

Mistaken Marriage, Unexpected Love

Chapter 71

Chapter 71 Where Did You Go On Our Wedding Night

Camila looked up at him with fiery eyes. "Let me go!" Instead of letting her go, Isaac held her more tightly.

Camila's breath hitched.

"When you hugged me earlier, I didn't want you to leave my arms again," Isaac stated in a serious tone.

That caught Camila off guard.

Was that why he lied to her?

At this realization, Camila stopped struggling in his hold.

She snuggled up against Isaac and buried her face in his chest.

She shut her eyes and inhaled deeply of his scent.

"Can you tell me where you went on our wedding night?"

Camila finally asked.

She wanted to know if her suspicions were right.

Isaac's face twisted in distress.

That night, he met Debora and...

"Why are you asking?" Isaac whispered.

He wanted to avoid talking about this as much as possible.

"I just want to know. Can't you tell me?" Camila looked up at him with

expectant eyes. "I was out of the country, dealing with the company's affairs," he replied. He could not tell Camila that he slept with Debora

that night.

They were getting along quite well lately, and he did not want to ruin what they had now, He did not want them to fight because of this

With a downcast expression, Camila sighed and murmured, "I see."

She was mistaken.

He was not that man.

Suddenly, they heard footsteps from the opening of the hole. Someone was approaching

Wynter arrived with some people, including Leland and his daughter. Someone shone a light down the hole, revealing Camila's untidy appearance

"Turn off the light!" Isaac shouted.

In an instant, it was dark again.

Isaac unbuttoned his suit jacket and draped it on Camila.

Someone inserted a ladder in the opening.

Isaac helped Camila get out of the hole first.

'As soon as the two were out, Leland hurriedly explained,

"Oh, I'm so sorry! This is my daughter, Marlowe's fault.

She took Miss Haynes to

the rose garden because she wanted to be friends with

her. It's Marlowe's favorite place, you see. After Miss

Haynes fell into the hole, she

returned

to the manor and asked me to save her, but you found her

first." Leland was a cunning man. He knew that his

daughter had done

something stupid.

Thus, he promptly came up with an explanation to excuse Marlowe's

behaviour. "Are you okay?"

Marlowe grimaced inwardly. Despite her protests, her father insisted

that she apologize to Camila. "I'm sorry. It's all my fault. You got hurt because of me. I hope you don't get mad at me." Camila frowned. It

was like the woman before her and the one who pushed her into the hole were two completely different people.

She and her father were peas in a pod.

Both of them were excellent liars

Camila smiled sharply. "It's weird, isn't it? There were only two of us here, and then I felt someone push me. I wonder who did it."

At that point, Marlowe could not keep her anger in check anymore. "Are you saying that it was me who pushed you?"

"Marlowe, that's not what Miss Haynes means. Why would you push her if you were going to save her in the end?

You were the one who

told me that she fell into the hole. I can prove that you're innocent."

Aside from being cunning, Leland was also a great talker.

He just answered Camila's question and proved his daughter's innocence in the same breath.

"No one wanted this to happen. Thankfully, you don't seem to be hurt at all. However, as the host, I have to bear some responsibility for this

situation. Please let me apologize to you by treating you to a meal." Leland was a big shot in the business industry. Naturally, if he were in control of this situation, he could reduce a major issue to a minor one. Isaac, though, was not someone to be trifled with.

"There's no need for that. The road in your house is very slippery. I might fall into another hole if I go for the dinner." Isaac shot Marlowe a piercing look of disapproval before continuing, "Your daughter's ways of making friends are unique. I won't forget about this."

Having said that, he reached out and wrapped an arm around Camila's shoulders, saying, "Let's go." It was clear that Isaac was disappointed.

Leland was going to say more, but his daughter cut him off. Marlowe whispered, "Dad, does he think it's our fault?" Leland directed a glare at her. "This is all your fault! Why are you so impatient?"

Marlowe pointed at Isaac and Camila. "Dad, their relationship..."

"Don't even think about it." Leland wanted his daughter to give up on her pursuit of Isaac.

Marlowe scowled. "No."

"You..."

Leland gaped at her, speechless.

As soon as they stepped into the car, Camila instructed the driver to go to the hospital.

