

Chapter 526 You Saved Me Twice

Isaac didn't answer directly. Instead, he inquired, "Does something bother you?"

Camila shifted her stance, replying, "No, it's just my back aches a bit from standing too long."

Then, she avoided Isaac's gaze, her head bowed, as she suggested, "It's getting late. We should head back."

With that, she walked away, trying to stand tall and hide any sign of discomfort from Isaac.

Isaac, standing still, asked, "How long will you need?"

Camila paused, surprised, then hastened her steps.

She didn't want to talk about this conversation, especially with him.

Isaac caught up and grasped her hand, regardless of her consent.

Camila attempted to break free but couldn't, ultimately following him.

At the entrance of the yard, Isaac stopped the car, took out the keys, and the headlights flashed as he opened the door. Leaning against the window, Camila turned to him and said, "Isaac."

She looked up, weary, and stated, "I'm really tired today. I don't want to argue."

Isaac just hummed, lips pursed.

Camila tugged at her wrist, urging, "Release my hand first."

But Isaac held on, staring intensely at her.

Camila felt uneasy under his gaze and didn't return it.

She simply said, "Let's go home," and climbed into the car.

Isaac slid into the driver's seat from the other side and started the car.

Camila shut her eyes and leaned on the seat, which made her pain ease a bit.

The car was enveloped in silence.

Neither of them spoke.

With it being night, the roads were almost empty, allowing them to get home quickly.

As Isaac parked the car, Camila opened her eyes, only to realize they weren't at their house but at the hospital.

Confused, she asked, "Why are we at the hospital?"

Without a word, Isaac got out and opened her door, simply saying, "Come on out."

"Why do you bring me here?" Camila stayed put, not moving an inch.

"Look at your pale face. Isn't it obvious why we're at a hospital?" Isaac leaned in to unbuckle her seatbelt.

Camila swatted his hands away, insisting, "I'm okay. I'm a doctor, remember? I know my own body. Don't make assumptions about me."

Isaac watched her closely before asking, "What's got you so upset?"

"I'm not ill. Taking me to the hospital is like you're wishing something bad on me," she snapped.

Isaac didn't lose his cool but smiled instead, seeing her vent felt better than her being downcast.

Camila's frown deepened. "What's so funny? Do I look like a joke to you?"

In a soft voice, he called her, "Mila, do you trust me?"

After a brief pause, Camila said, "I don't buy it. For me, it's all about human nature."

Isaac's expression turned serious. "Mila, I think it was fate that brought us together. I'm so fortunate to have met you twice when I did."

Camila, understanding his point, questioned, "Why bring up the past?"

"I'll never forget it. It'll stay with me forever." Holding Camila's hands, he confessed, "I said it didn't bother me. And that's the truth. You've saved me twice. In other words, you gave me two lives."

Camila's stern face eased into a smile. "Really? I don't remember it. I just thought I gave birth to two sons."

"Now you're in the mood to joke." Isaac gently stroked her hand, noting, "You've gotten thinner. Haven't been eating or sleeping well, have you? You look worn out. Are you having a stomachache?"

Pulling her hands away, Camila changed the subject. "What have you been up to these last few days?"

"I've been busy with work..."

He was cut off mid-sentence by Camila. "I get it. You're busy. I'm alright. Let's head back!"

With that, she shut the door.

Isaac, frowning, realized something. She was really upset.

He opened the door again.



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