

## Chapter 249 Prefer Girls To Boys

Camila tried hard to hold back her tears, and Isaac noticed it.

At first, he was stunned. But then he asked in a calm tone, "Are you aggrieved?"

Wiping her face, Camila shook her head. "No, I didn't."

"Okay." Isaac turned around and walked towards the bathroom.

Beginning to feel pissed off due to his indifference, Camila clenched her fists.

Then she rushed to stop him. "You still don't believe me, do you? Okay, I'll go out and cuckold you now!" she growled at Isaac.

The latter quickly grabbed her wrist.

With a sneer, he said, "Cuckold me?"

Camila struggled to get away from him. "You don't trust me, so I'll just do it, lest you get angry because of nothing..."

In one swift move, Isaac pulled her into his arms. And then he pinched her chin with one hand, almost making Camila cry in pain.

She pushed him even harder. "Let go of me..."

Isaac leaned over and kissed her to stop her from talking.

The kiss was passionate, rough, and possessive.

Unable to bear it, Camila struggled to stand up.

She felt nothing but pain.

It hurt so bad.

Isaac scooped her up and carried her to the bedroom.

Camila was in his arms.

"Are you still angry?" she asked quietly.

"It all depends on your performance."

He then placed her on the bed.

Camila's back touched the soft bed.

Her hair was unkempt, and she seemed frail.

There were bite marks on her red lips.

She spread her legs and wrapped them around Isaac's strong waist.

Isaac's eyes were dark and filled with desire.

They seemed like a black hole, sucking everything in.

The desire Camila felt towards him made her feel dizzy.

She couldn't sense anything around her, except for his smoldering body.

The two of them had sex.

By the time they finished, Camila's legs were already trembling. She couldn't get out of bed to even take a shower.

Isaac carried her to the restroom to clean up.

He helped her all throughout.

Camila squinted her eyes lazily.

Finally, she decided to break the ice. "I won't do anything that will hurt you," she said in a hoarse voice.

"I know."

Wrapping the towel over her body, Isaac pulled her close. "I want daughters."

Although Camila was sleepy, her eyes widened immediately after hearing his remark.

What did he mean?

She turned to face him, raising her head.

"We've been together for so long." Isaac met her gaze. "How come you're still not pregnant?"

Camila was rendered speechless.

The truth was that she was afraid of getting pregnant, so she had been taking contraceptive pills.

Instead of vitamins, the bottle on her vanity table contained contraceptive pills.

"We have Joe..."

If she became pregnant again, her career would suffer, and she would struggle to accomplish her ambition for the rest of her life.

"I want to have a daughter. I'd like to name her Kay."

Camila was deep in contemplation. Did he really want a daughter? He had even decided on a name.

"Our son didn't have a formal name," she complained.

Most men preferred having a son than a daughter.

Why did Isaac like the other way around?

"Yes, I have one. I went to the hospital today. I needed to put down his name on the medical record, so I gave him a temporary one."

Camila frowned deeply.

Why did he give a temporary name?



Didn't he think it over?

Wasn't it a little too casual?

She was not expecting a good one anymore.

"What's his name?"

"Leonel Johnston."

This rendered Camila speechless.

Wasn't it too plain?

"How did you come up with the name? He will have this name for the rest of his life."

"I want to combine our names to get one for him, but only got this one."

"Didn't you even think about it?"

The name didn't sound so bad, but Camila was unsatisfied about Isaac's attitude.

How could he be so casual?

"If we have two daughters, one is called Kay, and the other is called Katy, okay?"

Ending the conversation, Camila replied flatly, "I'm sleepy."

Isaac placed his palm on her belly, like he was anticipating her pregnancy.

He adored Joe since he was his first kid.

But he liked to have a daughter.

Besides, he had his own selfish motive.

Once Camila was pregnant, he would have a reason to make her quit her job and stay at home to take care of the baby in her belly. ⓘ

It would be hitting two birds with one stone.

Camila, on the other hand, was afraid.

For the time being, she did not want to have another child.

The next day, Camila woke up early.

Isaac held her and wouldn't let her go. "It's still too early. Let's sleep some more."

"I have to go to the hospital today."

What? Was her work so important?

"Joe is sick," Isaac said in a low voice. 