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# Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

## Chapter 56

Chapter 56 Duplicity

Camila gaped at Isaac.

When did he come back?

Why did she not hear it when he did?

What time was it now?

Why was he home so early?

Camila stuttered, "Why are you back so early?"

Isaac almost let out an amused chuckle. Was she feigning ignorance now? She was pretending to be unaware of his schedule, even though

she had gone to the company to inquire about it.

He lowered his head and placed his chin on her shoulder.

"I finished work early."

Camila detected a little scent of body wash on him.

Had he taken a shower already?

Camila rolled her eyes. He came at the perfect time. Did he know she was making dumplings? Was that why he returned home early?

Burying his face in her neck, Isaac whispered, "Aren't you waiting for me?" Camila's face twisted in bewilderment.

If that was really the case, then she must be an idiot.

Why would she wait for the man who almost starved her to death? Camila could not anger him at this time, though.

He might torture her again.

To protect her child, she had to avoid an open confrontation with Isaac. She was like an egg, while Isaac was like a stone. If they collided, she would be the one who would get crushed. An open confrontation with him would result in her death.

She did not care if she died. Even if she were to perish, her child, who had yet to experience what it was like to live, had to survive.

With a forced smile, Camila said, "Get out of the way. I need to get some water."

Suddenly, her arm was hit by the splattering, boiling water. Because it was boiling, it stung when it touched her.

Camila flinched.

"ow!"

Isaac quickly moved to examine her arm. "Did you get burned?" Rubbing her arm, Camila replied, "I'm fine."

Isaac removed her hand, exposing the skin that was beginning to redden on her arm. Because her skin was so tender, it was easy to spot

even the

most subtle signs of redness and irritation.

"You got burned. Why don't you just admit it?" Isaac scolded. The worry was evident in his eyes.

However, Camila ignored it.

Surely, it was just an illusion.

After all, he had no reason to be concerned about her.

Camila lowered her head to avoid looking at Isaac.

"Fortunately, it didn't blister," Isaac muttered.

Soon, the pain subsided. Camila retrieved the bowl to get some water. However, Isaac snatched it from her hand, saying, "I'll do it." Camila raised a brow at him. "Do you know how?" Isaac gave her a pointed look, feeling offended. Did she think he did not know how to cook dumplings? Was she looking down on him? Was he a giant doofus who knew nothing in her eyes? "Yeah. I just have to pour some cold water into the pot."

It was then that Camila realized he was not completely ignorant of cooking. Since he insisted on helping, she let him have the bowl. "Suit yourself, then."

She then went to the side.

She did not want to get burned again.

When Isaac added the cold water to the pot, the water immediately stopped boiling.

He grabbed the ladle and started stirring the contents of the pot.

Camila wanted to warn him not to do that because it would ruin the dumplings' wrappings.

However, she suddenly did not want to speak.

Isaac probably had never experienced the feeling of helplessness in his life.

She should use this opportunity to teach him a lesson.

She should step back and let him deal with the consequences of his careless stirring.

With that in mind, Camila leaned against the counter, crossed her arms over her chest, and studied Isaac intently.

Finally, Isaac noticed that something was wrong. All of the dumplings in the pot had been damaged, their fillings removed from their wrappers. A frown formed on his face. He seemed to have made a mistake.

He turned around to ask what he should do but was met with Camila's mocking stare

She was making fun of him, was she not? Clicking his tongue in annoyance, he discarded the ladle. "Come here and do it yourself."

After saying that, Isaac strutted haughtily out of the kitchen. Camila glared at him in incredulity.

What kind of man was he?

How could he leave her to clean up after his mess?

"Hey..."

"I'm only in charge of eating," Isaac cut her off before she could finish what she was about to say.

Camila found herself unable to speak, rendered speechless by his audacity.

She walked to the stove. When she saw the mess in the pot, it dawned on her that the dumplings she and Glenda had made had gone to

waste. It was more like a pot of soup with fillings in it than dumplings.

"You wasted my efforts," Camila grumbled.

She worked very hard to make the dumplings

"I'll still eat everything up," Isaac declared,

When Camila heard what he said, an idea formed in her mind. Suddenly,

the corners of her mouth turned up in a wicked smile.

As soon as the dumplings were well done, Camila grabbed a large bowl. She dished up a big serving and offered it to Isaac, saying, "You said you'd eat everything up, right? Now, be a man, and don't break your promise."

Isaac stared at the bowl in front of him.

It was large.

That was not the point. It should be noted that the dumplings had fallen apart. The soup contained the fillings, whereas the larger chunks were just wrappers.

When presented with such an unappealing meal, one ought to lose their appetite.

Camila handed him a spoon, smiling sweetly the whole time

Isaac was at a loss for words.

In the end, he managed to convince himself that the reason Camila was treating him so cruelly was because she did not want her efforts to

go to waste.

Anyway, the dumplings were just damaged. They were still edible.

With that in mind, Isaac grabbed the spoon.

Camila's initial reaction was to laugh at him, but she found herself unable to do so.

She could not even bring herself to look at the dumplings. How could he eat it?

Needless to say, she was surprised by Isaac's behaviour.

