

Chapter 367 It Is All Your Fault

"Hmm... Yes," Camila replied with unfiltered honesty.

Intrigued, Isaac pressed for more details. "Please, elaborate."

"You said you chose me to give Joe a complete family, but remember, I willingly brought Joe into this world. I won't force you to be with me and Joe. You have the right to choose love," she explained, her voice resolute.

"Is that why you played possum and left me?" Isaac's eyes darkened, his tone laced with bitterness. "Should I be grateful for your thoughtful arrangement?"

Lifting her head defiantly, Camila responded, "You're welcome!"

Isaac was left with his words trapped in his throat.

Acting swiftly, he pulled her back into her room.

In the room, he held her firmly, his arms encircling her waist.

With purposeful strides, he guided her toward the bed.

Camila turned her head away.

She tried her best not to let him see her scars.

Isaac tenderly laid her down on the bed.

Camila lay on her back, her face turned sideways.

Isaac was above her, and he gently turned her face to face him directly. "You don't need to hide them from me."

Yet, Camila still felt uneasy about exposing her scars.

She had grown accustomed to hiding them, finding comfort like that.

Isaac buried his face in her neck, his touch caressing her bulging belly. In a voice filled with magnetism and hoarseness, he murmured, "Mila, I love you."

Camila clutched the quilt tightly against her body, her emotions running deep.

"If I didn't love you, how could I have allowed you to bear my child?" Isaac stroked her cheek tenderly. "Ask me anything, face to face. Just don't turn away from me."

Nestled against Isaac's chest, she said, "Okay."

"Mila, I've missed you so much." Isaac lowered his head, showering soft kisses on her hair, forehead, eyes, the tip of her nose, and finally her lips...

Their kiss deepened, and his embrace tightened. Camila surrendered herself, her body feeling soft and weak in his arms.

He began to make advances on her, his cold fingertips tracing her neck, then her chest, until they ventured beneath her dress!

Suddenly, Camila snapped back to reality.

She seized Isaac's hand, shaking her head. "No."

Absence had intensified Isaac's desire for Camila, the woman he had yearned to be with.

His longing was overpowering!

"I'll be gentle..." he pleaded.

"Not this month," Camila replied firmly.

Honestly, she didn't want to engage in intimacy. It wasn't going to happen!

With her scarred face, she didn't feel the desire to make love with him.

Isaac's disappointment was evident, his lips pursed as he fell silent for a moment. Eventually, he mustered the strength to compose himself.

However, the sexual arousal remained, suppressed but not extinguished. He held Camila tightly in his arms and intentionally engaged her in conversation to divert his attention. "Do you think we'll have a daughter this time?"

"I can't tell for sure," Camila replied.

She hadn't checked the baby's gender.

She caressed her belly gently and uttered, "Whether it's a boy or a girl, I'll love them."

As long as the child was hers.

A sigh escaped her lips as she complained, "It's all your fault."

Isaac pressed his lips against her shoulder, offering a vague response.

He didn't regret replacing her contraceptive pills.

He wanted to have children with her.

Exhaustion overwhelmed Camila, her eyelids growing heavy.

She eventually closed her eyes.

With that, she succumbed to sleep's embrace.

Yet, Isaac couldn't sleep.

In the past, his sleeplessness stemmed from longing for Camila's presence.

Now, he tossed and turned, discomforted by his unfulfilled desires.

The scars on her face reminded him of the moment she pushed him away as the bomb threatened to detonate, despite her belief that he didn't love her.

Camila could be so foolish at times!

Her naivety both endeared and saddened him.

The seminar kicked off.

To avoid causing alarm or drawing attention, Camila sought assistance from a makeup artist to conceal her scars.

Dressed appropriately, the scars were rendered nearly invisible.

Though she hailed from Azmar, she worked at the esteemed Madeline Research Center. Seated beside another doctor in a designated area, Camila settled in.


The central area had three seats: one for the sponsor, one for Coralie from Madeline Research Center, and the last for the vice director of Hammaslahti Research Center.

Everyone took their respective places.

In the expansive hall, ambitious cardiac experts congregated.

It was a gathering celebrating medical research, yet marred by interests and greed.

Camila unscrewed her water bottle and took a sip. As she set it down, her gaze caught sight of a familiar figure in the corner.

Curiosity piqued, she rose from her seat and made her way toward the enigmatic individual. 

And there she saw...