

Chapter 407 Infection

Although Camila hid her tears, Isaac could discern her sorrow immediately.

"Are you crying?"

His deep voice resonated from the distant end of the phone line.

"No, I'm perfectly fine," Camila retorted, attempting to mask her distress.

A pregnant pause followed. "Very well, I believe you."

Lowering her gaze, Camila stared at her toes, her voice a mere whisper. "I miss you!"

The news of Laura had struck her with an emotional blow.

She had struggled to keep her composure, but deep down, she longed for a supportive shoulder, a moment of vulnerability with Isaac by her side.

After a prolonged silence, Isaac replied, "Rest well."

"Didn't you promise to return as soon as your work was done?"

"Something unexpected occurred..."

"I understand," Camila responded, her disappointment palpable.

Her eyes cast downward, with tears clinging to her eyelashes, she deduced, "You called to inform me that you cannot return for the time being, am I correct?"

Isaac confirmed in a somber tone, "Yes."

Summoning her inner strength, Camila encouraged herself, "I'll be fine. Carry on with your work. If there's any news, please notify me immediately."

"Of course."

Clutching her phone tightly, Camila finally concluded, "If there's nothing else, I shall end the call."

"Okay."

She set her phone down and blankly stared into space for what seemed like an eternity.

Late into the night.

Camila drifted into slumber.

The door creaked open.

Isaac entered quietly from outside.

His suit jacket rested over his arm, the collar of his shirt slightly unbuttoned, revealing his robust chest. A stubble was on his chin, short and coarse, and weariness etched across his whole face. He was a stark contrast to the once spirited and vigorous man he normally was.

At that moment, his presence exuded profundity.

Without disturbing anyone, he stealthily made his way to the bedroom.

Silently pushing the door open, he saw the silvery moonlight bathe the room. From the doorway, he caught sight of Camila nestled on the bed, her form curled up as she slumbered peacefully. Isaac quietly left the room, not wanting to disrupt her sleep.

He proceeded to the bathroom to freshen up and then returned to the bedroom, donning clean pajamas.

Camila remained oblivious, lost in her deep sleep.

Unbeknownst to her, someone had entered the room.

Isaac approached the bedside, delicately lying down and enfolding her in his embrace.

Though he had work to do, he had hurried back, consumed by worry upon

hearing her tearful voice over the phone.

It seemed that Camila sensed his presence, finding solace in his arms.

Isaac planted a gentle kiss on her forehead, tenderly patting her back, careful not to awaken her.

Come morning, as Camila stirred from her drowsiness, she gradually regained her senses. Rubbing her eyes, she beheld the person before her, slowly recognizing him.

"Isaac?!" she rasped, her voice still heavy with sleep. "Why... why have you returned?"

As she spoke, she reached out to touch Isaac's face, verifying if she was dreaming or really living the moment.

His face felt warm to her touch.

The undeniable reality confirmed that it wasn't a mere figment of her imagination.

"But you had important matters to attend to, didn't you?" she queried.

Isaac held her tightly, his words resonating in a soft timbre. "I miss you."

Her heart softened, surrendering herself to his embrace.

For this moment, she craved the warmth that only he could provide.

After a while, Isaac inquired, his voice filled with concern, "Why were you shedding tears?"

It was Laura's situation that had unleashed her emotions, the pain resurfacing as Isaac mentioned it once more. Her heart ached anew. She replied in a hushed tone, "Laura... Something happened to her..."

Isaac furrowed his brow. He had no deep connection with Laura, so her situation didn't hold particular significance for him. Yet he understood that Camila was grappling with the series of distressing events.

Not knowing how to console her, he only provided sympathy through his mere presence.

She struggled to regain control of her emotions, seeking to calm herself. Lifting her chin slightly, she inquired, "Will this delay your work?"

"No," Isaac assured, sweeping his fingertips gently across her brows. He brushed aside the strands of hair obscuring her vision and tucked them behind her ears. "I am here with you. You can rest for a while longer."

Camila nodded, allowing herself to surrender to sleep once more.

It was perhaps exactly what she needed then.

The security of his presence lulled her back into slumber.

When she awoke again, it was already nine o'clock. And Isaac was still there.

She no longer felt the need to sleep. Rising from the bed, Isaac exited the room first.

He made his way to Joe.

Breakfast had already been served to the rest of the family, leaving only the two of them at the table.

"I will head to the company later," Isaac informed.

Camila nodded, aware that he had returned only to attend to urgent matters.

"Well..."

Recalling the photo, Camila felt a need to inquire.

"What is it?" Isaac inquired, his gaze fixed on her.

Camila met his eyes and replied, shaking her head, "It's nothing."

She needed to trust Isaac. If he deemed it necessary, he would share the details with her in due time.

Isaac departed after breakfast, urging her to rest well.

Today, Camila's spirits were not dampened.

Joe sat on the floor, engrossed in playing with the puppy. Camila approached, gently patting her son's head, and asked, "Are you having fun?"

Joe looked up, grinning in response.

Embracing her son, Camila planted a kiss on his cheek.

Rowena came to take Joe from her arms, telling Camila, "Return to your room."

Camila paid no heed to her own well-being, still being in the confinement period following childbirth. She acted as if nothing was amiss.

Recognizing Rowena's concern, Camila complied and retreated to her room.

Unable to fall back asleep, she picked up a book and began reading.

Just as she had turned a few pages, a sudden knock echoed at her door.

Camila rose from her seat and opened the door.

Standing before her, Joe nestled in her arms, Rowena looked anxious. "Look, Joe has developed numerous red bumps on his body. Looks like an allergic reaction."

Upon closer inspection, Camila noticed the bumps not only on Joe's arms but also scattered across his body.

It didn't look like anything close to an allergy.

"Ask the driver to prepare the car. We need to take him to the hospital!" Camila instructed.

"I'll go with Glenda. You stay here," Rowena suggested, considering Camila's condition.

Camila disagreed, her determination clear. "No, I am worried. I can bundle up and join you."

Observing her resolute stance, Rowena realized she couldn't be dissuaded, and so reluctantly agreed to let her accompany them.

They hurriedly made their way to the hospital with Joe. After a thorough examination, a doctor explained, "This is a viral infection, likely caused by bacteria from an animal with fur. Do you have any pets?"

Camila nodded. "Yes, we have a dog."

The doctor inquired further, "Has Joe come into close contact with the dog?"

"Yes," Camila admitted.

"Do you have a health certificate for your dog?" the doctor asked.

"I believe so," Camila replied.

She had instructed Glenda to ensure they acquired a healthy dog, so this turn of events was unexpected.

"The dog should also be taken to a veterinary hospital to determine if it's carrying any illnesses. Animals carry various bacteria, so caution is necessary," the doctor advised.

"I understand," Camila acknowledged.

"I'll prescribe an ointment for Joe to apply to his skin, and for the time being, he should avoid contact with the dog."

Camila nodded, grateful for the guidance.

Camila had Rowena take Joe back to her room and apply some ointment on him when they arrived home.

After that, Camila inquired of Glenda, "Did the driver get the dog?"

Glenda hesitated for a moment before answering, "Yes."

"Go and call the driver here."

Camila's face darkened with a mix of emotions.

Glenda, sensing the gravity of the situation, cautiously asked, "What's wrong?"

"I explicitly told you to get a healthy dog and yet this dog..." She was

skeptical about how the dog had been acquired.

The look on Glenda's face changed!

The purchase was not made by the driver!

"Get the driver over here right away!" urged Camila.

Glenda wiped the sweat from her brow and said, "Well, this dog was bought by Wynter!"

"What?!" Camila got to her feet abruptly.