

Chapter 217 Gillian Brewer

Glenda quickly rushed over when she heard the noise. Joe was sleeping and the noise could wake him up.

"What happened?"

Willie quickly brought his finger to his lips to silence her.

Glenda was confused, but she obeyed and stayed quiet.

"Don't bother him," he said to her in a low voice.

Isaac was just venting his anger, and his anger was very understandable.

Granted, Robin brought him up, but it was only to turn him into his puppet that would be at his beck and call. He was the only reason why Isaac didn't do anything to Audrey all these years.

But Robin didn't seem to appreciate that. Instead, the old man turned his back on him.

Of course it broke Isaac. The worst pain was being hurt and betrayed by your family and that was exactly what happened to him. All of his family betrayed him.

Glenda glanced at Willie and asked in a low voice, "Do you want me to call Camila and ask her to come back?"

That was a great idea.

If there was a time that Isaac would need someone, it was now.

So he nodded and said, "Go ahead."

Glenda immediately took out her phone to call Camila, but no one picked up.

After a few more tries, she sighed and said, "I can't reach her."

Willie just sighed and pursed his lips.

In the study.

With his hands behind his back, Isaac stood in front of the window. There was a broken teacup at his feet and water was strewn over the floor, touching his feet.

He stood tall and straight, but if anyone looked at him, they would see how lonely he actually felt.

The light from outside fell on a part of his body while the other was covered by the darkness of the study.

His face was once again, unreadable.

In the hospital.

Camila went into the operating room with Josiah.

She had been very busy since she went to work in the hospital. As his assistant, she had to assist him in his surgeries and do many examinations for the patients.

In fact, she prepared things for Josiah, and then cleaned up after him too.

She was just too busy and didn't have time for anything else.

Three hours later, the operation was finally done and they walked out of the operating room.

All she wanted to do at that time was rest, but Josiah didn't give her the opportunity to do that.

He stopped her and ordered, "Sort out the patient's documents and put them in the middle drawer of my desk. Make sure no one sees them."

"Yes, doctor," Camila answered.

She did what was asked with care. She was about to keep the documents when she saw the photo on the patient's file. The woman looked too familiar, as though she had seen her before.

She thought about it for a moment, and then, it came back to her.

How could she forget? Isaac was particularly angry that day.

This patient looked just like his mother.

She remembered that day clearly. Isaac had gotten angry after she saw the picture of his parents that was by the box on the floor.

She looked at the woman's picture on the file and indeed, she looked very much like Isaac's mother.

Could she be a relative?

How could they look so alike?

She was almost certain that Isaac's mother was the only child of her parents, and Willie told her that Isaac's grandparents were both dead a few years ago.

Maybe they were just close relatives or something of the sort. That would explain how they looked so alike.

Camila shook her head at this thought. How was that possible? Isaac's mother had no sisters.

So this patient couldn't be related to her in any way.

Camila sighed and pursed her lips. Maybe they just looked like each other. After all, there were people like that out there.

"What are you doing? Haven't you sorted it out yet?" Josiah came in and frowned when he saw that Camila was still holding the documents.

Camila blinked and collected her thoughts. She quickly sorted them and put them in the drawer like he had asked.

Then, she walked to him and asked, "Doctor, why is this patient's information separated from that of the other patients?"

"She is my friend's wife. So, it's a more personal case," he answered simply.

"I see," Camila murmured.

After that, Josiah gave her another file and said, "This patient has congenital heart disease. Take him for an X-ray."

Camila nodded and went with the patient to the radiation department.

When she passed by the ultrasonic room, she saw the "reporter" she had met earlier coming out.

"Honey, are you okay?" That was Ryder, talking to the reporter with a smile on his face.

The woman shook her head meekly.

Camila had to pause. She was shocked to see that it was Ryder's wife, and she looked so much like Debora.

Camila had to wonder-- did he marry her because she looked like Debora?

Maybe he was obsessed with Debora.

Camila was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't notice it when the woman looked at her.

The woman froze when she saw her, but then, her eyes soon flashed with resentment.

Camila got a weird feeling off the woman last time, but now, it was more obvious. The woman seemed to loathe her.

Camila frowned when she saw this.

They didn't know each other. So, why was this woman looking at her with so much hatred?

Ryder followed his wife's gaze and saw Camila. Immediately, he held his wife and took her away.

He came close to her and said in a low voice, "Remember that you're pregnant now. We can talk revenge later."

That wasn't what she wanted. She wanted to take care of things now.

But she had to listen to him. She depended on him completely.

So she nodded.

The truth was that she didn't want a baby now.

She didn't understand how she got pregnant when she was on birth control.

But now that it had happened, Ryder had fallen in love with the unborn child and wanted her to keep it.

She was willing to please him, but if this baby was going to stand in the way of her getting her revenge, then she had to find a way to get rid of it.

