

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 84

Chapter 84 Camila's Surprise For Isaac

As expected, Isaac was very interested in this. "What surprise?" But Camila had no plans to give him any details. "I can't tell you right now."

"So, you're trying to play tricks on me, huh?" He chuckled "Where have you been?" Camila changed the subject without batting an eye.

For a split second, Isaac looked uncomfortable with her question. "I had some work to take care of."

"I see." In truth, Camila had seen Debora get into his car. He had already been waiting for her in the backseat. And now he was lying through his teeth, saying that he had been to work.

Maybe he meant doing some work in bed with Debora. Or maybe Camila was simply in a lewd state of mind. Either way, she was disgusted with Isaac's response. How could he flirt with her and date Debora at the same time?

The worst part of all was that she had almost fallen for his deceit and thought that he really did love her!

"It's late. We should go to bed."

Camila stood up, and the pair went upstairs together.

They were walking down the hall on the second floor when Isaac leaned close and whispered, "Will you share your bed with me tonight?"

If it had been in the past, her heart might have raced at those inviting

words. As things stood, however, all Camila wanted to do was sneer. But she plastered a bright smile on her face and chirped, "Sure!"

Isaac was caught off guard and froze.

He hadn't expected her to agree so easily.

What was more, she even said, "You can shower in my room."

At this point, Isaac was confused.

Was he hallucinating, or was Camila not in her right mind today?

He reached out and pressed his palm against her forehead.

"What are you doing?" Camila slapped his hand away.

Isaac said nothing and strode into her room.

Everything looked the same as before, but a strange new fragrance lingered in the room,

Isaac frowned.

As far as he knew, Camila didn't like using any perfume.

"I light incense to help me sleep," she explained. "It smells good, right?" Sure enough, Isaac spotted a dainty incense burner on the

nightstand. Ah, so it was incense

For a moment there, he thought it was something else.

"Make yourself comfortable and wait for me," Camila said as she headed toward the bathroom. "I'll go take a shower."

Isaac was still frowning when the bathroom door clicked shut. He couldn't shake off the feeling that something was off with his wife.

She had always refused his advances. Why was she suddenly being so different? Had Camila really thought this matter through? There was a clatter from inside the bathroom, followed by the sound of running water. The more Isaac pondered the situation, the more tired and sleepy he got. He slowly lay back on the bed.

The only logical thing to do now was to close his eyes, and then...

No!

Isaac's eyes snapped open, and they immediately fixed on the burning incense. There was something wrong with the damn thing. He had started to feel weak after taking a few whiffs of the stuff.

What was going on?

Isaac tried to sit up, intending to put it out. To his dismay, he didn't even have the strength to lift a finger, much less pull himself up.

He had no choice but to succumb to the effects of the incense and just

stay on the bed. The bathroom finally grew quiet, and Camila came out shortly after. "What the hell is this?"

Isaac demanded, staring daggers at her.

Camila let out a mocking laugh. "This is my surprise for you!"

He narrowed his eyes. "And what are you trying to accomplish by tricking me like this?"

Camila took out a folder from a drawer and tossed it on the bed beside him. "Divorce papers. I've already signed them. All you need to do is affix your signature, and we're as good as divorced."

"No!" Isaac barked.

He had been set up, and he was livid.

Getting trapped was one thing, but to be forced in such a humiliating predicament...

Camila just sighed at his refusal. "I need to divorce you."

"Why, so you can go find your beloved beau?" Isaac spat, his face

twisting into a ferocious expression. Camila smirked and goaded him on purpose. "That's right. My beloved has been waiting for me for a

long time. I miss him a lot. I just want to see him and be with him. I shall elope with him and leave this country. We will find our own

paradise and start a new life together, build a home, have some children. We will be very happy."

"I forbid it!" Isaac thundered, his eyes burning with rage.

If he could have moved, he would have definitely pounced at her and choked her to death.

There was no doubt in his mind that he would kill her for those words! He had done so much for Camila.

How could she betray him like this?

The pain it brought him only served to fan the flames of his anger. Camila looked him in the eye as she threw the surgical tools he had given

her into the trash bin. "The mere sight of it makes me sick."

Isaac closed his eyes and gnashed his teeth together. "Let me go!"

"But if I do that, then how can I be free?"

She walked over to the head of the bed and looked down at him. She had once loved this man.

But she was taking all of her feelings back. From this day forward, Isaac was nothing to her.

His upper lip curled into a sneer. "Then you'd better make sure you escape to somewhere I can't find, because if I do, I promise you that you will die at my hands."

"Oh, I already knew that," Camila said nonchalantly. "Don't worry. I'll hide well."

With that, she sauntered out of the room.

"Camila Haynes!" Isaac's roar rang out in the entire villa.

Camila took one last glance at him before closing the bedroom door. The incense

continued to burn, and its effects lasted until late into the afternoon of the next day.

Even Glenda was unable to get up and tend to her duties, since she had also used the incense Camila had previously given her.

Almost a day had passed since Camila had left. Needless to say, there

was no trace of her whereabouts.

She had taken all her clothes, too.

