

Chapter 16

The Indirect Kiss Camila was having a nightmare. In her dream, two massive snakes had wrapped their scaly bodies around her, squeezing the life out of her. Just when she thought she would suffocate to death, a flash of light appeared and she reached out to grab it with all her strength... She was about to be saved... When she opened her eyes, she found a tall, disheveled-looking man standing in front of her. Anger was written all over his face. She sobered up in an instant and sat up abruptly. "Wh-what're you doing?" she stammered, scared and startled. Having just woken up, her voice was particularly hoarse. And there was a slight tremble as she spoke. Isaac sneered sarcastically. She was the one who had deliberately grabbed his robe, yet she had the audacity to pretend to be startled? "Nice try, pretending to be asleep and grabbing my robe out of the blue." Hearing this, Camila froze. She stared at Isaac and immediately denied it. "I did not!" Isaac rolled his eyes. Obviously, he didn't believe her. "Is that so?" Suddenly, he took a step towards her. When he got close, she could clearly feel his domineering aura, pressing down on and suffocating her relentlessly. Without thinking, she instinctively stretched out her hands to stop him. Her soft palms touched Isaac's chest, making Isaac shiver involuntarily. He slowly lowered his eyes and saw her hands, pressed against his chest. The shape of her hands was beautiful. She had slender fingers and smooth skin, which added to her charm. Her touch was like an electric shock, coursing through his veins, making his heart race in his chest. Isaac felt inexplicably restless. Gritting his teeth, he blamed this feeling on this woman who was deliberately flirting with him. He moved closer to her and asked in a low voice, "You're so homy that you dared seduce me?" Camila's blood ran cold. "How dare you say such a thing? Shame on you!" "Shame on me? Weren't you the one who touched me first?" he asked with a dangerous smile. Only then did she realize that her hands were resting on his chest. She could feel his warmth on her fingertips, and his defined muscles felt solid to the touch. Horrified, she immediately withdrew her hands, but she could still feel his lingering warmth in her palms. Staring at her hands, she felt so at a loss that she didn't even know where to look. How embarrassing! After gathering her bearings, she cleared her dry throat and tried to explain. "I didn't mean it." Her sweet scent was tempting. It was enough to excite anyone who got close to her. Isaac was no exception, but he managed to restrain himself. Without betraying any emotions, he straightened up slowly and readjusted the belt on his robe. "I'm hungry," he said out of the blue. Camila was stunned. What was that supposed to mean? Isaac looked at her intently. Seeing that she remained motionless, he figured that she was unwilling to cook for him. Frowning tightly, he sneered, "I don't care how reluctant you are. You're my wife now. You need to do whatever I ask you to do!" Camila winced. His words were like a knife stabbing at her heart. But he wasn't wrong. In the end, she got off the sofa and went to the kitchen. After all, she hadn't had dinner yet, so she was also a little hungry. Fortunately, Glenda had already prepared some food. Camila heated it up in the microwave and soon served it on the table. "The food is ready." She went to the living room to call Isaac. Isaac stood up and walked over to the dining room. He looked at the food on the table expressionlessly, so Camila didn't know whether he was satisfied or not. She decided to stay silent, hoping to minimize her presence. Fortunately, Isaac didn't complain and sat down to eat. Camila, on the other hand, suddenly felt nauseous. She excused herself from the table and rushed to the bathroom. Bent over the toilet, she threw up. It suddenly occurred to her that she hadn't had her period this month... Her period usually came on time. Realizing this, she felt a little uneasy. Was she pregnant? No, it couldn't be! She had taken contraceptives after that night. Perhaps her period was just late. She wasn't pregnant. Everything was fine. At least, this was what she told herself. She went back to the table, but she didn't feel like eating. Without thinking too much, she picked up a spoon from the table and tried to have some soup. Just then, she sensed that someone was staring at her. Camila looked up and met Isaac's strange gaze. Her heart skipped a beat. Did she offend him again? But what did she do this time? "Do you not like the food?" Camila asked, forcing a smile. Secretly, she wished she could stab him in the heart. Why did he always have to make things so difficult for her? Would he not give up until she died from torture? If she had known this sooner, she would've poisoned the food. Without saying a word, Isaac stabbed a piece of broccoli with his fork and put it into his mouth. He chewed it slowly, staring at her the whole time. Camila decided to ignore him. When she lowered her head to eat some more food, she realized that her spoon was still on the table. So whose spoon was in her hand? She looked up in shock, Isaac's spoon was nowhere to be found. Something exploded in her mind. She accidentally picked up Isaac's spoon, not hers! "Camila, do you like me that much?" Isaac asked slowly. There was a trace of joy on his face. But why was he in a good mood? Even he didn't know the answer to that question. "Although Camila wanted to explain, what could she say? She had used his spoon, which had touched his lips just moments earlier. She cursed the universe in her heart. Was this an indirect kiss? She would rather die than kiss him! "I-I didn't mean to..." Isaac picked up a napkin and

dabbed at the corners of his mouth elegantly. "If you want to kiss me, just say it. Why did you have to resort to such trickery? I understand that it's normal for a horny woman like you to have feelings for someone like me." Camila's jaw dropped, but no words came out of her mouth. She was too disgusted to say a word. This man was such a narcissist! What on earth made him think that she had a crush on him? She wouldn't like him even if he was the last man on earth! "It was just an accident. Don't worry. I have no feelings for you. I'd rather die a horrible death than have feelings for you," Camila denied firmly, holding her head high. Isaac narrowed his eyes at her. How could she say such a terrible thing? She'd rather die than be with him?

Jesus Christ! This woman was really something! But he didn't lose his temper. Instead, he looked at her with a smile and said slowly, "I heard that you can never be a doctor again. Is that true?" Camila stiffened in her seat. Slowly turning her head, she glared at him with unmasked hatred. Isaac's smile widened. Seeing her angry made him so... So happy. "What... What do I have to do for you to let me go?" she asked in a voice barely above a whisper. # Although Robin had paid for her mother's medical expenses, she and her mother still needed to find a way to survive. No job meant no income. Isaac's mood improved. Perhaps he was pleased to see that she had become submissive. "If you behave well, maybe I'll be merciful." « As he spoke, he stood up from the chair and turned around to walk away. However, he suddenly stopped and said, "I have a business party at Bluebridge tomorrow night. If you want your job, come to me." Clenching her fists, Camila knew that Isaac was just making things difficult for her. However, she had no other choice but to do what he said. She pursed her lips and hissed, "I'll be there." Then Isaac went upstairs, leaving her alone to clean the table. Afterwards, she lay down again on the sofa, but she couldn't fall asleep this time. She didn't sleep a wink until dawn. By the time she woke up again, it was already noon. She hadn't taken a shower the night before, so when she saw that Isaac wasn't here, she went upstairs to freshen up. However, when she opened the door to her room, she found that...