

Chapter 363 I Can't Run Away

Amara Ramos, Josiah's wife opened the door.

Isaac did not inflict any harm on Josiah, but the questioning made the latter sick.

A chill swept over Amara's countenance upon seeing Isaac, her voice dripping with impatience as she demanded, "What brings you here?"

She interrogated, "Do you believe you haven't wrought enough havoc on Josiah?"

Camila glanced at Isaac.

What on earth did he do to Josiah?

Why did they harbor such deep-rooted hatred for him?

Yet, dwelling on these mysteries seemed unimportant then, for there were more pressing matters at hand. Camila positioned herself before Isaac, her lips curved in a polite smile as she addressed Amara. "I have an urgent matter to discuss with him. If he knows it's me, he will undoubtedly see me."

"Are you one of Josiah's disciples?" Amara asked.

"Yes, I have been following him for quite some time now," Camila replied.

"Then you may enter, but he shall remain outside," declared Amara without a trace of hesitation.

A coldness overcame Isaac's visage. He hadn't confronted Josiah over the deception.

Why was he being kept outside?

When had Isaac ever been subjected to such treatment?

His countenance darkened, reflecting his inner turmoil.

Sensing that something was amiss, Camila gently tugged at Isaac's sleeve and suggested, "Why don't you wait for me in the car? I will join you shortly."

Isaac adamantly refused, "No can do!"

Locating her had been no easy task.

If she were to escape from him again, where would he find her?

She had already slipped away twice.

Isaac's fear of her fleeing once more was palpable.

Camila, rendered momentarily speechless, pondered her next move.

"I really have pressing matters to attend to..."

"No, I cannot allow it!" Isaac refused decisively.

"Then shall you wait for me at the door?" proposed Camila.

"No," came Isaac's curt reply.

"Then what do you suggest?"

"I insist on accompanying you inside," Isaac asserted, abandoning his usual aloofness. At this moment, he clung to her like a child who was not grown up.

With the hope that Amara would relax, Camila told her, "I promise he won't harm Josiah..."

"We do not welcome him into our home. I'm sorry, but I cannot trust you." Amara maintained her unwavering stance. ⓘ

Stalemate enveloped the scene.

It left Camila feeling utterly helpless.

However, Josiah's voice suddenly resonated from within, echoing, "Amara, just let them in!"

Yet, Amara remained unyielding. She positioned herself firmly at the door, directly addressing Josiah, "He has already captured you once. What if I allow him in only for him to capture you again? Do you not value your own life? What if he takes you through another torture?"

"It'll take more than that to kill me," Josiah insisted. ⓘ

"No, absolutely not!" Amara refused to comply.

Camila realized she could not afford to waste any more time. Grasping Isaac's hand firmly, she steered him toward the corridor, beseeching, "I implore you, can you please wait for me in the car?"


Isaac remained resolute. "What if you run away again? What am I to do then?"

Camila found herself speechless.

Isaac's apprehension of her fleeing struck her deeply.

"As you said, it is not that you do not love me. Why would I run away? Considering my condition..."

She gestured toward her pregnant belly, emphasizing her limited mobility. "Can I even escape?"

Still, Isaac persisted in his refusal! 

He resembled a wayward child, unwilling to comply.

Finally, Camila reluctantly turned back, intending to request Amara to give the thing to Josiah first.

Just as Josiah received the thing, he would instinctively know what needed to be done with it.

Isaac, interpreting Camila's actions as anger, pulled her back.

However, in her pregnant state, with an unstable center of gravity, Camila stumbled backward when Isaac tugged at her, only to find herself caught in his arms.

In that instant, their eyes locked, and Camila's instinctively tended to avoid eye contact and hide the scars on her face.

Isaac sensed her concern.


Bowing his head, he gently kissed the injured area.

Camila's heart raced like a rabbit's.

And her body was trembling in his embrace.

Her eyes widened, mirroring the innocence of a child as she whispered, "You..."

"I will wait for you right here," Isaac said, helping her find stability on her

feet. 

Without uttering a word, Camila turned and ventured forward.

Alone, without Isaac, she successfully entered the room.

There, Josiah lay on the bed.

As she walked in, Josiah's voice filled the air.