

## Chapter 452 Interest Would Fade

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Sunlight graced the morning with its brilliant light.

Isaac made his exit after breakfast.

The task of looking after the little ones fell to Camila, who remained indoors.

A window of chance presented itself for Rowena to engage her daughter in conversation.

"Mila!" She seemed to be on the cusp of expressing something but then hesitated.

Camila responded, "Mom, if you've got something on your mind, let it out."

The primary reason for Rowena's hesitancy stemmed from her concern for Camila's feelings, fearing that her words might damage her self-esteem.

"It might be a bit late for wedding preparations, but they're still necessary."

Amid her playtime with her elder son, Camila rejoined, "Didn't Isaac say he would tackle that? I don't need to do anything."

A helpless Rowena retorted, "Surely you want to look your best as the bride, right? You can hide your scar for public appearances, but remember you two are in it for the rest of your life."

Camila reached out, her fingers tracing the scar that marred her face as her gaze dropped.

Rowena persisted, "Isaac seems unfazed by it for now, but let's face it, it's not enhancing your appearance."

"If he were the unfaithful type, his interest in me would fade regardless

of my beauty.\*

Holding her daughter's hand, Rowena admitted, "You're right. Looks aren't everything. Have you thought about what you'll do in the future? If you plan to stay at home, it's not a significant issue. However, if you intend to take a job, having such a scar on your face might not be ideal."

Camila seemed swayed.

Even though she was a mother of two and her children were still small, she was determined not to forfeit her professional life with the backing of Rowena and Glenda.

"I'll make a hospital visit tomorrow."

Rowena nodded. "It's all for your benefit."

"I understand," replied Camila.

She was well aware of her mother's benevolent intentions.

"Waa... Waah..."

The baby in the crib suddenly let out a wail.

Then Camila gently set down Joe and approached him for a warm embrace.

It turned out that he was crying because he had soiled his diaper.

Rowena moved to fetch some lukewarm water.

Gently, Camila removed the dirty diaper, placing it aside as she cleaned the baby's bottom. The relief saw an end to his crying.

Camila then turned to preparing formula milk.

The tranquility was shattered by the baby's wails once more.

Bottle in hand, Camila turned around to witness Joe gnawing on the baby's feet.

Cradling her younger son, she admonished, "How could you bite your brother?"

Joe replied, "He's not wearing socks."

What?

Camila couldn't comprehend.

A glance at the baby's feet solved the mystery. Only one foot was encased in a sock.

"He keeps squirming," Joe replied softly.

Realization dawned on Camila who then asked, "Would you like to assist in putting on his socks?"

Joe affirmed with a nod.

"Your little brother is too young to understand things just yet."

Joe blinked in puzzlement.

Patting his head, Camila continued, "From here on, you'll have to protect your little brother."

Joe grinned. "He's my little brother."

Camila, with Joe on her lap, handed over the feeding bottle. "Could you feed your brother?"

Joe complied with enthusiasm.

He gripped the bottle with both hands, feeding his little brother until sleep claimed him, leaving the bottle half full.

As Camila was about to set it down, Joe drank it.

He was no stranger to formula milk.

Its aroma was quite appealing to him.

With the baby fast asleep, Camila turned her attention to her eldest son.

The struggle of their infant days still haunted her, filling her with guilt for not breastfeeding them.

"Mom. Did you give birth to my baby brother too?" Joe inquired innocently.

Camila affirmed, though curious about his sudden question.

"Why do you want to know?"

Joe, his eyes sparkling with intelligence, responded, "Grandma told me that both my brother and I came from inside my mother's tummy."

Camila was at a loss for words.

At eight thirty in the evening.

Fresh from the shower, Camila faced the mirror, her reflection marred by the scar on her neck.

As the door creaked open, she adjusted her collar and turned around.