Afterward, she turned to Isaac. "We should get you examined."

"Mr. Johnston, are you hurt?" Wynter, who was in the front passenger seat, asked worriedly.

Camila glanced at her.

"What about you, Miss Haynes? Are you okay?" Wynter added.

Camila nodded in response.

When they arrived at the hospital, Isaac was immediately examined by

a doctor, who claimed that the snake that bit him was non-venomous,

much to Camila's relief.

At some point during the ride home, Camila dozed off with her head on

Isaac's shoulder. Soon, the driver pulled up to the villa.

Wynter was about to wake Camila up, but Isaac stopped her. He said,

"You can go now." He then got out of the car with Camila in his arms. Glenda let out an audible gasp when she saw Camila being carried

inside

by Isaac, looking like she had been through a traumatic experience. "Oh, my." "We're fine," Isaac reassured.

Glenda showed good judgment by not pressing the issue and leaving

without further comment.

She knew that Isaac would call her if he needed her.

Isaac opened the door to the bedroom and placed Camila gently on the bed.

The fact that she did not even wake up when he transferred her from the car to the bed just showed how exhausted she was.

Isaac returned to his room to take a shower.

When he came back, Camila was still sleeping in the same position as before he left. What happened tonight must have taken a toll on her.

Isaac approached her and took off her coat. It was then that he noticed the tiny scratches on her arms. There were a few long ones as well.

Thankfully, they had stopped bleeding.

A frown formed on Isaac's face. After undressing Camila, he went to get some hot water to wash her in before he started cleaning her wounds with iodine.

She would twitch from time to time, probably because of the pain.

Isaac tried to be as gentle as possible as he cleaned her wounds

Once he was done, he gathered her in his arms and fell asleep.

Camila kept sleeping, oblivious to the fact that she was currently naked in his arms.

She was so exhausted that she slept till morning. The sun was already up when she woke up. A ray of light peeked in through the curtains

Camila groaned.

As she prepared to stretch, she became aware of the presence of another person in the room.

When she finally opened her eyes, she found Isaac lying next to her. What the hell? Did he sleep with her?

Taking the blanket off her, Camila prepared to get up. However, she suddenly realized that she was only wearing one pair of underwear.

The dress she wore last night required her to go braless. Was it Isaac who took off her dress?

"Are you awake?" Isaac asked while resting his head on his hand lazily.

Camila curled up under the blanket, exposing just her eyes as she peered at him.

"Why... Why are you in my room?"

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Chapter 72

Chapter 72 Stop Monitoring Her

Looking into her wide-opened and watchful eyes, Isaac asked, "Don't you remember what happened last night?"

The words "last night" were emphasized in a way that anyone would misinterpret.

"Last night?"

Camila remembered going to the hospital with Isaac and falling asleep on the way home. She did not remember what had happened after

that. 'That was to say that she had no idea how Isaac got her to the bedroom or how he undressed her
She did not feel like anything was wrong with her body, though.

She had done it before, so she knew how the body would feel after having sex.

Isaac must have read her mind, because he affectionately tapped her nose and said, "Relax. I didn't do anything to you."

Camila breathed a sigh of relief.

"Anyway, it's late, We should get up."

Isaac got out of bed and left the room to save her the embarrassment he anticipated she would feel if he stayed there.

Camila knew he did not do anything to her.

It did not stop the warmth that engulfed her heart, though She was thankful for his consideration.

Suddenly, she remembered that she had a dance class.

She glanced at

the clock. It was close to nine o'clock in the morning already.

Although she was naked, she jumped out of bed. While she showered in the bathroom, she paid little mind to the scratches on her arms.

Healing from such small injuries would just take a few days. After showering, she changed into clean clothes and hurriedly headed downstairs.

Isaac was already in the dining area.

"Come and eat," he said when he saw her.

"I'm late for work," Camila groaned.

"Just file for a leave." Isaac beckoned her to sit at the table.

Eventually, she made her way over and sat down.

Isaac handed her a cup of warm milk. "Stay and rest for today."

Camila took the cup and drank from it.

After a brief pause, she whispered, "All right."

She was not taking Isaac's advice. She was just really late for work and had no choice but to ask for leave.

"[I have to take care of something today, but I'll be back early tonight," Isaac stated.

