

Chapter 466 Younger Than You

"When you're around others, stay alert and don't hesitate to call me if you need any assistance." Camila approached the cafe counter, asked for a piece of paper, jotted down her phone number, and handed it over to Laura.

Laura glanced at her and retorted, "Didn't you say that I could live with Forrest? Why should I be careful? Shouldn't I be trustful instead?"

Before Camila could add anything else, Laura had already hopped into her car and driven off.

Camila stood frozen, watching the car disappear into the distance.

She sensed that Laura was upset.

But the reason eluded her.

Was it the consequence of her amnesia altering her personality?

Camila shook her head, advising herself not to overthink.

She paid for their coffees and hailed a taxi back home.

At home, Rowena was cradling the baby, with Joe resting on her lap, gazing at the infant.

Upon entering, Camila noticed a new necklace adorning Rowena's neck.

She remembered it from her childhood, when her mother used to wear it.

"Mom, that necklace looks familiar," she remarked, settling onto the couch.

Rowena fondled the necklace. "I found it among the items you gave me yesterday."

Her mind wandered back to a memory a long time ago. "Your father gifted it to me. I thought it was lost when Aldrin sold the house. I didn't

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 +120 Points at most

expect him to keep it. I held resentment for your father once, but with his passing, it was all gone."

Hearing Rowena's words, Camila smiled.

Clinging to the past did no good.

At the dinner table that evening, Camila announced, "I'll be going in for surgery tomorrow."

Isaac responded, "I'll accompany you."

"If you have work, go ahead with it. It's not a major procedure. The surgeon performing it is the leading plastic surgeon in the country and a familiar face. Handling my scar will be a simple task." Camila grabbed a piece of beef and popped it into her mouth.

She didn't neglect to wipe her son's mouth, but failed to notice the shift in Isaac's expression.

Isaac maintained his composure and asked, "Is the doctor who'll be operating on you a guy or a girl?"

Ever since he had read her diary, he had become unusually sensitive.

"He is a guy."

"Is he married? Young, old?" Isaac probed further.

It was only then that Camila lifted her gaze to him. "Why the sudden interest in him?"

Isaac demanded a clear response. "Just answer me."

Camila knitted her brows, finding his behavior bizarre.

Irritated, she retorted, "Considerably younger than you."

Isaac was left without words.

"What do you mean? Do you think I'm old?" He raised his eyebrows.

Obviously, it was a sign of displeasure.

Camila had no interest in a spat during dinner.

Rather than provoke him, she softened her tone. "You're not old, you're just the right age for me."

Isaac's expression eased.

After dinner, Camila spent some time playing with Joe before putting her younger son to bed.

As she opened the wardrobe intending to pick out some clothes for a shower, Isaac embraced her from behind and tossed her onto the bed.

She sank deep into the plush comforter, the bed shifting under her weight. Her head spun from the abrupt action. "Isaac, are you out of your mind..."

Before she could complete her sentence, he silenced her with a kiss!

He acted rudely.

Camila attempted to wriggle free. "I haven't had my shower yet."

But Isaac nipped at her neck fiercely.

"Ouch!"

It really hurt.

With her brows furrowed, Camila urged, "Be more gentle."

The man was clearly driven by his sexual desires now.

Isaac didn't do it lightly. He exerted more strength than before!



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