

Chapter 282 Getting Sick

When Camila woke up, the first thing she smelled was the strong odor of the disinfectant.

It was a smell that was familiar to her.

After all, as a doctor, it was something that she smelled every day. Its very presence told her that she was in the hospital.

Slowly, she opened her eyes, and for a second, she was temporarily blinded by the bright lights on the ceiling.

After a while, she closed her eyes once again.

It took a long time for her to reopen her eyes. As she did, she saw Glenda holding Joe in her arms. When Glenda saw that Camila had already woken up, she exhaled a massive sigh of relief. "Madam, are you awake?"

Camila tried to sit up, but as she pushed herself up, her arm buckled under the weight of her body. It turned out that she had almost no strength left.

"Don't move. The doctor said that you're weak. Just stay there and rest," Glenda told her.

When Camila looked at her son, a warm feeling spread in her heart. She stretched her hands to the baby and said, "Glenda, please let me hug him."

Glenda nodded and put Joe on the bed.

When Camila saw this, her brows furrowed a bit. "Glenda, I want to hold him in my arms," she clarified.

Even though Glenda understood where Camila was coming from, she ignored her request and tried to change the topic instead. "What do you want to eat? I'll get it for you."

Camila looked away and refused to eat anything. She had no appetite to eat.

"The doctor said that you're weak. You better eat some food. Even if you don't want to do it for yourself, you have to do it for Joe. Do you think you have the strength to hold him now?" Glenda urged, trying her best to persuade Camila.

After a while, Camila let out a defeated sigh. "Okay."

"Good. Just rest there."

After saying that, Glenda walked out of the room and closed the door.

"Mommy..." Joe uttered, resting his head on Camila's arm and scratching her hair and clothes.

It was getting cold.

He was wearing a pair of suspenders, which Camila had bought for him not long ago.

She had also bought him some autumn clothes.

Without a doubt, he looked adorable in this outfit.

"Mommy... Mommy..."

Joe's soft coos melted Camila's heart. However, this was the only word that he knew how to speak. He still didn't know how to call his father, nor did he know any other words.

She leaned on her side and held him.

As she did, she gently stroked his cheek.

Joe wasn't crying. He just kept squirming, his short legs flailing in the air.

Just holding Joe made Camila realize how weak she truly was. Since Glenda wasn't here, she called Rowena for help instead.

"Are you sick?" Rowena said through the phone, her voice laced with worry after she learned about her daughter's condition.

Camila shook her head. "No. I think I'm just tired from working too much recently. I'm not feeling well, so I can't help Glenda take care of Joe. I'm afraid she can't do it alone."

"Which hospital are you in?" Rowena asked. "I'll be right there."

"I'm at Benevolence Hospital," Camila answered.

As soon as she hung up the phone, Rowena went straight towards the hospital as fast as she could.



When she got there, the first thing she did was ask Camila, "What did the doctor say about your condition?"

Since Camila hadn't seen her doctor yet, she couldn't give Rowena any concrete answer. Still wanting to comfort her mother, Camila smiled and said, "I'm fine."

"Don't lie to me! You're on a hospital bed for crying out loud!" Even though the expression on Rowena's face appeared angry, there was an unmistakable look of concern in her eyes. She was just mad that Camila wasn't taking good care of herself.

Seeing this, Camila couldn't help but smile.

"Mom, can you take Joe back? He's still so young. He shouldn't stay in the hospital for a long time."

Rowena nodded. "Okay. But after we leave, what about you?"

"Glenda will be back soon." Camila assured her.

"Okay."

After saying that, she grabbed the sleeping boy in Camila's arms.

Joe was holding on to Camila's hair, so Rowena had to gently pry the little boy's hand open and slowly pulled him away.

However, this seemed to have roused Joe awake. His body began moving around as light groans escaped his lips.

"Let me do it," Camila said, her voice sounding a bit hoarse.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Rowena looked at her daughter and said, "The last time I saw you, I noticed that you didn't look so well. Then just a few days later, you seemed to have lost a lot of weight. Tell me the truth: did you have a fight with Isaac?"

With the boy in her arms, Camila looked away and said, "Why would you think that?"

"Am I wrong?" When Rowena didn't get an answer immediately, she let out a long sigh and added, "I just want the best for you. How can I be at ease knowing that you are suffering?"

With a smile, Camila replied, "Isaac and I are fine. We're not fighting."



"That's good. Women shouldn't be so strong, you know. Don't focus only on your career. Remember: family always comes first, your career second—"

"You have put all your effort and energy in raising your family. Have you ended up happy?" Camila cut her off. However, as soon as those words escaped her mouth, she immediately regretted saying them. She quickly apologized to her. "Mom, I'm sorry."

What Camila said was true—Rowena didn't have a happy marriage, so she didn't blame her daughter for saying that. Still, just hearing that from her seemed to reopen some of her old wounds. With Joe in her arms, Rowena smiled and said, "Don't worry. I'll take good care of him."

A huge wave of guilt surged in Camila's heart. "Mom—"

"Well, I can't get angry with you, can I?" Rowena interrupted her. "Just have a good rest."

"Okay."

Shortly after Rowena left, the door of the ward swung open. When Camila looked up, her eyes almost popped out of their sockets.



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