

## Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

### Chapter 7 An Impure Woman

"Madam, hi, I'm Mr. Johnston's assistant, Willie. Please come with me."

Camila had frozen where she stood when she had first laid eyes on Willie. His voice pulled her out of her daze, and she quickly ducked to hide her face. She didn't want him to know that she recognized him.

Yesterday, when she had gone to treat Forrest's patient in his stead, it was Willie who had opened the door. So he was Isaac's assistant?

Did that mean that the injured man back then was Isaac?

"Madam, please," Willie urged. The fact that Camila hadn't moved an inch was starting to stress him out.

Camila brushed off her suspicions and said, "I need to go to work."

It was a blatant excuse to refuse him, and they both knew it.

She wasn't interested in seeing Isaac at all, no matter what the reason might be.

"I advise you to reconsider. If you antagonize Mr. Johnston in any way, not only will you lose your job, you will also be risking your entire career and reputation."

It was an obvious threat and they both knew it, too.

Camila gritted her teeth. Her father had agreed to finance her mother's surgery, nothing more. She was the one paying for her mother's treatment and other hospital fees. She couldn't afford to lose her job now, nor could she give up her career after so many years of hard work.

There was nothing for her to do but to go with Willie.

"Fine, just give me a second. I need to call the hospital and ask for a leave of absence." Camila ran back into her room under the pretext of making a call. She did inform the hospital, but her main purpose was to grab her scalpel

from her medical kit. She slipped it into a secret pocket in her purse. Better to be safe than sorry.

Camila then followed Willie out of the villa.

Before long, she found herself in a club.

She had never been to such a place before.

Here and there, people were clustered, indulging themselves in their preferred areas of depravity. As they passed a corner, she overheard a handful of women discussing among themselves.

"Isaac is in the VIP room on the top floor, talking business with a lascivious guy. I heard the man has some pretty hardcore kinks."

"Is he the one who almost killed an escort during one of their sessions?"

"Yes! That's him."

"Ahh. I don't know who the unfortunate girl is, but I suppose it's good that none of us was chosen. You know that poor girl who almost died? She may have survived, but I heard that she turned infertile after the incident. I can't even imagine the kind of torture that bastard did for her to end up like that."

The more Camila heard, the more frightened she became. She didn't even dare to ponder the implications of that horrible conversation.

Her heart was thundering inside her chest as Willie led her into the elevator, and her palms began to sweat.

The elevator stopped moving much sooner than she would have liked. They had arrived at their destination.

Willie glanced at her pale face and offered, "You know more than anyone else how you came to be married to Mr. Johnston. You won't have to go in there, as long as you sign the divorce papers."

It was all so simple, really. The Johnston family owed the Haynes family a favor, so they had no choice but to agree to the conditions that her father had set. However, both Camila and Isaac did not want the marriage. All this farce would be over if she just signed the divorce agreement.

Camila turned to look at Willie. If she had the power to refuse in the first place, she would have never married Isaac.

And that bully would never have any cause to force her into anything.

She took a deep, fortifying breath, squared her shoulders, and strode out of the elevator with her head held high.

Willie furrowed his brows, but he said nothing more. He ushered her into a luxurious private room. It was dimly lit, but she had no trouble finding Isaac on the sofa, sitting beside a seedy-looking man.

The said man perked up as soon as she stepped inside, and proceeded to whistle as he leered at her from head to toe. As if that wasn't enough, he also opened his mouth and spouted his disgusting commentary. "Good, good. Nice skin. Slender waist. I bet I'll feel soft and supple with you in my arms, eh?"

He beckoned at her with a wave of his hand. "Come, come. Sit next to me."

Camila ignored him and stared at Isaac.

Her so-called husband was sitting leisurely on one end of the sofa, his long legs crossed before him.

Thanks to the damn lighting, she couldn't make out his expression.

Growing impatient, the man scrambled to his feet, hobbled over, and draped his arm over Camila's shoulders.

He grinned at Isaac. "Where did you find this beauty? She's much more gorgeous than those bawdy hookers with their heavy make-up and skimpy clothes. I like how pure and innocent this little miss looks."

Isaac remained silent. He did nothing to stop the man, so he must be okay with this, right?

