

Chapter 417 Injured

As Divya turned around, her eyes met Forrest's fierce gaze as he grabbed hold of her.

But in the blink of an eye, her expression transformed from ferocity to tenderness.

Eager to please Forrest, Divya tried to speak, but before she could utter a word Forrest interjected, "I specifically instructed them not to let you in."

This revelation struck Divya like a bolt of lightning. "We haven't divorced yet!"

"So what? I just don't want you to enter the Walters family's house! Can you do something about it? Huh?"

Forrest's transformation into what he was then was something Divya never saw coming.

Her eyes nearly popped out of their sockets!

And her face contorted with a mix of disbelief and regret.

If she had seen through his facade earlier, she wouldn't have fallen for his deceitful words.

How could she have placed so much trust in him?

"Forrest!"

Divya roared, her anger and frustration palpable.

Ignoring her outburst, Forrest callously retorted, "If you refuse to sign the divorce agreement, you won't be allowed to set foot in this house. You came back in such a hurry, surely aiming to secure the money, right?"

The corners of Divya's eyes twitched, her disdain for Forrest growing.

"You're so... You're utterly despicable and shameless!"



"Thanks to you!" Forrest spoke coldly before striding through the door.

As Diya attempted to follow, she was abruptly halted.

Stomping her feet in anger, she refused to accept defeat and sign the divorce agreement.

In the Hammaslahti Research Center.

Meanwhile, the team had developed a medicine, albeit still in its trial phase.

Patience was required as the medicine underwent extensive animal testing.

Camila, driven by urgency, insisted on being the one to test the medicine personally.

"No, let me do it!" said Josiah.

He, concerned for Camila's well-being, volunteered to take her place, fearing the potential risks to her health.

Camila shook her head, acknowledging the gravity of the situation. This decision involved not only her life but also the life of her child.

She couldn't play with the lives of others just to satisfy her own desires.

Camila's phone interrupted her thoughts, pulling her attention away.

She saw a message and read it.

"I've located Aldrin's whereabouts. I'm going to rescue him now."

With her eyes momentarily lowered, a glimmer of hope ignited within her.

Her medicine research had made progress, and Isaac had successfully traced Aldrin's location.

The answers they sought were within reach.

With a deep breath, Camila replied, "Understood."

Isaac's motive for sharing this news was to alleviate Camila's worries,



ensuring she rested assured.

He didn't want her to be consumed by anxiety.

With Isaac's progress and the upcoming results, Camila resolved to take the leap and test the medicine.

Upon reaching the laboratory, Camila went to get the syringe, only to find it missing from the table.

Raising her gaze, she saw Josiah holding the empty syringe in his hand!

As she sent the message, Josiah seized the opportunity to inject the medicine.

"I can only help you and stop feeling sorry for you if I do something for you."

He had already injected it!

Camila's voice caught in her throat; it was too late to voice her objections.

"This time only, but beware, next time I won't stand this!" Camila said, her tone a mixture of gratitude and determination.

She disliked being indebted to others, even if the situation arose due to Josiah's actions.

Despite his fault, she recognized his well-intentioned heart.

Josiah nodded, offering a smile. "Alright, in order to develop this medicine, you've been pushing yourself without rest. You should return and get some much-needed sleep. If any issues arise, we'll call you immediately."

Rubbing her sore arms, Camila replied softly, "Okay."

Her time spent in the lab had exceeded ten grueling hours, her eyes fixated on the data until they blurred. Rest was desperately needed.

She also had to return to check on Joe.

Rowena and Glenda had been tirelessly caring for him, ensuring his fever didn't escalate.



Joe's condition remained worrisome, with the rashes on his skin worsening by the day.

Camila's concern for him was overwhelming.

Her schedule had been packed throughout this time.

Amidst the busyness, she found solace in the secure residence Isaac had arranged.

Safety was no longer a constant worry, saving her from exhaustion.

These past few days had taken a toll on Camila, evident in her weight loss.

Arriving at her residence, she washed her hands before proceeding to Joe's room.

He lay there, asleep.

But restless.

His damp eyelashes hinted at a previous bout of tears.

Sadness enveloped Camila's face.

She wished the pain could be transferred to her, sparing her son from suffering.

Gently settling beside Joe, Camila lay beside him.

Entering the room with a bowl of warm soup, Rowena whispered, "Drink this before you go to sleep."

Camila obliged, savoring the nourishing soup, before lying down once more.

Rowena exited with the bowl, mindful not to disturb Camila's much-needed rest.

Yet, her sleep remained fitful, repeatedly interrupted by wakefulness.

Waking up for the third time, Camila found herself unable to drift back into slumber. Quietly, she rose from her bed.



Seeing her come out, Rowena sighed. "Why won't you sleep a little longer?"

Camila's exhaustion weighed heavily on Rowena's heart.

But she couldn't sway Camila's determination regarding Joe's well-being.

If she kept herself occupied, she could perhaps forget about Isaac for a while.

"I must return to the research center," Camila stated firmly.

Resigned, Rowena nodded, aware of her limited influence on the matter.

All she could do was diligently care for Joe in Camila's absence.

On her way back, Camila noticed Isaac's car.

He was heading towards the hospital.

She didn't understand why he was going to the hospital.

Who got into trouble, if anyone?

Curiosity piqued, she instructed her driver to follow him.

The car came to a steady halt at the hospital's entrance.

Exiting the vehicle, Camila instructed the driver, "Wait here."

With determined strides, she entered the hospital, her eyes fixated on Isaac.

She looked up as Aldrin was being wheeled down the corridor.

"Isaac!" Camila called out as she hastened toward him.

"What's happening?" she questioned, her voice brimming with concern.

Isaac turned, surprise evident on his face upon seeing Camila.

His tone dropped to a low murmur, "There was an accident during Aldrin's rescue."

Wynter was excessively cruel. She set up many traps around the area



where Aldrin was hidden.

There were still two guards.

Isaac had taken care of them.

By the time Aldrin was finally saved, he had been stabbed in the heart!

Without delving into specifics, Camila hurriedly approached Aldrin, her eyes scanning his wounded body. At a glance, she recognized the severity of his heart injury, necessitating immediate intervention.

"Go and call the doctor!" she urgently commanded, her anxiety palpable.

Isaac gently held her back. "We're in a hospital; there are doctors here. You..."

Camila swiftly interjected, "His injuries are severe. I must be part of the operation. I need your assistance."

Being an outsider, she couldn't enter the operating room alone. Isaac's involvement was vital.

"Hurry!" Camila urged, her voice still resonating with urgency.

Isaac nodded.

Aldrin was swiftly transported to the operating room, and Camila's mind focused on the imminent surgery that could potentially save his life.

She examined him and found that his heart was all the way damaged and that he was in imminent danger.

"We have no way of fixing this! He needs a new heart," a doctor commented.

Camila looked serious and composed but didn't respond.

That doctor spoke the truth.

Aldrin would surely die if his heart couldn't be transplanted!

"Go ask if there is a body in the hospital," Camila said.

A medical assistant rushed out the door to make a call.

Eventually, there was some news.

It was reported that a mother was undergoing amniotic fluid embolism and there was no hope for her.

However, they were uncertain as to whether or not the other party's loved ones would consent to a heart donation.

Camila hesitated for a second, but then she walked over in person.

Isaac set it up.

So, she easily introduced herself to the pregnant lady.

She entered the delivery room.

Her eyes progressively widened as she took in the pregnant lady who was dying. "Is it you?"

The lady on the bed turned her head gently. The sight of Camila took her by surprise. "Camila?!"