When Glenda returned and saw the ruined dumplings in Isaac's bowl, she gasped, horrified

What in world happened to the dumplings?

She turned to Camila and muttered, "What happened?"

Before Camila could answer, Glenda added, "You should've told me that you don't know how to cook. Look at what you've done to the dumplings." Obviously, Glenda did not know it was Isaac who ruined the dumplings. "You're right. He shouldn't have acted as though he was competent in the kitchen when he was not. Why didn't he just admit that he couldn't cook? Now, a whole pot of dumplings has turned into trash."

Glenda blinked in confusion. Camila seemed to be referring to someone else.

"Camila, are you lecturing me?" Isaac asked slowly.

Glenda's jaw slackened.

Could it be that...

Clearing her throat, Glenda awkwardly said, "I think I forgot to water the flowers in the garden."

Then, she left the kitchen as fast as she could in order to avoid getting reprimanded.

Isaac would surely do that, considering his nasty temper.

Truthfully, Isaac was not mad. He actually liked it when Camila played pranks on him and bickered with him.

He took in her smug expression and asked, "Does this look like trash to you?"

Camila retorted, "Don't you think so?"

Isaac used the spoon to mix the sticky, gloppy dumplings in the bowl. "I do."

"Then why are you eating it?" Camila asked bluntly.

Isaac glanced at her, put a spoonful of food in his mouth, chewed it slowly, and said, "Because you were the one who made it."

Camila's eyes widened a little.

What was he doing?

Did he think he could win her over by being so nice?

Unfortunately for him, she would not allow herself to be fooled.

"Really? Eat more, then. There are still some in the pot."

Camila turned around and made a beeline for the stairs.

She did not believe a single word he said.

However, for some reason, she could not look into his eyes, and she felt like running away. Isaac arched a brow, wondering if Camila was

feeling embarrassed. "You haven't eaten yet," Isaac pointed out.

"I'm not hungry."

Camila did not look back at him.

Once she was inside her room, she sat on the bed

She had no idea what prompted her sudden urge to get away from Isaac. Why did she run away?

What happened to her?

She did not do anything wrong.

All of a sudden, Camila got to her feet and mumbled, "I haven't eaten the dumplings I made."

There was no way she would let that hateful man eat all of them. Suddenly, her phone rang.

She pulled out her phone and discovered that Debora was calling. The latter gave Camila her phone number in the hospital earlier.

Debora must be calling because she did not find Isaac in his company. Camila answered the call with a sigh. As soon as the call connected, Debora roared, "Did you lie to me, Camila? Isaac was not in the company at all!"

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# **Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love**

## **Chapter 57**

### Chapter 57 Digestive Pills

Debora did not hold back as she yelled at Camila at the top of her lungs. It was like she wanted to destroy Camila's eardrum.

Camila had to move the phone away from her ear to prevent that from happening.

"Explain yourself. You lied to me, didn't you?"

Camila wondered if there were men out there who actually liked someone as irritable and condescending as Debora. She sighed helplessly. "Look, I also don't know why he came home early. "You're lying."

"Let's forget about the deal, then. You don't believe me, anyway."

If she continued to listen to Debora yell at her, she might lose her temper as well,



On the other end of the line, Debora went silent. She did not mean to yell at Camila, but she had just blown another chance to make a good impression on Isaac. Now, she could not help but get mad at the other woman.

"Fine. I believe you," Debora said through gritted teeth. She did not have any other choice but to work with Camila.

At the moment, Camila could almost imagine Debora's displeased expression.

Debora had to swallow her pride and seek Camila's assistance, all because she wanted any chance of winning Isaac back.

She must be fuming with rage right now. Camila would not choose to work with Debora either if it were not for the baby growing inside her and her intention to escape.

Right now, they were simply cooperating for their own gains.

"Good. Now, be patient and wait for me to contact you again."

Without waiting for Debora's response, Camila ended the call.

In this cooperation, Camila was the one in charge.

After all, it was Debora who needed her help, not the other way around. She had no choice but to rely on Camila.

Camila put the phone down and headed to the first floor.

Then, she made her way to the dining area.

When her eyes landed on Isaac, she stared at him in shock.

"You..."

With grace, Isaac got to his feet and reached for a napkin to wipe his mouth, "What?"

Camila's lips twitched. Was he Mr. Eat-All or something? She could not believe he ate everything in the bowl.

Isaac, instead of going back to his room now that he was done eating, headed outside.

"It's late. Where are you going?" Camila asked.

Isaac did not bother to look back when he responded for fear of her catching a glimpse of his face.

"I have something to deal with in the company," he said lightly.

Camila checked the time on her wristwatch. She did not believe what he said at all.

Why was he going to the company so late at night?

Was he that busy? Camila paused for a moment and then shrugged. It did take a lot of work and time to manage a company of that size.

Without giving it much more thought, she went to the kitchen to get something to eat.

Outside the house, Isaac hopped in the car with the keys in his hand and drove off. However, he did not go to the company as he had said.

Once he was far enough from the villa, he stopped the car on the side of the road. He then phoned his secretary, Wynter, and instructed,

"Buy me some digestive pills."

Wynter's brows furrowed.

