

Chapter 57 Digestive Pills

Debora did not hold back as she yelled at Camila at the top of her lungs. It was like she wanted to destroy Camila's eardrum.

Camila had to move the phone away from her ear to prevent that from happening.

"Explain yourself. You lied to me, didn't you?"

Camila wondered if there were men out there who actually liked someone as irritable and condescending as Debora

She sighed helplessly. "Look, I also don't know why he came home early "You're lying."

"Let's forget about the deal, then. You don't believe me, anyway."

If she continued to listen to Debora yell at her, she might lose her temper as well,

On the other end of the line, Debora went silent.

She did not mean to yell at Camila, but she had just blown another chance to make a good impression on Isaac. Now, she could not help but get mad at the other woman.

"Fine. I believe you," Debora said through gritted teeth.

She did not have any other choice but to work with Camila.

At the moment, Camila could almost imagine Debora's displeased expression.

Debora had to swallow her pride and seek Camila's assistance, all because she wanted any chance of winning Isaac back.

She must be fuming with rage right now. Camila would not choose to work with Debora either if it were not for the baby growing inside her and her intention to escape.

Right now, they were simply cooperating for their own gains.

"Good. Now, be patient and wait for me to contact you again."

Without waiting for Debora's response, Camila ended the call.

In this cooperation, Camila was the one in charge.

After all, it was Debora who needed her help, not the other way around. She had no choice but to rely on Camila.

Camila put the phone down and headed to the first floor.

Then, she made her way to the dining area.

When her eyes landed on Isaac, she stared at him in shock.

"You..."

With grace, Isaac got to his feet and reached for a napkin to wipe his mouth, "What?"

Camila's lips twitched. Was he Mr. Eat-All or something? She could not believe he ate everything in the bowl.

Isaac, instead of going back to his room now that he was done eating, headed outside.

"It's late. Where are you going?" Camila asked.

Isaac did not bother to look back when he responded for fear of her catching a glimpse of his face.

"I have something to deal with in the company," he said lightly.

Camila checked the time on her wristwatch. She did not believe what he said at all.

Why was he going to the company so late at night?

Was he that busy? Camila paused for a moment and then shrugged. It did take a lot of work and time to manage a company of that size.

Without giving it much more thought, she went to the kitchen to get something to eat.

Outside the house, Isaac hopped in the car with the keys in his hand and drove off. However, he did not go to the company as he had said. Once he was far enough from the villa, he stopped the car on the side of the road. He then phoned his secretary, Wynter, and instructed, "Buy me some digestive pills."

Wynter's brows furrowed.

Why did he need digestive pills?

She was curious, but she did not have the courage to ask what happened, so she just answered, "Yes, sir."

Isaac was too stuffed to move at this point.

He reclined the seat all the way back and lay down.

Half an hour later, Wynter arrived at the area.

She noticed the car parked on the side of the road.

However, she thought that Isaac was waiting for her in the villa, so that

was where she went. The doorbell rang just as Camila finished eating and was ready to head upstairs for a shower. She immediately went to open the door.

As soon as she did, Wynter handed a small paper bag to her.

“What’s this?” Camila asked in confusion.

“Mr. Johnston asked me to buy it for him.”

Camila became even more baffled.

Didn’t Isaac say he would go to the company?

Curious about the contents of the small paper bag, she opened it and took out its contents.

What greeted her was a bunch of digestive pills. Camila burst into laughter

Isaac must have been really stuffed.

Then again, it would be strange if he was not after finishing that much food

“Is Mr. Johnston sick?”

“No, he just ate too much. Don’t worry. I’ll give these to him right away,” Camila replied laughingly.

Wynter nodded slowly. “Okay. I’m leaving now.”

Camila smiled.

She waited until Wynter was out of sight before she went out to look for Isaac.

She looked around for a while until she spotted a familiar car on the side of the road.

She approached it and knocked on its window.

Isaac thought Wynter had arrived, so he rolled down the window, only to see Camila

He scowled.

Camila leaned against the door of the car and joked, “You overate, didn’t you?”

Isaac did not want to answer her at all.

He left the house because he did not want her to find out about it.

He knew she would rub it on his face.

“No,” Isaac finally replied in a cold tone.

He continued to act in his typical haughty fashion.

As she stared at him, Camila was tempted to ask him to stop pretending. “What are you doing here, then?” she asked knowingly. Not missing a beat, Isaac replied, “To stargaze.”

Camila gazed upward.

Indeed, there were plenty of stars visible that night.

Countless stars, dazzling and glittering, lit up the clear night sky. However.

“How do you stargaze inside a car?” Before Camila showed up, the window of the car was closed.

The stars would not be visible to him unless he had X-ray vision.

He was definitely lying to her.

Camila raised the paper bag of pills and shook it before him. “Wynter gave this to me.”

Astonished, Isaac stared blankly at it.

“Is this for you?” Camila asked even though she already knew the answer.

Isaac felt his head throb.

He really could not rely on his subordinates, could he? They could not even do something so simple.

Clearing his throat, Isaac feigned calmness and said, “Yes, I asked Wynter to buy that.”

“Why? Are you too full?” Camila questioned.

Isaac threw her an impatient look.

Why couldn’t she just let it go?

Suddenly, he had a brilliant idea for how to divert her attention. “I’ll tell you if you get in the car.”

Camila did not buy it.

She was not stupid. She would not be fooled again. “Whatever. Here you go. I’m going home.”

There was no way she would get into his car.

When she handed over the paper bag with the pills, Isaac grabbed her wrist. His voice was low and authoritative as he commanded, “Get in the car.” Camila glared at him.

He was so demanding.

As always, she had no choice but to obey him. She could not risk upsetting him right now.

She opened the door and got in the car, and then Isaac reclined the seat for her.

Slowly, Camila lay down.

“Oh, stars.

It turned out that Isaac had the panoramic sunroof open and could stargaze for real. Staring at the sky, Camila asked, "Why did you finish everything even though you're already full? If people find out you've overindulged and are taking medication to aid digestion, they will laugh their heads off." Isaac did not respond immediately. He was silent for a while before responding, "I didn't want to let you down. Camila's brows shot up. Why would he let her down? She would not get upset just because he could not finish the food she served him. It was just a prank. She could not care less even if he chose not to eat it. Immediately, Camila reminded herself not to get her hopes up. Suddenly, Isaac rolled over and climbed on top of her. Camila instinctively covered her stomach and glared angrily at him, demanding, "What are you doing?" He was so heavy. At this rate, she was going to run out of oxygen because of him. Seconds later, he drew away from her, arching his back slightly. He reached out and twirled a lock of her hair near her ear before whispering, "Camila, you like me, don't you?" Camila looked at him like he had suddenly sprouted a second head. She liked him? That was impossible. Why would she like the man who almost starved her to death? She was not a masochist. "Is there something wrong with your head?" He would not be spouting nonsense otherwise. Maybe he had gone insane. Camila struggled to get a pill out of its package before bringing it to his mouth. "Here. Take it since you're obviously not thinking straight."