Everything was calm on the surface.

Once Isaac regained his strength, the first thing he did was to grab the divorce papers and rip them to shreds.

There was no way he was ever going to sign it. He threw the torn pieces to the trash bin with so much force that some of them littered on the floor. Isaac stared at his hands, his face darkening. He swore there and then that he would take that woman back, no matter what it took.

And then he would torture her until she begged and pleaded. ©

He would make the rest of her life a living hell! He had already humbled himself beyond anyone could have thought he was capable of, but she had still gone and stabbed him in the back.

Meanwhile, Camila had just arrived at Skystead.

Rowena had rented a house there, so she already had a place to stay. Camila took a day to just rest and unwind from all the stress.

It was during dinner when she told her mother matter-of-factly, "Mom, I've divorced Isaac."

After a brief explanation on the matter, Rowena expressed her support

and relief at her daughter's decision. The marriage was not built on love, after all.

It was nothing more than a business transaction between self-centered individuals, and Camila had been the one to pay the price. Rowena

plucked a piece of fish and put it in her daughter's plate.

"This is a good thing."

Camila nodded and was silent for a while. In truth, she had no appetite. She didn't know how to tell Rowena about her pregnancy,

She couldn't hide it forever, though.

"Mom." Camila took a deep breath, her grip tightening around her fork. "What is it?" Rowena smiled.

Camila bit her lower lip. "I'm pregnant."

Rowena paused upon hearing that, her face a mask of surprise.

When she finally snapped back to her senses, she blurted out in disbelief, "You're pregnant?"

Camila ducked her head and nodded.

"Is it Isaac's?" Rowena knew that Camila had never had a boyfriend. Marvin had been excruciatingly strict in that regard

Moreover, her daughter valued her chastity greatly. She had only been with one man, and it was her husband, Isaac.

Who else could the baby be if not Isaac's?

Camila closed her eyes. This was the most difficult part, and she couldn't even think of a way to start the story

How could she say that she had no idea who the father of the child was? What would her mother think?

Since Rowena seemed convinced that Isaac was the father, Camila decided to just roll with it, at least for now.

It was far better than worrying her mother with the truth.

"Yes," she replied without looking up. She couldn't bring herself to look her

mother in the eye and lie to her face.

Rowena put more food on Camila's plate and was instantly fussing over her. "You should eat more when you're

pregnant. Do you have any cravings? How far along are you?"

Camila finally raised her head then. "Mom, will you agree with me when I say that I want to keep the baby?"

This had been nagging at her for a while now. What if her mother insisted for her to have an abortion since she was now divorced?

"The baby is yours. It's up to you." Of course, Rowena knew that the best option was to abort the baby and completely cut off their ties with

Isaac. But she was a mother herself, and she also knew how precious a child was to its mother.

I found a job as a clerk in the supermarket. The pay is not much, but it's enough for us to get by. You know that I never worked after

marrying your father, so I have no experience to speak of. I don't exactly qualify for high-paying jobs. But I promise to take good care of

you, okay? You just stay home and take care of yourself. The baby now has nothing to do with the Johnston family."

To Rowena's mind, Camila had opted to divorce because she had no feelings for Isaac. Despite that, Camila was unwilling to give the baby

up. In that case, they would keep the child and raise it by themselves. Rowena was certain that they were perfectly capable of raising a child.

She had been blind and controlled for as long as she could remember. Now, it was time for her to take back the reins to her life.

"Thank you, Mom," Camila said, her voice thick with emotion. "Silly girl, I am your mother. You don't have to thank me for something like

this. Besides, I owe you so much for your sacrifices all these years. You are pregnant now, so you shouldn't stress yourself out. It won't be good for the baby's development."

Camila nodded obediently. "I understand."

Rowena couldn't help but chuckle. "My goodness, I'm going to be a grandmother. I am truly overjoyed. Oh, you haven't told me how far along you are."

"Nearly three months now."

Rowena gazed at her daughter in a daze. Her baby girl was going to have a baby of her own,

Time really flew by. @

"You must take better care of your body. You shouldn't overexert yourself like I did when I was pregnant with you, and—" Realizing that she

had said too much, Rowena fell into silence.

But Camila already knew what her mother was going to say.

"Mom, it's all over now. You're okay. We're okay."

Rowena had originally been pregnant with a pigeon pair.

Camila had been the first to be born, while the other one didn't make it and died

in their mother's womb.

It was also because of this delicate childbirth that Rowena was no longer capable of conceiving again.

Camila could have had a younger brother.

It suddenly occurred to her that she was initially pregnant with twins.

It was known in their field that twins tended to run in the family.

But Camila had lost one of them.

"Mom, you don't have to go to work," she said after some consideration. She already had a backup plan.

She didn't need her mother to toil, especially at her age, to support her and the baby.

"Mila..."

"Mom," Camila interrupted before the older woman could continue. "Don't worry. I have a way to make money. All you have to do is trust

me." She smiled and added, "And take care of me, and your future grandchild." Rowena nodded readily.

The next day, Camila set out to meet someone in a restaurant.

"Long time no see, Mila."