Why did he need digestive pills?

She was curious, but she did not have the courage to ask what happened, so she just answered, "Yes, sir."

Isaac was too stuffed to move at this point. He reclined the seat all the way back and lay down. Half an hour later, Wynter arrived at the area. She noticed the car parked on the side of the road. However, she thought that Isaac was waiting for her in the villa, so that was where she went. The doorbell rang just as Camila finished eating and was ready to head upstairs for a shower. She immediately went to open the door. As soon as she did, Wynter handed a small paper bag to her. "What's this?" Camila asked in confusion. "Mr. Johnston asked me to buy it for him." Camila became even more baffled. Didn't Isaac say he would go to the company? Curious about the contents of the small paper bag, she opened it and took out its contents. What greeted her was a bunch of digestive pills. Camila burst into laughter. Isaac must have been really stuffed. Then again, it would be strange if he was not after finishing that much food. "Is Mr. Johnston sick?" "No, he just ate too much. Don't worry. I'll give these to him right away," Camila replied laughingly. Wynter nodded slowly. "Okay. I'm leaving now." Camila smiled. She waited until Wynter was out of sight before she went out to look for Isaac.

She looked around for a while until she spotted a familiar car on the side of the road.

She approached it and knocked on its window.

Isaac thought Wynter had arrived, so he rolled down the window, only to see Camila

He scowled.

Camila leaned against the door of the car and joked, "You overate, didn't you?"

Isaac did not want to answer her at all.

He left the house because he did not want her to find out about it.

He knew she would rub it on his face.

"No," Isaac finally replied in a cold tone.

He continued to act in his typical haughty fashion.

As she stared at him, Camila was tempted to ask him to stop pretending. "What are you doing here, then?" she asked knowingly. Not

missing a beat, Isaac replied, "To stargaze."

Camila gazed upward.

Indeed, there were plenty of stars visible that night.

Countless stars, dazzling and glittering, lit up the clear night sky. However.

"How do you stargaze inside a car?" Before Camila showed up, the window of the car was closed.

The stars would not be visible to him unless he had X-ray vision.

He was definitely lying to her.

Camila raised the paper bag of pills and shook it before him. "Wynter gave this to me."

Astonished, Isaac stared blankly at it.

"Is this for you?" Camila asked even though she already knew the answer.

Isaac felt his head throb.

He really could not rely on his subordinates, could he?

They could not even do something so simple.

Clearing his throat, Isaac feigned calmness and said,

"Yes, I asked Wynter to buy that."

"Why? Are you too full?" Camila questioned.

Isaac threw her an impatient look.

Why couldn't she just let it go?

Suddenly, he had a brilliant idea for how to divert her attention. "I'll tell you if you get in the car."

Camila did not buy it.

She was not stupid. She would not be fooled again.

"Whatever. Here you go. I'm going home."

There was no way she would get into his car.

When she handed over the paper bag with the pills, Isaac grabbed her wrist. His voice was low and authoritative as he commanded, "Get in

the car." Camila glared at him.

He was so demanding.

As always, she had no choice but to obey him. She could not risk upsetting him right now.

She opened the door and got in the car, and then Isaac reclined the seat for her.

Slowly, Camila lay down.

"Oh, stars."

It turned out that Isaac had the panoramic sunroof open and could stargaze for real

Staring at the sky, Camila asked, "Why did you finish everything even though you're already full? If people find out you've overindulged and are taking medication to aid digestion, they will laugh their heads off." Isaac did not respond immediately.

He was silent for a while before responding, "I didn't want to let you

down. Camila's brows shot up.

Why would he let her down?

She would not get upset just because he could not finish the food she served him.

It was just a prank.

She could not care less even if he chose not to eat it.

Immediately, Camila reminded herself not to get her hopes up. Suddenly, Isaac rolled

over and climbed on top of her.

Camila instinctively covered her stomach and glared angrily at him, demanding, "What are you doing?"

He was so heavy.

At this rate, she was going to run out of oxygen because of him. Seconds later, he drew away from her, arching his back slightly.

He reached out and twirled a lock of her hair near her ear before whispering, "Camila, you like me, don't you?"

Camila looked at him like he had suddenly sprouted a second head.

She liked him?

That was impossible.

Why would she like the man who almost starved her to death?

She was not a masochist.

"Is there something wrong with your head?" He would not be spouting nonsense otherwise.

Maybe he had gone insane.

Camila struggled to get a pill out of its package before bringing it to his mouth. "Here. Take it since you're obviously not thinking straight."

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# **Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love**

## **Chapter 58**

**Chapter 58 Men Like Women Who Behave Gently**

Camila wanted Isaac to stop talking. So, she put the pill on his lips, hoping that he would swallow it in one go. But he was stubborn and didn't open his mouth.

She had no choice but to use a little bit of force and shoved the medicine into his mouth.

He glared at her but didn't say anything. He then obediently parted his lips and took the medicine.

"Men like women who behave gently. You are too barbaric," said Isaac. His eyes were still looking at her face intently.

"Not all the men think the same way. Although you don't like a woman. like me, it doesn't mean everyone doesn't like that type of woman.

