

Chapter 511 I Do Mind

"What?"

He halted his departure from the car.

"Let's have a chat," Camila proposed, her gaze fixed on him.

Isaac repositioned himself in the vehicle, shutting the door. Following an extended quiet spell, he inquired "What's the discussion about?"

She felt slightly anxious. She tightly balled her hands into fists, took a moment to gather her thoughts before voicing "I do mind."

The utterance was odd, yet Isaac deciphered her intended meaning.

"And then?" Isaac's expression took a gloomy turn. He proceeded without waiting for Camila's response, "Don't overthink. We should head back. Our two kids are anticipating our arrival at home."

His concluding words served as a nudge to Camila.

They were parents to two children.

Should any issue arise, they needed to confront it as a pair.

She couldn't thoughtlessly mention parting ways.

It demonstrated a lack of responsibility.

He reached out to clutch Camila's hand, but she shook him off.

Involuntarily.

She too was taken aback.

She lifted her gaze.

Isaac's hand lingered midair.

She dropped her gaze and apologized, "I sorry."

Her reaction wasn't intentional, but purely instinctual.

For this reason, she feared physical contact.

Even if it was Isaac.

Isaac gradually withdrew his outstretched hand and let it fall.

He responded gently, "It's fine."

He exited the vehicle first, moved to the passenger side, and unlatched the door for her. "Get off."

Camila cast him a look.

His eyes were downcast.

Their eyes met, and Camila couldn't keep up her facade.

She felt her heart shatter as she looked at Isaac.

She looked away.

Subsequently, she quickly stepped out of the car, dashed into the house, and locked herself in.

If Isaac responded with indifference or reproached her, she might have felt slightly better.

But he didn't.

Perhaps he harbored anger, but he contained it.

He treated her so gently.

He took great care not to upset her and refrained from raising his voice at her.

Her heart felt as though it was pierced by an unseen force.

She stationed herself on the balcony, attempting to regain composure. However, the more she pondered, the more distressed she became. She

struggled to draw breath. Gradually, she slumped down.

She couldn't hold back her sobs.

She clamped her hand over her mouth as she cried bitterly!

Isaac stood at the doorway, contemplating knocking but refrained. Perhaps she preferred to be alone at this moment.

He turned around and descended the staircase to check on their kids.

Dinner had arrived, but Camila hadn't shown herself. Thus, Rowena decided to call for her.

"She's unwell. Let her rest," Isaac intervened.

"Is she ill?"

Isaac affirmed with a muted "yes".

"Does she require medical attention? Has she taken medication?" Rowena was worried about Camila's health, but then it dawned on her that Camila, being a doctor, could take care of herself.

She smiled. "You've had a long day. Let's have our meal first!"

Isaac lifted his son and proceeded to peel shrimps for him.

After dinner, he didn't ascend the staircase.

Instead, he remained downstairs with the children.

Once the children drifted off to sleep, he spent an extended duration alone in the livingroom.

All around, silence prevailed.

Then he stood up and went upstairs.

Upon nudging the bedroom door open, he found the room steeped in darkness.

He toggled the switch.

Click.

The room was bathed in light instantly.

Camila was seated on the couch.

When the light was on, she slightly raised her head.

Her eyes appeared somewhat reddened and swollen.

She had made a significant effort to collect herself. "I... I may be very busy in the upcoming days."

Isaac responded, "Understood."

"It's getting late. Time for bed." She offered a smile.

Isaac proceeded to the bathroom.

Upon his return from the bathroom, he noticed Camila had settled on the couch for the night.

She was turned inwards.

A blanket masked her face.

He positioned himself before the couch, gazing down at her.

Camila recoiled. She was aware of his gaze.

But she dared not turn around.

She avoided the bed because she felt tainted.

She was too ashamed to maintain a facade of normality as if nothing had happened.

She could only feign sleep to evade him!