


Chapter 361 Think Lowly Of Her

Isaac spotted a woman who was walking past the man-made fountain outside the hotel. 

She sported a khaki coat that covered most of her body, except for her slender calves peeking between the hem of her floral dress and the top of her black ankle boots. Her black tresses fell over her shoulders like a messy waterfall, and while her protruding belly was quite prominent, it did nothing to diminish her charms.

Alick killed the engine.

Isaac got out of the car and walked towards her.

Camila was keeping her head down the whole time, and failed to notice the man approaching from the opposite direction.

The next thing she knew, he was right in front of her, blocking her path.

She sidestepped at the last second to avoid bumping into him.

But the man simply mimicked her, stepping to the side and blocking her way again.

Camila changed directions to the left.

Again, he followed her.

Annoyed now, she looked up with a frown. "Please move—"

The rest of her words died in her throat the moment she caught a glimpse of the man before her.

She immediately ducked her head again, fear and guilt washing over her.

"Excuse me," she said, her voice trembling slightly. "Please let me through."

It was just one glance, but Isaac knew right there and then.

He recognized her eyes.


It couldn't be anyone else but Camila.

"And if I refuse," he countered, his voice carrying a hint of danger.

Camila subconsciously pressed her palm against her belly and turned on her heel.

But Isaac grabbed her wrist before she could flee.

He wordlessly pulled her toward the elevator banks.

Camila panicked. 

She wasn't expecting to see Isaac so soon after returning to the country. Worse, still, he seemed to recognize her immediately.

Bracing herself, she took a deep breath and said, "I'm sorry, but you must have mistaken me for someone else."

Isaac stopped in his tracks. "You are Dr. Jane Perez, aren't you?"

Camila opened her mouth to reply, but she had no idea what she could possibly say to salvage the situation.

She couldn't struggle against him, not in her current condition. In the end, she allowed herself to be led into the elevator.

A while later, Camila found herself standing outside her hotel room. Isaac held out his palm. "Key card."

Her lips twitched. "How did you know where I was staying?"

Isaac was already impatient as it was. He ignored her question and reached into her coat pocket.

In one swift motion, he pulled out the key card, swiped it on the security system, and hauled Camila inside the room.

As soon as the door closed, he pressed against Camila, trapping her between the door and his tall, muscular frame.

He stared her down, his sneer slowly morphing into a mocking smile.

Then he lifted his hand and tore the mask from her face.

Camila instinctively averted her face and covered her scarred cheek with her hand.

"Hiding from me now?" Isaac whispered in a menacing tone, his face dark as night.

"I..."

Camila had so much to say to him, but she didn't know where to even begin.

She wanted to cry out and complain, to ask him why he didn't love her.


She wanted to explain herself and tell him that she couldn't hold a child hostage just to force an unwilling partner to stay with her.

She wanted to tell him that their relationship was absurd, laughable, even.

Instead, she settled for the simplest one. "How did you know I'm here? I —hmph!"

She was cut off when Isaac's lips suddenly crashed into hers. He kissed her with a ferocity that reminded her of a predator. She had the keen sense that he wanted to devour her, all of her.

Isaac's fingers weaved through her hair and clenched, holding her tight against him.

Camila kissed him back. 

His familiar scent enveloped her like a sweet, delicious haze. Her eyes closed before she could catch herself.

Her purse slipped from her shoulder and fell on the floor.

Sure enough, she was powerless against Isaac.

How could she resist the man she loved?

All this time, she had told herself repeatedly to remain calm no matter what. But the mere touch of him shook her to her core.

Whatever control she thought she had was nothing more than a joke.

Camila reached out, her hands on his waist.

And then she was wrapping her hands around him.

She was obsessed with the feel of him against her. She couldn't get enough.

"Who fathered this child of yours?"

Just as she was losing herself into the kiss, Isaac's question jerked her out of her daze and rudely slammed her back to reality.

Camila's eyes opened wide, her pupils dilating in a mix of shock and outrage.

She forcefully pushed him away in utter disgust.

He didn't love her at all. ①

She already knew that, of course, but she never imagined that he would think so lowly of her.

Gritting her teeth with anger, Camila raised her hand and slapped him hard across the face. ②

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