

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 8 Covet An Immoral Woman

Hadn't Isaac left her in the hands of that lecherous man? Why was he here again? Was he here to mock her and laugh at her tragedy?

Camila pointed angrily at him, the alcohol in her system making her bolder than usual. She looked the man in the eye and felt none of the fear she previously had.

"Isaac! You... You bastard!"

Isaac's upper lip twitched, and his eyes flashed with menace.

Both Willie and Glenda stepped back and lowered their heads, not daring to make even a single sound.

Camila stumbled over to Isaac and grabbed his tie, pulling him close to her. "Do you honestly think I want to be married to you? Who do you think you are?"

Isaac frowned at the pungent smell of alcohol in her breath.

He clasped her wrist in a vice-like grip. "You're out of your mind," he said, his voice dangerously low.

How could she go along with a stranger, and one who had expressed sexual interest in her?

He was only testing her, trying to push her into yielding, but the woman was too damn stubborn for her own good.

In truth, the moment Camila had gone with Jaylen, Isaac immediately regretted his actions. She was still his wife, after all, if only in name. He didn't like seeing her with another man.

"You're the one who's out of his mind!" Camila retorted. She flailed her arms and struggled against him with all the strength she had.

She wanted to give him a piece of her mind and punish him for leaving her alone in the hands of some strange pervert!

Isaac's scowl deepened. He tightened his hold on her wrist and dragged her upstairs.

Camila continued to fight him, screaming, "Let go of me! I said let go!"

Isaac refused to budge.

He kicked the bedroom door open and tossed her inside.

Camila was already losing her balance in her muddled state, and she fell on the floor without much resistance. Her knee was the first to make contact with the hard surface, bearing the brunt of her weight. She groaned in pain.

The sound made Isaac freeze.

That voice...

It took him back to that fateful night at the hospital.

His wife sounded very much like the woman he had embraced back then.

Why had he never realized that Camila's voice was similar to Debora's before?

"Isaac!" Camila spat out his name in outrage.

She always knew he was ruthless, but she had never expected him to be violent.

Now, her knee was scraped and bleeding.

Isaac jolted back to his senses, and his eyes immediately zeroed in on hers.

He strode over and crouched before her. "Are you drunk or not?"

Camila was definitely drunk.

Even so, she still kept most of her wits about her.

She pressed her palms against the floor and tried to pull herself up.

She seemed to have lost strength in her legs, though, and she felt herself falling right back before she could even stand. Camila reacted by instinct and instantly reached for something to hold on to.

Luckily, she was able to grab something sturdy at the last minute.

But before she could pull herself up again, she sensed the temperature in the room drop ominously.

Camila slowly looked up, her gaze meeting Isaac's.

His eyes seemed to have turned colder and more dangerous than she ever remembered.

It took Camila a few seconds to realize that the support she was grabbing onto was his powerful legs. To be precise, she was clutching his trousers.

If it hadn't been for his belt, Camila would have torn his pants right off him. Of course, that didn't mean that their current position was any less embarrassing. Isaac's face was already flushed in a mix of horror and anger.

Camila promptly let go.

She glanced at the crumpled fabric of his pants and looked away in a panic. "Sorry," she muttered. "I didn't mean to grab you."

"Are you sure about that?" Isaac sneered.

"Of course!"

No, wait...

Camila whipped her head back to glare at Isaac. "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, are you saying you don't know exactly what kind of person you are?"

His sarcastic taunts were like a physical blow to Camila. He had taken one look at her morning after pills and immediately made assumptions about her.

Scenes from that night flashed before her eyes, making Camila shudder. Still, she did not lose her composure.

At the moment, however, all she wanted to do was to flee from further humiliation.

"What, don't you have anything to say for yourself? You want to have sex with any random guy you meet, don't you?" Isaac suddenly seized her by the neck and forced her to look into his eyes. "Tell me, how did you manage to cheat on me, huh? You should have just divorced me if you were going to sleep around with other men!"

His rage was unmistakable.

And who could blame him?

Being cuckolded on his wedding night... It was probably the worst insult he had ever endured in his life.

Camila was slowly losing her breath as Isaac's fingers tightened around her throat. Her face was an alarming shade of red, and her chest heaved with her efforts to suck more air into her lungs.

She clawed at his hands and tried to squeeze out a few words. "Let... Go..."

She was growing desperate by the second, and in her struggle, the top two buttons of her blouse popped open.

Isaac's eyes immediately flitted downward, taking in her exposed flesh. Her black bra did very little to hide her plump breasts. It would only take one little pull, and...

Camila was still gasping for air.

A strand of her hair fell over her chest as her breasts continued to rise and fall in an urgent rhythm. It was a mesmerizing sight to behold...

Realizing that he had fallen into a daze, Isaac averted his eyes. He swallowed the lump in his throat, his brows furrowed, his nostrils flared.

He could feel the familiar stirrings of desire in the pit of his stomach, and his instincts were yelling at him to let it loose.

But then a sliver of reason overrode his body. How could he list after such an immoral woman?

The thought sparked his rage anew.

Isaac pulled Camila up and threw her on the bed. At this point, he was no longer sure whether he was more furious at her or himself.

The fact that he coveted her body didn't sit well with him.

Was he truly out of his mind, after all?

Isaac whirled around and left the room, slamming the door behind him. He stomped down the stairs and made a beeline for the door.

"Mr. Johnston." Willie immediately went up to his boss, only to be ignored.

Isaac said nothing and strode out of the villa, his faithful assistant hot on his heels.

The two men got in the car. Willie wordlessly started the engine and drove out of the residence, though he didn't know where they were headed to. He cast a cautious glance at his boss through the rearview mirror.

What was wrong with Isaac? Why was he so livid?

Meanwhile, back inside the villa, Camila lay on the bed, still panting as she tried to catch her breath.

Her hands were pressed against her chest. She had really thought she was done for, that Isaac would strangle her to death there and then.

She had barely recovered from the terrifying encounter when she felt her stomach roil, then hot acid rushed up her throat.

Camila wanted to hurl.

She scrambled to her feet and into the bathroom. She spent the next few minutes vomiting in the toilet.

Camila felt much better afterward, though she was still miserable.

She washed her mouth and trudged back to the bed without bothering to shower.

She was exhausted. Her eyes began to close as soon as her head hit the pillows.

Camila fell fast asleep.

The next day, at Paramount Corporation.

Isaac's secretary, Wynter Archer, came up to him as soon as he stepped out of the elevator. "Mr. Johnston, Mr. Williams is looking for you."