

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 31

Chapter 31 Isaac's Pretense

Camila's behavior bewildered Jaylen.

He would not have found it strange if she kept rejecting his advances. But to his surprise, she not only agreed but also showed excitement

for what he was about to do to her.

"Really?" Jaylen asked with confusion written all over his face.

"What else can I do? You've tied me up," Camila retorted while trying her best to appear thrilled.

Meanwhile, Jaylen stared at her with a look of bewilderment.

Suddenly, an idea flashed through his mind. He picked up her bag and rummaged through it.

Just as he expected, he found a bottle of medicine inside.

Jaylen took it out, and his eyes lingered on the name of the medicine— Viagra.

Camila smirked. "I didn't lie to you, did I?"

"Why do you have this?" Jaylen asked with a deep frown.

Camila looked too pure for this. Could it be that behind her angelic face was a wild side?

"Do you seriously think I'm a prude? I've been playing cat and mouse with you the whole time! Now, take the medicine, and let's have a

good time."

The corners of Camila's mouth curled into a playful smile.

She was pretty, even more so when she smiled.

Jaylen was so turned on he took a pill without hesitation.

"Take another one," Camila urged. "Okay, wild girl." Jaylen

fished another pill from the bottle, brought it into his

mouth, and downed it with

red wine.

Camila's smile was warm and bright, yet her gaze was icy.

She fixed her eyes on Jaylen and started counting down.

A few moments later, Jaylen started feeling weak. He sat

on the bed and

remarked, "Two Viagras seem to be a little too strong for me. I feel dizzy. It did not take long before he realized that something was off.

Should not the medicine make him stronger and more energetic?

Why was he feeling the contrary?

"Wait a minute. This isn't Viagra." Jaylen stared at Camila

wide-eyed and asked, "What did you give to me?"

Instead of answering his question, Camila asked him

back, "Didn't you say I wouldn't defeat you for the fourth

time? Look at yourself. You've

lost again."

Jaylen saw red. How he wished he could kill this woman right then and there.

What he wanted the most right now was to send her to hell.

"Camila, I swear I won't let you go for what you've done to..."

Before Jaylen could finish his words, everything went black.

Camila took a closer look at him. After making sure he was knocked out cold, she tried to take her phone from her bag despite being bound.

The reason she had the pills was that she was scared Harrell's potential business partner would take advantage of her when they had dinner together. For her own safety, she bought knockout drugs and put them in a Viagra package. This way, even if someone saw it, they would not suspect it was anything like knockout drugs.

It was a ploy to lower Harrell's guard. However, she did not use the medicine because the man turned out to be Isaac.

It was a good thing he did not take the drug; otherwise, she would not be able to escape now.

At this moment, Camila took the phone and hurriedly dialed Forrest's number.

Before the call connected, she heard a noise at the door.

A few seconds later, she heard the sound of hurried footsteps, along with objects being tossed and piercing wails. Then, the door was kicked

open. Camila looked up, and her eyes widened in shock when she saw Isaac, who was wearing a glum expression. He was just standing there, yet he looked so majestic, like a knight in shining armor. And judging from the look on his face, he was enraged.

Camila's face lit up as Isaac had come to save her. "You came!" she exclaimed.

Without a word, Isaac strode over and untied her. As Camila did not return, he thought that she was out there dating another man. That was why he had someone investigate her whereabouts. It turned out that Jaylen had abducted her. He had to pull a lot of strings to track them down. But what scared him most was the thought that he was too late and that Jaylen had already defiled her body. Isaac's gaze fell on the medicine bottle on the table. Upon seeing the label, his face turned even gloomier. "It's not what it looks like. It's a drug meant to knock out those who take it. That's why Jaylen is unconscious right now," Camila explained in a hurry. @ She did not want Isaac to misunderstand what had happened. "You knocked him out?" Isaac asked in awe. Camila nodded. Isaac raised his eyebrows, impressed. He must say, she did an amazing job at protecting herself. What Camila had done made him look at her with a new set of eyes. She was bound, and yet, she managed to knock Jaylen out. She was the best doctor he had ever known. Not only was she intelligent, but she was also cunning. Isaac eyed Camila from head to toe and was thankful to find that her clothes were intact. Nevertheless, he still was not at ease. His blood was boiling with rage that he asked Willie to have Jaylen tied up. Willie ordered his men to take action at once.

A few moments later, Jaylen was tied up with no chance of escaping.

"Do you want to watch, or do you wait for me in the car?"

Isaac asked

Camila.

Camila had foreseen Isaac's evil intentions toward Jaylen and had no desire to witness a violent scene.

"I'll just wait for you in the car." She turned around and clutched her belly as she walked out.

Something was wrong in it.

As a doctor, she knew that it was one of the symptoms of miscarriage. Her face went deathly pale at the thought of this.

Noticing that something was wrong with her, Isaac asked, "What's the matter? Are you hurt?"

Camila, striving to maintain a composed demeanor, shook her head and

calmly replied, "No. I'm good." As soon as she stepped out of the room, Camila dropped the act. She could not pretend to be well anymore.

Anguish flashed across her face. Thankfully, nobody was around to see

it. If she lost her baby, she swore to herself she would make Debora pay.

When Camila passed by the living room, she saw the unconscious bodyguards sprawled on the floor.

She had met these people before. They were Jaylen's bodyguards.

With a stoic demeanor, she exited the house and got into the car. The moment she shut the car door, a scream echoed from within the

house.

It belonged to Jaylen, and it grew increasingly miserable with each

moment. Camila could not tell what punishment Isaac had given Jaylen.

However, she was not in the right state to worry about it, so she just sat back and closed her eyes to rest.

It was not until an hour later that Isaac came out.

Willie was still in the house, though, which made Camila wonder what Isaac was planning to do.

Wasn't he the one who had given her to Jaylen?

Why was he furious?

