

Chapter 461 He Snorted At Her

Engrossed in the contents of the box, Camila did not once glance at Isaac. "Many of these hold value. The notations I made in the past could still serve a purpose."

She indicated the books she wished to retain, asking, "May I store them in your study?"

Resigned, Isaac only watched as she nestled that diary book among his books.

Camila was oblivious to the mounting frustration etched on his features.

She didn't even spare him a glance.

"Your silence, I'll interpret as consent. Don't worry though, I'll not clutter much. Any books I don't need will be discarded."

Wordless, Isaac exited the room.

Once she arranged the books on the shelves, she returned Rowena's books to her.

Subsequently, Camila attended to her older son's bath and the diaper change of her younger.

"It's time to choose a name for your little son now." Rowena reminded her.

"I'll consult Isaac about it. We mustn't hastily choose a name like we did for Joe," Camila responded.

"But Joe is such an endearing name," Rowena retorted.

"Perhaps, if you insist," agreed Camila, her smile radiating warmth.

After the conversation, she ascended the staircase, took a bath, and retired for the night. As she lay in bed, she prodded Isaac, "We must name our little one."

There was no reply.

It was as if she went unheard.

Camila knew he was awake. Usually, he'd enfold her in his arms as she lay down next to him, but tonight, he turned his back towards her.

This had never happened before.

Was he still upset?

Camila snuggled up to him from behind, querying, "Are you still angry because of Annis?"

"I need sleep," Isaac responded brusquely, pushing her away.

Upon hearing that, she was taken aback.

This was the first time that he had pushed her away.

She asked cautiously, "Are you feeling tired?"

With his eyes closed, Isaac feigned sleep.

Unable to find sleep, Camila lay awake, stealing glances at Isaac's back now and then.

She wasn't oblivious, she sensed his resentment.

But the reason eluded her.

Rubbing her temples, she reassured herself that he was probably tired and she was overthinking.

Eventually, sleep overtook her.

As her breathing steadied in sleep, Isaac sat upright.

He gazed at the slumbering woman beside him, disbelief coursing through him.

She had just fallen asleep?

Just like that?

She didn't try to cheer him up.

She didn't bother to inquire about his feelings.

The more he dwelled on it, the angrier he became.

Remembrance of her diary content fueled his rage.

Isaac pulled the quilt over himself, leaving Camila uncovered.

Despite the drop in temperature, she didn't stir, curling up instead.

Seeing her shivering, he reluctantly covered her, dreading she'd catch a cold.

He felt a pang of melancholy.

While he was concerned for her, Camila seemed indifferent to him.

Why should he bother?

Sleep eluded him as he tossed and turned through the night.

On the contrary, Camila slept peacefully.

In the morning, she noticed Isaac still in bed, usually an early riser. She deduced he must have been exhausted.

Careful not to disturb him, she slid out of bed, tied her hair in a knot, and went to brush her teeth.

Leaning against the door, Isaac observed her.

When she caught sight of the shadows under his eyes, it was evident he hadn't slept.

His sleepless night even etched dark circles under his eyes.

"You appear to have had a rough night," she remarked, mouth still filled with water.

Isaac became furious. Of course, he couldn't sleep. He wasn't as indifferent as she was, able to sleep soundly through the night.

His cold snort was the only response before he turned around and left.

Camila was left bewildered.

He had just snorted at her!

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