

Chapter 337 It Must Be A Misunderstanding

Just as his words escaped his lips, Alick was unceremoniously shoved into the room, his breath ragged and heart pounding. With a commanding tone, Annis bellowed, "Teach him a lesson!"

Three menacing figures pounced on Alick, their intentions clear.

The force of a heavy punch landed square on his left eye, sending him sprawling to the floor.

Yet, in a stroke of luck, Alick instinctively seized a nearby chair and hurled it at his assailant, leaving the man momentarily stupefied.

Unyielding, another attacker lunged from behind. Alick evaded with nimble agility, deftly avoiding the blow, after which he swiftly countered with a powerful kick to the man's back. Seizing the opportunity, Alick made his daring escape, bolting out of the room and leaving his adversaries behind.

Meanwhile, Jaylen had finally arrived in Faymoor, wasting no time in his search for Camila. He fervently knocked on her door, waiting eagerly for a response that never came.

Just as he was about to reach for his phone, a peculiar figure emerged before him, causing a jolt of fear to course through his veins. How could someone so ghastly reside here?

In the midst of his trepidation, Camila's voice broke the silence. "Why have you come so late?" she asked, opening the door with an air of indifference.

Jaylen's expression held a hint of amusement as he stuttered, "You... You're Camila?"

She motioned for him to enter, her response a dismissive hum.

Jaylen, still recovering from his fright, followed her inside, unable to resist inquiring, "Why are you dressed like this? You scared me. I thought I had encountered a ghost."

"I was afraid Isaac might recognize me," Camila explained matter-of-factly.

The mention of Isaac's name instantly piqued Jaylen's interest. "Have you seen him?" he eagerly inquired.

"Yes," she replied simply. Camila removed her hat and mask, making her way to the bathroom to begin the meticulous process of removing her makeup.

Time seemed to stretch as she painstakingly wiped it away.

Jaylen following her into the bathroom, his curiosity unabated. "Did you two talk?" he pressed on.

Fixated on her reflection in the mirror, Camila squeezed out some makeup remover and began delicately wiping her face. "I am his doctor now," she revealed, her voice steady.

"Is he sick? Actually, I meant is his disease terminal?" Jaylen inquired, his satisfaction at Isaac's misfortune evident in his tone.

Camila shot him a stern glare, countering with a question, "What good would it do you if Isaac were to die?"

Jaylen's response was quick and calculating. "Then no one would stand in my way to win you over."

Camila's gaze pierced into Jaylen's eyes as she spoke with conviction. "Even without him, I would never be with you."

In a sudden act of desperation, Jaylen grasped her hand, pleading, "Why?"

Camila met his gaze unwaveringly, her words firm and unwavering. "The heart is a small space capable of holding only a few things, especially when it comes to matters of love. My heart is already occupied by someone else, leaving no room for you."

Unsure if Jaylen's intentions were genuine or merely a jest, Camila felt it best to clarify.

"If you were joking, forget it. If you were serious, then I am serious too."

Jaylen, sensing the gravity of the moment, slowly released Camila's hand, his eyes locked with hers.

He ventured cautiously, probing her feelings. "You truly have feelings for

As Camila busied herself with washing her face, she gave no verbal response.

However, her actions hinted at a certain acquiescence. It was as if her silence confirmed Jaylen's assumption.

His disappointment seeped into his words, tinged with confusion. "If you care for him so deeply, why did you leave? And if it's the scars on your face that held you back, there's always the option of plastic surgery after giving birth. It won't affect your appearance!"

"I left..." Camila's gaze met Jaylen's, her voice laden with a mixture of resignation and heartache. "Because he doesn't love me." ②

Jaylen's brow furrowed in disbelief, questioning whether his ears had deceived him. How could it be?

Isaac not loving Camila seemed like an inconceivable notion.

It was just impossible.

Isaac had been the epitome of sorrow since Camila's passing. His heart was shattered by her departure.

How could he not love her?

Camila continued with her words laced with a bittersweet truth, "He was only with me because I bore his child, Joe. Though I loved him deeply, I refused to settle or force him to be with me. If he doesn't love me, why should I bind him with a child?"

With a sigh, she let the towel slip from her hands. "It's getting late. I need to shower and go to bed."

Her words carried an implicit order for Jaylen to leave.

As he stared at her, he pondered over how Camila had come to the conclusion that Isaac didn't love her.

Could there have been a misunderstanding between them?

Surely, there must be some miscommunication at play.

"Why are you still here?" Camila's reminder snapped Jaylen back to reality, urging him to depart.

< Chapter 337 It Must Be A Misunderstanding 🎁 +120 Points at most

Regaining his composure, he fixed his gaze on her, a serious undertone lacing his words. "Get some rest."

He turned to leave after he finished his words.

If it was indeed a mistake, then he would allow it to be.

That might be the final opportunity bestowed upon him by fate.

Selfish or not, he knew he had to seize it.

Residing in Owston Motel in Faymoor, Jaylen woke up the next morning with the intention of buying breakfast for Camila. But as he exited his room, an encounter awaited him that threatened to shatter his composure, nearly causing laughter to burst forth uncontrollably.