want to eat its

content because she did not know where it came from.

Forrest seemed to have picked up on her dilemma

because he said, "I'll ask who brought that here."

"Please do. Thanks."

"You're welcome."

With that, Forrest exited the ward.

A few minutes later, he returned.

"I've asked the nurses. They said it was Isaac who brought that here. You can eat it. Don't worry. He won't poison you."

If Isaac heard what Forrest said, he would definitely punch him.

He went too far with his last sentence.

He just openly slandered his friend

How dare he imply that Isaac would poison someone? ®

Did he really think he was that cruel?

Camila scowled. "I doubt that."

"Don't think so badly of him," Forrest reprimanded.

Camila rolled her eyes. No matter what Forrest said, she could never

consider Isaac a good man. It was because she experienced first-hand how vicious he could be. When Forrest opened the lunch bag, he discovered digestible foods such as porridge and pasta in it. It was just what she needed.

Since she had been hungry for a long time, it was not good for her to eat food that was greasy or hard to digest. "He's so considerate."

Camila was not impressed at all.

She was hungry, though.

So, she grabbed the container containing porridge from the bag.

"Do you want me to get someone to take care of you?"

Forrest asked. Camila shook her head. "No, I'm good. You can go back to work. I'll call the nurses if I need something. Also, I'm leaving after I receive the glucose infusion."

All right. I'm leaving now," Forrest said while waving at her.

Camile nodded.

After breakfast, a nurse walked in to give her the infusion. Her body finished consuming the infusion at noon.

Because her confinement was arranged by Forrest, she did not have to go through the discharge procedures. After taking some medication

with her, she was finally ready to leave the hospital

Before she could do so, however, she was stopped by someone.

"May I speak with you in private?"

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Chapter 54 The Deal

Upon seeing Debora, Camila asked coldly, "What's there to talk about between us?"

"Let's make a deal. Give Isaac to me, and I'll help you become a full-fledged doctor at Military Central Hospital. Isn't that your dream?"

Debora offered. «

"Not anymore," Camila refused.

It was a lie. Her dream remained unchanged.

It would never change.

However, the idea of working alongside Debora disgusted her.

She would rather die than do so.

That was how much she hated Debora.

"I know you hate me, but your hatred won't bring your dead children back to life. So, you might as well use me to achieve your dream,"

Debora persuaded. «

In most cases, when one of the unborn twins passed away, it was extremely difficult for the other to survive.

That was why her first

assumption upon learning that Camila had miscarried was that she had lost both of her children.

"Debora, I'm not like you who can stop at nothing just to get what you want," Camila spat. ©

With that, she walked past the other woman.

Debora, clearly annoyed, bit her lower lip

She did not want to give up on Isaac, not after God allowed her to fool

him into thinking she was the woman he had spent a lovely night with He should have married her instead.

She should have been a member of the Johnston clan by now.

Isaac was meant to be hers.

However, Camila ruined everything. @

She snatched everything away that rightfully belonged to Debora.

"Quit pretending that you like Isaac because I know you don't. At that time, you only acted intimate with him to piss me off. At the end of

the day, it's still me who he loves."

Camila stopped in her tracks and turned an impatient gaze toward

Debora.

As soon as her eyes landed on Debora, an idea sprung to her mind. Maybe she could use this woman to carry out her plan.

If Isaac reconciled with Debora, Camila would have a better chance of escaping successfully.

With that in mind, Camila started to think the details of her plan that would work.

"Do you like him that much?" Camila asked even though she already knew the answer.

Debora sneered. "You did too, didn't you?"

Camila was taken aback when she heard that. She did have feelings for Isaac before.

It was gone now, though.

That man was not worthy of her love.

She had been dazzled by his fleeting display of compassion in the past, but she knew his true colour now.

"I'm not interested in him, so I'll help you." Camila forced down her

anger as she stared at Debora. 2 She could not bring her child back to life.

However, she could still protect the other one. In order to do that, she had to leave Isaac.

Even though she did not want to, she decided that working together with Debora would be the best course of action to take at the

moment. Debora was surprised by her swift agreement.

They hated each other, after all.

"Why did you agree so fast?"

"You don't want to? Fine. Just forget that I said anything."

