

*Chapter 60 It Was Camila Who Told Me*

Camila, her eyes wide open, balled her hands into fists and hid them behind her sleeves.

Fortunately, she was prepared.

Isaac was indeed keeping an eye on her.

Otherwise, how did he learn of her hospital visit in such a short amount of time?

"I caught a cold, so I went to the hospital to get some medicine," Camila replied, looking away from Isaac.

She had just undergone an ultrasound, and she asked the doctor to wipe out her records. In contrast to operations that must leave a paper trail, this one did not.

Then, she got some drugs for cold to make her lie look more believable. Now, it looked like her careful thinking kept a crisis from happening. Without consciously intending to, she covered her stomach with her hands.

Isaac followed her hands and asked, "Do you get a stomachache whenever you get a cold too?"

Camila immediately withdrew her hands. "I... Can't I have a stomachache and a cold at the same time?"

She did her best to portray an air of composure.

Isaac remained silent. What she said made sense.

"You'd better not be lying to me. If I find out that you've been lying to me about your cold, I'll make your life more miserable than it already is."

After saying that, he turned around to leave. "Where are you going?" Camila asked. "[I] have an appointment at the bar. I won't be home for dinner tonight," Isaac answered, looking back at Camila.

He then briskly walked out the door.

Isaac had just finished his business talk with some people and was about to leave when he ran into Debora at the entrance. #

She was all dressed up.

It was clear she had a purpose for coming.

"Isaac, what a coincidence," Debora greeted with a gentle smile.

Isaac's expression hardened in annoyance.

First, he met her this morning. Now, he bumped into her again.

The fact that he saw her twice that day did not seem like a coincidence to him.

"Debora, you don't seem to take what I said seriously. Are you following me?" A shadow fell across Isaac's face, and he said in a stern tone, "It seems that I'm too kind to you."

He then turned to his secretary. "Wynter, find out who gave her my whereabouts."

"Yes, sir. I'll do it right away," Wynter replied.

Debora was caught off guard by Isaac's utter lack of mercy. He did not even give her a chance to talk to him.

"Why are you doing this to me? I carried your child, Isaac. Even if the baby is gone, I'm still your woman."

Feeling wronged, Debora fisted a handful of Isaac's clothes. "Why are you so cruel to me? I just want you to give me another chance."

Isaac glanced at her hand coldly. "Let me go."

A distraught Debora dropped her hand. "Are you really going to leave the only woman who really loves you?" "Love me?" Isaac scoffed.

Even if she loved him, he felt nothing for her.

It was because there was not a single redeeming quality about other man. He never thought highly of Debora again after that.

"For the sake of the night that we..." "shut up!" Seeing her made Isaac sick to his stomach because it reminded him of that night.

Because of her, the memory he had treasured for so long had been tarnished.

"Debora, how could someone like you, who has no qualms about having sex with a complete stranger, claim to be a conservative woman? I'll give you money if that's what you want. If you bring up what happened that night again, though, I'll make you regret it."

After making that statement, Isaac walked off.

It was at this time that Debora finally realized there was nothing she could do to get Isaac back.

The man had already decided he would never forgive her.

Debora clenched her hands into fists.

“Do you want to know how I found out about where you are, took her words as an attempt to dissuade him from leaving.

If Debora would not have Isaac, then Camila could not have him either. “Id me about your schedule!” Debora said it as loudly as she could, not

caring at all about how she looked. @ Isaac finally . He tured to Wynter and whispered, “Bring her here.” Wynter walked up to Camila and said, “Come with me.”

Debora knew that mentioning Camila’s name would get Isaac’s attention. He must be furious right now. The corner of Debora’s lips curled up into a pleased smile.

To make up for the difficulty she experienced, she decided to make everyone else’s lives just as difficult. She felt absolutely no remorse for betraying Camila.

The only reason she decided to work with

However, their plan failed.

In other words, their alliance was dissolved, and she was under no obligation to conceal this fact from Isaac for Camila’s sake.

Debora approached Isaac, pulled out her phone, and showed him the messages between her and Camila. The messages from Camila were full of specifics about when and where Isaac would show up.

“Why did she tell you all of this?” Isaac already had a guess in mind. However, he did not want to believe it. He refused to believe that Camila would set him up with someone else. “She wants me to make up with you so that you’ll let her go, and she can leave.” Debora was not satisfied yet, so she seized the chance to smear Camila’s reputation. “She wants to leave because she wants to meet her lover. Do you know how much of a slut that woman is? Even in the hospital, she tries to seduce the doctors there.” «

Isaac knew that Camila wanted to run away. He was also aware that she had a lover.

However, he did not know that she was trying to seduce other men. Perhaps it was true.

After all, that woman had also managed to get him to like her.

As frustrated as Isaac was with Camila, he kept his cool in front of Debora.

With a stony expression, he stated mockingly, “Did we ever stay together? By the way, you aren’t much better than Camila.”

He then turned around, stepped into his car, and drove off.

When Isaac returned to the villa, nearly everyone had already gone to bed

It was eerily quiet inside the house.

He went straight to the second floor.

When he opened the door, he caught sight of the moon through the window.

Under the glow of the moonlight, he entered and closed the door. Camila had her eyes closed.

As she snuggled up on the edge of the bed

Her jet-black hair was draped on the cushion like seaweed.

Her pretty face was just partially covered.

Isaac stopped at the foot of the bed, removed

The moonlight shone behind him, casting a shadow over his face

When Camila rolled over on the bed, she sensed another presence in the room. Her eyes narrowed.

There was someone else in the room beside her. Shortly, she spotted a towering figure approaching.

She looked up just in time to see the white shirt slip off the man’s body. Suddenly, she was wide awake.

“Isaac, what... what are you doing?”

Camila sat up abruptly and drew the blanket closer around herself.

No words came out of Isaac’s mouth as he stared at her like a wild animal staring down its prey.

“Are you going to undress yourself, or do you want me to do it for you?” His tone was cold as he spoke.

It was conveying a simmering rage.

Camila was dumbfounded by his words.

“You... Are you drunk?”

“I will count to three. One, two...”

“Isaac, what’s wrong with you?”

A shiver ran down Camila’s spine. Isaac’s behaviour was scaring her. “Three!”

Isaac yanked the blanket away from her.

Camila gathered her legs to her chest as she glared at Isaac. “Isaac, if you touch me, I’ll never forgive you!”

Isaac’s expression soured, finding her remark absurd.

A split second later, he pinned her to the bed.