Meanwhile, Camila finished with the patient she was taking care of, then went to the ultrasonic room to look at the file of the reporter woman.

She was 21 years old. Her name was Gillian Brewer.

So, she wasn't Debora. Even their family name and age were different.

However, Camila still got an eerie feeling from the girl.

Especially the way she looked at her.

It was particularly unsettling, and she needed to figure out why.

The one person that could help her right now was Isaac, but he had too much on his plate now. She couldn't make things worse for him. She had to do it herself.

By the time she got off work, it was already eight in the evening.

She didn't go back straight home though.

She grabbed Gillian's record from the hospital, and took it to Aldrin. Maybe he could help her dig into it.

When she entered Aldrin's room, she saw Laura treating him.

Unlike Isaac, his injuries were more serious. Till date, he could only move his arm.

She changed her shoes at the door and went in with a teasing smile. "Oh my God, Aldrin, you're so lucky to have such beauty taking care of you."

He smiled shyly and avoided Camila's eyes.

Laura had been taking care of him for the past days.

He knew that both girls were friends.

Laura applied the medicine for him professionally.

He also knew she was a doctor.

When Camila got to him, she bent over and whispered in his ear, "So, how is Laura treating you? Very professional, huh?"

He nodded without hesitation.

Camila smiled and added, "I think you are the first living being she's treated."

Aldrin shuddered. That sounded so creepy.

What the hell did she mean?

"What are you talking about, Camila?"

"Oh my God, I'm embarrassed. Didn't she tell you?"

"Tell me what?" Aldrin frowned, seemingly scared.

"I thought you knew she was a forensic expert. She only examines corpses. You're probably the first person she's treating," Camila said.

The blood drained from his face and he jumped away from the sofa.

He looked at Laura and stammered, "Y...You really examine corpses?"

Laura nodded. She knew Camila was making fun of him and decided to go along with it. "That's true. I've never treated a living being. Actually, you're the first one I'm treating. Also..."

"No, stop it!" Aldrin shouted in fear.

Then, he stared at her hands.

She had beautiful, tender and soft hands. But when he pictured what they had been doing... he froze. His mind went blank.

Then, Aldrin looked at them and saw the look on their faces. "You are both so annoying! Bullies!" He exploded.

Camila and Laura couldn't hold it in anymore. They burst into laughter.

Once the laughter had died down, Laura looked at what Camila was holding and asked, "What's that on your hand?"

Camila sat on the sofa to answer her, but then someone suddenly fell in front of her.

Camila's face went ghastly pale.

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Aldrin? What was he doing on the floor?

Camila quickly checked his pulse.

Laura was stupefied. "Did we really scare him to death?"

While checking his pulse, Camila answered, "He's a man! He couldn't be so easily frightened, could he? I'd surely laugh my head off if it is the case."

As expected, he was just pretending.

Both women were doctors. Did Aldrin really think he could fool them?

Now certain that he was fine, Camila said, "Come on, don't be such a chicken. No woman wants to marry a coward. Why are you acting this way? Girls like bold men that will make them feel secured no matter what. At this rate, you'll be single all your life."

After hearing this, Aldrin's eyes snapped open.

Then he got up from the floor and dusted himself as though the floor was dirty.

"That was boring."

"Don't you think it's stupid for you to pretend to be dead in front of us?" Laura mocked him.

Aldrin pressed his lips into a thin line and retorted, "Do you think men like women like you?"

Camila shrugged and said, "Sadly for you, we already have lovers."

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Aldrin shut his mouth. He couldn't retort to that.

He just had to admit defeat. He couldn't win the two of them.

"I'm going to sleep," he said like a baby.

"Wait!"

Camila stopped him and said, "I want to ask for a favour."

Aldrin tilted his head slightly. "What's that?"

She gave him the file she was holding. "Find out everything you can about this person, please."

He took the document and looked at it. It only had a woman's name, her address and a simple patient record.

When he saw that it was a pregnant woman, his eyes went wide. "Isaac has an affair?"

Camila rolled her eyes. "Don't say crazy stuff like that!"

"Then why do you want me to look into a pregnant woman?" Aldrin asked casually. "If he's tired of you, you and Joe can come back here and I will support you both."

Camila shook her head at him in exasperation.

Why would he really think that Isaac wanted to abandon her?

"Seriously?" Laura suddenly cut in. "He already fell for another woman and got her pregnant? So soon? Man, this is so disappointing. I used to think so highly of him."

"Shut up both of you! That's not what this is about. This woman is just really strange and I feel like there's something more to her," Camila said seriously.

On hearing this, Aldrin and Laura became more serious.

Then he said, "Okay. I'll try to get something as fast as possible."

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Camila nodded and stood up. "I have to head home now."

