

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 90

Chapter 90 The Unwelcome Visitor

Willie wanted to stop Camila from falling, but it was too late. He could only watch as she fell from the window.

“Take her away,” Isaac coldly ordered to his men before walking out of the room.

Willie looked down at Camila. Although it was just the second floor, she was, for sure, hurt badly after being thrown down. ©

He didn't want to pity her.

It was she who defied Isaac in the first place.

Why did she have to sneak away when she was being treated right? # They had been looking for her for months!

Downstairs, Camila lay curled up on the ground. Her body ached all over, but even more so on her legs. She reached down to touch them

and realized they must be broken in the fall.

Willie ordered his men to lift her up, and they did so hurriedly and without care.

Camila tried to resist but to no avail. She was dragged by Isaac's men like a ragdoll. «

As this was Jaylen's territory, Isaac brought many of his men, so Jaylen could only watch Camila being taken away.

Jaylen was enraged. How could he be so careless? He had underestimated Isaac.

"Isaac, I'm not done with you!" Jaylen warned through gritted teeth. Isaac, however, did not take Jaylen's words seriously, much less spare

him a glance. He left just like that. As Camila was injured and in severe pain, she passed out while she was being transported into the car.

"She's covered with blood. Should we send her to the hospital?" Willie urgently asked

"No," Isaac refused without a second thought. Her injuries must not be that severe after falling at such a height. He was sure of it. He would

rather she became a cripple. At least she would not be able to run away again. #

Willie did not say anything more. He surmised that Isaac's patience had been pushed to the limit

Isaac must want to teach Camila a lesson.

Once Camila returned to Heinz, Isaac locked her up in a room where sunlight could not even reach her.

When she awoke, she found herself in darkness. She did not know where she was or how long she was unconscious.

Her body reeked of blood and breast milk. It had been quite a while since she was confined. Without her baby to nurse, she could only

endure the discomfort brought by her lactation,

Her throat felt parched and raspy, making her unable to make a sound. What was more, her entire body ached.

At this moment, Camila looked around, desperate to escape this hell. Given Isaac's nature, he would not let her have a good ending.

However, she did not want to die yet.

Her child had no father. He could not lose his mother.

At the thought of this, Camila tried with all her remaining strength to prop herself up. Just then, the iron door suddenly opened.

Camila lifted her gaze and, through her messy hair, saw Glenda walking in with a tray of food. For once, she saw a ray of hope.

"Glenda..."

Glenda placed the food in front of Camila with a sympathetic look on her face. Without a word, she stood up and left.

Before Camila could say anything, the door was closed again.

The room was enveloped with darkness again, and so were her eyes as her last glimmer of hope died.

Camila was so weak she did not even have the strength to eat.

In the room with nothing but darkness, every second felt like forever.

In the living room, Isaac, who was unbuttoning his shirt, casually asked

Glenda, "Is she obedient?"

"Yes," she answered. "She hasn't eaten anything I've brought, though. I think she's in a bad shape."

"As long as she doesn't die," Isaac mumbled to himself. How could he calm down just like that?

'That woman had tried her best to run away from him.

To teach her a lesson, Isaac had locked her up
Glenda paused for a moment and begged, "I think she's badly injured. If we don't send her to the hospital, she'll suffer."

"Let her be," Isaac coldly replied and then went upstairs. Although Glenda wanted to help Camila, she did not dare to make a decision without Isaac's approval. She could only let out a sigh.

Even though she felt sorry for Camila, she did not want to disobey Isaac and suffer his rage.

This would not have happened if Camila had not run away in the first place, would it?

How could Camila do that?

It made sense that Isaac was furious.

Debora had been trying her best to ingratiate herself with Isaac in the past few months.

Even if he never talked to her, she would still make him food every day without fail. She hoped that by doing this, he would be pleased and

invite her to live in the villa and become the hostess. #
It was the same today.

As a matter of fact, Glenda had gotten used to Debora's appearance in the villa.