He was openly disclosing his schedule to her.

It felt very much like a talk between a man and his wife.

Suddenly, Camila's grip on the milk cup became firmer.

"I see," she replied in a low voice.

She was not used to such a harmonious atmosphere between them.

A little later, Isaac made his way to the company.

Within minutes of his arrival, Wynter informed him, "Mr. Perry has been waiting for you for a long time. It seems like he wants to talk about what

happened yesterday." "I won't meet him," Isaac replied bluntly. "Understood, sir."

Wynter proceeded to the lobby, where Leland was waiting.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Perry, but Mr. Johnston is scheduled to meet with another person.

We are unable to reschedule this appointment as it was scheduled over a month ago. Would you mind visiting some other time again?"

Please, I just need a moment to speak with him."

Given what happened last night, Leland was trying to avoid any sort of conflict with Isaac.

He knew Isaac well, which was why he decided to visit his company.

He was hoping that Isaac would take what had happened last night as nothing.

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Perry. We really can't reschedule this appointment." Wynter maintained a positive attitude and a respectful distance the

entire time. "How about this? Allow me to schedule your next visit so that it won't be in vain that you came all the way here. Mr. Johnston is really busy right now."

Leland, being as perceptive as he was, guessed that Wynter was just giving him an excuse not to meet Isaac. She came up with a good one too.

Obviously, Isaac had no intention of meeting him.

Since Leland was already at his company, he should be able to spare a few minutes for him even if he had an appointment with someone

else. It seemed Isaac was still upset about last night's events.

If not, he would not have been so forthright in his refusal to see Leland. Irritation rose within Leland, and the only person he could express

his dissatisfaction to was Wynter. "I get it. Mr. Johnston is busy. You sure have a way with words."

Wynter remained smiling. "Let me see you off."

"No, thanks. I know the way out." His intentions were pure, and he had waited patiently for Isaac to arrive.

Nevertheless, he was turned

down so flatly.

Naturally, this made him angry.

He could not understand why Isaac was making such a big deal out of last night's incident. They were both able to escape the hole

unharmd. And Isaac's relationship with that woman was still unknown to everyone. Maybe she was really Isaac's girlfriend.

In any case, it would not be long before he got sick of her.

Eventually, no one would remember who she was

Then, it was over.

Isaac knew that what happened last night was not that big of a deal. That was why he did not want to argue with Leland about it. 5

'Wynter returned to the office and reported, "I've sent Mr. Perry away, sir." Isaac hummed in acknowledgment.

"By the way, sir, should we continue keeping an eye on your wife?" Wynter asked.

When Isaac invited Camila to the dinner party with him the day before, he briefly instructed the people keeping an eye on her to halt their duties.

For this matter, Wynter required an order from Isaac before making a move.

Isaac gave it some thought before saying, "No."

He did not want to force her to be with him anymore.

He would like it better if she chose to stay with him of her own accord. Leland thought his daughter would get over what happened

yesterday after some time had passed, but he was mistaken.

After some investigation, Marlowe learned that Camila worked as a dance teacher in a dance studio. That morning, she decided to visit her workplace.

"Elva, can I take a day off? I won't be able to make it to the dance studio today," Camila asked Elva on the phone.

"Sure, but there's a woman here looking for you," Elva stated. "Who is it?"

"I don't know. She said she was your friend."

Camila did not have any female friend in the city, though She thought for a while.

Was it the woman from last night?

"What's her name?" Camila inquired.

In the dance studio, Elva turned to Marlowe and asked, "What's your name?"

"Marlowe Perry. Where is she now?" Marlowe replied impatiently.

The voice she heard on the other end of the line and the voice of the woman she met last night sounded exactly the same.

"Tell her that I've resigned," Camila instructed

She did not want to give that woman any more chance to make trouble

for her. "Sure," Elva responded.

After ending the call, she turned her attention back to Marlowe. "She'll never come here again. She has resigned."

"Why did she resign?" Marlowe asked.

"She seems to have found another job," Elva lied.

Marlowe snorted. She did not believe Elva at all. The woman probably quit because she was now Isaac's girlfriend.