"But it's so late. Why don't you just sleep here?" he asked.

"I haven't seen Joe for a whole day. I need to see him."

He couldn't insist after that. She did have a family after all.

Some time after, Camila got back home.

Glenda was alone in the living room.

Camila changed her shoes at the door and as she entered, said, "Glenda, I'm hungry." She hadn't had dinner yet.

Glenda quickly heated her food and put on the table.

After washing her hands, Camila went to the dining room to eat.

Her stomach growled when she smelled the delicious food.

She almost drooled.

She served herself and started eating.

Glenda rarely spoke out of turn, but for some reason, she felt like she had to tonight.

Isaac had no appetite earlier and went to bed without eating.

So she looked at Camila who was savouring her food and said, "Mr. Johnston didn't have his dinner tonight."

Camila looked up at her after hearing this. "Is he sick?"

Glenda said in a plaintive voice, "How would I know? I'm just a servant. You're his wife, so you should know what's wrong with him."

Glenda hated that Camila was too busy to take care of Isaac.

Camila kept chewing her food, but it didn't taste so delicious anymore.

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To be honest, she liked being busy. At least this way, she didn't have to spend time thinking of the woman that Isaac had feelings for.

She took a deep breath and said in a monotone voice, "I see."

"You are a couple, Mrs. Johnston. You should care about each other more," Glenda said, clearly not happy.

"You're right," Camila said solemnly.

After that, she went upstairs, took a bath before going back to her bedroom.

The lights in the room were off, so it was a little dark.

It was only thanks to the moonlight that seeped in that she could walk in.

Isaac lay on the bed on his side. She didn't know if he was asleep or not, but he didn't even move when she came in.

She sat on the edge of the bed and asked in a low voice, "Sleeping?"

He didn't answer.

She turned and looked at his back.

Then, she lay beside him and hugged him from behind, her hand on his waist. "I know you're awake."

His breath was even, but she could tell that he wasn't sleeping.

"I know I've been busy lately..."

Isaac suddenly turned around, causing her to trail off.

Although it was dark, she could feel his burning gaze on her.

"Why didn't you answer when I asked if you were awake?"

Still no answer.

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Then, all of a sudden, he turned her over and lay on top of her.

Camila was tired after the long day she had, and she made him know it.

"What is it? Don't you want me?" he asked in a low deep voice.

"Not that. Just..."

"Just what?" Isaac cut in, then swooped down and caught her lips.

Clearly, their last conversation was still on their minds but, they both pretended not to care about it.

Isaac didn't want to admit that he was jealous of the senior she seemed to have a crush on. That would mean he was weak, and he was far from being a weak man.

As he kissed Camila, he bit her lower lip hard.

Camila winced in pain, but she didn't push him away.

She knew he was just venting his anger.

Instead, she whispered, worry in her voice, "Are you okay? What's wrong?"

Isaac didn't say anything. Instead, he moved his hands and slid them under her dress. He wasn't getting as much access as he wanted, so he tore off her clothes with a grunt and rested his palm on her left breast. "From now on, you are only allowed to love me. Got that?"

Camila swallowed and nodded.

"But am I the only woman you love?" That was what she wanted to ask.

But she didn't want to be heartbroken once again.

So, she kept it to herself.

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Isaac was very frisky tonight.

He had no limits, but Camila was already tired.

By the time he was done with her, she was exhausted. Almost every part of her body was sore.

The next day, she slept in unknowingly. When she woke up, Isaac was not in the room.

She was still very tired and just wanted to stay in bed. Her inner thighs were sore. She grabbed her phone to look at the time when she saw it was almost nine in the morning. She sat up in a hurry and lifted the quilt off her.

However, her legs were still too weak to carry her. She almost fell, but she supported herself on the bedside table.

She took a few breaths, and then tried again, much slower this time.

As she walked towards the door, it was suddenly pushed open from outside.

She pulled the quilt over her quickly. "Who is it?"

Isaac had left her naked last night, and she hadn't had the time to wear clothes.

Of course she was panicked by who was coming in.

"It's only me," Isaac said and closed the door behind him.

He shoulders sagged in relief when she saw it was him.

Then, she got angry when she thought of what happened last night. "Because of you, I couldn't get up early this morning. Why didn't you at least wake me up?"

"I knew you were tired and needed the rest. Should I not have done that?" he asked, walking up to her slowly.

He was right. She did need the rest. "Well, I'm late for work now

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and I need to get dressed quickly."

She threw aside the quilt and walked towards the bathroom
naked.

Her body was covered in hickeys, all left by Isaac.

Even after a night's rest, they were still very visible.

Isaac swallowed and watched lustfully as his attractive naked
wife walked to the bathroom with her smooth skin.

As soon as she stepped into the bathroom, he came in after
her and held her by the waist.