

Chapter 510 I Didn't Feel It At All

Harland had never been slapped before, and his right cheek burned with humiliation.

"Does it hurt?" Camila asked coldly.

Quick to save face, Harland replied, "Whether it hurts or not doesn't matter. As a man, I can handle pain. It's just that a man's face is his dignity. How could you... especially in public like this?"

The resounding slap had drawn attention from bystanders. His face turned red.

"Do you see everyone staring at me now?" Standing up, Camila asserted, "If you weren't used, but an accomplice, that slap would have been a knife instead."

Harland's face turned pale. He finally seemed to grasp the gravity of the situation.

"What did Jaylen do?" he asked.

Ignoring his question, Camila walked ahead.

Harland caught up and reached out to stop her. "Explain it to me..."

"Let go!" Camila shook off his hand with force, her eyes brimming with anger.

It was the first time she lost her temper since the incident.

But she quickly regained her composure.

Her voice turned cold and devoid of emotion. "From now on, stay away from me."

Harland stood rooted to the spot.

He just looked at her in disbelief.

In his mind, she was still the little girl next door. She had endured a difficult family life due to her father's affair. She had always been cautious and sensible from a young age; he had never seen her lose her temper.

Yet here she was, furious.

What had Jaylen done?

Why had she changed so drastically?

He took out his phone and tried calling Jaylen, but the call didn't connect.

Putting the phone back in his pocket, Harland decided that he had to ask Camila directly. However, before he could approach her, he noticed Isaac parking his car by the roadside and stepping out.

Given Isaac's unfriendly disposition towards him, Harland hesitated and stopped in his tracks.

Camila stood on the steps, appearing distressed. She swiftly composed herself and walked down the steps.

Their eyes locked.

Isaac seemed more nervous than she was. He opened the car door and said, "Get in the car."

Camila bent over and got in, while Isaac took the driver's seat and promptly fastened her seat belt.

Camila remained still, her gaze lowered.

The car glided smoothly along the road in complete silence.

Neither of them spoke. They wanted to pretend as if nothing had happened.

Yet, both of them were far from calm.

Camila wanted to say something but the words eluded her.

She turned her head slightly, her eyes glistening with moisture, and her voice hoarse. "You have known it, right?"

Isaac offered no response. His facade was flawless.

It seemed as if he genuinely had no idea what she was referring to.

In her heart, however, Camila knew the truth. He had known everything.

"I don't know how to face you," she admitted, closing her eyes. "I didn't feel anything. I don't know if I was..."

When she regained consciousness, her body felt normal.

Having spent considerable time with Isaac, she was acutely aware of her own physical changes after doing that with him.

This time, she didn't feel like she had engaged in any sexual activity after she woke up.

But her clothes had been removed.

Even if she hadn't been raped, she couldn't bear to imagine what Jaylen might have done to her while she was unconscious.

"I've agreed to the director and completed the entry formalities," Camila said, grateful that she didn't turn down the job offer.

At least she had something to rely on now.

"If you need to go to work, then do it."

As the car pulled up to their residence, Isaac got out of the vehicle.

Camila stopped him. "Isaac."