At this moment, she took what Debora had brought for Isaac just like she always did and said, "Miss Griffith, you know Mr. Johnston doesn't want to see you. You'd better leave."

"Did Isaac himself say that?" Debora asked back, unwilling to give up. "Mr. Johnston has said it many times," Glenda reminded Debora.

What she had just said rendered the unwelcome visitor speechless

She did not like women who would not take no for an answer, like Debora

In her mind, Debora was a mosquito—annoying and would not leave you alone. @

Isaac had already said in Debora's face he did not like her, but she continued to shamelessly stick up to him. «

How shameless she was!

"Miss Griffith, Mr. Johnston is married. Please stop coming here," Glenda insisted, not wanting to see Debora in the villa again.

I know that," Debora patiently replied. "But didn't Camila disappear?" "Mrs. Johnston is back, so please stop trying to covet a married man."

Glenda closed the door on Debora's face upon saying this. Just as she was about to throw the food into the trash can like before, she realized something. The ingredients of the food were nutritious,

so she figured she might as well give them to Camila. Debora was stunned after hearing what Glenda had said. It took her quite a while to come to her senses.

When she saw Glenda come out, she grabbed Glenda's arm and agitatedly asked, "Is it true? Has Camila really come back?"

"Mr. Johnston took her back himself. How could it not be true?" Glenda asked back sarcastically.

Debora gradually withdrew her hand. Why did Camila not die? Why did she still have to come back?

All along, Debora believed that as long as Camila was away, Isaac would eventually accept her.

Right now, Debora only had one thing in mind: Camila should disappear forever, so nobody would stop her. Despite her vicious thinking, Debora kept up her gentle facade. "Glenda, I'm leaving now."

Glenda merely ignored her and went to the back of the villa with the food. Camila was locked in the dark and wet storage room beside the underground garage.

Glenda opened the door and placed the food in front of Camila. "Mrs. Johnston, you should eat some, or you'll starve to death," she said with concern.

Camila could only breathe weakly in response. It felt like death was

drawing near. She did not even have the strength to speak. As Glenda saw that Camila was in pretty bad shape, she advised her, "Mrs.

Johnston, please don't anger Mr. Johnston again. Don't worry. I'm going to plead with him on your behalf."

Thanks to Glenda, Camila saw a glimmer of hope. She grabbed the hem of Glenda's trousers and said with difficulty, "Thank... you..."

With a sigh, Glenda stood up and walked out of the storage room.

Little did Glenda know, Debora had followed her. She had sneaked in when she saw Glenda go to the back of the villa with the food she had

brought. And when she got close to the storage room, she saw Camila on the floor, dying.

Her eyes lit up in delight.

It turned out that she was not the only one whom Isaac detested. Camila too.

If he loved Camila, how could he lock her up like an animal?

Debora tiptoed into the storage room and called out, "Camila?"

Camila lifted her gaze

Because of the light from outside, Debora caught a glimpse of Camila who was a mess all over. "Well, well, well. Look who we have here,"

she said with a hearty laugh.

"Why... It's you..."

A look of surprise was written all over Camila's pale face. She never expected she would see Debora here.

Debora crouched in front of Camila, her eyes blazing with intense hatred "If you're going to vanish, you might as well vanish for good, so

you wouldn't be able to seduce Isaac."

As soon as she said these words, she grasped Camila's neck and held it

tight. Camila could not breathe, and she had no strength to struggle. She could only let Debora be and accept her fate.

A sly smile formed on Debora's face as she strangled Camila. Her excitement grew as she saw that Camila was about to lose consciousness.

"Camila, I'd like to thank you for your help. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have had anything to do with Isaac. Thank you for taking my place

that night and making him think I was you. Just die and take the secret to your grave. Isaac will never know it was you that night—" « Before she could finish her words, there was audible click, and the pitch -black room turned bright as a day. Debora turned around. And to her surprise, Isaac was standing at the door.