

## Chapter 393 Life Or Death

Isaac stooped down and embraced her tightly. "Mila, once you've regained your strength, I'll take you home. Joe is waiting for us."

Camila was caught off guard.

A profound sense of dread welled up within her.

In a raspy voice, she asked, "Why aren't you answering my question?"

"I..." Isaac found himself unable to utter the harsh truth that their child was no more.

It was a reality he was painfully aware of.

Compared to him, the loss would be even more crushing for Camila.

After all, the child had grown within her.

"I... I understand my circumstances weren't ideal then, but I was already eight months pregnant. Even if the baby was premature, the baby can still survive..."

Her voice wavered considerably, breaking at points. It was the voice of someone attempting to suppress emotions while on the brink of tearful surrender. "Don't tell me our baby is gone. I refuse to believe it!"

"I don't want to believe it either..."

Isaac pressed his face against her.

Her face was wet with tears, and it was unclear whose tears they belonged to.


Isaac's words had confirmed the loss of their child.

Overwhelmed by emotions, Camila began to shake uncontrollably.

Her face turned pale.

"It didn't come out at the ideal moment. Actually, I wasn't thrilled about it initially. I just wanted to concentrate on my career and I thought... We already have Joe. But, I... Despite everything, I accepted my baby, and grew attached to it. You said you wanted a daughter. I wished our child would be

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a daughter..."

 +120 Points at most

Her lips trembled.

Her voice was sad.

"Mmm..."

She suddenly felt a warm sensation beneath her.

"What's the matter?"

Isaac could tell something was amiss.

However, she was covered under the comforter.

He couldn't see her bleeding.

"Isaac, do you recall, once you imprison me? It feels like you became mad and locked me away for some reason..."

Isaac's eyes were red and he held her hands firmly. "I remember you wanted to break away from me, and it made me furious."

Camila struggled to say, "Because of that one time... I could only endure it this time... My child is as resilient as me. He won't face any trouble, and I refuse to believe anything will happen to him, understand?"

Isaac brought her hand to his lips and kissed it. "I understand."

At that point, the doctor entered and questioned, "What's happening?"

Isaac got up and put Camila's hand under the comforter. As he lifted it, he caught a glimpse of blood!

Slowly, he lifted the quilt and saw that underneath her, it was already a sea of crimson.

"Quickly! The patient has experienced post-delivery hemorrhage. Take her to the operating room."

The medical staff immediately rushed Camila into the operating room, while Isaac was pushed aside.

In his mind, it seemed like the scene was still filled with blood.

Camila lay helplessly in a puddle of blood.

She might be dying right now.

She would leave him at any time.

No.

No.

She couldn't be hurt.

He couldn't bear it!

"Mila!"

He chased after her crazily, sprinted to her bedside, and embraced her. "You can't leave me, understand?"

Struggling, she produced a faint smile and said, "I won't... I will be fine..."

"Please don't hinder us in our efforts to save her. Every minute you delay escalates her risk. We kindly request you to remain calm."

Medical staff separated Isaac from her.

Isaac watched helplessly as Camila was once again rolled into the operating room.

He didn't know what would happen.

He was almost choking. She was teetering between life and death.

And he couldn't do anything!

He punched the wall!

He was infuriated at his inability to provide any help!

He hung his head.

Isaac, who always held his head high, hated nothing more than submitting to circumstances.

He considered it a symbol of defeat.

But now, he was bowing his head.

His hand dangled by his side, the skin broken and blood oozing from his knuckles.

Suddenly, he looked up.

The baby was the cause of Camila's bleeding.

She was a doctor, and she declared her baby was okay. Could there have been a mistake?

Eight months.

The baby had reached a stage of viability.

No matter dead or alive.

He wanted to see it with his own eyes.

The doctor had never presented him the baby.

Moreover, he had been so focused on Camila that he had overlooked it. 

He pulled out his phone and dialed Ramsey. "I need a favor..."

Meanwhile, Divya woke up, finding herself sprawled across a large hotel bed. She was completely naked, her body adorned with kiss marks.

Rubbing her temples, she attempted to piece together what had happened.

She remembered receiving a text from Forrest, inviting her to meet him at a bar.

Forrest rarely took the first step to ask her out.

So, she took special care in dressing up before heading out to meet him.

But when she arrived, Forrest was nowhere to be found.

Instead, an unfamiliar man approached her, asking, "Are you waiting for Forrest?"

"Yes, who might you be?"

Divya had never seen this man before.

The stranger offered a smile and replied, "I'm a friend of Forrest's."

"Oh, I see," Divya acknowledged.

"Why don't we wait for Forrest together?" the stranger suggested.

Divya agreed.

The man initiated a toast, pouring her a drink. She didn't think much of it then and sipped it down. Everything beyond that was a blur.

The kiss marks on her body, were they made by Forrest?



Thinking of that Forrest had sex with her on his own initiative made her cheeks flush.

At this time, she noticed the sound of running water from the bathroom.

She looked up.

The frosted glass door only revealed a silhouette of a person.

Blushing, Divya dropped her gaze.

The room door abruptly swung open!

Startled, Divya looked up, finding to her surprise that it was Forrest who entered!

She widened her eyes, exclaiming, "Forrest..."

Now, if Forrest was here, then who was in the bathroom?

She realized then that something wasn't right.

"Let me explain." She rushed out of the bed, but she was naked. She hastily draped the sheet around herself.

"I didn't mean to do anything to hurt you..."

Although Forrest didn't love her, he couldn't help but feel a sense of disgust when he saw her disheveled state.

"Divya, I never thought you were such a person."

"No, I didn't..."

"Divya." The man from the bathroom emerged, casting a glance at Divya. "Did you enjoy last night? You sure have a wild side. Couldn't stop yelling..."

"Shut up! Get out of here!" Divya screamed at the top of her lungs.

The man picked up his clothes, muttering under his breath, "You're denying it now, but you couldn't let go of me last night."

"Forrest, please, hear me out. I really didn't do anything." Desperation fueled Divya's tears to fall rapidly.

"I've seen everything myself. What now? Are you still going to deny it?" Forrest spoke with a cold undertone.

In a hurry, Divya started looking for her phone, aiming to prove her innocence.



"It was you who messaged me, setting up the meeting," she said, clearly frustrated.

She searched for it.

But the message was mysteriously gone.

It soon dawned on her that the message had been deleted.

But who did it? That man?

"Do you have anything else to justify your actions?" Forrest asked.

Divya realized she had been lured into a trap.

But who could possibly want to set up her? ①