The more she considered the likelihood of it, the more enraged she felt. After a while, Marlowe stormed out of the dance studio. ®

Because she did not go to work, Camila was left with nothing to do at home. She saw an article online that there was a public address taking place at the Hammaslahti Research Centre today, so she decided to attend it.

The Hammaslahti Research Centre was established as a place dedicated to cardiac research.

Camila was never the type of person who would turn down the opportunity to take part in any medical conferences, especially when she had free time.

She was already at the door when Glenda called her.

"Mrs. Johnston." Camila turned a questioning gaze at her. "Yes?"

"Are you going out?"

Camila nodded.

"Please wait a minute."

After getting the first aid kit, Glenda beckoned her closer.

"Come here."

Camila glanced at the first aid kit before asking, "Are you hurt, Glenda? Where did you get hurt? Let me see..."

"It's you who's hurt, not me. Before Mr. Johnston left, he asked me to

treat your wounds with some medicine." Camila examined her arms. "They are just minor injuries. No need to worry. "Mr. Johnston is worried about you either way." Glenda pinned her a look as if saying that this matter was not up for debate. If Isaac had not been worried about Camila, he would not have instructed Glenda to treat her wounds. Camila, feeling awkward, dipped her chin slightly. In the end, she let Glenda apply medication to her scratches. Afterward, she headed out. As soon as Camila left the house, however, she was confronted by someone. @

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Chapter 73

Chapter 73 He Is Impotent

It wasn't someone else, but rather Marvin.

"Isaac had nothing to do with Aldrin getting beaten up.

Now think about it carefully. Did you offend anyone who might have vented their anger on your son?"

"Not Isaac?" It was obvious that Marvin did not believe her. "Who else would it be if not him? I offended no one. The only possible suspect is Isaac, no one else."

"And do you have any evidence to back that up?" Camila asked.

"He hit Isaac's assistant who is still in the hospital, and his girlfriend..." "Well, Dad, you'd better check and gather your proof before slinging accusations."

Camila wasn't interested in speaking with her father anymore. Especially when he mentioned Debora.

"You won't get dragged into this matter, right?"

Marvin had belatedly realized that his daughter might be implicated in the issue.

Camila flashed him a cold smile. "This concern of yours is quite rare." The man narrowed his eyes at the unmistakable sarcasm in her tone.

"Listen, I'm too busy with the matter of Aldrin to waste time on you..." Camila scoffed. Sure enough, her father was only putting up appearances. There was no reason for him to actually care about her.

"I have something else to do," she cut in before he could find some

flimsy excuse. "Let's talk about this at another time."

Marvin clearly wanted to say more, but he could only sigh and leave. Camila got in the car and looked out the window. She couldn't help but feel conflicted.

Ultimately, she decided not to ask Isaac about the issue.

Isaac had already asked his assistant to investigate. If they had found anything, they would have surely contacted her by now.

She brushed the matter off her mind and decided to focus on the speech. Whenever she heard something related to her needs, she immediately recorded the snippet. The speech went on for more than two hours, and Camila didn't miss a minute of it. Once it was

concluded, she stretched, feeling parched. She spotted a café across the road, and she headed over. After ordering a glass of juice, she

settled down and reviewed her notes. Without warning, someone was standing beside the table.

Camila raised her head to find it was none other than Marlowe.

She instantly became alert.

"It's really you. I thought I've mistaken someone else. It looks like we're destined to meet." Marlowe had no reservations at all, and sat across from Camila

She leaned forward and went straight to the point. "Tell me, what is your relationship with Isaac?"

"Why should I tell you? It's none of your business. Stop being nosy." Camila took one look at her pompous face and retorted without hesitation,

Marlowe's expression darkened. "You'd better watch your back. You're just a dance teacher with no background to speak off. Do you

honestly think Isaac will marry you? You would do well to nip your daydreaming right in the bud."

Camila smirked and looked at her like she was an idiot. This was probably just another bimbo who obsessed over Isaac's appearance and wealth.

"Well, if Isaac doesn't marry me, what then? Are you saying that he's going to marry you?"

Marlowe cocked her head to the side and flashed her a haughty grin. "I'm certainly a more suitable candidate than you. My family background alone makes me a perfect match for him. You have no hope in that regard."

"Oh, I see." Camila nodded without care.

