

Chapter 203 Conflict

Laura did not say anything for a while.

Camila did not push her to talk and simply waited patiently.

"Forrest and I had a fight," Luran finally said after a long time of silence.

Camila blinked in surprise. "You fought? Because of what?"

"At first, his mother was hesitant to give her blessing to our relationship, but she eventually said she would allow it if he returned home and assumed leadership responsibilities for the family. Forrest is in charge of his family now, but she has another request. It was for me this time.

She said we can get married, but I have to quit my job and become a full-time housewife to take care of him. The thing is, I don't want to quit my job."

"What's his take on this?" Camila asked.

At the reminder, Laura's expression darkened. "He told me he'd given up his career to be with me and asked me why I couldn't do the same for him. Seriously, do we really have to give up something important to each other to keep this relationship?"

Laura was clear about the things Forrest had sacrificed for her. She also knew she had an obligation to return the favour.

"Mila, I'm willing to sacrifice a lot for him, but quitting my job isn't one of them. I'll lose everything if I do that. What if

...

Camila knew where Laura was coming from. Having come from a low-income background, Laura would have had little choice but to rely financially on Forrest if she lost her job. If he ended up breaking up with her in the end, it would be disastrous for her.

Camila could understand her concerns.

If she were in Laura's position, she would not want to give up her profession for her husband, either.

Thankfully, Isaac was always supportive of whatever she wanted to do.

Now that she thought about it, Camila really ought to be nicer to him.

After all, not many men could support their wives' professional endeavours the way Isaac did. "You work at Skystead, though, right? Even if his mother gave her blessing to your marriage, can you handle being apart from Forrest if you don't quit your job?"

Instead of persuading Laura to quit the job, Camila decided to help her assess the situation.

Laura replied, "I can petition for transfer to the hospital in this city."

She paused, turned to Camila, and asked, "Do you also think that I should give up on my career for him?"

"Not really. I think everyone has the right to maintain independence even after marriage. One should at least have to work for themselves. Depending on a man financially isn't always a good choice." "Isaac is really good to you, isn't he?"

Laura envied Camila sometimes.

At least Isaac was not being micromanaged by his mother and could make decisions for himself.

On top of that, he treated Mila well.

In contrast, Forrest's situation was more complicated. His parents had always disliked Laura.

They always made things hard for her.

Camila smiled. Isaac was indeed kind to her, but she still harboured certain doubts about their relationship that she never shared with anyone. "He likes me now because I'm still young and pretty, but I wonder if he'll feel the same way when I'm older."

"Is he a playboy?" Laura asked, eyes wide in confusion.

"No. It's just hard not to be self-conscious when there are a lot of women out there who want him. Some of them are even prettier and younger than me."

"Is someone making a move on him right now?" Laura inquired.

"I don't know, but I know some people who have feelings for him."

As Camila thought about Wynter, her expression went grim.

She was aware of how ingrained Wynter was in Isaac's life.

Laura sighed. "Sure enough, we all have our problems, even you."

Camila raised a brow. "Even me?" "Do you have any idea how lucky you are?"

Isaac is wealthy, attractive, and deeply in love with you. He's very kind to you, and you don't have to deal with any annoying in-laws. You have nothing to complain about."

Camila became quiet.

In a sense, Laura was right.

"Let me talk to Forrest first to convince him to look for a more effective solution..."

"There's no need for that," Laura cut in before she could finish speaking.

"He was really mad when we argued about this. He was on his mother's side this time. He wanted me to be a full-time housewife as well."

With another sigh, Laura muttered, "I feel like I'm choosing what poison to take. If I choose to be with him, I have to quit my job. If I choose my career, I have to give up on him. I can't keep them both."

Camila looked down, feeling bad that she did not know what to do to comfort Laura.

"You don't have any family here. You can stay here for the meantime," Camila suggested.

"I'm so lucky to have such a nice friend like you," Laura remarked with a grin.

"This is me paying you back. You helped me get through the difficult times when I was at Skystead. Anyway, do you want some wine? It can help you sleep," Camila asked.

Shaking her head, Laura replied, "No, I don't want to drink. Alcohol might help me forget my problems temporarily, but it won't fix anything."

You should go now. Your husband and your child are waiting for you. It won't be a good idea for you to stay here for the night. Also, I need some time to myself to think this through. After all, my decision will affect every aspect of my life."

If Laura could just calm down, maybe she would figure out what she really wanted. "Think about it carefully. I think Forrest will be loyal to you forever."

Since Forrest was so determined to be with Laura and even abandoned his medical career for her, Camila concluded that he must have deeply loved her.

Laura smiled and said nothing else.

Rowena had not gone to bed yet when Camila went to the first floor. When the older woman saw her, she said, "Bring Joe here when you have free time. I miss him."

"Sure," Camila answered.

When she got back to the villa, it was almost midnight.

She had just changed her clothes and was lying on the bed when the door to the room opened.

She turned her head.

A man walked inside.

Camila sat up. "Where were you?" "Forrest asked me to meet him."

After closing the door behind him, Isaac immediately took his clothes off. He was on his way to the bathroom when Camila reminded him, "Be careful when you're showering. Don't get the wounds on your back wet."

Isaac nodded in understanding.

"Wait!" When the smell of booze hit her nose, Camila frowned. "Did you drink?"

"Forrest was in a bad mood. I had to drink with him." Isaac let out a hearty chuckle. "How can you smell me even though I'm so far away from you? You have a sharp nose."

Camila rolled her eyes.

How could she not smell him when he reeked of alcohol?

"Go and take a shower. I want to talk to you about something once you're done."

With another nod, Isaac entered the bathroom.

By the time he came out, Camila had the medicine ready to put on his back.

She asked, "What did Forrest say to you?"

"Just some complaints," Isaac replied dismissively.


"Why do I feel like you don't want to talk to me right now?" Camila demanded.

"I just don't want to talk about other men with you," Isaac grunted.

"Forrest isn't just another man, though. He's your friend, isn't he? Willie told me you helped him and provided him with lots of suggestions, which was why he was able to take control of the Walters family so effortlessly."


Suddenly, Isaac turned to face her, nearly knocking the cotton swab off her hand. Camila glared at him. "What are you doing? I almost dropped the cotton swab because of you."

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 +120 Points at most

"What do you think I'm going to do?" Isaac asked in a low voice. He was staring intently at her as he spoke. Then, he pushed Camila down the bed.

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