

## Chapter 502 Don't Give Up Yourself

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Camila voiced her thoughts, "I can't just abandon everything I've learned."

She cherished her profession.

She believed that regardless of who her husband was, she should never lose her identity.

She couldn't forsake her career.

She shouldn't rely on a man for her livelihood.

Rather, she wanted to stand equal to him.

Even if she couldn't work side by side with him, at least she should have her own profession.

Isaac took a moment to consider before asking, "If I don't want you to work, would you give it up?"

"I..."

Camila realized Isaac wasn't thrilled.

Before she could contemplate ways to convince Isaac, he chimed in, "I can give you anything you want."

He seemed to imply he was capable of supporting her and fulfilling her needs.

Camila lowered her gaze and replied, "I chose this job despite my father's dissuasion because I truly love it."

Isaac dried his face and tossed the towel to the sink. "Give it some thought."

He then exited the room.

Camila trailed behind him. She had to clarify that the director didn't afford her much time to ponder over it.

She had to make a choice.

"Isaac..."

"I have a lot of things to deal with today." Isaac was genuinely busy!

He lacked the time to discuss this with Camila for too long. He came over and tenderly kissed her forehead. "I've got to go."

With that, he left.

One of the reasons he was swamped was to avoid any potential disagreement with Camila over this issue. He wished she would give up her ambition.

Watching Isaac depart, Camila heaved a helpless sigh.

She sat on the sofa.

Noticing her disappointment, Rowena approached and asked, "Are you upset because the wedding can't proceed as planned?"

Camila raised her gaze to meet her mother's.

Thinking of her mother's past suffering and her father's betrayal, she made a firm decision.

No woman should surrender her career at any point.

"No." She looked at her mother earnestly. "Mom, I've decided to work. Could you assist me in caring for my kids?"

"I can!" Rowena immediately agreed. She was aware of the struggles Camila had weathered to become a doctor. "Don't worry. Just focus on your work. I'll ensure your children are well cared for!"

"Mom, thank you." She hugged Rowena's waist, much like a spoiled child would.

"Well, you're a mom to two kids now, but you still behave like a little kid. When will you ever grow up?"

Camila flashed a smile. "As long as you're around, I'll forever be your little girl."

Rowena gently patted Camila's back and earnestly said, "No matter what happens, never lose sight of who you are."

Rowena herself had experienced this loss. She had given up her everything after marrying Marvin. Hence, when Marvin betrayed her, she found herself dependent and manipulated at Marvin's will. Not only did she suffer, but her daughter bore the brunt as well.

Camila had endured her share of hardships, hadn't she?

Therefore, she couldn't prevent Camila from pursuing her career.

Isaac was an outstanding man, and many women were drawn to him.

Right now, Isaac liked Camila.

But what about the future?

Emboldened by Rowena's support, Camila ascended the stairs and rang the director back, indicating her willingness to take over the position.

The director was overjoyed and invited her to the research center to get acquainted with the various aspects of the job at her earliest convenience today.

Camila agreed.

After breakfast, she packed up and went out.

Firstly, she had to report to the hospital, where the director would confer with her on related matters.

She had to complete some formalities to assume the new role.

It was afternoon when she and the director parted ways.

As she was about to return home, she received a call from Harland.

"Do you recall me mentioning a sick relative of mine?"

Camila remembered it, and she had pledged her help. So she inquired "Do you wish for me to check on your relative now?"

"Yes."

"Which hospital?" She asked.

Harland provided her with the address.

Camila directed the driver to head there.

Upon her arrival, Harland was already there to greet her.

"I'm well-acquainted with the hospital's director. It should make things easier for you," Harland said.

Camila nodded and asked, "Where is your relative?"

"He's waiting for you in the patient's room."

Camila found his words a bit peculiar. "Waiting for me?"

"Yes."

Shortly, they reached a secluded and distant ward.

Harland swung the door open.

As Camila stepped in and spotted the person sitting on the sofa, she felt a wave of unease.

Could it possibly be him?!



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