

Chapter 487 You Are The Future

Isaac fixed Camila with an intense gaze.

Camila, with a playful smile, asked, "What's going on? Why are you staring at me like that?"

She sprang onto her toes, looped her arms around his neck, and planted a kiss on him.

Isaac was stunned when she kissed him.

As she pulled back, she inquired quietly, "Are you upset?"

Before Isaac could think of an answer, she interjected, "It's my old diary."

Isaac's brow furrowed subtly.

This was not what he had anticipated.

He had not thought that she would voluntarily disclose this information.

With her arms warmly around his neck, she elevated herself on her tiptoes and nestled her chin on his shoulder. She gently caressed his neck and confessed, "I penned that diary when I was merely fourteen or fifteen, still a naive child. I didn't comprehend the true meaning of love. I merely harbored some feelings for a man. As time moved on, I completely forgot about this person."

"Really?" Isaac was skeptical.

"Absolutely, you were behaving unusually. I figured you were upset about the diary, so I read it again. That's when I understood the reason for your distress. I've discarded the diary. There's no need or significance in holding onto it. You are my future."

Isaac's heart pounded in his chest at Camila's words.

His eyes darkened with emotion. "Mila."

"What is it?" Camila responded.

Isaac gently cupped her chin, elevating her face slightly, he leaned down and tenderly kissed her lips.

He deepened the kiss with fervor.

His intensity almost made Camila lose her footing. Isaac steadied her, his hands on her delicate waist. Her waist was so supple and fragile; it felt as if he could snap it with a bit more pressure.

He carefully lifted her and placed her on the low cabinet by the window. He positioned himself between her separated legs.

The intimate posture made Camila blush.

She bit her rosy lips and hesitantly said, "Isn't it inappropriate to be here... Right?"

Nonchalantly, Isaac drew the curtain closed.

Camila attempted to gently push him away. "Hold on a moment. I haven't had a shower yet."

"It doesn't matter." Isaac kissed her tenderly, unbuttoning her collar and caressing her body, gently cupping her supple breasts.

Camila bit her bottom lip, her heart racing with excitement as Isaac passionately pursued her.

In that moment, all that mattered was the thrill they shared.

Camila felt so vulnerable, completely surrendered to Isaac's desires.

Isaac was excited.

They had sex with each other.

Twenty days later, a good day was coming.

Only three days remained before their wedding.

The scars on Camila's face had nearly faded away.

Her appearance had returned to its former beauty, with only faint marks that went unnoticed unless scrutinized closely.

With the application of ointment, her healing progress had been remarkable.

As the wedding date drew nearer, there were numerous tasks to be handled.

Camila had tried on wedding dresses and experimented with makeup, finding herself satisfied with the results.

She couldn't find any flaws.

The wedding dress, a renowned foreign brand, had been custom-made. Isaac, well aware of Camila's figure and style, had carefully chosen it.

Although Isaac had taken care of most of the arrangements, there were still many details to attend to as the wedding day approached.

Upstairs, Annis and Laura were busy decorating the bridal chamber. Exhausted, Camila reclined on the sofa. Her son Joe rested in her arms, enjoying strawberries and playing with his Transformers toys.

"Mom." Joe pouted.

Camila leaned down, taking a piece of paper to wipe his mouth clean. She then popped the leftover strawberry into her own mouth before offering Joe another plump, ripe berry.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Glenda hurriedly went to answer it, only to find three tall, imposing men dressed in black suits standing before her.

They also wore black sunglasses and white gloves.

They even carried two suitcases.

The atmosphere was so imposing that Glenda was shocked. "Who... who are you?"