After hesitating for a while, Camila curiously asked, "Why are you mad?" Isaac's heart sank. He felt nothing but immense anger when he

realized that Jaylen had taken her away.

He was terrified that something would happen to her.

This fear and worry drove Isaac to the brink of desperation.

However, as a man of pride, he could not bring himself to admit he was

worried about her. He kept his fear and apprehension to himself.

At least, he stopped himself from saying it out loud.

"We may have had an arranged marriage, but that means you're still my wife. It would make me feel sick if you get defiled by anyone else,"

Isaac declared.

A mocking smile appeared on Camila's face. She had thought he was mad because he liked her. It turned out that he was just thinking

about himself.

It appeared that she was only flattering herself.

How could Isaac possibly take a fancy to her?

Camila closed her eyes and had a rest.

Before she knew it, she had fallen asleep.

When she awoke, she realized that she was lying on her bed

She propped herself and looked around the bedroom.

Nobody else was around.

At this moment, she closed her eyes and massaged her temples. The last thing she remembered last night was being in Isaac's car. How on

earth did she get here?

While she was racking her brain to guess what she had missed, a knock sounded at the door. "Mrs. Johnston," Glenda said from outside.

"Come in," Camila answered.

Glenda came in with a bright smile and said, "Breakfast is ready. You should get up now and eat."

Camila lifted the quilt and curiously asked, "How did I go upstairs last night?"

"Mr. Johnston carried you," Glenda answered with a beaming smile.

"Have you two reconciled?" « Camila blinked her eyes and looked at Glenda blankly.

"Well, you seem to get along well with each other in the past few days. It's rare for Mr. Johnston to be so patient with a person. Actually,

you're the first one he was gentle with," Glenda explained.

Camila did not take Glenda's words seriously, though.

Maybe he was kind to her because Jaylen almost molested her. He must pity her.

"I'm hungry." Camila shifted the topic. She slept like a baby last night. And now, her abdominal pain had subsided.

She needed to eat well and have a good rest.

By the time Camila was done washing up and getting dressed, Glenda had already served the dishes. All she had to do was sit down and

eat. She ate breakfast alone as Isaac had left early in the morning.

While Camila was eating, a nurse called her on the phone and informed her, "Dr. Haynes, your mother wishes to leave the hospital."

"[see." Camila nodded and finished her meal as quickly as she could. As soon as she stepped out of the house, the driver walked up to her

and asked, "Mrs. Johnston, are you going out? I'll drive you."

Before Camila could respond, the driver added, "It's Mr. Johnston's order." Camila glanced at the car behind the driver. It was a Rolls-Royce.

There was no doubt that it was worth millions of dollars. She could not help but raise her eyebrows in awe.

Why was Isaac still pretending he liked her?

Well, Camila had no time to dwell on the matter. Without further ado, she hopped into the car and ordered, "Go to Wellness Hospital."

She arrived at the hospital shortly after and went straight into her

mother's ward. But just as she was about to push the door open, she Camila blinked her eyes and looked at Glenda blankly.

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"My son with Marvin has grown up. Why don't you divorce him? What's the point of keeping your loveless marriage? Do you honestly think

that Marvin still has feelings for you?" Trudy sneered and continued, "Do you really think that Marvin forced your daughter to marry Isaac

because there's something wrong with the company?" #

Standing by the door, Camila was stunned. It was for that reason that

she married Isaac, wasn't it? 2

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Chapter 32

Chapter 32 Drop The Act

"Rowena, you're the stupidest woman I've ever met. You don't even know what your husband has done. How pathetic." Trudy crossed her arms over her chest and continued, "Didn't you know that it was his idea to make your daughter marry into the Johnston family so that he would benefit from their influence and power? The reason he didn't divorce you was that he wanted to control your daughter. And yet, you believe that he has feelings for you. I'll tell you what. If he really did, why has he been with me for the past twenty years? Also, how could he force your daughter to marry into the Johnston family? They may be one of the richest and most influential families in the country, but Isaac is the most bad-tempered and self-righteous man I've seen. Yet, he was forced to marry your daughter. Do you think that the life of your beloved Camila will be easy? If you're still in your right mind, divorce Marvin as soon as possible. Then, your daughter can finally escape

from hell.”

"Bullshit!" Rowena bellowed.

However, she did not have enough strength to refute Trudy's words. Meanwhile, Camila's body trembled like a leaf.

When she was a child, Marvin, her father, would teach her all sorts of things, be it playing the piano, dancing, painting, and many more

All her life she believed that her father only wanted her to stand out and be better than everyone

It turned out that he did these things only for his own selfish interest. Yes, he cultivated her, but it was only for the sole reason of seducing men.

Her father was devious! She was his biological daughter. How could he use her?

Camila should have been used to his apathy by now, but her heart still sank when she heard of her father's trickery with her own ears.

"Let me remind you for the last time. If you're smart enough, divorce Marv—"

Camila suddenly pushed the door open, interrupting Trudy. "If you want them to divorce, ask Marvin to come here," she bargained, not a hint of expression on her face.

Trudy got startled. When she turned around and saw Camila, her face went as white as a sheet. "Why... why are you here?" she stammered.

Camila walked into the ward and sneered. "You're the one who's not supposed to be here."

Trudy calmed down not long after. She was lucky it was just Camila and not Marvin. As a matter of fact, she was relieved that Camila had heard her threats. The latter would most probably persuade her mother into divorcing that man. Frankly speaking, Trudy had gotten tired of being a mistress. She did not want to spend the rest of her life like this

She was not getting any younger. She needed to be the legitimate wife. "Did you hear what I said? You know very well if I was telling the truth or not. If you want to get rid of your vile father, you should persuade your mother to divorce him. It's easy, isn't it?" Trudy asked with a smirk. "Leave. You're not welcome here," Camila coldly ordered.