My man likes my barbaric personality." After saying that confidently, a wide and defiant smile broke across her face Isaac frowned at that.

He knew Camila was in love with another man. Then, why did he bring this topic up?

At the thought of her sleeping with another man, Isaac felt his rage surging up in his heart. It didn't take him even a few seconds to lose

control of his emotions. Suddenly, he held her head closely to his before he landed passionate kisses on her lips.

"Mhmm... What... are you doing?" Camila said in between the kisses. She subconsciously put her hands on his broad and strong chest and tried to

push him away. But Isaac didn't bulge. He had lost his mind a moment ago, and now, he had become even stronger than he normally was.

Isaac wanted this woman so much that he was kissing her as if crazy. He wanted this woman to belong to no one but him. «

Since there was no way for him to change her past, he would make sure that he was the only man for her for the rest of her life. He thought

it was enough to be her last man, if not her first man. He devoured her mouth affectionately.



His lips were not gentle at all. It seemed as though he was venting his anger through the kiss. At the same time, he seemed to be claiming what was his.

Camila could taste the bitter taste of the pill he just took. And since he was so close, she could not help but take in his unique smell.

After a while, Camila got tired and gave in to him, letting him do whatever he wanted with her. But it didn't mean that she was responding his kiss. She only remained still.

Though, there was a moment her heart missed a beat. Knowing that she wasn't responding to his kiss, Isaac pulled himself away from her.

He looked at her face, which was flushed red. Then, he set his gaze on her lips. They were red and swollen, like cherries that had just been rinsed by water.

Camila had a slender body. Compared to Isaac, she was like a kitten in front of a tiger. So, she could only submit to him. In fact, her submissive state was what made Isaac find her so charming.

Isaac wanted to protect her with all his might. Thinking about it, his hands subconsciously reached out to her face and caressed her warm

cheeks. @ Suddenly, something struck his mind, and he swallowed his saliva nervously. He had something to say to her.

But he didn't know how to explain it. Maybe she needed more time to accept him. After all, it wasn't that long that they had stayed together, so they didn't know each other very well.

With a smile, he said, "The dumplings today are delicious." Camila's eyes were indifferent as she asked flatly, "Can you move away from me now?" She didn't sound happy or angry.

But Isaac didn't catch on to her mood and kept himself close to her. He grabbed her hand and put it on his face. He purred, "You can learn to be gentle toward me." 9

Both his action and words made her feel nothing, if not disgusted Camila pressed her lips together tightly.

She didn't get her head around what he wanted. Did he really like her? The answer was obviously no.

If he did, he would not be so cruel to lock her up. Maybe he was so arrogant and domineering that he found it annoyed when she didn't submit to him?

But this time, luckily for him, Camila was pregnant. The maternal instincts had already started growing inside her, and she told herself that

she should put the baby in the first place. She would not be captivated by him.

She smiled and said, "If you like gentle women, I think Debora is more suitable for you."

This was a lie. Debora was ruthless and wicked.

Isaac's face immediately darkened. Why did Camila mention that woman at this time?

"Are you jealous?" he asked nonchalantly. Why would she suddenly mention Debora if she was not jealous?

Camila was speechless as she furrowed her eyebrows. He was so unbelievable. Why would she be jealous of Debora when she didn't love him at all?

She tried to change the topic, saying, "Can you let go of me? I'm really tired, and I want to sleep."

She couldn't give a direct answer for the time being. If she said no, Isaac would definitely keep pestering her. But she couldn't be against her will and said yes either.

Besides, the whole car seemed to be filled with his smell. For some reasons, she didn't want to get attached to that smell. So, she wanted to leave as soon as possible.

"Okay," Isaac replied in a low voice. His expression was unreadable.

As soon as Isaac returned to the driver's seat, Camila opened the door and got out of the car. She seemed so eager to leave as she walked fast. Isaac hadn't left yet. He watched her go away through the front windshield. Even when she was facing her back to him, he found her so beautiful. Looking at her go away, his expression softened.

The next morning, Camila went downstairs in pajamas. Since she didn't have a job, she had plenty of free time for the day, and she didn't plan to find any job during this period.

At that moment, her main task was to get rid of Isaac. Rowena called her the previous night and asked when she would be there.

Last time, she had tried to run away from Isaac. But her plans went wrong, and she was caught by Isaac. She felt Isaac was on guard against her even though he didn't show any obvious signs of it. If Isaac was on guard, he would surely have someone watching her all the time. For the time being, there wouldn't be any chances for her to make a second attempt, but she would surely leave Isaac one way or another.

She had told Rowena that she would go and meet with her after she finished dealing with something else.

"Madam, breakfast's ready!" Camila heard Glenda calling her from the dining room.

Camila put her thoughts to the back of her mind and walked into the dining room

She looked around but didn't see Isaac. Curious, she asked, "Where is he?" "I think he went swimming. I saw him taking his swimming suit this morning," said Glenda as she placed the plates on the table

Isaac used to have a trauma when it came to water. He was once drowned in the water when he was young. But the thing about him was that the more he scared, the more he wanted to be brave and overcome anything that made him scared.

"To which swimming pool he went?" Camila tried to get the details.