Marlowe was visibly puzzled by this. "What's with your sudden change in attitude?"

"Hmm? Why, what were you expecting?"

Marlowe blinked at Camila, at a loss for words.

Just then, the waiter arrived and placed Camila's glass of juice on the table

She picked it up without missing a beat and downed the beverage in one

go. She wanted to leave the place as soon as possible.

Camila finished her juice and tried to stand, but Marlowe stopped her. "Stay away from Isaac."

Camila was amused.

This whole thing was just so ridiculous.

"Do you know Isaac well? Are you sure that he will marry you once I leave him?"

Judging by their conversation, Camila could tell that Marlowe wasn't aware of Debora's existence.

Otherwise, the woman wouldn't be so arrogant. Camila sighed inwardly. Sure enough, a devastatingly handsome face was a disaster. It was definitely because of Isaac's face that Marlowe was acting beyond reason.

"Don't you know that the party you attended was actually arranged by my father for the specific purpose of introducing Isaac and me? But then he arrived with you hanging on his arm, and it screwed up our plans. If it weren't for you, I might already be with Isaac."

Camila's hands reflexively clenched into fists under the table.

It was true that Marlowe hailed from a powerful family. What astounded her was the fact that the party had been organized as some one-sided blind date affair. If Isaac hadn't taken her there, who knew what else Leland had planned for Isaac and his daughter?

So, Marlowe hated her for ruining her chances with Isaac. But Isaac had a foul temper and was terrible company. She couldn't fathom what these women saw in him, They just kept coming, one after another.

"I'm really curious how you fell in love with Isaac," Camila asked.

"He's very attractive," Marlowe replied matter-of-factly.

"And he comes from a family that is of equal status as mine."

Indeed, the most common reason would have to be because of the man's good looks.

And then there was his net worth.

Women were bound to flock to a handsome man who had both money and power.

"So, are you going to leave Isaac or not?" Marlowe prodded.

"If he's willing to leave me, then I will stay as far away as I can," Camila said truthfully.

Marlowe blinked at her, dumbfounded.

"What is that supposed to mean? Are you saying that Isaac is the one latching on to you?"

But before Camila could even answer, she added with a sneer, "Do you think you are worthy of him?"

Camila paused. It was a long-established fact that she and Isaac were not a good match.

"I sincerely hope that you get the man you desire as soon as possible," she said before getting to her feet. "And let me give you some

insight into Isaac's special hobbies. He's a weirdo who likes beating up women, and he has a pretty complicated love life. Not only that, but

he also has a secret condition. Yes, I'm saying that he is impotent. He may look like the ideal man on the surface, but he is not human at all."

"Nonsense!" Marlowe burst out in disbelief. "Why have I never heard of these?"

"Because he has an image to maintain, of course. Why else? Do you think he would reveal his true nature to just anyone?" Camila smirked.

"Like I said, I wish you the best, and may you win his heart as soon as possible."

With that, she glided out of the café

Marlowe watched her go with narrowed eyes, a seed of doubt already taking root in her heart.

If Isaac was indeed the perfect catch that she initially thought him to be, then how come he was still single?

Perhaps there was a sliver of truth in Camila's words.

While Isaac's looks could rival a god's, Marlowe had no plans to marry an

impotent man 'She wanted a happily ever after.

Camila went straight back to the villa.

Isaac's car was already parked when she arrived. He was home?

She glanced at her watch.

It was too early for him to be back already. Camila sighed and walked into the villa.

Isaac wasn't in the living room, so she went upstairs and knocked on his

bedroom door. No answer.

She turned around and was about to leave when the door suddenly opened behind her.

She whirled around, but the person standing there was not Isaac.

Moreover...

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Chapter 74

Chapter 74 Movie Date

"Why are you here?" Camila asked with surprise written all over her face. "I came here to get something for Mr. Johnston," Wynter calmly answered. "I'm leaving now. I have to go back to the company."

Without waiting for Camila's response, she turned around to leave.

But before walking out of the door, she took a stealthy glance at Camila. Although the latter sensed that something was wrong, she did not think too much of it

Wynter was Isaac's secretary, after all. She could enter his room at will. Camila figured she should not put malice in it, especially since

Wynter was just doing her job.