"Camila, I'm doing this for your own goo—" "If you don't leave now, I'll call Marvin and tell him what you said to my mother. If my mother agrees to divorce him, he'll no longer be able to control me. That also means he can't use me to get anything from the Johnston family. Which do you think he cares more about—you or his career?" @

Camila knew very well the answer to her question. If it were not for his career, he would have already divorced her mother.

What was more, if he indeed loved Trudy, he would have already married her.

"You think he's using me? Yeah, sure. But don't forget how Marvin wanted a son. Yes, you gave him what he wanted. But look at yourself. He didn't even marry you. Didn't he use you too for the sake of having a child? What right do you have to show off in front of me and my mother?" It was only now that Camila realized that Marvin did not love anyone. All he cared about was his money and status. ©

He would use anyone to achieve his goal, even if it was his own family. Trudy suddenly went livid. Her face distorted with rage, and not even her delicate makeup could hide it.

"You..." She pointed her finger at Camila, but words seemed to have stuck in her throat.

Well, there was nothing she could say to refute Camila's words.

Camila, on the other hand, did not seem to care that Trudy was red with anger. "I'll count to three. If you don't leave, I'll call Marvin," she

warned. Trudy had come here to tell Rowena of Marvin's real intentions. This way, Rowena would get disappointed with him and, in turn,

divorce him. And when the two of them finally separated, Trudy could finally marry him after all these years.

Unfortunately for her, Camila ruined everything.

She was so angry and frustrated. Despite this, she tried her best to step out of the ward with dignity.

Once Trudy was gone, Camila closed the door and walked over to her mother. "Mom..."

Rowena looked at her daughter, her eyes red and puffy. "I'm sorry." Camila sat on the bedside and gazed into her mother's eyes. "Mom, you didn't do anything wrong to me. You gave me life and the chance to come to this world."

Rowena held Camila's hands and broke into tears. "y-you suffered a lot because of me. I should've thought things through." "Mom, I'm okay. Besides, I had to get married eventually. It doesn't matter who my husband is," Camila comforted her. Despite Camila's reassurance, Rowena still could not forgive herself for letting such a thing happen. "You're his daughter. How could he treat you as a bargaining chip? As a father, how could he not care about his daughter?"

Many years had passed. Although Camila was disheartened, she had got used to it.

Not wanting to dwell on the topic anymore, Camila changed the topic. "Mom, I heard that you want to leave the hospital."

Rowena nodded. "That's true. I feel so much better now. I want to go home. I've been staying here in the hospital for too long."

Camila still did not rest assured. Because of this, she went to see her mother's attending doctor, who told her that Rowena could get discharged as long as she would take good care of herself and return for check-ups.

However, she did not tell her mother that and instead delayed Rowena's discharge. "Mom, just hold on for two more days."

She planned to rent an apartment so that her mother could have a place to stay after leaving the hospital. Rowena nodded in agreement.

At this moment, Camila gazed at her mother, wanting to ask something. After hesitating for a long time, she finally asked, "Mom, do you want to divorce my father?"

Rowena bit her lower lip and looked away. "Yes."

Camila pursed her lips. She, too, wanted her mother to divorce that man. But at the same time, she thought it was not wise to divorce after they had been together for many years.

For some reason, she sensed that Rowena's answer was not entirely true. "Mom, you don't have to worry about me. I'm all grown up. I have a stable job and can make enough money to fend for myself. Marvin can't control me with money anymore. If it was in the past, he would threaten to use my tuition or hurt you if I didn't listen to him. But you've recovered now. He can't control me anymore. But if you don't want to divorce him, it's okay."

She respected her mother's decision no matter what. After all, Rowena, her mother, had been married to Marvin for more than two decades. She must have developed feelings for him, or their marriage would not have lasted that long. Rowena felt guilty when she saw how understanding her daughter was. She owed her daughter a lot.

"The truth is, I've been wanting to divorce your father for a long time. Your father and I have been nothing but a nominal couple. There's no point in prolonging our marriage," Rowena truthfully said. She meant it this time.

"I see. When you leave the hospital, let's go back and see my father."

Rowena nodded in agreement "Mom, I have to go to work now. I'll see you later."

"You don't have to come to see me if you're busy. Just go ahead with your work. You can see me when I finally get discharged," Rowena said, not wanting to bother her daughter.

Camila nodded.

After bidding farewell to her mother, she left the hospital to go to work. Her driver was waiting for her outside, ready to go. Once she got in

the car, she ordered, "Go to the Military Central Hospital."

As soon as she said those words, the driver sped away.

Camila reached her destination shortly after. She got off the car and went straight to her office.

Meanwhile, just as Debora was about to go out, she received a call from Isaac, saying he wanted to meet her. But then, she happened to meet Camila in the corridor.

"Camila..." Debora called out, making Camila stop in her tracks

"What do you want?" Camila indifferently replied.

Debora figured that the reason Isaac wanted to see her was that he believed she was pregnant with his child. He must have had her child

tested if they were related, and the results came out positive.

"Isaac wants to see me. Guess what he'll do when we meet?" Debora smirked. She had dressed up for this exact reason

At this moment, she raised her head and arrogantly said, "You and Isaac may be married, but I'm sure he'll divorce you soon."

Camila did not take Debora's words to heart. "Isaac doesn't love you, much less care about you. You can drop the act in front of me."

Realizing that her taunting did not work, Debora stared daggers at

Camila and sneered, "Just wait and see. I'll make sure your marriage won't last."

"I'll be waiting," Camila replied, not a hint of fear in her voice.

Debora snorted and left in a huff, her high heels clicking with every step. Just as Camila was about to go to her office and change her clothes, Forrest grabbed her.

"What?" she snapped.

For her baby's safety, she could not walk too fast and had to be extra cautious with every step.

Forrest did not let her go until they reached a place with only a few people. He stared Camila dead in the eye and said, "Divorce Isaac as soon as possible. Debora is pregnant."

