

Chapter 459 Very Ugly

Isaac remained composed, as tranquil as a still pool of water.

With a gentle lift, he twirled Camila's hair around his slim fingers. "What do you think we should name our little son?"

Camila turned to face him, her eyes reflecting puzzlement.

She was at a loss, unsure of his thoughts and intentions.

Grinning, he teased, "What's with the stare? Is it because I'm good-looking?"

Camila remained silent. It was evident that Isaac did not wish to pursue the conversation further, as he refrained from saying anything.

"Not good-looking at all. Ugly," she said in a serious tone.

In a swift move, Isaac gathered her in his embrace, caught her chin, and compelled her to meet his gaze. "Say it honestly."

Camila responded playfully, "I spoke from the depths of my conscience, you know."

Leaning closer, Isaac probed, "Tell me, where exactly do I fall short in terms of looks?"

She scrutinized Isaac's face, her gaze sweeping over his sharp features, deep-set eyes, prominent nose, and other alluring attributes.

Fighting a smile, she began her mockery. "Your face, your eyes, and..."

She trailed off, her own words causing her cheeks to heat and a smile to play at her lips.

Wrapping her tighter in his arms, Isaac reassured, "Don't fuss over this. Leave it to me."

"I worry for you. We're the ones wronged here. If it wasn't for Travis, we

wouldn't be dealing with the mess. Can you ensure the news doesn't become public anymore?"

His stance on such matters remained unfazed.

"They can say whatever they want."

Camila rose, facing Isaac with a stern look. "Why would you let yourself be wrongfully accused? It's not your fault."

She was perturbed.

The idea of him becoming the object of unjust blame was intolerable to her.

Isaac responded with a light-hearted smile, "Why the sudden fervor?"

"I just feel sorry for you..." Her statement was so direct, she felt a wave of embarrassment wash over her, and she pursed her lips. "Unattended rumors are like weeds. They spread uncontrollably. You may be innocent, but rumors can be terrifying."

His heart momentarily fluttered at her words before he let out a soft laugh. He found her concern endearing. "I'll have someone take care of it."

"People who are successful pay close attention to their reputation. They even resort to philanthropy to protect it. But you, you let people spread lies."

He drew her close, murmuring, "I understand."

He detested hypocrisy.

She was right, many were charitable, enjoying a good standing in society, yet their employees languished on meager wages, seemingly sacrificing for their bosses' benefit.

Charity wasn't as straightforward either. Some donations can be used to cut taxes.

To him, running a successful company meant not just generating profits but also ensuring the well-being of those who contributed to its success.

"How does a doctor know all this?"

"Because I care about you."

With a profound look in his eyes, Isaac responded in a husky tone, "I know."

The knowledge of her love for him filled him with joy.

Her

phone, tucked away in her pocket, started vibrating.

Retrieving her phone, Camila answered the call.

It was Aldrin.

"Camila, I've been discharged."

"Do you have somewhere to go? Do you need me to make arrangements for you?"

"No, I've got a place. I saved some of your things when I sold our house. Do you still want them? If not, I plan on getting rid of them."

Camila had assumed he'd gotten rid of everything, but surprisingly he'd saved a few things.

"I'll come pick them up."

She recalled a few cherished books from her student days.

"What are those items?" Isaac inquired.

"My old stuff that Aldrin kept. He's out of the hospital now. I guess they're at his place. I'm going to collect them, they might be useful."

"Why don't we have Alick fetch them for you?" Isaac suggested.

They had just arrived home, so Camila agreed with a nod, "Alright."

Alick was dispatched to collect Camila's belongings.

The couple made their way to their home.

No sooner had they entered, they ran into an unexpected guest.

On spotting the face, Isaac's expression instantly turned ominous.

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