

Chapter 183 You Don't Want Me To Leave

"Who is she to you?" the doctor asked.

Camila didn't hear a single word that she said. She was too shocked by what she had seen in the inspection items to register anything else.

"When did she come here to the hospital? Was she with someone?" she looked at the doctor and asked.

"Just today," the doctor answered. "She was sent here by a very handsome man. Later on, I heard that the man was the boss of the Paramount Corporation. A real golden bachelor, if you ask me! The patient named Fidelia was sent here with her clothes all messed up. Her private parts also appeared injured. Just looking at her, it's obvious that she just had sex with someone."

Camila felt her stomach turn as she heard these details straight from the doctor's mouth.

It took all of her strength to stop herself from vomiting.

Noticing the pained expression on Camila's face, the doctor shot her a concerned look. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I am. Thank you," Camila said, waving her hand.

Then, she returned the test results back to the doctor.

"You're welcome," the doctor replied after taking it.

"The next time we see each other, I'll treat you to dinner," Camila offered.

The doctor agreed with a smile.

Camila decided not to see Fidelia anymore. Her mind was in so much turmoil right now.

It wasn't that she doubted Isaac, but the fact that Isaac didn't say anything after she had asked really bothered her.

Also, why did he send Fidelia to the hospital?

Then, she remembered what was written on that test report...

If he had nothing to do with her injuries, then why did he send Fidelia here?

She tried not to overthink the matter and put her trust on Isaac. However, the evidence in front of her was too strong. She couldn't stop herself from thinking the worst.

It was normal for a man to send a woman to the hospital.

However, the woman had those injuries on the private part of her body.

Camila closed her eyes and winced. Just the thought of it was enough for her to feel overwhelmed by her emotions.

She blew through her mouth and tried to calm herself down.

When she reached the gate of the hospital, she stood still and caught her breath. She felt like she was drowning and desperate for air.

Her legs were so weak that she felt like she could collapse any second.

The driver noticed this and ran to her side. "Are you okay?" he asked as he helped her keep steady.

Camila gave a weak nod. "I'm fine, but don't tell anyone about my visit to the hospital, okay?"

The driver nodded back. "Okay."

After taking a deep breath, the grimace on Camila's face instantly disappeared. She then forced a smile and said, "Let's go back."

The driver helped her get in the car.

On the way back, her heart was pounding hard against her chest. She tried everything she could do to relax her body and made sure that her face wouldn't betray what she was truly feeling inside.

Thankfully, when she arrived home, she had already calmed down.

Before getting out of the car, she looked at the driver and said, "Don't forget what I told you."

"I won't tell anyone," the driver promised.

Satisfied, Camila nodded and entered the villa.

As soon as she opened the door, she was greeted by a silence so quiet she could hear a pin drop.

When she walked into the room, there was no light in sight. Beside the bed, she could make out a faint silhouette. Judging by its slenderness, she could tell in an instant that it was Isaac. She approached him and saw Joe in his arms. In the darkness, it looked like Isaac's and Joe's bodies were one.

She sat on the edge of the bed as she watched her child sleep. It was dark enough in the room that it was hard to make out her expression.

Gently, she reached out her hand and stroked Joe's cheeks. Her baby's skin was soft, tender, and smooth. The mere act of touching him made her heart skip a beat.

This was her baby.

Her sweetheart.

"What are you looking at?" a deep voice said. When Camila looked up, she saw Isaac's eyes directed at her.

Pretending she wasn't startled, she said, "You're awake."

Isaac extended his arms towards her and made a gesture. "Come over here."

But before his hand could touch her, Camila stood up and flashed a tired smile. "I'm going to take a shower. You can go ahead and sleep first."

After saying that, she headed straight to the bathroom.

Isaac watched as Camila walked away from him. Although he saw a



smile on her face, the usual warmth that radiated from it was absent. Instead, he felt a coldness emanate from her.

What happened?

He was wondering and couldn't fall asleep anymore.

Even though his surroundings were dark, his eyes were wide open, staring at the ceiling.

When Camila entered the bathroom, she let the water run but didn't remove her clothes to take a shower.

Although she had already calmed down, she still felt flustered every time she looked at Isaac.

Every time she saw his face, she could imagine what could've possibly happened between him and Fidelia.

Isaac wasn't one who would be close to any strange woman.

Silently, she took out her phone and stared at the photo once again.

The photo was taken from a good angle. Fidelia was grabbing Isaac's clothes in a coquettish manner, while Isaac's back was turned. As such, it made it hard to see his expression clearly. Looking at the picture as a whole, one would have the impression that the man and the woman were a couple.

Just thinking about this, Camila felt her chest tighten as an inexplicable pain spread in her heart.

She was having a hard time breathing.

Mist was starting to fill the entire bathroom, and the air was growing heavy and hot. Slowly, beads of sweat started to form in her skin.

After a while, she finally took off her clothes and took a shower.

She stayed in the bathroom for an entire hour.

As soon as she approached the side of the bed, Isaac sat up and stretched out his arms towards her for an embrace. Then, he caught a



whiff of her fragrance as his arms encircled her body.

When he felt Camila struggle a bit, he held her tighter and whispered in her ear, "What happened? Do you need my help?"

"Why are you saying that?" Camila asked.

"I can sense that you're unhappy about something," Isaac answered.

Camila looked away from him. She thought she was hiding her inner turmoil very well, but despite her best efforts, Isaac still managed to see through her.

"I'm not unhappy. I'm just a bit tired," she said in a low voice.

She made sure that her voice didn't crack, and that she sounded as calm as possible.

"Then I'll sleep with you in my arms."

With one arm around her, Isaac pulled Camila closer.

A sliver of moonlight penetrated through the window curtains. Its faint light scattered throughout the quilt, the floor, and the table.

The entire time, Camila couldn't sleep. Although her eyes were closed, she was fully awake.

When she opened her eyes, it was already the crack of dawn. She had not yet fallen asleep.

Instead of trying to sleep again, she stared at the view outside the window.

Suddenly, Isaac's mobile phone vibrated against the table.

The sound awakened him as he snatched the phone as quickly as he could. He immediately rejected the call, afraid that it might wake up Camila and Joe.

Holding the phone, he got out of bed and slid his feet into his slippers before walking out to the balcony.

He closed the glass door and called the number back. "What's up?"

"Didn't you ask me to send someone to monitor Fidelity? Well, I saw her go to see Audrey," Willie reported.

Hearing this, Isaac narrowed his eyes. "Do you know what they talked about?"

"They were too far away. Our people didn't dare to get too close since Audrey was being very vigilant with her surroundings. Whatever they were talking about, it seems that she wants no one else to hear them."

"I see. Let's talk about it later."

He hung up the phone, opened the glass door, and returned to bed. As soon as he placed the phone on the table, Camila asked, "Who was that?"

She usually didn't pry too much into Isaac's business. However, because of what she had learned about Fidelity, there was a shadow of doubt lurking in her heart that made her feel uncomfortable and a bit paranoid.

Isaac had just rejected the call. Not only that, he also went to the balcony to answer it.

This only made her feel more uneasy.

"Willie," Isaac answered. "He wants to see me." Then, Isaac sat on the edge of the bed and stroked Camila's messy hair. "It's still early. You can sleep a bit more if you want to. I have to head out and do something."

Camila bit her bottom lip. "What happened? Why are you in such a hurry? It's so early in the morning."

Isaac smiled. Then, with a husky and rugged voice that made him sound very sexy, he said, "What? You don't want me to leave?"