

Chapter 453 Scarred Face

Isaac lingered by the door, witnessing Camila's every move with distinct clarity before stepping in.

"Has dinner been served yet?" Camila inquired.

Instead of providing an answer, he moved closer to her, delicately tracing his fingers along her scarred cheek.

"What if I marry you looking like this? Will people ridicule you for wedding an unsightly woman?" she joked.

"No one dares to say it." His thumb grazed her cheek gently.

"But they will talk about me behind my back."

Camila brushed his hand away. "You should clean up. I'll go down to check on the baby."

Isaac took hold of her hand, offering reassurance. "The baby is in good hands. No need to worry about him. You seem a bit unsettled today."

"My mom proposed I get scar removal surgery. She believes I can't go out looking like this," Camila revealed.

Isaac smiled and said, "Well, it may not be a bad idea."

"You promised you didn't mind my scar!" she responded defensively.

His smile remained unwavering. "I don't mind it!"

"But you agreed with my mother's notion just now."

Was he not fond of her anymore?

Had he been dishonest about not caring about the scars that marked her face?

"Just like any other man, you prefer aesthetically pleasing women. And



now that I'm scarred, you must detest me. It took you this long to finally admit..."

Isaac's brows furrowed.

Why had she become so sensitive?

He was merely bantering.

Wrapping his arms around her, he probed, "Are you angry with me now?"

Camila fought against him, her expression stormy. "Let go of me..."

"No, I need to prove that your scars mean nothing to me."

He held her close, planting a kiss on her cheek. "What if I mar my own face? We could be a matching pair."

"You are such a nuisance," Camila grumbled, a mix of irritation and amusement on her face.

Isaac's hold on her tightened as he reassured her, "I really don't dislike you."

"Alright, I trust you," she surrendered.

"I'll make it obvious." His lips curled into a mischievous smirk.

His hand made its way inside her blouse.

Camila blushed, flustered and shy.

"I believe you. Please stop... It's ticklish..."

"Where's it ticklish? Allow me to alleviate it."

They tumbled onto the bed together.

Camila's clothes were askew, and her hair was a mess.

Isaac kissed her passionately, guiding her hand to his chest. "Can you feel my heart beating for you?"

Camila squirmed, her cheeks warm.

His unexpected tender words sent her into a blushing fit.

Before he could undress her, she pressed her hands against his muscular chest and inquired once more, "Did you have dinner yet?"

Isaac undid his tie and responded, "No, not yet."

"I'll cook for you. What do you want to eat?"

"Anything you make is perfect for me."

Camila then grunted.

"Go freshen up."

She then pulled her hands away from him.

Their house was grand and expansive.

The living room was empty. Rowena and Glenda were busy with Joe in another room.

Camila moved to the kitchen.

She made a shrimp and mushroom fried rice dish.

She also made soup.

Once dinner was ready, Isaac freshened up and walked over, dressed in comfortable pajamas.

He wrapped his arms around her from behind in the kitchen.

Resting his chin on her shoulder, he murmured, "That smells heavenly."

"Obviously, I'm an excellent cook," Camila returned, her smile warm.

He whispered huskily into her ear, "I was referring to you."

Cheeks aflame, she jabbed him lightly with her elbow. "Enough of that. Bring the food out. It's dinner time."

"I'll assist you."

Camila directed him to set the food on the table.

Donning a pair of oven gloves, she carried the soup to the table.

Taking a seat beside him, she watched as Isaac started his meal. "Join me."

"I've had my fill already. I can't eat anymore." Propping her chin on her hand, she observed him and asked, "Is it delicious?"

His smile widened as he deliberately responded, "It's quite ordinary."

She rolled her eyes at his behavior.

Just then, the landline rang.

Camila excused herself to answer it.

It was Alick on the line.

He questioned with urgency, "Where's Mr. Johnston?"

"What seems to be the problem?"

"Something happened."

Passing the receiver to Isaac, she whispered, "It's Alick. He sounds worried."

He accepted the phone, asking, "What happened?"