

Chapter 15 Trying To Seduce Me

Camila faltered. She thought she had already made up her mind, but now, the thought of facing Isaac made her want to flee.

His vicious treatment of her the previous day was still vivid in her mind. She took a deep breath to calm herself, gathered all the courage she could muster, and entered the villa.

She was greeted by Glenda at the door.

“Off your duty now?” the housekeeper asked with a smile.

Camila hummed and craned her neck to peek into the living room. Sure enough, someone was sitting on the sofa, though she couldn't see the person's face.

“Master Johnston is here,” Glenda offered.

Camila took her time changing her shoes, then plastered a bright smile on her face as she walked into the living room. “Mr. Johnston.”

Isaac put down the financial magazine he was reading and looked up at her.

“Did you just call me Mr. Johnston?” he demanded in a sarcastic tone. This woman refused to divorce him, yet here she was trying to alienate him in passive-aggressive ways.

Did she try to play hard to get?

Camila chose not to acknowledge his question and went for another apology instead. “I'm really sorry about last night. I was wrong to touch your things without your permission.”

“Do you think a simple apology would make me forgive you?” Isaac

leaned back against the sofa and crossed his legs. He eyed the woman who was trying her best to humble herself before him, and felt gratified.

He liked seeing her walk in eggshells around him.

In fact, Isaac was beginning to think that it would be fun to bully her. If Camila knew what was going on in his head at that moment, she would surely curse him and call him a pervert again.

But of course, that wasn't the case at all. In reality, she was a desperate woman with limited options who needed to beg for his mercy in order to survive.

Camila had no choice but to pander to him against her will.

And so, she poured him a glass of water, her smile still in place. “Mr. Johnston, please forgive me.”

Her smile was obviously fake, and it grated on Isaac's nerves. “You have an ugly smile.”

Camila tried to relax her expression after hearing that, but she simply couldn't.

So she just dropped the smile altogether and lowered her head. “I was wrong.”

“If you want me to buy your apology, then you need to show your sincerity. Say, for example, get the hell out of my villa?” Isaac's face remained blank, but his words were dripping with venom.

But they made sense to Camila. Perhaps to him, she was nothing more than an intruder in his home.

She was not welcome here.

Even so.

She hadn't actually barged in here. She was forced by someone else.

Everyone in both their families knew that Isaac did not want to marry Camila.

So, why on earth would she want to marry him?

Was there anyone who had ever paused and considered her feelings on the matter, even for only just a minute?

Camila looked up, her crystal clear eyes filled with tears

As Isaac gazed into them, he felt something tug at his heart, something that made his breath caught in his throat.

And for one brief moment, he felt a sense of familiarity.

A muscle ticked at his jaw as he struggled to calm his features and looked away.

“What now?” Isaac said, his tone softening ever so slightly. “Are you trying to act pitiful to gain my sympathy?”

Camila swallowed the lump in her throat and held back her tears. “It's not that I am unwilling to divorce you,” she said calmly. “But your grandfather made me sign a guarantee note that says I never will.”

She had never been the type to reveal her weaknesses and appeal to others, but her current situation didn't allow her to act as tough as she usually would. “My mother was in a critical condition, and your grandfather helped me with her transplant and treatment. I have no choice but to stay married to you. Do you really believe that you're the only one who's against this marriage?”

Isaac's eyes narrowed at that. "What did you just say?" he asked sharply. "So, you don't want to stay in this marriage?"

"Of course not. If it wasn't for my mother, I would have never agreed to marry you in the first place!" Camila spat out the words bitterly. She wouldn't be suffering this much if she had complete control over her life. Isaac's lips curled into a sneer. Was this woman saying that she had been forced to marry him against her will? Was he that awful?

"So are you saying that you feel wronged to have been forced to marry me?" he bit out through gritted teeth.

"That's right," Camila answered bluntly.

It drove Isaac into a full-blown rage.

The veins on his forehead bulged, and his nostrils flared. How the hell could she not want to marry him? @ Just who did she think she was?

What gave her the right to not want him?

How could Camila, a shameless woman with loose morals, act so high and mighty in front of him?

It was beyond insulting to Isaac!

"You must have been suffering this entire time, right?" A sinister smile appeared on his face.

Camila had no idea what had set him off this time, but since things had come to this, she decided to be honest. "Yes."

For her, every minute she had to spend around Isaac was nothing short of torture.

It was evident in her response, how she had answered so quickly and without hesitation, that she didn't want him at all.

Isaac shot to his feet. "Then brace yourself, because you will be suffering more in the coming years!"

He was no longer interested in divorcing her.

He might not like her one bit, but he relished making her suffer! "Mr. Johnston—"

"Don't even think about getting your job back!" Isaac said ruthlessly.

In a panic now, Camila grabbed on to his shirt. "Please, I really love my job. I need it! Please..."

Isaac showed her no mercy and forcefully shoved her away. Camila was already weak from exhaustion, and she easily fell back on the sofa. As she did so, the hem of her shirt rolled up her abdomen, exposing her slender waist.

Her arms were spread wide, and her expression was a mix of fear and bemusement. Isaac found it alluring, and he suddenly had the urge to take her into his arms and have his way with her.

His eyes darkened, and he had to clear his throat to conceal his lust. "What's this? Your sob story didn't work, so now you're trying to seduce me?"

Camila's brain couldn't catch up with his meaning. The wound on her head had started throbbing.

She followed the direction of his gaze and saw that her shirt had rolled up nearly to her chest. She immediately pulled it back down.

"Know this," Isaac said slowly. "Even if you take off all your clothes and offer yourself to me, I will never be interested in you."

Each word felt like a dagger to her heart.

Camila didn't say anything more.

It was clear that she could never persuade this cold and merciless man. With one last sneer, Isaac turned and went upstairs.

Camila curled into herself, not wanting to move from the spot.

Glenda waited until they heard a door upstairs slam closed, then she hurried over to Camila. "You don't look well. Are you ill?"

Camila shook her head. "No."

"You haven't had dinner yet, have you?" the housekeeper prodded. "Is

there something you would like to eat?" Camila didn't really have an appetite at the moment.

And she wasn't sure which room Isaac had gone into, but she knew that she didn't want to spend another second in his presence. She buried her face in the sofa and murmured, "I just want to sleep. Please get me a blanket."

Glenda sighed and went to fetch a blanket, draping it over Camila's frail body. "Get some rest. I'll make some food for you. You can heat it up and eat it when you wake up."

Camila turned her head to look at Glenda. The housekeeper was the only source of warm and comfort in this cold, dark place.

"Thank you, Glenda," she rasped.

"You're welcome." Glenda smiled

Camila closed her eyes as Glenda turned off the main light, leaving only two night lights by the hallway.

Camila fell into a deep slumber. She was still fast asleep when the clock struck eleven, so Glenda retired for the night as well.

Sometime later, Isaac went downstairs to get a glass of water. He found Camila curled up on the sofa, her blanket slipping halfway down to the floor.

He walked over and watched her for a while. There was no way he was going to pick up the blanket and tuck her in.

When he made to leave, however, Camila's hand suddenly shot out and grabbed his robe

She pulled with such strength that she managed to undo the tie, revealing his strong, muscular body.

Just like that, Isaac got mad all over again.

He all but roared at her, "What are you doing?"