

## *Chapter 56 Duplicity*

Camila gaped at Isaac.

When did he come back?

Why did she not hear it when he did?

What time was it now?

Why was he home so early?

Camila stuttered, "Why are you back so early?"

Isaac almost let out an amused chuckle. Was she feigning ignorance now? She was pretending to be unaware of his schedule, even though she had gone to the company to inquire about it.

He lowered his head and placed his chin on her shoulder. "I finished work early."

Camila detected a little scent of body wash on him.

Had he taken a shower already?

Camila rolled her eyes. He came at the perfect time. Did he know she was making dumplings? Was that why he returned home early? Burying his face in her neck, Isaac whispered, "Aren't you waiting for me?"

Camila's face twisted in bewilderment.

If that was really the case, then she must be an idiot.

Why would she wait for the man who almost starved her to death? Camila could not anger him at this time, though.

He might torture her again.

To protect her child, she had to avoid an open confrontation with Isaac. She was like an egg, while Isaac was like a stone. If they collided, she

would be the one who would get crushed. An open confrontation with him would result in her death.

She did not care if she died. Even if she were to perish, her child, who had yet to experience what it was like to live, had to survive.

With a forced smile, Camila said, "Get out of the way. I need to get some water."

Suddenly, her arm was hit by the splattering, boiling water.

Because it was boiling, it stung when it touched her.

Camila flinched.

"ow!"

Isaac quickly moved to examine her arm. "Did you get burned?" Rubbing her arm, Camila replied, "I'm fine."

Isaac removed her hand, exposing the skin that was beginning to redden on her arm. Because her skin was so tender, it was easy to spot even the most subtle signs of redness and irritation.

"You got burned. Why don't you just admit it?" Isaac scolded. The worry was evident in his eyes.

However, Camila ignored it.

Surely, it was just an illusion.

After all, he had no reason to be concerned about her. Camila lowered her head to avoid looking at Isaac.

"Fortunately, it didn't blister," Isaac muttered.

Soon, the pain subsided. Camila retrieved the bowl to get some water. However, Isaac snatched it from her hand, saying, "I'll do it." Camila raised a brow at him. "Do you know how?"

Isaac gave her a pointed look, feeling offended.

Did she think he did not know how to cook dumplings?

Was she looking down on him? Was he a giant doofus who knew nothing in her eyes? "Yeah. I just have to pour some cold water into the pot."

It was then that Camila realized he was not completely ignorant of cooking

Since he insisted on helping, she let him have the bowl. "Suit yourself, then."

She then went to the side.

She did not want to get burned again.

When Isaac added the cold water to the pot, the water immediately stopped boiling.

He grabbed the ladle and started stirring the contents of the pot

Camila wanted to warn him not to do that because it would ruin the dumplings' wrappings

However, she suddenly did not want to speak.

Isaac probably had never experienced the feeling of helplessness in his life.

She should use this opportunity to teach him a lesson.

She should step back and let him deal with the consequences of his careless stirring. With that in mind, Camila leaned against the counter, crossed her arms over her chest, and studied Isaac intently.

Finally, Isaac noticed that something was wrong. All of the dumplings in the pot had been damaged, their fillings removed from their wrappers. A frown formed on his face. He seemed to have made a mistake.

He turned around to ask what he should do but was met with Camila's mocking stare.

She was making fun of him, was she not? Cl

After saying that, Isaac strutted haughtily out of the kitchen. Camila glared at him in incredulity.

What kind of man was he?

How could he leave her to clean up after his mess?

"Hey..."

"I'm only in charge of eating," Isaac cut her off before she could finish what she was about to say.

Camila found herself unable to speak, rendered speechless by his audacity.

She walked to the stove. When she saw the mess in the pot, it dawned on her that the dumplings she and Glenda had made had gone to waste. It was more like a pot of soup with fillings in it than dumplings.

"You wasted my efforts," Camila grumbled.

She worked very hard to make the dumplings.

"I'll still eat everything up," Isaac declared,

When Camila heard what he said, an idea formed in her mind. Suddenly, the corners of her mouth turned up in a wicked smile.

As soon as the dumplings were well done, Camila grabbed a large bowl. She dished up a big serving and offered it to Isaac, saying, "You said you'd eat everything up, right? Now, be a man, and don't break your promise."

Isaac stared at the bowl in front of him.

It was large.

That was not the point. It should be noted that the dumplings had fallen apart. The soup contained the fillings, whereas the larger chunks were just wrappers.

When presented with such an unappealing meal, one ought to lose their appetite.

Camila handed him a spoon, smiling sweetly the whole time.

Isaac was at a loss for words.

In the end, he managed to convince himself that it was because she did not want her efforts to go to waste.

Anyway, the dumplings were just damaged. They were still edible.

With that in mind, Isaac grabbed the spoon.

Camila's initial reaction was to laugh at him, but she found herself unable to do so.

She could not even bring herself to look at the dumplings.

How could he eat it?

Needless to say, she was surprised by Isaac's behaviour.

When Glenda returned and saw the ruined dumplings in Isaac's bowl, she gasped, horrified.

What in world happened to the dumplings?

She turned to Camila and muttered, "What happened?"

Before Camila could answer, Glenda added, "You should've told me that you don't know how to cook. Look at what you've done to the dumplings." Obviously, Glenda did not know it was Isaac who ruined the dumplings. "You're right. He shouldn't have acted as though he was competent in the kitchen when he was not. Why didn't he just admit that he couldn't cook? Now, a whole pot of dumplings has turned into trash."

Glenda blinked in confusion. Camila seemed to be referring to someone else.

"Camila, are you lecturing me?" Isaac asked slowly.

Glenda's jaw slackened.

Could it be that...

Clearing her throat, Glenda awkwardly said, "I think I forgot to water the flowers in the garden."

Then, she left the kitchen as fast as she could in order to avoid getting reprimanded.

Isaac would surely do that, considering his nasty temper.

Truthfully, Isaac was not mad. He actually liked it when Camila played pranks on him and bickered with him.

He took in her smug expression and asked, "Does this look like trash to you?"

Camila retorted, "Don't you think so?"

Isaac used the spoon to mix the sticky, gloppy dumplings in the bowl. "I do."

"Then why are you eating it?" Camila asked bluntly.

Isaac glanced at her, put a spoonful of food in his mouth, chewed it slowly, and said, "Because you were the one who made it."

Camila's eyes widened a little.

What was he doing?

Did he think he could win her over by being so nice?

Unfortunately for him, she would not allow herself to be fooled.

"Really? Eat more, then. There are still some in the pot." Camila turned around and made a beeline for the stairs.

She did not believe a single word he said.

However, for some reason, she could not look into his eyes, and she was feeling embarrassed. "You haven't eaten yet," Isaac pointed out.

"I'm not hungry."

Camila did not look back at him.

Once she was inside her room, she sat on the bed

She had no idea what prompted her sudden urge to get away from Isaac. Why did she run away?

What happened to her?

She did not do anything wrong.

All of a sudden, Camila got to her feet and mumbled, "I haven't eaten the dumplings I made."

There was no way she would let that hateful man eat all of them. Suddenly, her phone rang.

She pulled out her phone and discovered that

Debra must be calling because she did not find Isaac in his company. Camila answered the call with a sigh.

As soon as the call connected, Debra roared, "Did you lie to me, Camila?"

Isaac was not in the company at all!"