"Mrs. Johnston?" Glenda called Camila excitedly from downstairs. Camila went downstairs at once and greeted Glenda.

"You're really back!" Glenda exclaimed with a smile.

"Yes." Camila sat on the sofa and then asked Glenda the question that had been bothering her. "Glenda, does Wynter come to the villa

often?" "No. She seldom comes here. Willie is the one who usually does, and he's always with Mr. Johnston."

Camila nodded, but she did not seem too happy with Glenda's answer. "Why do you ask?" Glenda winked and added, "Is it because she's a woman? Mrs. Johnston, are you jealous?"

Camila was stunned. She frowned at Glenda as if what the latter had said was embarrassing. "Glenda..."

Glenda chuckled. "Fine. I won't make fun of you anymore."

Feeling a little hungry, Camila walked over to the fridge and looked for something to eat. Then, to kill time, she watched TV in the living

room. Isaac promised he would come home early. But it was already late in the evening, and he still had not returned.

It was not until the next morning that Camila saw Isaac.

"What time did you come home last night?" she curiously asked.

"Late. Something came up," Isaac briefly explained.

Camila did not ask anything more. He was free to do what he wanted anyway.

At this moment, the two of them ate breakfast in silence.

They both seemed to have something to say but did not know how to start.

"You..."

Pat

Camila and Isaac spoke at the same time

"You go first," the latter urged. »

"Have you found out who hit Aldrin? My father kept asking me." She did not want Marvin to come to her for this matter again. #

"Wynter hasn't told me yet," Isaac answered,

Camila nodded in understanding. She brought a spoonful of porridge into her mouth and remembered something.

"By the way, what did you want to say?"

Suddenly, Isaac clenched his napkin, and a nervous look flashed across his face.

Camila rarely saw him like this.

The reason Isaac had come home late last night was that he did today's work in advance. He planned to be with her today.

He had come across a tutorial on the Internet on how to pursue a girl. According to it, men should not be a coward and should take the initiative in asking the lady out. «

The relationship between Isaac and Camila was improving. If he wanted to further develop their relationship, he had to make time for her and exert effort.

"Would you like to watch a movie with me?" Isaac asked in an unusually low and serious voice.

He had no experience in pursuing women, so he was clueless about how to do it.

Camila choked on the food she was eating and looked at Isaac in shock. She could not believe what he just said. Isaac was embarrassed but forced himself to be calm.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

Was this woman laughing at him?

At the thought of this, his ears turned red, and a deep frown appeared on his face.

Camila shook her head. "Are you being serious right now?"

"Why would I joke about this?" Isaac retorted. Did it look like he was playing around?

Meanwhile, Camila could not help but snicker. She had known Isaac to be a self-centered and arrogant jerk. It was unlike him to ask her out.

Sitting opposite her, Isaac was speechless. For a moment, he felt the urge to squeeze this woman's face in annoyance.

Did she think he was being funny?

If Camila heard what Isaac was thinking, she would definitely say yes. How funny it was to hear him invite her to watch a movie. Well, she was

aware he was inexperienced in this matter, so she got to cut him some slack.

"Few people go to the cinema in the morning, and it's more fun to watch a movie in the evening."

Isaac did not know what to say to that.

The Internet did not say whether it was better to watch a movie in the morning or at night.

"Let's watch a movie tonight," Camila straightforwardly suggested.

Isaac, however, did not seem to get what she was implying.

"Whatever." He stood up and left the dining room in annoyance.

This woman always rubbed him the wrong way. Could she not just say yes when he invited her? She still needed to choose the right time...

Meanwhile, Camila could not help but think of how cute Isaac was when he got all flustered.

Well, he was indeed a little cute. «

Camila left for work after breakfast. And during her free time, she browsed the Internet for movies showing in cinemas. She chose her favorite genre—a mind-boggling crime and mystery movie. Several hours later, it was time to get off work. She hurried back home, excited about her movie date with Isaac. When she got back, she saw Isaac at home. She did not seem to notice he did not leave the house to go to work today.

Isaac was at home when she left this morning. And when she returned, he was still there.

"Shall we go to the cinema?" Camila urged with a bright smile.

Isaac's gloomy face eased a little upon hearing this. How could he be completely happy? He had been waiting for her the whole day.

