

Chapter 330 I Miss You So Much

Isaac's battle with insomnia had tormented him for months, while his relentless dependence on medication had only worsened his pounding headaches.

As soon as they disembarked the plane, Alick rushed Isaac to the hospital, desperate for a solution to his suffering.

Following a thorough examination, the shocking revelation emerged. Isaac's headaches were, in fact, triggered by the very medication he had been relying on. Continuing down that path would inevitably expose him to a myriad of other adverse side effects.

In a bid to alleviate Isaac's pain and induce much-needed sleep, the doctor prescribed a powerful tranquilizer.

Isaac slipped into a deep sleep!

In a state of panic, Alick hastily dialed Willie's number, seeking guidance and support in the hospital hallway.

"He's in the ward now. The doctor said he can't rely on medication anymore and needs alternative sleep aids. But you know his stubborn nature," Alick said to Willie, the worry evident in his voice.

Left alone with his thoughts, he stood near the corridor window, contemplating his next move.

That was when he noticed a striking figure approaching. It was a woman donning a white coat, a hat, and a mask. It was Camila, who confidently declared, "I want to examine him."

Alick, feeling torn between his responsibilities and the mysterious woman's request, quickly ended his call with Willie.

He cautiously approached Camila, curious about her intentions. "Hasn't



he been examined already?" he inquired.

"I'm here to assess his sleep. Please refrain from disturbing me," she replied with authority, leaving Alick nodding in understanding.

Utilizing her professional guise, Camila successfully gained access to the ward.

The hospital happened to be affiliated with the renowned Madeline Research Center. Although she had caught a glimpse of Isaac when he was brought in, he had been handed over to another doctor for treatment. Determined to be involved in his care, she sought an opportunity to take over his case discreetly.

There was no truth in her stated purpose of sleep testing.

As the administered dosage of tranquilizer was just enough to ensure a sound sleep for a whole day and night, Camila had concocted an excuse to enter the ward solely to catch a glimpse of Isaac.

With gentle tenderness, she sat by his bedside.

It had been seven months since.

Time had flown by so fast.

Her eyes were brimming with tears as her curly eyelashes quivered with emotion.

"I miss you so much," she whispered, pressing her face against his chest.

Taking a moment to compose herself, she continued, her voice filled with longing, "I know you're not heartless."

Camila had heard Jaylen's false claims about Isaac's reluctance to interfere with the total artificial heart project, knowing fully well that he was deliberately tarnishing Isaac's image.

Isaac's willingness to accept a woman he didn't love as his wife for the sake of their child spoke volumes about his sense of responsibility.

"I don't know why you suffer from insomnia, but I promise to do everything in my power to cure you," Camila vowed, standing up to gently

tuck him in.

Reluctantly, she prepared to depart, aware of the risks associated with lingering in the ward for too long and arousing Alick's suspicion.

As a doctor, she understood the importance of maintaining appearances.

Stepping out of the room, Camila was immediately intercepted by Alick, who anxiously inquired, "How is he?"

"He's sound asleep. He should awake within the next 24 hours," she assured him.

Expressing his gratitude, Alick nodded and replied, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. It's my duty." Camila responded with humility.

With that, she went about her work, looking forward to a date after her shift ended.

With time to spare before her scheduled meeting, she decided to make a detour to a local barber shop.

"Jane, your hair..." Jeff exclaimed, unable to hide his astonishment. The surprise on Jeff's face was evident as she entered.

The transformation of her once black and silky hair into a radiant golden hue, styled in an entirely new way had indeed caught him off guard. Camila, aware of the encounters with Isaac that awaited her in the future, had intentionally undergone that dramatic makeover to alter her appearance completely.

"I wanted to change my style," she explained, handing the menu to Jeff. "Order whatever you want to eat. I'll cover the bill today. Thank you for your help."

A smile danced across Jeff's face as he replied, "We're all from Azmar. It's our duty to support one another." Leaning closer, he whispered to Camila, "Let me tell you, if my girlfriend wasn't from the Joviek family, I would never have come across such a shocking scandalous secret."

Curiosity piqued, Camila asked, "Would your girlfriend be upset if she found out you shared this with others?"

Jeff shrugged nonchalantly and replied, "She won't find out."

His gaze then fell upon Camila's new hairstyle, and he suggested, "Your hairdo reminds me of the locals in Faymoor. You should consider wearing cosmetic lenses and applying makeup to match your new look."

"Good idea," Camila acknowledged, realizing that she needed to find ways to conceal her altered appearance.

Jeff's suggestions proved invaluable to her plans.

Continuing their conversation, Jeff remarked, "You have an introverted and calm aura. It's different from the passionate and uninhibited women around here. Your previous hairstyle suited you and accentuated your natural beauty, scars notwithstanding."

Camila couldn't help but smile at the compliment. "Are you praising me?" she asked playfully.

Without hesitation, Jeff responded, "Absolutely. I was mistaken about you before. I thought you..." His voice trailed off, overcome by remorse. "I'm sorry."

Reassuringly, Camila replied, "It doesn't matter."

Twenty-four hours later, Camila returned to the hospital to check on Isaac.

Alick was fast asleep on the nearby sofa, but the sound of the door opening roused him from his slumber.

"Hello, Jane," Alick greeted Camila, his eyes still bleary with sleep.

Nodding in acknowledgment, Camila inquired, "Has he woken up yet?"

Alick shook his head. "Not yet."

She bent down to examine Isaac's eyes, her gaze flickering with concern.

It wasn't ideal for him to sleep for such an extended period.

However, considering his chronic insomnia, she had allowed him this indulgence of a 24-hour rest.

As she assessed his pupils, an unexpected reaction startled Camila, causing her to instinctively step back.

Isaac abruptly sat up, his eyes wide open, revealing vigilance and aggression that suggested he had been awake for quite some time. He warily asked, "Who are you?"