Camila's mouth fell open in shock

"What did you just say? Debora is pregnant with Isaac's baby?"

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Chapter 33

Chapter 33 Something Fishy

Forrest nodded his head in response. Seeing this, Camila's body stiffened as if a bucket of cold water had been poured all over her body.

Isaac had said he did not like Debora, hadn't he?

If that were the case, why would he have sex with her and leave her pregnant?

"Mila, are you okay?" Forrest asked with concern when he noticed that Camila did not look too good.

It was then that Camila came to her senses. She nodded at him as if it was nothing and reassured him, "I'm fine."

In all honesty, she was disappointed when she found out that Debora was pregnant, especially with Isaac's child.

But as she thought it over, she gradually made peace with it.

Whoever Isaac got involved with was none of her business. She figured she should not let it affect her in any way.

Forrest, however, was not convinced. He looked at her with eyes narrowed in suspicion and asked, "What's the matter, Mila? Don't tell me

you've fallen in love with Isaac?"

He had witnessed how Camila had overreacted when she heard the news. At this moment, she lifted her gaze and looked into Forrest's eyes.

"Do I look disappointed or something?"

Forrest nodded. "Actually, yes."

"Oh, come on. I'm not disappointed. I'm... worried." She walked over to a

bench nearby and sat down. "I know myself very well. I don't have any feelings for that man."

After saying these words, she stroked her belly and fell into deep thought. She was pregnant with another man's child. Only a few would be willing to raise someone else's children.

Knowing Isaac, how could he fall in love with a woman like her?

She knew her place.

"What are you worried about?" Forrest curiously asked.

"Debora knows that I'm Isaac's wife, so she's always mean to me. She makes things difficult for me whenever she has the chance. And now,

she's pregnant with Isaac's child and has every opportunity to rub it into my face. I can imagine how miserable I'll be in the future."

"That's the very reason why I want you to divorce him. I don't want Debora to make things difficult for you anymore. Besides, you're pregnant—"

"I know," Camila glumly replied without even waiting for Forrest to finish. After work, she planned to go to the Johnston family mansion. If

Robin found out that Isaac had a child, for sure, he would be very happy. "Forrest, you should go ahead with your work. I have to make a report now." Camila stood up and turned around to leave. Forrest wanted to say something more. However, he swallowed his words when he saw she did not want to talk about it anymore.

Outside the hospital, Debora got in Isaac's car with a beaming smile. "Isaac, you've had it tested, haven't you?" She did not call him Mr. Johnston as she believed she had every right to do so, especially since she was "pregnant" with his child.

Isaac casually leaned back on his seat and slowly lifted his gaze at her.

Debora put on a fawning smile. However, her hands were tightly clasped together, and her palms were sweaty.

Meanwhile, Isaac was so calm and silent Debora could not figure out what he was thinking.

But what surprised her most was that he did not get mad when she called him by his name.

Did it mean he had accepted her?

At the thought of this, Debora felt at ease. "Are you going to accept this baby?"

Isaac glanced at her high heels. "Are you sure you're pregnant?"

Debora lowered her head and looked at her feet. She wanted to look good in front of Isaac that she forgot she was pretending to be pregnant.

"Uh, well, I'm just pregnant. I can still wear high heels, you know," she hurriedly explained.

Isaac's face darkened but did not say anything more to her. Instead, he glanced at Willie and ordered, "Drive."

"Where are we going?" Debora curiously asked.

Isaac's silence was making her flustered.

"Isaac, you haven't answered my question. Are you going to accept the baby?" Debora asked for the second time.

Isaac looked her in the eye, which made her feel a little guilty. It was not true she was pregnant, after all.

After a long period of silence, Isaac finally spoke. "If that baby is really mine, then I will." 4

Debora was overjoyed. She might have screamed in delight if Isaac was not next to her. But despite trying her best to stay calm, joy and

excitement were evident on her face "Are you going to marry me for the sake of our baby?" she happily asked.

"No, I won't," Isaac replied without a second thought.

The smile on Debora's face froze.

"What... what do you mean?"

"It's very simple. I just want the baby," Isaac briefly explained with his last bit of patience.

Debora could not stay calm anymore. A sinking feeling emerged in the pit of her stomach as it dawned on her where they were going. "Where are you taking me?" she stammered.

"To the hospital," Willie replied on Isaac's behalf. He looked at Debora from the rearview mirror and continued, "You can give birth to the baby, but the mother doesn't necessarily have to be you."

Just a while ago she was anxious and on edge. But now, she was terrified out of her wits. "W-why are we going to the hospital?" she asked in horror.

"You will be examined there," Willie explained. Debora's face went white as a sheet. She thought that the paternity test was enough to make Isaac believe that she was carrying his child and make him divorce Camila.

And once he and Debora got married, she would find an opportunity to make it seem like she had miscarried. Becoming Isaac's wife was the trickiest part. Getting pregnant with his child, not so much. After all, they would be a married couple by that time.

But what the hell should Debora do now?

She was not pregnant at all!

"Isaac—" "Stop calling me by my name." Isaac interrupted her coldly, and he caught the look of panic flash across her face. The only person he had slept with was her. So if anyone was pregnant with his child, it would only be her.

Logically speaking, he had no reason to doubt it.

However, his intuition told him that something was not right

He could not bring himself to believe that Debora was pregnant with his child.

He needed to find a doctor he trusted and watch him examine Debora with his own eyes. Only then would he believe her.

And judging from the look on Debora's face, something was fishy.

She was so anxious she could not meet his gaze.

Nevertheless, she tried her best to stay calm and composed. "I-I can't go to the hospital today. I have to go back to work."

"I'm afraid that's not up to you." Isaac leaned back and crossed his legs leisurely. "Why do you keep backing out? You're making me think that you're not telling the truth."

If she was lying, then she should not blame him for being rude. Meanwhile, Debora almost passed out with fear.