With that, Camila turned her back to her.

She knew Debora well.

The woman had an undying love for Isaac. «

To win over the man, she could even fake her pregnancy.

"Wait," Debora blurted.

As expected, she stopped Camila from leaving.

Camila knew Debora would never give up an opportunity to be near Isaac. She was right.

Debora decided to talk to Camila after overhearing her conversation with Forrest. ®

Despite everything she had learned, however, she was still unsure if Camila really wanted to leave the city. Hence, she came to meet the woman to find out if she meant what she had said.

Now, Camila had agreed to help her. She seemed really intent on leaving Isaac.

Camila must leave so that she did not get in the way of Isaac and Debora's relationship. Therefore, Debora could not afford to waste yet another opportunity.

"I believe you. I'm sorry for the things I've done to you before." In order to achieve her goal, Debora had to lower her head first.

Camila sneered inwardly. Debora had schemed against her more than once before.

Yet, she still had the nerve to ask Camila for help.

She was really thick-skinned.

What a shameless woman.

Camila knew that her apology was not sincere, but she needed Debora in order to escape Isaac. So, she did not expose her.

"All right. I'll ask him what he likes to do in his free time and tell you all about it later. Whether or not you can win his heart depends on how good you are," Camila said.

"Okay. What do you want in return?" Debora asked.

Shrugging, Camila replied, "If you successfully make him fall in love with you, it'll be the greatest reward for me."

"[will," Debora declared confidently.

Camila rolled her eyes.

Why was Debora so eager to be with such a ruthless man? Did she not know that if she was not careful, Isaac might beat her up?

After Debora married Isaac, she was doomed to a life of misery, and Camila did not mind that in the slightest.

Camila exited the hospital and hailed a taxi.

Because of the video Trudy posted, she received occasional contemptuous looks from strangers.

She ignored all of them.

She knew that in order to overcome the challenges that she was currently facing, she needed to have a courageous heart.

Camila waited for a taxi to pass by with her head held high.

The way she behaved made people doubt the authenticity of the video. After all, those who had something to hide would not act so

confidently. Soon, a taxi stopped in front of her.

Camila stepped forward, opened the door, and got in the vehicle.

Finding a taxi at the hospital's entrance was a breeze.

There were a lot of taxi drivers who passed by there.

Once she was inside the taxi, she gave the driver the villa's address before fastening her seatbelt.

Soon, she was home.

Glenda was cleaning the window when she arrived. When she saw Camila, she hurriedly asked, "Mrs. Johnston, are you all right now? I was

so scared when you passed out."

"I'm fine now. You can stop worrying," Camila coaxed. Glenda sighed helplessly. "You're really... Anyway, I've put your clothes back in your closet."

She knew that Camila's attempt to flee was what set Isaac off.

A couple of days ago, he had Glenda put Camila's clothes back where they were.

"Don't anger him anymore, Mrs. Johnston. For now, just tell him that you just wanted to travel," Glenda persuaded. In her mind, Camila owed it to Isaac to be a decent wife now that she was married to him.

"Glenda, you know, I married him..." Camila trailed off, not knowing how to proceed.

"It doesn't matter. You'll fall in love with him eventually."

Glenda did not want Camila to leave.

She was very fond of her.

Moreover, Isaac needed a wife who would take care of him.

Camila merely smiled upon hearing that and said nothing. She did not know what to say anymore.

Anyway, the fewer people who knew about her pregnancy, the better. If word about it got out, her safety would be in jeopardy.

That was why she must not tell anyone about the survival of her other baby.

"Glenda." Camila gestured for Glenda to sit on the sofa.

As the villa's caretaker, Glenda must have had a thorough understanding of Isaac's interests.

As she sat on the sofa, Glenda said, "You look much better now." Camila's reply was a happy smile.

"Glenda, since you've worked for Isaac for so long, you must know his hobbies very well, right?"

Glenda's eyes widened in surprise. "Why are you asking?"

"Don't you want me to get to know him better? If I were to do that, I'd have to know his hobbies first, right?"

Glenda patted her hand gently. "That's right."

Now that she knew that Camila wanted to get to know Isaac better, Glenda began telling her everything she knew about him.

