

Chapter 467 Furious

For the first time ever, Camila found herself immobilized in bed, her legs and waist aching horribly.

Isaac had always balanced passion with gentleness in their intimate moments, always mindful of her comfort.

But this time, he was fierce!

She even had a fleeting thought that she might not survive it.

She was completely exhausted.

The very man responsible for her inability to rise was now standing before a floor-length mirror, doing up his shirt buttons. He caught her reflection in the mirror and inquired, "Are you up yet?"

She chose to remain silent.

Making his way to her bedside, he asked, "Aren't you planning on getting up? Your surgery is scheduled for today, isn't it?"

All Camila could muster was to hide under the quilt.

Isaac perched himself on the edge of the bed, pulling away the quilt. "What seems to be the issue?"

Camila stared at him. "Better if I ask you that. What's gotten into you? If I've done something wrong, why not just tell me straight up?"

Isaac fixed his gaze on her for a moment before questioning, "How many men have you fancied before?"

After a moment's contemplation, she replied, "I never really had the time for such things while growing up. As I've already told you, my dad kept me busy learning various skills since childhood. Moreover, being a doctor isn't a cakewalk, you know?"

Standing up, Isaac simply commanded, "Get up."

Then he exited the room.

Camila was left baffled and speechless.

Isaac's behavior was mystifying to her.

She hadn't interacted with anyone recently that could provoke such anger in him.

She got up in exhaustion. It wasn't until she freshened up that she noticed the marks on her neck.

She was livid!

She was scheduled for a surgical procedure that day.

How was she expected to present herself with these visible neck marks?

How?

Wearing her pajamas, she descended the staircase to find Isaac holding their son, Joe. She stormed over, took Joe from him, grabbed his tie, and led him upstairs.

Isaac found himself being hauled back to their bedroom.

Once inside, Camila released her grip and accused him, "Did you do this intentionally?"

Loosening his collar, Isaac questioned back, "What exactly?"

Camila gestured towards her neck, adorned with the evidence of his passionate kisses.

Isaac examined them and couldn't help but feel contented.

Camila was speechless.

"Have you lost your mind? How am I supposed to face people with my neck looking like this?"

Her anger fueling her, she began to kick his legs and pound on his chest, shouting, "Isaac, you've gone mad!"

With one hand, Isaac clutched her hands and drew her into his embrace with ease. He held her hands firmly yet gently, securing her slender waist closely against his body with his other hand.

He stared at her with his deep-set eyes, their radiance heightened by his long eyelashes. "Are you really upset?"

Biting her lip, Camila averted her face from him.

Isaac pressed a soft kiss on her cheek and reassured, "I promise not to repeat it."

Camila struggled to free herself. "Let me go."

"Give me a kiss and I'll release you," Isaac teased her, a devilish grin playing on his lips.

Camila was left dumbstruck.

She was genuinely infuriated.

"First, let go of me. It hurts!"

Teasing her further, Isaac bit her earlobe and asked, "Oh really? Are you referring to our time in bed?"

Camila found herself at a loss for words.

How could anyone be this audacious?

"Isaac, if you continue this way, I'll be seriously enraged," she warned him. This time, Camila's fury was real.

Isaac realized he had pushed her too far and released his grip on her.

After getting dressed, she noticed Isaac was still lingering around. Annoyed, she asked, "Aren't you supposed to be at your office today?"

"Nope," he responded with a smile. "I thought I'd accompany you to the hospital."

Caught off guard, Camila retorted, "I am not going. I will wait for a couple of days."

She felt too embarrassed to face anyone today.

"But we don't have time," Isaac insisted, grabbing her hand. "Let's go."

"No, I am not going," Camila repeated, clutching the doorknob tightly.

"If you don't go now, I'll carry you all the way down. You know I can,"

Isaac threatened, leaving no room for doubt.

She didn't want to be seen in such a situation by Glenda, Rowena, and Joe.

With a sigh of resignation, she finally agreed, and they set off for the hospital in their car.