How she wished that a car accident would happen on the way to the hospital that would cause her to have a "miscarriage".

While she was panic-stricken and had no idea what to do, she felt something warm sticky between her legs. Perhaps God was on her side

today. Coincidentally, she had gotten her period.

She clutched her belly and pretended to be in extreme pain. "Ouch! My stomach hurts." @

She acted as if she was having a miscarriage. It even looked more believable as blood slid down her legs.

Isaac frowned. Was she really pregnant? The pressure he had given her must have made her...

Yes, he did not like this woman. But, of course, he was not cruel enough to hurt his own child. "Willie, drive faster," he ordered.

Willie stepped on the accelerator hard, and the car sped away like a bullet.

Meanwhile, a white off-road vehicle was running at top speed not far away. The roar of its engine came like muffled thunder, whistling from afar.

As it veered past the junction, it strayed over the line and collided with Isaac's car. @

The car came so fast Willie had no time to swerve their car.

The impact of the crash was so forceful that it crumpled the car like a tin can.

The car in the opposite direction was propelled backward for about ten meters.

Their vehicle lay in shambles. Inside the car, the airbag on the driver's seat had burst. Nonetheless, Willie's head was bleeding profusely, and he had lapsed into unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, Isaac felt as if his head was going to split into two. But before slipping into unconsciousness, he caught a glimpse of the person in the other vehicle. @

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Chapter 34

Chapter 34 Miscarriage

When Isaac awoke, a strong smell of disinfectant wafted into his nostrils. Although still groggy, he propped himself up.

"Mr. Johnston." Wynter rushed over to help him get up. However, Isaac waved his hand in dismissal.

"I'm good." He paused for a moment and tried to remember what had happened. And once he recalled everything, he asked, "How's Willie?" "He's just undergone an operation. He's out of the woods now, but he hasn't woken up from the coma,"

Wynter answered. "You have a slight concussion. The doctor said you need to rest. Would you like to sleep for a while?"

Suddenly, the blood on Debora's legs flashed across his mind. He pursed his lips and, after a moment of silence, asked, "How's Debora?" 2

"The doctor said she had a miscarriage. She has a few scratches on her body, but otherwise, she's fine. She had just woken up when]

arrived. If you want to visit her, she's in the next ward."

Wynter hesitated for a moment and asked, "Do you want to call her over?" @

Isaac waved his hand in refusal.

He had mixed feelings toward her.

On one hand, he could not stand her, much less want her to be the mother of his child.

But on the other hand, he was devastated that his child was gone.

He wanted to do something to vent his grief.

"Has the police started the investigation?" he asked with a straight face

"Yes, but they haven't found out who the driver of the other car was." Before losing consciousness, Isaac saw that the driver who caused the wreck was a boy. He did not seem injured as Isaac saw him climb out of the car and run away. He must have been terrified. Isaac could not tell if the boy had a driver's license.

"Have someone investigate the accident, and make sure to find the culprit before the police. But don't kill him. Just give him a lesson he'll never forget. By the way, I want you to call the doctor who examined Debora and tell him I want to speak with him." Isaac saw the blood flow out of Debora's body with his own eyes, which made it highly logical that she was indeed pregnant. However, the way she acted before the accident was strange. Therefore, he would not rest assured until he confirmed the truth himself.

Nobody was allowed to play tricks on him, no matter who it was.

"Copy that. I'll call him right away," Wynter replied.

Isaac closed his eyes and nodded at the door. "Go now." Wynter left and closed the door behind her. Cruel as it might sound, Isaac, still sitting on the bed, felt that the weight on his chest was lifted.

It seemed that he did not have to make his relationship with Debora more complicated because of the existence of the child.

He lay back down on the bed and closed his eyes to rest. Meanwhile, Camila was walking out of the hospital.

The doctor who was supposed to teach her had a meeting to attend. He had to leave the hospital, so he let her get off work and go home

early. Just as she was about to hail a cab, her driver pulled to a stop in front of her.

"You haven't left?" she asked in surprise

The driver got out of the car and opened the door for her.

"Mr. Johnston

has ordered me to drive you to and off work. From now on, I will be responsible for driving you wherever you go."

Camila pursed her lips,

confused as to why Isaac was doing this.

Debora was pregnant with his child, was she not? Why was he still flirting with her?

Nevertheless, she got in the car and thanked the driver.

The driver closed the door, trotted to the driver's seat, and started the engine. "Mrs. Johnston, are you going home now?"

Camila lowered her gaze when she heard the word

"home". Was that house really a home?

She shook her head and replied, "Drive me to the house of the Johnston family."

The driver nodded and stepped on the accelerator.

They arrived at the house about 20 minutes later. To

Camila's surprise, Robin was not there.

Stevie, too, was not home.

It was a bummer as she had come to tell Robin the news about Debora's pregnancy.

She believed that Robin would allow her to leave if he found out that Isaac was going to be a father.

That way, the old man wouldn't accuse her of breaking her promise. But since Robin was not here, there was no point in staying here

On the way back, she asked the driver to pull over from the side of the road. "You can go back now. It's not far from the villa anyway. I want to take a walk alone."

"But..." the driver protested hesitantly.

"What?" Camila asked confusedly.

"Mr. Johnston specifically asked me to pick you up, and we're not home yet."

Camila chuckled. "You're so stubborn, you know?"

As she was as stubborn as a mule, the driver had no choice but to do as she asked.

Camila strolled along the road alone. Not many cars were currently on the road as it was still work hours. Moreover, the road leading to the villa was usually quiet.

She caressed her belly as she walked. She knew what Forrest said was right. Yes, she could hide her pregnancy now, but she could not do that forever.

It was a wise choice to divorce Isaac as soon as possible. Besides, he would have a family soon.

It would be selfish of her if she did not let go of the title of "Mrs. Johnston."

At this moment, a breeze came, making the leaves rustle in a dream-like manner.

