

Chapter 442 Don't You Have Any Shame

Camila noticed her open collar, exposing her breasts.

Immediately, her cheeks flushed. Camila bit her lower lip and shot him a glare. "Don't you have any shame?"

Isaac responded, his voice low and filled with passion, "You're my wife."

As he said this, he bowed his head and planted a kiss on her breast.

Camila shivered. She gently nudged him away, saying, "Don't be so naughty."

Isaac looked up, but the heat in his eyes hadn't dissipated. On the contrary, it intensified. He embraced her even more firmly, his face inching closer. His breath was warm.

He locked eyes with Camila. "I've missed you."

Camila's face was flushed, radiating heat. Before she could utter a word, his lips met hers.

While they were locked in a passionate kiss, he slid his hand under the hem of Camila's clothes, gently caressing the silky skin of her waist.

His voice was husky, his warm hand tracing her earlobe as he confessed, "Mila, I like you."

Recent times had been full of challenges. Additionally, Camila had just had a baby, so their physical intimacy had taken a back seat.

He was a regular man, unable to restrain himself in the presence of the woman he loved.

His desires were beyond his control.

Camila was swept away by his passion.

It wasn't until she found herself completely undressed that she realized what was transpiring.

But it was too late by then.

She lay on the plush quilt, enveloped by his warm body.

After a while, Camila felt a soreness throughout her body and exhaustion seeping in.

She was so tired she didn't want to move. Her voice hoarse, intermixed with hot breath, she asked, "Help me get the medicine from the drawer."

Isaac fetched a warm, damp towel, intending to clean her body. Hearing her request, he frowned and questioned, "What?"

Then he became nervous. "Are you sick? Why wasn't I aware? Are you feeling unwell?"

He quickly set about checking her.

"No," Camila responded, shaking her head.

Isaac sat on the edge of the bed. He slid his hand under the quilt and began to wipe her down, asking in a low tone, "What is it then?"

"Contraceptive pill," Camila answered.

Having a baby would be challenging for her.

It wasn't that she couldn't get pregnant, but giving birth to one would be challenging for her even if she became pregnant.

The two babies had made her become weak.

She hadn't fully recovered yet.

Isaac fell silent for a beat. He placed the towel aside and leaned in, enclosing her in his arms, his hand caressing her face.

He was aware of it all.

He recognized the toll it had taken on her.

He was aware of the hardships she had endured.

He felt guilty for not taking better care of her.

So many things had happened.

"We won't have any more children. The two we have are plenty."

"But don't you want a daughter? What if the second one turns out to be another boy?" Camila inquired.

"Then, we won't have any more." Isaac placed a tender kiss on her forehead, adding, "Two sons are just perfect."

"No, you could find a healthy woman to bear you a daughter," Camila teased.

Isaac regarded her, questioning, "And if I were to find another woman, would you not be upset?"

"I wouldn't be." Camila shook her head, a smile playing on her lips.

Isaac looked at her, a trace of irritation in his eyes.

Was she so generous?

"Really?" He was stunned.

"I wouldn't be upset," Camila reassured him.

On hearing this, Isaac bent his head and bit her lower lip.

She winced in discomfort and tried to push him away. "Ouch, let me go."

Isaac held her fast. "Will you stop spouting nonsense?"

Camila's lips were already rosy and swollen. His bite added to the pain.

"I won't anymore." She was defeated.

Isaac, satisfied with her response, finally released her.

He stood up and fetched Camila's medicine. "Get some sleep now."

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+120 Points at most

"Just an hour," Camila responded.

Isaac furrowed his brow. "What?"



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