"Mr. Johnston enjoys outdoor events in addition to his work. He actually dislikes both social events and restaurant meals, but he has no choice but to eat out for social reasons."

Camila retrieved a notebook and meticulously jotted down what Glenda had said. "Where does he go for outdoor activities?" Camila asked.

"You ought to ask Willie about that. I don't know Mr. Johnston as well as he does. What I know is that he likes light food, especially fried broccoli." "I see," Camila muttered.

"Are you going to cook tonight? Should I go to the market to buy some ingredients?" Glenda questioned. She thought that Camila would make Isaac dinner tonight since she knew now what he liked to eat. @ However, Camila did not want to cook for him at all.

"Huh? Oh. I don't think he'll come home tonight," Camila stated.

Glenda frowned. "How did you know?"

"It's just a guess," Camila replied with a chuckle.

Glenda grew more confused.

After saying that she was tired, Camila rose to her feet and proceeded to the second floor. She then pulled out her phone and typed a message. "Isaac likes light food, especially fried broccoli. You should learn how to cook light food." After sending the message to Debora, she lay down on the bed to stretch. Suddenly, the door opened. Camila sat up with a start. «

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Chapter 55

Chapter 55 No Appointment Tonight

"Who's there?" Glenda stared at Camila in shock. She did not think she would react as much as she did.

"It's me."

Camila breathed a sigh of relief as she rubbed her chest. She thought it was Isaac who entered.

Fortunately, it was just Glenda.

"Why do you look like you saw a ghost?" Glenda inquired.

«

"It's nothing. You just surprised me a little," Camila replied with a reassuring smile.

Glenda nodded in understanding. Perhaps Camila was afraid of being locked up again.

Camila was wrong for trying to run away, but it was unfair for Isaac to keep her locked up for three days without food or water. Camila's

agitation was understandable. &

"I'll make you something tasty and healthy to eat." Glenda continued, "I just came here to ask you if there's anything you want for dinner. I'm

going out to buy some ingredients."

After pondering the question for a while, Camila answered, "I want to eat some dumplings."

Glenda beamed. "Okay. I'm going to the supermarket now." She then went back to the first floor.

As Camila stared at Glenda's retreating figure, her smile vanished.

She felt like she was taking advantage of Glenda's kindness. She let out a small sigh.

She had no choice but to do so.

If not for Isaac, she would not have to.

Camila lay down on the bed again.

Just then, her phone rang.

It was a message from Debora, asking her when Isaac would get off work. It seemed like the woman planned to take action today.

Camila frowned. Wasn't that a bit too fast?

As far as she knew, the woman did not know how to cook. Debora put efforts into maintaining a refined and attractive appearance, so she was scared that cooking oil and smoke might harm her skin.

Camila got to her feet and left the room.

She went downstairs to call Willie, but then she remembered that he probably had not returned to work because of the car accident.

It looked like she needed to go to the company in person.

"Let me ask first."

After replying to Debora's message, Camila walked up to the mirror to examine her appearance. Because it was still early, she decided to

take a shower first before hitting the road.

She then went straight to the company.

She was not there to see Isaac.

She just wanted to know his schedule from his assistant.

Everything was going smoothly.

Inside the company building, she ran into Wynter.

The fact that Camila and Isaac were married was not made known to the public.

Currently, only select employees in the company were aware of it. One of them was Wynter. She was loyal to Isaac and would not tell anyone

Camila was Isaac's wife. Personally, she also did not want anyone to know their marriage.

"Mrs. Johnston, what brings you here?" Wynter asked.

"I want to know when your boss gets off work today,"

Camila said in response

Wynter frowned. "Why do you want to know that?"

"Can't I ask?" Camila turned around. "I'll ask someone else then."

She marched in the direction of the elevator.

Wynter immediately stopped her. "Please wait. Mr.

Johnston doesn't have any appointments tonight, but I don't know when he'll get off

work." "see. Thank you."

With that, Camila walked away.

Then she reached for her phone and messaged Debora.

"He didn't have anything scheduled for tonight."

Wynter was about to board the elevator when she spotted Isaac approaching.

When Isaac saw Camila, he was taken aback.