As it was autumn, the sun was not as hot as it was during summer. And when the wind blew, Camila felt a little chilly.

She pulled down her sleeves so they would cover her hands and quickened her pace. She planned to cook dinner and then, in the evening, ask Isaac to divorce her.

While she was in deep thought, a car came to a screeching halt in front of her.

Several men got out of the car at once. They put a gag on her and, as if that was not enough, put a black cloth bag over her head. With that,

they dragged her into the car and sped away. #

"HMMM!" Camila tried with all her strength to scream for help but to no avail. @ The car drove for what felt like forever. At last, it stopped, and she felt someone drag her out. Because of the covering on her head, she could not see who the abductors were or where she was right now.

Finally, one of the men took her gag. "Who are you? Why did you kidnap me?" Camila asked sharply.

"Is this the plate number of your car?" one of the men showed her a string of number.

"Yes, why?" Camila answered without hesitation. After getting a job, her mother used all her savings to buy the car, saying it would be

convenient for Camila to go to and off work. She drove it for years until she married Isaac. Now, the car was in the care of the Haynes family.

"What's the mat-- Ugh."

Before Camila could finish her words, someone kicked her on the abdomen. She trembled and lay curled up in pain.

"AH!"

The assailants began hitting her on the back, legs, and stomach all at the same time.

Camila could only protect her belly with arms

She was crying in pain, but her pleas fell on these men's deaf ears. "Who... who are you? Why... did... you kidnap... me?"

She was drenched with sweat. And when she spoke, her voice was barely a whisper.

"Don't you know how to drive? How could you hit and run?"

"|... haven't driven my car for... two months..." Camila explained with her remaining strength.

"Don't you dare lie to us. We've checked the car, and it's yours."

As soon as that person finished speaking, he kicked her on the stomach twice.

"Hmph!"

Despite Camila's efforts in protecting her abdomen, she failed. And now, it felt excruciatingly painful.

"Do you have any idea who you hit? How could you hit Mr. Johnston's car? You're courting death!"

Cold sweat broke out from Camila's forehead upon hearing this. She unconsciously clenched her fists that her nails dug into her palms.

Nevertheless, it did not feel anything

"Isaac?" she mumbled, her eyes filled with despair and hatred. On top of that, her lips were quivering and deathly pale.

"How dare you call Mr. Johnston's name?" one of the assailants sneered. At that moment, blood trickled between Camila's legs. When the

men saw this, they stopped beating her and left. They were ordered to teach her a lesson and not to kill her. Although Camila's body ached all over and she could not move, she mustered all her remaining strength to take out her phone and call Forrest.

Thankfully, the call connected shortly "Forrest, help me... My children..." Camila cried out. "Where are you?" Forrest anxiously asked.

Camila feebly ripped the black cloth on her head off. She looked around the place and found that she was in the middle of nowhere.

"Send me your location," Forrest advised.

Camila turned the GPS and did as Forrest said.

While waiting, she tried her best to calm down, but the bleeding did not stop. At the back of her mind, she knew that this was it. She failed

as a mother. She could not save her children.

A single tear rolled down her face and fell into the earth. Camila slowly closed her eyes.

Forrest arrived shortly after and saw Camila sprawled on the ground. He rushed to her aid, picked her up, and strode to his car. "Camila, stay with me. Everything will be fine. I will save you."

"Can you save my children?" she asked in a hoarse voice. Forrest's gaze fell down on her trousers, and they were heavily stained with blood.

Sadly, he could not give her the answer she wanted. She was bleeding.

The children could not be saved.

"I'll try my best," Forrest reassured her, despite knowing that it was hopeless.

He carried her into the car and quickly drove away.

Meanwhile, Rowena had just arrived in the house of the Haynes family. She did not tell Camila that she had been discharged from the hospital. She figured she should solve her problem and not trouble her daughter anymore. After all, Camila had done enough for her.

And now, she came back for two things: First, to pack her and her daughter's belongings. And second, to talk to Marvin about divorce

But just as Rowena was about to open the door with her key, a frightened

voice came from within the house.

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Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 35

Chapter 35 Coincidence

"Mom, Dad, you have to bail me out of this mess, or I'll definitely go to jail." In a state of panic, Aldrin Haynes grasped Trudy's arm and gave his father a pleading look.

Marvin glared at his cowardly son and asked, "What did you do this time?" It was clear from how exasperated his question sounded that this was not the first time Aldrin got into trouble.

"|... L wanted to get a driving license, and then I saw my sister's car at home, so I thought I should use it to practice. I didn't know I'd hit someone..." #

"What?" Marvin hissed. He could hardly contain his anger as he shouted, "Last time, you almost blinded someone with a bamboo skewer. I

had to fork up cash and profusely apologize to your victim just so they wouldn't file a lawsuit against you. It has only been a few days since

then, and now you're in trouble again! What were you thinking? You don't even know how to drive properly! Do you want to die?"

"Marvin, calm down. In any case, you have to help him. He's your only son. He hasn't finished his studies yet. His future is doomed if he goes

to jail. Isn't that car Mila's? Just say that it's her who..."

"Don't you dare, Trudy! Don't even think of passing the buck for your son's actions onto my daughter," Rowena interrupted in an

uncharacteristically authoritative tone.

Her unexpected appearance took Marvin by surprise. He stuttered, "You... Are you well now?"

Rowena turned to him. "Marvin, for the twenty-six years that we've been

married, I've never asked anything from you because I couldn't give you a son. I didn't say anything when you had an affair with another

woman, nor when you used our only daughter to gain benefits from the Johnston family. I still won't blame you for those things because

they're all in the past now. However, don't even think about blaming my daughter for the crime she didn't do, or I will never forgive you!"

"I will never do that, Rowena! Look, we still don't know what really happened. Aldrin is just frightened because he's still young. He doesn't even know what happened to the other people involved in the accident. I'll look into it now. Don't worry. I won't let Mila shoulder the blame for this."