A chill gripped Camila's heart. She balled one hand into a fist, while the other clutched her purse closer.

"Can you drink?" The man spoke, his hand already traveling down to caress her waist.

Camila recoiled in disgust. "No," she said, her voice firm and unwavering as she stepped away from him.

"No big deal. I can teach you. Shall we begin your lessons?" The man grabbed a glass from the table and filled it to the brim with liquor. He held it up to her lips.

Camila turned her head to the side in an attempt to dodge him, but the man clamped his free arm around her and held her still. "Let go of me!" She struggled against him with all that she had. She would have succeeded, too, if Isaac didn't choose that moment to intervene.

"It is your duty to entertain my guests. If you can't even manage this much, then just fuck off already!" Isaac was leaning forward in his seat, and the play of light and shadows in the room lent a sinister quality to his features.

All this time, Camila had foolishly believed that her husband would dismiss her as some piece of trash, unworthy of his time and attention.

Never had she expected him to actively make her life miserable.

"Fine. I'll drink it." She pushed the man away and took the glass.

She stared at the liquid for one tense moment, then gulped it all down in one go.

It was her first time consuming alcohol.

The liquor tasted awful, and it left a burning sensation in its trail. Even now, seconds later, she felt as though there was a fireball rolling around in the pit of her stomach.

Camila furrowed her brows and pursed her lips, trying to stave off the discomfort that was threatening to engulf her.

Her expression came across as a flirtatious one, and the man could no longer wait. "Mr. Johnston," he rasped, "can I just take her away, then?"

Camila panicked upon hearing that. She looked around for a means of escape, only for her eyes to be arrested by another pair a few feet away. Isaac's gaze was dark and unfathomable. Camila froze despite herself. Had he made it his life's mission to humiliate her utterly and completely?

Unexpectedly, it was Isaac who looked away first. "You... Whatever."

The man all but yelped with glee. He snaked his other arm around Camila and grinned at her. This time, she didn't struggle.

Instead, she let the man drag her out of the room.

"Sir." Willie walked up behind Isaac. "If you let Camila go with Jaylen Williams, I don't think... I don't think she would be able to escape him."

He understood that Isaac wanted to force her hand and make her agree to divorce, but surely he didn't mean for her to be taken advantage of by a lecher?

Isaac poured himself a glass of wine and nonchalantly took a sip. He glanced sideways at Willie and said, "Do you really think she's innocent and unsullied?"

The assistant's eyes widened in shock. The Haynes had really gone too far! How dare they foist an impure woman on his boss and force him to marry her?

Willie felt an odd sense of betrayal. He had sympathized with Camila and even wished her the best.

Now, it looked like she didn't deserve his good intentions at all.

"She knows that you will only give her a hard time, but she still refuses to sign the divorce papers," he pointed out. "I'm afraid this won't end here, Sir."

Was Camila so determined to stay in the Johnston family?

"Mr. Johnston..."

"Let's go," Isaac cut him off. He didn't want to hear anything else regarding Camila.

Willie wisely shut his mouth and went to open the door.

Moments later, they were in the car, on their way home. Even so, all Isaac could think about was the look of defeat on Camila's face as Jaylen took her away.

She was clearly aware of the danger, yet she still submitted herself to it.

That woman...

"Turn around."

Willie slammed hard on the brakes. It took him a couple of seconds to make sense of Isaac's words, but when he did, he immediately made a U-turn and headed back to the club.

However, they didn't find Camila or Jaylen in the private rooms, and they were later informed that the pair had already left.

A dangerous scowl appeared on Isaac's face. He barked at Willie and ordered him to drive to the villa.

But Camila wasn't there, either.

"Go and find—"

The rest of Isaac's sentence died in his throat when they heard the main door creak open, followed by Camila's sweet voice.

"Glenda..."

She wasn't a drinker, so that single glass of liquor was more than enough to get her into a disoriented state. And if she hadn't been trained to remain calm and in control in the most disastrous situations, she might have not been able to make her way home at all.

Camila squinted her eyes to take stock of her surroundings. She was certain she was back in the villa, but why was Glenda just standing there?

"Glenda..." she called out once more, but when she blinked again, she found her bastard husband standing not far away.