

## Chapter 95 Exhibition

Camila frowned as she noticed the signature 'Jaylen' on it. How did he organize an art exhibition? He even sent her an invitation. What exactly did he mean? What did he wish to accomplish? It was beyond her understanding,

"What are you contemplating?" Isaac pushed the door open and entered. He noticed an item in Camila's hands. He reached out and took it. "What exactly is it?"

"It's from Jaylen," she said truthfully.

At hearing this name, his expression changed

He frowned as he read the invitation and asked, "Do you want to go?" Camila was initially reluctant to go.

After all, she wasn't particularly close to Jaylen.

However, she deliberately said, "I want to go," so as to make Isaac dislike her more and divorce her as soon as possible.

He pursed his lips. He had no idea what was going through her mind. He certainly didn't want her to go.

After all, Jaylen had attempted to woo her multiple times.

Isaac presumed that the art exhibition was held in her honor.

Despite having graduated from a renowned university, Jaylen knew nothing about art.

He assumed Jaylen had a reason for holding the exhibition.

"You'd better have a good rest after the childbirth." Isaac tried to dissuade her.

But she made up her mind. "I'm going." The more Jacob didn't want her to do, the more she had to do it. She was purposefully opposing him. She attempted to irritate him, but silently, Isaac stared at her.

"have to go," she said firmly.

All right." He finally knew her intent and said, "I'll join you. If you go alone, I'll be concerned about you."

Camila became irritated.

"You're so occupied. Go ahead with your work. I will ask Glenda to accompany me there. Don't be concerned. I'm not leaving except if you divorce me." She knew in her heart that if Isaac would not consent to a divorce, she would might be pursued by him, even if she fled. #

In addition, she couldn't flee even though she wanted to because she had fractured her leg. It was unnecessary to keep such a close eye on her.

She had to convince Isaac to willingly let her go if she wanted to enjoy a stable life in the future.

She thought he was irrational.

He was not happy with this marriage. So why was he still clinging to her now?

"Now that I am your husband, I have to fulfill my responsibility," he said confidently.

She couldn't reject nor retort him, because they were still married.

That being the case, she went to the exhibition with the doctor's consent. She needed to stay warm because she was still in the confines of giving birth,

She requested the nurse for a wheelchair after donning the coat and hat.

She couldn't walk because she was still in plaster after breaking her leg, so she had to rely on a crutch or a wheelchair. Given her current physical condition, she had no choice but to use a wheelchair.

Isaac lifted her.

Dumbfounded, she asked, "What are you doing? I can sit in the wheelchair!"

"I'll ask the driver to put it in the car." Isaac was unconcerned about her thoughts. He just wanted to carry her in his arms. Purposefully he loosened his grip on her. She was so terrified by his act that she wrapped her hands around his neck again and said, "Let me go if you aren't strong enough to lift me. I'll break my leg again if I fall."

He appreciated the fact that she took the initiative to hug him. After that, he smiled.

Lowering his eyes, he asked, "Do you not know whether I am strong enough?" #

Camila was bewildered. "How would I know?" She thought he was insane. "Of course, you know," Isaac said meaningfully.

Nonetheless, she was still unable to interpret his meaning. But she didn't dwell on it.

He embraced her more tightly outside the hospital, afraid she'd get cold. The driver opened the door for them. Isaac gently placed her in the car, neatening up her clothes

Camila felt a subtle throb in the bottom of her heart when she raised her head and saw his affectionate expression.

She quickly calmed down.

Could a man who pushed her down from the window, regardless of her condition, be good to her? She was skeptical. Once again, she adopted a stern expression. He asked, "Are you feeling cold?"

"No, I'm okay," she replied succinctly.

It seemed she didn't want to say anything else to him.

When Isaac heard her frigid tone, he was disappointed but also tolerant and considerate of her.

She was injured and lost her baby. He was the one who pushed her down from the window. He understood her resentment.

To win her forgiveness, he was willing to put in more effort.

He then entered the car from the opposite side.

When they arrived, the driver stopped and went to the trunk to remove the wheelchair.

Isaac alighted the car first, carried her out, placed her in the wheelchair, then covered her legs with a thin blanket.

Camila looked around and noticed that Jaylen had chosen a suitable location for the exhibition. Its antique structure was in excellent condition and displayed a strong sense of history.

Isaac pushed her in.

At the gate, there were numerous cars parked. Jaylen had invited a large number of people to come here today.

They soon entered the main hall. Camila was astounded when she saw the hanging paintings on the wall. She appeared to have deduced why Jaylen wanted to hold the exhibition.

She had opened an art studio in Skystead, but Jaylen later closed it to erase traces so that Isaac wouldn't find out her whereabouts.

It contained numerous of her paintings.

Did he purposefully do it to offend Isaac?

She couldn't help but raise her eyebrows as she thought about it. Good job! She would be relieved if Isaac could divorce her as a result of this.

"Mr. Johnston." Jaylen came over when he saw them approaching.

"You are also here. I didn't send you an invitation, did I?" In reality, he organized this exhibition for Isaac.

He was certain that he would attend

He said it on purpose

Isaac glared at him and said, "Since I'm her husband and you invited her, you are effectively inviting me as well."

He emphasized the words "her husband" to stress his relationship with Camila

It was a brilliant counterattack!

Jaylen was unable to upset Isaac. He was enraged, although he didn't display it.

He soon relaxed. This was just the beginning.

"Why do you keep your marriage a secret, Mr. Johnston? Seems like you don't care for Camila. Does she make you feel embarrassed?" Jaylen was attempting to create discord between them.

Isaac lowered his gaze to Camila.

Few people were aware of their marriage. Even if Isaac just mentioned that he was her husband, Jaylen couldn't possibly know they got married in secret.

Reading Isaac's mind, Jaylen proudly said, "I was informed by Mila." Isaac felt disappointed. Did she tell Jaylen the whole story? He was quite enraged.

"We're here for them," she said.

She was implying if he got other tricks, he could use them immediately. She didn't want to waste her time engaging in this petty argument. "Okay. These are all the artworks." Jaylen led the way with zeal.

They noticed a painting covered in red cloth hanging on the wall before them.

It was mysterious!

Camila suddenly remembered that she had previously created a painting. She couldn't help but stare at Jaylen.

"You haven't forgotten the time we spent together, have you?"

Then he turned to Isaac and scoffed, "Mr. Johnston, here's one of my favorite paintings. You must seriously appreciate it when it is unveiled later."