Glenda pondered for a while and said, shaking her head, "He never goes to any swimming pool but to the White Cloud Reservoir. The water there is clearer and deeper..." Before she finished speaking, Camila nodded at her, indirectly telling her that she got it now.

She then went to her seat and sat down for breakfast. As she ate, she sent a message to Debora where he was. After sending the message, she put her phone aside and had her breakfast with a relaxed mind.

Debora saw Camila's message. She was immediately intrigued, but at the same time, she doubted that Camila might be lying. After thinking for a few seconds, she decided that she should go to the reservoir. After all, going there and trying to find Isaac was better than doing nothing. Soon, Camila arrived at the reservoir. Even from far away, she could see Isaac's car parking on the roadside. @

There was not even a single person. That was because swimming was prohibited there. Because the water was too deep, there was a high risk for people to get drowned unless they were professional swimmers. Despite knowing that, Debora smiled widely and quickly walked toward the reservoir.

Camila didn't lie to her. Finally, she did something right for her.

Debora had already changed into a swimming suit even before she came there. She also had other swimming equipment in her hands.

With all those equipment and her enthusiastic expression, she looked like she was good at swimming, but unfortunately, she was not.

Debora knew she was no better than a newbie when it came to swimming. Besides, the water was too deep for her figure. However, she had to do that. For Isaac, she had to do her best.

To reach the water, she had to climb very high steps. In order to get close to Isaac, she was willing to do anything. Soon after she climbed up all the steps, she saw a lake-like reservoir in front of her. That place had never been contaminated.

The water was so clear that it almost seemed transparent. Since it was surrounded by mountains, the air was fresh in the morning. But Debora, of course, didn't care about those at all. She came here for one purpose, and it was to see Isaac.

As soon as she saw the man, she became even more excited. She quickly got into the water.

When half of her body was sunk in the water, she put a swimming ring around her body. Since she couldn't swim very well, she should have worn a life-saving swimming suit, especially in this dangerous swimming area. The reservoir was quite large and deserted, and no one would know if something were to happen to her.

But she was a girl, and she wanted to look good in front of the man she fancied. She would not waste an opportunity when she had a

chance to show off her cleavage especially when it came to Isaac. That was why she only brought the swimming ring,

The water was cold, so she swam over to Isaac as fast as she could.

The goal of making Isaac pay attention to her was imprinted in her heart, and at that moment, she wanted him to see her right away if

possible. She wanted to meet him romantically like in those movies. However, she didn't swim well. With only the swimming ring, she could only splash water and swim forward very slowly.

At this time, Isaac was swimming back to the brink of the reservoir. Debora noticed that he was about to leave. She instantly got anxious. As

she wanted to catch up with him, she swam faster. But her flustered movement caused the swimming ring to be separated from her, making her sink under the water. @

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She started to lose her breath in the water.

"Help! Help!"

Isaac had already climbed up from the water. His slim and strong body was wrapped in the swimming suit, showing his amazing body.

"Help..."

Isaac's sensitive ears caught her voice, and he turned around. He saw a woman drowning in the water. She was floundering about in the water

as she screamed. Few people came here. How would a woman suddenly appear here? Without any hesitation, he dived into the water and swam over to save her. This was the reverence for the life he received

After carrying her onto the shore, he realized that it was Debora. His eyes immediately turned cold.

"Are you following me here?" he asked.

Debora shook her head as she breathed in the air for her life. She was still in a state of shock. She almost drowned and died just now.

"I didn't follow you. I'm here to swim..."

Debora looked up at him and saw him glaring at her. Isaac would never believe her words.

She couldn't swim in the first place. Why would she show up here? Debora also realized she shouldn't say that she came to swim. So, she

quickly explained, "I'm here to learn how to swim."

Learning to swim here?

"If you said you came here to kill yourself, it might be more credible," Isaac snapped

After saying that, he pushed her away and got up. He set his intense eyes on her, giving her a warning sign. "If you dare to follow me again,

don't blame me for being rude to you!"

"I really didn't follow you. It's..."

"What is it then?"



# Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

## Chapter 59

### Chapter 59 Take Her Pregnancy Check-up

"It is....," Debora trailed off. She initially wanted to say that it was Camila who told her about his location.

Perhaps because of Isaac's stern expression, she almost blurted out the truth. At that moment, she could feel the pressure emanating from his cold eyes.

However, she knew she couldn't tell the truth. If she told him honestly, he would scold Camila, and as a result, Camila would never tell her about his whereabouts. And she would not be able to create a chance to meet with him again.

Camila was not lying when she said that Isaac was here. Debora somehow felt that Camila would be quite useful in keeping track of everything related to Isaac.

"I'm here to learn how to swim," said Debora with a soft tone. She was afraid that Isaac would catch on to her intention, so she hung her head low.

Of course, Isaac could sense the woman had something up her sleeves. Seeing her denying openly, Isaac hated her even more.

In the beginning, she had told him that she didn't want anything from him. But now, she was pestering him to the point that she had to be at wherever Isaac was. #

He thought he might as well never come to that place again to avoid seeing her. With an indifferent tone, Isaac said, "Debora, if I had known that it was you who fell into the water, I would have stood aside."