He did not show the surprise on his face, though. His voice was as cold as usual as he inquired, "What is she doing here?"

"She asked me if you had any plans for tonight and when you'd be done with work. She left after I told her that you have none," Wynter replied honestly.

Isaac wondered if Camila was starting to care about him. If not, why would she inquire as to when he would be leaving work? » The thought successfully put him in a good mood.

Pretending to be calm, he muttered, "I see." Isaac had not intended to return home today, but since Camila wanted to see him, he decided to get off work early and return home.

When Camila came back from the company, Glenda had already returned home with the groceries

She was currently cooking in the kitchen.

Camila approached her to lend a hand.

"Get some rest. I'll do it," Glenda protested.

"I'm fine. I'm still alive and kicking. Give me the dough, and I'll knead it." "All right," Glenda relented

While Camila kneaded dough for the dumplings, Glenda minced the filling ingredients.

They split up the work so they could get things done faster.

Next, Glenda made the wrappers for the dumplings, and Camila put the fillings in them.

She was bad at it, and she had to turn to Glenda for help. After she got her degree, she went to work in the hospital. Then, she found herself increasingly preoccupied, with little time to cook for herself.

It was kind of fun to cook for herself.

Camila examined the dumplings they made. Compared to Glenda's, which were beautifully made, hers resembled a giant dough ball with a filling. It looked horrible, to say the least.

"Oh, gosh. My dumplings look so ugly. I'm starting to lose my appetite." Glenda chuckled. "Keep going. Practice makes perfect."

Camila was a quick learner. She mastered the technique of dumpling wrapping in a short amount of time.

It did not take long before she could make wonderfully wrapped dumplings. Camila bit her lower lip as she concentrated on what she was doing.

Glenda smiled as she watched Camila. She was under the impression

that the woman was working so hard because of her husband. Camila had just asked her what Isaac liked, after all. Camila, she guessed, was making an effort to appease Isaac

"It's great to see you working so hard to reconcile with Mr. Johnston," Glenda remarked playfully.

Camila, with her head lowered and hands busy with the dumplings, missed the look on Glenda's face. "What are you talking about?"

"At last, you're making an effort to win over your husband. Aren't you making dinner for Mr. Johnston?"

At the entrance of the house, Isaac was about to walk in when he heard

Glenda's words. He paused to hear Camila's response. Back in the kitchen, Camila had no idea that Isaac had returned home. In response to Glenda's question, she decided to lie.

She let out a sigh

Then, she asked back, "Is it that obvious?"

Glenda pumped her fist and muttered, "I knew it."

Camila chuckled in amusement.

Glenda had a great sense of humour and was really sweet, like a little kid.

Isaac was unworthy of having such an attentive and lovely servant like her.

Such a man deserved nothing but isolation.

Glenda should not be working for someone like him at all.

Isaac was still at the entrance. Incredulity overcame him.

He assumed she was merely curious when Camila went to the company

to inquire about his schedule. As it turned out, she was actually trying to impress him.

First, she travelled all the way to his company to ask if he had any plans for the night and what time he would get off work.

Then, she prepared dinner for him.

Did she like him?

Was she just too embarrassed to admit it?

At the thought, Isaac could not help but smile.

He was giddy with anticipation.

Feeling like he was on cloud nine, he made his way swiftly upstairs. Dinner would be ready soon.

After helping Glenda clean the kitchen, Camila boiled water to cook the dumplings.

Glenda frowned and asked, "Shouldn't you wait for him?"

He hasn't come back yet."

Camila grumbled to herself, wondering why she had to wait for Isaac to have dinner. She made the dumplings for herself, not for him.

However, instead of saying what was really on her mind, she stated, "He might be back soon."

Glenda nodded. "I see. Anyway, once the water boils, you can put in the

dumplings. I'll just get the laundry." "Okay," Camila said.

Soon, the water began to boil.

Camila quickly tossed the dumplings in it. At one point, the bubbling came to a halt. Then, it immediately came to a boil again.

Camila had just gotten a bowl of ice water, ready to mix it in, when a

pair of arms wrapped around her waist. She turned around and came face-to-face with Isaac.

In an instant, her pupils dilated widely in disbelief.