Even though Marvin felt bad about his son, he did not want to cause a rift between him, Rowena, and Camila. After all, Camila was Isaac's wife now.

She was now a member of the Johnston family.

He had lavished his resources on his daughter ever since she was a little girl.

He would not do anything that might jeopardize his own interests. "Good. You'd better keep your word. By the way, I'm going to file for

divorce." Rowena caught Trudy's eye as she climbed the stairs before turning her attention back to Marvin. She sarcastically continued,

"We'll get a divorce, and then you three can finally start living like a real family." Marvin scowled. "Who said I was going to divorce you? No, absolutely not!"

"This marriage isn't working out for us anymore," Rowena pointed out. "That's up to me to decide. Whatever you say, I'm not going to divorce you," Marvin refused adamantly.

Trudy bit her lower lip anxiously. She had been looking forward to Rowena and Marvin's separation, so his blatant refusal to divorce his wife concerned her. "Marvin, our son is an adult now. We need a

marriage certificate so that he can have a legal identity.

"What does he still need? Isn't it enough that I know he's my son? Stay out of this,

Trudy. Just go and check if someone was killed in the accident. If someone really died, your son will go to jail whether you like it or not!"

Marvin snarled.

He then threw Aldrin a glare.

"It's because you didn't discipline this brat right that he's incapable of doing anything else except causing trouble."

As if his frustration with

his son was not enough, Rowena's request for divorce only made everything worse

As a result of his extremely irate state, his words came out laced with malice.

Trudy was fuming as well. Her son did not live up to the expectations that she had set for him, making her look bad in front of Marvin. She

shot Aldrin a piercing gaze before tugging at him. "Let's go. This isn't our territory. You have to pay for what you did. You should be

executed if not thrown in jail."

She made sure to increase the volume of her voice so that everyone could hear her.

After giving her a sidelong glance, Marvin said, "Whatever. Just hurry up and find out who he hit. Whatever the outcome, he must take responsibility for his actions. You can also take the blame for him if you really care about his future."

With that, he went upstairs.

Trudy gritted her teeth in anger. However, she could only keep her mouth shut and listen to Marvin for Aldrin's sake. "Let's go. Tell me where the car accident happened."

While she held her son's hand, they left the house.

"Dad..."

Aldrin wanted to say something, but Trudy interrupted him. "Don't bother calling for your dad. He won't help you. Look at what you did.

Because of you, he's angry at me now too. You're such a disappointment." Rowena was packing her belongings when Marvin entered the bedroom. He immediately tried to stop her. "We've already spent more than two decades together as a married couple. Is separation between us really necessary?"

Rowena sneered. "Of course. If I don't leave you, you'll continue to use me and hurt my daughter."

"When did I hurt her? Do you have any idea how much money I spent on her? Do you know how much she learned because of me?"

"We both know why you've invested so much in her learning, and that's one of the reasons why I'm going to leave you. I've given up on you

since the day you used my illness to threaten Mila into getting married. Back then, I thought you only got yourself a mistress who could

give birth to a son for you because I couldn't, but now, I know that you never really loved Mila and me!"

Withdrawing her hands, Rowena continued stuffing her clothes in the suitcase.

As he struggled to control his temper, Marvin replied, "Giving her a good education was beneficial to her, too, regardless of my ulterior

motives. You're being unreasonable, Rowena!"

"There's no point in you saying that. I'm not going to argue with you about this anymore. I'm going to file for divorce no matter what,"

Rowena retorted dismissively.

After realizing that she had already made up her mind, Marvin became more enraged. He grabbed the suitcase and threw it on the floor,

which caused her belongings to scatter.

Rowena was startled for a moment, but she quickly regained her composure. "It'll make no difference even if I don't bring my things with

me. They don't have any real value anyway."

Deciding to aggravate Marvin further, she added, "In any case, my daughter is part of the Johnston family now. I can buy anything I want."

Not bothering to gather her belongings, Rowena headed to the first floor. Marvin quickly went after her and grabbed her arm. "Where do

you think you're going? We're not done talking yet."

Rowena shook off his hand. "If we're going to talk about something, it'll be about our divorce."

"No way! I'm not going to divorce you! You're mine, Rowena. You can't leave me!" Marvin barked stubbornly. Rowena gave Marvin a sideways glance but stopped arguing with him. Her decision was final. If he did not agree to a mutual divorce, she would seek legal counsel. In the worst-case scenario, she would sue him.

In the first place, it was he who cheated on her.

With that in mind, she briskly descended the stairs and left the Haynes family's house.

Rowena then decided to inform her daughter that Aldrin had hit someone while driving her car so that Camila could deal with it immediately.

When the call went through, it was a man who answered the phone. "Who's speaking? May I talk to my daughter?"

Rowena held her breath

as she wondered if the man on the phone was Isaac.

Chapter 36 The Hit-and-run Driver

"This is Forrest. Mila is injured. She's in the operating room right now," Forrest replied as he stood outside the operating room,

Rowena's stomach churned in worry as she asked, "What happened? Did my daughter get hurt?"

Forrest solemnly replied, "Yes."

"Which hospital are you in?" In just a matter of seconds, Rowena's anxiety went through the roof.

"Military Central Hospital."

"Okay. I'll be there soon." After ending the call, Rowena hailed a cab and went straight to the hospital.

In the hospital, Camila grabbed the doctor's hand as she lay on the operating table. "Are my children still alive?"

"Based on the results of the examination, one of your children was confirmed to be dead. The other one could be saved, though, if you

want." Camila's face went completely white upon hearing the devastating news. She parted her dry and bleeding lips and replied in a hoarse

voice, "Yes. Yes, please, save my child."

The doctor nodded. "I'll try my best."

There was nothing to doubt about the doctor's efficiency because he was the head gynaecologist at the Military Central Hospital.