Isaac didn't even care if the woman would feel hurt to hear it. After

saying that, he turned around and walked away. Debora was left alone. She couldn't say anything back and was just gazing at the back of the man. Her eyes had turned red, and tears started rolling down her cheeks.

Isaac's words were like knives that were stabbing her heart mercilessly. What was worse was that, judging from his expression, she could see that he really meant what he just said.

Did Isaac hate her so much that he wanted her to die?

Meanwhile, Isaac had already arrived at his home.

When he entered the house, he found Camila lying on the sofa leisurely. She was holding a book in one hand, while her other hand

occasionally reached out to the fruit plate beside her.

He walked over and snatched the book from her. He glanced at the book and saw it was about medical science. Isaac was not surprised to see her reading it. After all, she was a doctor!

"Have you quit your job? Are you planning to run away again since you have no work to do?"

After seeing Debora a few minutes ago, Isaac's mood had turned gloomy. Till now, he couldn't get her out of his mind and wanted to vent

his anger. At that moment, Camila happened to be the first person he met, and he couldn't help finding fault with Camila intentionally.

How much did he hope the person who appeared in the reservoir to be Camila?

How much did he wish that the one who was pestering him was not Debora but Camila?

Camila was first startled by his appearance, and now, she was confused at his tone and question.

Why did he get angry all of a sudden?

Camila sat up and said, "I've already handed in my resignation letter, and the hospital has approved it." Isaac knew that he was making

trouble out of nothing, but he didn't want to admit it in front of Camila. He said, "Camila, don't try to run away again. If you dare, I will break your legs."

After saying that, he gave the book back to her and went upstairs. Camila was rendered speechless. She found herself so pathetic because

she couldn't even rebuke him, especially when he was picking fights with her on purpose.

Who offended him? Why did he vent his anger on her?

Was he insane? Not wanting to meet with Isaac again, she rose to her feet and

walked to the villa garden. When she arrived there, she headed straight to a stone bench and sat on it. After making herself comfortable, she continued reading the book.

Of course, she couldn't focus. Her eyes were moving along the lines of the book, but her mind was somewhere else. In the end, she closed the book and let herself think deeply.

If she didn't work, would Isaac still think that she wanted to run away? Would he be on guard against her?

And in contrast to it, if she went to work, would Isaac think that she didn't want to run away?

Camila pondered for some more time. In the end, she decided that she should do something so Isaac would think she was working and not trying to run away.

The hospital had completed the resignation procedures. Since she was an intern, she couldn't go back to the hospital. But she could still go

to the dance studio, Camila finally decided to go there.

She should make Isaac trust her first. After going inside the living room, she put the book on the table Isaac went downstairs after taking a

shower. Perhaps because he had just freshened up, he looked so handsome in his perfectly ironed suit. He must be going to the company.

When Camila passed by him, she ignored him and was about to go upstairs. But Isaac suddenly grabbed her arm and asked, "Where are you going?"

Camila answered perfunctorily, "To the bathroom."

Isaac held her arm tightly and dragged her with him.  
Camila was dumbfounded.

"Where are we going?" She tried to struggle out of his grip as she asked "Since you have no work to do, you can come with me to my company!" Isaac thought it was a good idea to have her at his company. If he kept her under his watch, she wouldn't have a chance to run away.

"I need an assistant. You can be my assistant," he said nonchalantly. Camila didn't say anything for a moment. But in the end, she didn't hold it back and said firmly, "I don't want it." She refused him without wavering.

Isaac halted in his tracks and asked, "You don't want to?" Camila really wanted to scold him. However, she didn't dare to be so feisty. She didn't have the power to do so. She shook her head and said, "I quit my job at the hospital, but I still have to go to the dancing room." "That job is not suitable for you..."

"But I like it."

Before Isaac could finish speaking, Camila interrupted him, not giving him a chance to give her lectures. She continued firmly, "I really like the work in the dance studio." If possible, she didn't want to be with him every day.

She saw him looking at her face intently and said, "What? Are you going to take away my job and my freedom?"

She was rebelling against him.

Isaac looked at her in the eye for a few seconds before he finally let her go.

He thought if he forced her too much, he might face the result that was quite the opposite of what he wished.

"Come back early tonight. Don't stay outside too late," he said, with his eyes still lingering on Camila's face

Hearing this, Camila nodded and smiled at him.

She would pretend like an obedient girl in front of Isaac when she needed to, and she would refuse anything when she didn't want it. With a

flattering smile and sweet words, she sent Isaac out.

Before he left, she asked him about his today's schedule, saying, "Where are you going today?"

"I will probably stay at the company the whole day."

Isaac liked it when she showed interest in him.

That was why when he answered her, his stern expression became less indifferent and he sounded gentle.

"Okay." Camila nodded her head.

Her brain had already started working on how she should help Debora. She knew Debora was smitten by Isaac. She wanted to help the

latter get together with him. This way, Isaac would lose interest in her.

After Isaac left, Camila prepared herself to go to the dance studio.

