

Chapter 345 Ugly Woman

Camila, gripped by terror, momentarily lost her ability to react.

Had Isaac discovered something?

At the thought of this, she swallowed nervously.

Just one step away from her, Isaac stopped and scoffed, "Why do you look so scared? Are you afraid I'll do something to you? Oh, come on, you're ugly."

After saying these words, he turned around and made his way to the bed.

A furrow formed on Camila's brow upon hearing this. What the hell was wrong with him? Ah, yes. He was deranged. Completely and utterly deranged.

Camila positioned a chair at the foot of the bed, and Isaac settled himself down on the bed.

She proceeded to give him a massage, her hands skillfully working their magic.

Her technique was exquisite, applying just the right amount of pressure to create a soothing and comforting massage for those in her care.

A few moments later, Isaac's eyelids gradually fluttered shut.

He actually enjoyed the feeling of being able to sleep.

However, while Camila was massaging him, she found herself drifting off as well.

Thankfully, Isaac fell asleep soon.

As Camila rose to her seat, he gripped her hand firmly, stopping her from leaving.

Her gaze shifted downward and fixed upon the man lying on the bed.

Was he dreaming again?

She strained to break free from Isaac's tight grasp but to no avail.

Camila resigned herself to the situation and settled down by his bedside. She decided she would leave once his grip loosened.

However, as time passed, weariness overtook her, and she found herself falling asleep and unintentionally resting atop him.

Camila lost all sense of time, and she awoke with a groggy mind.

Her arm tingled with numbness from being pressed for too long. As she shifted and sat up, a sudden realization struck her—the bed was now empty. She lifted her gaze and saw a man standing not far from her.

Clad in the same bathrobe from the previous night, he appeared remarkably put together and did not look like he had just woken up. It seemed that he had taken the time to tidy himself up.

"Leave," he uttered in a distant tone, his voice laced with an icy coldness that sent shivers down her spine.

Camila blinked, her eyes betraying a mix of confusion and bewilderment. "What have I done wrong?"

"Who gave you permission to sleep in my room?" he asked, his anger getting more apparent by the second.

As Isaac roused from his slumber, his gaze fell upon her presence in his bed, even resting atop him.

Anger crept into him.

"You were holding my hand last night, so I thought—"

"I SAID LEAVE. NOW!" he bellowed, not interested in hearing any of her explanation.

He did not care whether it was his fault or not.

Regardless, he never wanted to see this ugly woman in front of him.

He would never allow any other woman but Camila to get this close to him.

What fueled his anger was not her ugliness, but rather the fact that she, too, had held his hand.

It was not about her appearance, but the guilt it would stir within him towards Camila.

The thought of betraying her provoked a deep sense of resentment within him.

Camila was not like a stubborn gum stuck to the bottom of his shoe. If she had not been so tired last night, she would not have been so careless as to fall asleep next to him.

With her head bowed low, she quietly made her way past him, her eyes catching sight of his reddened and swollen hand.

The marks seemed to be caused by vigorous scrubbing.

Was he a germaphobe?

Why did she not notice it before?

"I don't need you to treat my illness anymore, and there's no need for you to visit in the future," Isaac declared, his chin raised with an air of arrogance.

"Is it because my medical skills are inadequate?" Camila queried.

Isaac turned away, his back now facing her. In truth, her medical skills were exceptional.

She could even cure his insomnia.

"You're not good," Isaac spat, but his heart said otherwise.

Camila felt a little lost after hearing from him that her medical skills she boasted were not good enough for him. "I hope you can find a good doctor and wish you a speedy recovery," she said.

After saying this, she quickly walked away.

As soon as Camila was gone, Isaac gave Alick a call and urgently said, "Get ready. We're going back home."

"We're already leaving?" Alick asked with confusion written all over his face. "But you just got a little better—"

"I said let's go back!" Isaac interrupted him with a displeased expression.

Alick was puzzled by Isaac's behavior. He wondered why things had

taken such a drastic turn.

Why did Isaac become so easily angered?

Had things gone back to the way they were?

But it had only been a few days.

Alick mustered the courage to speak up. "I happened to see Jaylen buying food for Doctor Jane, and they even shared a meal at her home. I must say, their relationship was strange. They clearly know each other. Yet yesterday, when they crossed paths at the door, they pretended to be strangers. Something's not right. I can feel it." ③

Isaac narrowed his eyes.

Jane knew Jaylen?

How surprising.

"I want you to find out about it." ④