

Chapter 38 He Will Only Dislike Me

Did her wounds hurt? Of course, they hurt.

However, the physical pain was nothing compared to the emotional anguish she felt at the loss of her child. Camila averted her gaze and said nothing.

Isaac pinned her hands on the bed to prevent her from moving before lowering his head to kiss her on the lips. @

She let out a muffled noise. "Hey! Are you crazy?"

Isaac smiled playfully. "That's your punishment for ignoring me. You have to answer me when I ask you a question. It's common courtesy. If you don't know what courtesy is, I'll gladly teach you. Don't ignore me again, or I'll punish you even more."

Then, he added, "I'm serious."

For the sake of her child, Camila did not put up a fight, but that did not mean she liked what Isaac did.

At the moment, she felt nothing but hatred toward him, but she was powerless to do anything about it.

So, she held back from making any sort of statement.

First, Debora performed an amniocentesis on her without her consent. Then, Isaac mistook her for the driver who killed his child and instructed someone to beat her up. As a result of all of these, she miscarried.

From her point of view, these two people killed her child.

That was why she could not stomach being intimate with Isaac. #

She just lost her baby because of him, after all. As Isaac studied her injuries, he asked, "Why hasn't your lover visited you yet? Where was he when you were being beaten up? Why do you like him, anyway? He can't even protect you."

Camila smiled bitterly. "I don't know. I just love him." «

Isaac stopped in his tracks.

He stared at her, visibly taken aback by her response.

It infuriated him as well.

However, he managed to keep his temper in check this time.

The woman looked so vulnerable. It was like she would break if she heard some harsh words.

"No matter how much you love him, you have to stay with me. Oh, you have no idea how thrilled I am to know that you love someone but can't marry him." He stuffed his hands carelessly into his pockets and got to his feet. He looked pleased with himself, as though tormenting her brought him great pleasure. "Camila, if I were you, I'd stop dreaming of being with that man because it's not going to happen."

"What will you get out of staying married to me?" Camila asked through gritted teeth,

Isaac looked directly into her eyes and replied, "I'll get to see you heartbroken every day."

The corners of Camila's mouth twitched. She really wanted to curse the lunatic man.

"I'm leaving." Once he finished speaking, Isaac stepped out the door. He wanted to express his worry verbally, but he lacked the courage to do so. All he could do was tell her coldly that he was leaving.

Forrest was waiting outside the room.

He stayed because he was worried that they would not be able to come to terms.

Isaac was less agitated now than when he found out that Camila was pregnant.

He said softly, "Her wounds look pretty bad. How can she get better as soon as possible?"

"She has to rest for at least half a month," Forrest replied.

That was a lie. Camila's wounds were not that severe. The bruising, though, would not go away so quickly.

But it would not prevent her from getting out of bed and wandering around.

The unborn child was the reason she had to rest for half a month.

She had to be on strict bed rest until there was no longer any risk of another miscarriage.

"I see. Take good care of her for me," Isaac said.

Forrest nodded. "I will."

Isaac glanced at the door of Camila's room before leaving.

Once he was far enough, Forrest entered the ward and asked, "How did it go?"

Camila answered, "Not good. He didn't agree to the divorce."

"Why doesn't he want to divorce? What's wrong with him?" Forrest questioned with a frown

"I think he's out of his mind." Camila smiled, but it did not reach her eyes,

It was at that moment that Forrest recalled what Willie had said about Isaac having feelings for Camila.

He hummed thoughtfully. "Mila, maybe Isaac doesn't want to divorce you because he has feelings for you," he stated tentatively.

Camila was taken aback, but she quickly regained her composure. "That's impossible. He hates me and always wants to humiliate me." She then added, "Even if he has feelings for me, I won't accept him. He and Debora killed my child. I hate them."

In her eyes, those two were murderers.

And there was no way she was going to have feelings for the person who killed her child.

"Well, what are you going to do now that Isaac didn't agree to the g. Soon, your baby bump will become more visible," Forrest reminded.

Camila had an idea, but she was not going to tell Forrest about it.

He and Isaac knew each other too well.

If she told Forrest about it, it would not take long before Isaac fou "I don't know either. For now, let's wait for what will happen next."

Forrest suggested, "You can run away where Isaac can't find you. Keep your distance from him till he forgets about you."

With a grimace, Camila sent him a sidelong glance. "I don't think there's such a place. If he wants to, he can find me easily."

"You're right." Forrest knew what Isaac was capable of.

"Forrest, I'm tired. I want to sleep," Camila muttered.

"Okay. Call me if you need anything," Forrest said.

"I will," Camila replied.

Forrest opened the door to leave.

"Forrest!" Camila suddenly called. When he turned to her, she said,

"Thank you." "You don't have to thank me. We're friends," Forrest replied.

Camila's face broke into a genuine smile

She was really exhausted. The moment Forrest left, she fell asleep.

In the evening, Rowena brought her some food.

Camila managed to eat some of it.

"Mom, I have something to tell you," Camila said with a solemn expression.

With a tender look in her eyes, Rowena said, "Go ahead."

"I want to end my marriage to Isaac, but he's against it. Now, I can't tone, she continued, "I need to find a place where he can't find me."

Rowena stated, "I wanted to get a divorce from your father, too, but he wasn't having it, so I was considering filing for divorce in court. But based on what you just said, it sounds like getting a divorce isn't that simple. Maybe we should move to a city where no one knows us and start over."

Camila nodded in agreement. "But we have to make sure we leave no traces behind if we leave."

"L know. If we don't want to be found, we'll have to leave this place quietly," Rowena said.

"Mom, come here."

Rowena moved closer to her daughter.

Camila then whispered something in her ear.

Afterward, Rowena nodded.

"I'll transfer the money to your bank account. Once you settle down, I'll go there," Camila said.

"Okay. I'll settle down there first," Rowena agreed. Then, her face twisted in concern. "You'll be left alone here, and you're injured..."

"I can take care of myself, Mom." Camila gave her a comforting smile Rowena nodded again. She had to make sure that she would not burden her daughter. What Camila needed from her right now was her support. Rowena was planning to leave the following day, so she stayed with her daughter the whole night. They needed each other to get through their tough situation, and they wanted to do so together.

The next day, Rowena reluctantly left the hospital.

In the meantime, Camila would remain in the hospital to rest and recover.

In another hospital, Isaac visited Willie. Although he had awakened, he still needed time to get back on his feet.

Meanwhile, Debora was itching to know how Isaac wouher face, she muttered, "Our baby is gone. I'm sad." Isaac did not seem interested in talking to her, though. He did not even bother looking at her.

"Isaac..." Debora moved to approach Isaac.

However, Wynter walked past her, preventing her from getting closer to Isaac. "Mr. Johnston, we've found the doctor."