What she didn't know was that Isaac had heard the news as soon as she

arrived at the dance studio. Hearing that she really went there, Isaac simply nodded, telling that he knew. But he still had her under his

surveillance, and he was not going to change his mind on that

After all, Camila was the one who wanted to run away, so he couldn't let his guard down.

Fortunately, she didn't lie this time and went to the dance studio just like she had promised.

At the dance studio, Camila approached Elva and asked her a favor. A long time ago, Camila had helped Elva's husband by convincing Isaac

to invest some money in their business. So, Elva was more than happy to have Camila back at work. #

"can I only teach the basic courses?" asked Camila

She was pregnant, so she couldn't make serious dancing moves. While teaching basic classes, Camila didn't need to move her body that

much It was much safer for her.

Perhaps because she had a baby in her womb, the maternal instinct had started to get instilled in her. She always thought about her baby

whenever she made a decision to do something.

Elva was naturally a kind woman, so she let Camila do whatever she was ok with.

Smiling, Camila said, "Thank you."

Elva returned the smile sincerely and said, "You're welcome. You helped me, didn't you?"

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, the last class was over. Camila quickly finished her work. Then, she got off work.

However, she didn't go back to the villa. Instead, she hailed a taxi and told the driver to drop her at a hospital which was a little bit far away

from the city center. The hospital had only a few patients with two or three staff. Camila intentionally chose that place to avoid unnecessary attention, and she was there for a pregnancy check-up. In the ultra-sound room, Camila lay still while the doctor examined her. The doctor said, "Everything is fine, but you have to choose the food carefully. The first three months are the most important period for the fetus. And also, be aware of your emotions. Just stay out of stressed zone." Hearing this, Camila nodded. "Thank you." The baby was healthy and growing, so she could rest assured. If Isaac knew that Camila went to the dance studio for real, he would, of course, know that she went to the hospital. "Did she go to the hospital?"

Isaac was surprised and worried when he was told that Camila was at the hospital. Was she sick?

Even if she was sick, she didn't have to go to such a deserted hospital, did she?

What was she hiding?

"Go and see what she is doing at the hospital."

After saying that, he hung up the phone. He felt that Camila had something that she didn't want him to know. He was in a daze for a while before he decided to leave his work for tomorrow. He then stood up and walked out of the office.

His forehead puckered as he drove back to the villa. No matter how much he thought, he just couldn't get his head around it, so he had no choice but to ask Camila directly.



When he arrived home, he walked into the room and asked Glenda, "Has Camila come back?"

"Yes, she is back. And she is upstairs," Glenda replied. Isaac didn't say anything and just went upstairs directly. At that moment, his face had no expression, but the aura around him seemed to be quite cold.

He pushed the bedroom door open. But there was no one in the room. Instead, he heard the sound of water running from inside the bathroom. He raised his hand and looked at his watch. It was only five o'clock. Why was she taking a shower at that time? Was she going to sleep or do something?

Camila sweated a lot while teaching students in the dance room. It was not a surprising fact because dancing did use up a lot of energy. She was uncomfortable in her sweat-soaked clothes, so she wanted to wash up and change into new clothes. After taking a shower, she would stay at home comfortably.

Soon, Camila walked out of the bathroom in a cute pink pajama.

She furrowed her brows when she saw Isaac in her bedroom. Why did he come back at this time?

"Why did you go to the hospital?" asked Isaac, getting straight to the point!

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# Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

## Chapter 60

Chapter 60 It Was Camila Who Told Me

Camila, her eyes wide open, balled her hands into fists and hid them behind her sleeves.

Fortunately, she was prepared.

Isaac was indeed keeping an eye on her.

Otherwise, how did he learn of her hospital visit in such a short amount of time?

"I caught a cold, so I went to the hospital to get some medicine," Camila replied, looking away from Isaac.

She had just undergone an ultrasound, and she asked the doctor to wipe out her records. In contrast to operations that must leave a paper trail, this one did not

Then, she got some drugs for cold to make her lie look more believable. Now, it looked like her careful thinking kept a crisis from

happening. Without consciously intending to, she covered her stomach with her hands.

Isaac followed her hands and asked, "Do you get a stomachache whenever you get a cold too?"

Camila immediately withdrew her hands. "I... Can't I have a stomachache and a cold at the same time?"

She did her best to portray an air of composure.

Isaac remained silent. What she said made sense.

"You'd better not be lying to me. If I find out that you've been lying to me about your cold, I'll make your life more miserable than it already is."

After saying that, he turned around to leave. "Where are you going?" Camila asked. "[I] have an appointment at the bar. I won't be home for

dinner tonight," Isaac answered, looking back at Camila.

He then briskly walked out the door.

Isaac had just finished his business talk with some people and was about to leave when he ran into Debora at the entrance. #

She was all dressed up.

It was clear she had a purpose for coming.

"Isaac, what a coincidence," Debora greeted with a gentle smile

Isaac's expression hardened in annoyance.

First, he met her this morning. Now, he bumped into her again.

The fact that he saw her twice that day did not seem like a coincidence to him.

"Debora, you don't seem to take what I said seriously. Are you following me?" A shadow fell across Isaac's face, and he said in a stern tone,

"It seems that I'm too kind to you."