Forrest was a thoracic surgeon, so he could not help Camila. Therefore, he looked for the most qualified gynaecologist in the area to provide care for her.

When he went to her aid earlier, he realized how dire her current situation was. That was why he could not help but pace back and forth

worriedly outside the operating room.

Camila was still in the operating room when Rowena arrived at the hospital.

She approached Forrest and asked, "What happened to her? How did she get hurt?"

Forrest did not know what exactly happened either.

He did know how badly injured Camila was, but he did not tell Rowena about it. He was aware that the older woman had recently been sick

and should not be exposed to such awful news.

Instead, he said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Haynes. Camila will be fine."

His answer did not make Rowena any less worried. She grimaced. "This is all my fault. Camila is suffering right now because of me."

If she had made up her mind sooner and split up with Marvin, things might have been better for her daughter. Now, she did not even know how serious Camila's injury was.

More than an hour later, the operation was completed successfully.

The only part of Camila that was spared was her face; the rest of her body was covered in wounds. She looked extremely frail as she lay on the bed.

Rowena walked up to her with bloodshot eyes and whispered, "Mila." Camila did not want to worry her mother further, so she smiled weakly and reassured, "I'm fine. Don't worry. Have you been released from the hospital?"

Rowena nodded.

"Mom, I'll transfer money to your account. Go and find a hotel to stay in.

Get some rest. Forrest will take care of me." She was trying to get her mother to leave.

Rowena took her hand and said, "I'm worried about you, Mila. Earlier, Aldrin hit someone while driving your car. I don't know what

happened after that, but you might get accused of something you didn't do. The car is yours, after all."

Suddenly, realization flashed in Camila's eyes. For a while, she could not say anything. Then, her lashes fluttered as her eyes threatened to close. "I see... Everything will be fine, Mom. Go to the hotel now. If you stay here with me, I'll just worry about you. I won't be able to rest properly." Rowena knew her daughter was driving her away. In between sobbing, she managed to say, "I've already asked your father for a divorce. Maybe I can help you if you tell me what's on your mind." Camile was barely fighting the urge to sleep now. She was so exhausted. "I'm fine. I'll tell you everything later." She could not confide in her mother about this matter. She could not reveal everything to Rowena. Or at least, she could not tell her that she had been physically assaulted. Rowena's anxiety would skyrocket if she learned about it. Camile did not want her to get sick again. Rowena took in her daughter's exhausted appearance and asked, "Can I come to see you tonight?" Camila nodded. Rowena stood up and expressed her gratitude to Forrest. "You're welcome," Forrest replied. "Really, thank you so much," Rowena said. After she left, Forrest wheeled Camila into her ward. He did not say anything. What she needed right now was rest, not interrogation. "I'm not going to leave. If you need anything or if you feel pain anywhere, just call me," Forrest said in a low voice. Camila managed a weak nod before closing her eyes.

She woke up two hours later.

"I'm thirsty," she said in a raspy voice.

Forrest poured a glass of water for her and helped her drink it.

She downed half a glass of water to ease the dryness in her throat.

Once she drank some water, the bitterness in her mouth went away. Her whole body was still in pain, however.

"What happened? Who did that to you?" Forrest finally asked.

"Was it Debora?" he guessed.

Camila shook her head,

She would have thought so if her mother had not told her that Aldrin had hit someone while driving her car.

She knew what exactly had happened now.

If she was not wrong, Aldrin was the one behind the wheel of the car that hit Isaac.

Usually, the authorities would get involved if a fatality occurred in an accident. Isaac, however, took the matter into his own hands and

ordered his men to find and teach the person who hit him a lesson. It was probably his injury that made him act irrationally.

Then again, the real culprit was her half-brother, and he was driving her car. She guessed they were not exactly wrong for beating her up. =

"Forrest, I'm going to end my marriage with Isaac. I've already lost one

of my children. I might lose the other one if I stay with him.

I'll also tell him that I'm pregnant," Camila softly said.

Forrest nodded. "Yeah, you

should do that."

It was not because he was heartless that he wanted Camila to divorce Isaac.

Camila had a child with another man, so did Isaac.

It was hard for them to get along.

Therefore, it was impossible for them to fall in love with each other. Not to mention, there were a lot of things standing in their way.

It would have been better if they did not have children.

"I don't think Isaac will abandon his own child, even if he doesn't like Debora," Forrest muttered.

Camila smiled bitterly. "What are you talking about? Would he impregnate her if he doesn't like her?"

She had been naive to trust Isaac's words.

At that time, he said he did not like Debora.

If that was true, then why was Debora pregnant with his child now? Could he have sex with someone he had no feelings for?

Camila took a deep breath. She had no right to blame Isaac for this. # Anyway, it did not matter anymore. She no longer cared.

In another hospital, Isaac's secretary, Wynter, walked inside the ward to report to him.

"The doctor who operated on Miss Griffith has run away, but I've dispatched a search party to look for him.

Additionally, the person who caused the accident has been identified and punished. Her information is here."

Wynter handed a document to Isaac.

Instead of taking it, Isaac ordered, "Find that doctor no matter what." If there was nothing shady going on, why would the doctor suddenly run away?

"Understood. I'll send more people to look for him. By the way, Miss Griffith said she wanted to see you, but didn't let her come here. Would you like to see her?" Wynter asked.

Isaac waved his hand dismissively.

He did not want to see her.

He had no reason to talk to her now.

The baby was gone.

He had instructed Wynter to punish the driver to pacify his anger.

He did it to avenge his dead child. #

Before Wynter left the room, she said, "I'll be just outside, sir. Call me if you need anything."

She accidentally dropped the document in her hand, and Isaac inadvertently caught a glimpse of Camila's name

Wynter bent over and picked up the paper. She was about to leave when

Isaac said, "Give me the driver's information."

When Wynter handed the document to him again, he took it.