

Chapter 331 Change Doctors

With a swift response, Alick intervened, introducing Camila to Isaac, "This is Jane Perez, a doctor here."

Isaac's gaze bore into her. It was as though he yearned to peel away the mask on her face, longing for a clear view of her true identity.

Confusion gripped him. After all, she was just a doctor. Why should panic seize her?

Did she want to hide something with the mask and silk scarf?

"My name is Jane Perez. Call me whatever you please. Right now, I want to emphasize that your insomnia is severely affecting your health. Please cooperate with the treatment," Camila began, her words laced with determination.

Breaking free from the confines of his bed, Isaac rose and approached her cautiously.

Each advancing movement weighed heavily on Camila's spirit. With her hands trembling at her sides, she clenched her fists and implored, "Please return to bed..."

"Hmm..."

Before she could finish her plea, Isaac reached out and removed the mask from her face, causing her to instinctively shield herself with her hand.

Fear gripped her eyes, visible to all.

Isaac stood frozen in disbelief.

One thought echoed in his mind.

Repulsive!

Her face was dotted with freckles.

Her blue eyes were dull. Thick red lipstick adorned her lips, while her false eyelashes resembled the legs of a fly. A mole with long hair adorned her nose.

Tattoos adorned her body.

Isaac recoiled, taking a step back.

It was perhaps the most wretched visage he had ever witnessed.

Now, he understood why she had taken such great pains to conceal herself.

Watching from the sidelines, Alick felt a wave of nausea rising within him.

Oh no! He thought.

How could a woman be so repulsive?

Undeterred by Isaac's evident disgust, Camila pressed on, determined to leave an indelible impression. With a swift motion, she removed her hat, causing her lacklustre golden curls to cascade in disarray, resembling a tangled bird's nest quivering gently in the air.

"I need to change doctors," Isaac declared, turning to Alick.

Understanding the gravity of the situation, Alick responded promptly, "I'll arrange it immediately."

"Sir, I'm a competent doctor. Please don't judge me based on my appearance," Camila interjected, donning her hat and mask once more. "I'm currently pregnant and the hospital provides excellent care for expectant mothers. Even if you were to report me to the superiors, it would be futile."

Alick's gaze was fixated on her belly, contemplating the unfortunate man who had shared an intimate encounter with her, resulting in a child.

What ill fortune!

Would the child be forever cursed if it inherited her appearance?

However, Camila paid no mind to the revulsion in their eyes. She was focused solely on the surprisingly positive effect she had achieved.

Satisfaction radiated from her.

"I have two treatment options for you to choose from. The first is water therapy, which includes medicinal baths and massages. The second involves cranial electrical stimulation, where low-intensity current is applied to specific areas of the brain through an electrode. This can help regulate cranial nerve activity and alleviate symptoms of insomnia, depression, and anxiety," Camila explained.

"Needless to say, I feel safer with the first option," Alick expressed his preference. The idea of cranial electrical stimulation seemed somewhat unnerving to him.

He couldn't help but wonder if there were any potential risks associated with stimulating Isaac's brain in such a manner.

Uncertainty fueled his cautious nature.

So he felt like they were better off sticking to the first.

"Mr. Johnston, conservative treatment would be the better choice," Alick tried to persuade him. "Opting for the second option would require frequent visits to the hospital, which can be quite inconvenient."

Camila turned her gaze toward Isaac and posed the crucial question, "Which option do you choose?"

"The first one," Alick quickly interjected.

Isaac glanced at him, but remained silent.

Taking note of their decision, Camila said, "Very well. Initially, you'll need to undergo treatment once a day. We can adjust the frequency based on the results. Now that you're able to leave the hospital, we can proceed with the discharge formalities."

With that, she exited the room, leaving Alick and Isaac alone.

Approaching Isaac, Alick whispered, "Do you think her skills match her appearance?"

Isaac replied with a hint of mystery, "Don't judge her solely by her appearance. Let's focus on completing the formalities."

Alick complied, making his way to complete the necessary paperwork.

Finally, they left the hospital, filled with a sense of purpose.

They had an important task ahead of them.

However, just as they reached the gate and were ready to step into their car, they were abruptly halted by an unexpected obstacle.