He then turned to his secretary. "Wynter, find out who gave her my whereabouts."

"Yes, sir. I'll do it right away," Wynter replied.

Debora was caught off guard by Isaac's utter lack of mercy. He did not even give her a chance to talk to him. "Why are you doing this to me? I carried your child, Isaac. Even if the baby is gone, I'm still your woman." Feeling wronged, Debora fisted a handful of Isaac's clothes. "Why are you so cruel to me? I just want you to give me another chance."

Isaac glanced at her hand coldly. "Let me go."

A distraught Debora dropped her hand. "Are you really going to leave the only woman who really loves you?"

"Love me?" Isaac scoffed.

Even if she loved him, he felt nothing for her.

It was because there was not a single redeeming quality about her. Besides that, Isaac had witnessed Debora being held by another man. He never thought highly of Debora again after that.

"For the sake of the night that we..." "shut up!" Seeing her made Isaac sick to his stomach because it reminded him of that night.

Because of her, the memory he had treasured for so long had been tarnished.

"Debora, how could someone like you, who has no qualms about having sex with a complete stranger, claim to be a conservative woman?"

"I'll give you money if that's what you want. If you bring up what happened that night again, though, I'll make you regret it."

After making that statement, Isaac walked off.

It was at this time that Debora finally realized there was nothing she could do to get Isaac back.

The man had already decided he would never forgive her.

Debora clenched her hands into fists.

"Do you want to know how I found out about where you are, Isaac?" Isaac heard her, but he did not stop walking.

He took her words as an attempt to dissuade him from leaving.

If Debora would not have Isaac, then Camila could not have him either. With that in mind, Debora blurted, "It was Camila! It was her who

told me about your schedule!" Debora said it as loudly as she could, not

caring at all about how she looked. @ Isaac finally stopped in his tracks at the mention of Camila's name. He

turned to Wynter and whispered, "Bring her here."

Wynter walked up to Camila and said, "Come with me."

Debora knew that mentioning Camila's name would get Isaac's attention. He must be furious right now.

The corner of Debora's lips curled up into a pleased smile.

To make up for the difficulty she experienced, she decided to make everyone else's lives just as difficult.

She felt absolutely no remorse for betraying Camila.

The only reason she decided to work with her was because she thought the woman could help her get back together with Isaac.

However, their plan failed.

In other words, their alliance was dissolved, and she was under no obligation to conceal this fact from Isaac for Camila's sake.

Debora approached Isaac, pulled out her phone, and showed him the messages between her and Camila.

The messages from Camila were full of specifics about when and where Isaac would show up.

"Why did she tell you all of this?" Isaac already had a guess in mind. However, he did not want to believe it. He refused to believe that Camila would set him up with someone else. "She wants me to make up with you so that you'll let her go, and she can leave." Debora was not satisfied yet, so she seized the chance to smear Camila's reputation. "She wants to leave because she wants to meet her lover. Do you know how much of a slut that woman is? Even in the hospital, she tries to seduce the doctors there." «

Isaac knew that Camila wanted to run away. He was also aware that she had a lover.

However, he did not know that she was trying to seduce other men. Perhaps it was true.

After all, that woman had also managed to get him to like her.

As frustrated as Isaac was with Camila, he kept his cool in front of Debora.

With a stony expression, he stated mockingly, "Did we ever stay together? By the way, you aren't much better than Camila."

He then turned around, stepped into his car, and drove off. When Isaac returned to the villa, nearly everyone had already gone to bed

It was eerily quiet inside the house.

He went straight to the second floor.

When he opened the door, he caught sight of the moon through the window.

Under the glow of the moonlight, he entered and closed the door. Camila had her eyes closed.

As she snuggled up on the edge of the bed, her brows knitted together. It was like she was uncomfortable with her position.

Her jet-black hair was draped on the cushion like seaweed.

Her pretty face was just partially covered.

Isaac stopped at the foot of the bed, removed his suit jacket, and tossed it to the floor. Next, one by one, he undid the buttons on his shirt.

The moonlight shone behind him, casting a shadow over his face

When Camila rolled over on the bed, she sensed another presence in the room. Her eyes narrowed.

There was someone else in the room beside her. She rubbed her eyes, hoping to see more clearly. Shortly, she spotted a towering figure approaching.

She looked up just in time to see the white shirt slip off the man's body. Suddenly, she was wide awake.

"Isaac, what... what are you doing?"

Camila sat up abruptly and drew the blanket closer around herself.

No words came out of Isaac's mouth as he stared at her like a wild animal staring down its prey.

"Are you going to undress yourself, or do you want me to do it for you?" His tone was cold as he spoke.

It was conveying a simmering rage.

Camila was dumbfounded by his words.

"You... Are you drunk?"

"I will count to three. One, two..."

"Isaac, what's wrong with you?"

A shiver ran down Camila's spine. Isaac's behaviour was scaring her. "Three!"

Isaac yanked the blanket away from her.

Camila gathered her legs to her chest as she glared at Isaac. "Isaac, if you touch me, I'll never forgive you!"

Isaac's expression soured, finding her remark absurd.

A split second later, he pinned her to the bed.