"Let's go." Isaac pressed the key fob and opened the door of the car. "What kind of movie do you want to watch? I'll buy tickets online,"

Camila asked after fastening the seatbelt.

Isaac frowned. Were they supposed to buy tickets in advance? But then, he pretended to know everything so as not to embarrass himself.

"You can choose whatever you like. By the way, isn't buying tickets at the cinema the same?"

"Yes, but it's cheaper to buy tickets online. We can even get free Coca-Cola and French fries."

"are those things expensive?" Isaac asked sarcastically. Camila fell silent.

Fine!

She forgot that Isaac did not need to consider the price. He was filthy rich in the first place.

Just as Isaac wanted, they did not buy tickets until they arrived at the cinema.

Recently, there was a popular romance movie that many young couples would come to watch. Because of this, the allotted seats were more than in the other movies.

"Which movie do you want to watch?" the ticket seller asked.

"The one we can watch right now," Isaac answered.

The ticket seller nodded and gave him two tickets for the romance movie. It was not until Camila entered the hall that she realized what they were going to watch.

There was no turning back. They looked for the seats assigned to them and sat down.

Looking around, they were surrounded by a lot of couples. These young couples hugged and kissed their partners as if nobody else was around. What was more, they also snuggled up to each other, not wanting to let go.

Camila could not bring herself to look sideways. But she must admit, it was good being young. The truth was, her age was not far from

these couples. It was just that she had experienced a lot that she became more mature than most of them.

The girl sitting next to Camila rested her head on her boyfriend's shoulder. And as they watched, she fed her boyfriend popcorn.

Apart from the movie's audio, their giggles could also be heard.

Upon casting a brief glance at them, Camila hastily averted her gaze, only to discover that Isaac was already looking at her.

She turned her attention to the movie, ignoring the fact that he was

staring at her. "Do you want to feed me too?" he whispered in her ear.

Camila was speechless. She almost blurted out how cheeky he was. But, of course, they were in public, and she had to restrain herself.

She pretended not to hear what Isaac said and continued watching. Isaac stared at her with his lips curled in discontent. He straightened up and watched the movie, but his hand wandered and landed on hers.

It was warm and strong

Camila felt butterflies in her stomach when she felt his hand on hers. She could not stand such intimacy, though. She tried to withdraw her hand.

"Stop it. Let's just watch."

Isaac stopped her and tightened his grip.

Camila turned her head to look at him. Much to her surprise, the light had fallen on his face, casting the perfect silhouette.

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Chapter 75

Chapter 75 Is Isaac Impotent

Camila stayed still in her seat. She was worried that a single movement of hers would alert the man beside her. By the time the movie was over, she found her hands wet with sweat. She was nervous as hell. On the other hand, Isaac had intertwined his

large fingers with her small ones

Since the movie had ended, Camila wanted to withdraw her hand back, but Isaac didn't move. He was still holding her hand tightly. Fearing

that she would make him upset, Camila had no choice but to let him be for the time being.

As they walked among the crowd, Camila couldn't help but look at Isaac's handsome face. Who said he didn't have any experience in dating

a woman? Camila would never believe it even if Isaac told her himself. Why wouldn't he be good at dating when he never failed to stir up

different emotions in her?

He must be pretending this morning!

After walking out of the cinema, they headed to a nearby night market. There were many people there. The place was quite bustling with people coming and leaving to enjoy street food and games.

As they walked into the night market area, Camila's eyes immediately caught a stall selling Takoyaki. It seemed like they were freshly made, which made Camila drool in her mouth.

Camila was hungry. She didn't know if it was because she watched the movie for more than two hours, or because she was pregnant and yearning for food. Probably both. No matter what, she needed a good food to sate her hunger. She tugged at Isaac and said, "I'm hungry."

Isaac lowered his head and looked at her. "What do you want to eat? I will take you there."

With a cute face, Camila pointed at the Takoyaki stall and said, "I want to eat that one."

Isaac turned his head in the direction of her finger and frowned. With a stern tone, he said, "It's not healthy."

Isaac didn't even give her time to argue. He immediately pulled her away and headed to the parking area, where his car was parked.

Then, he drove her to a fancy restaurant. The surrounding of the restaurant was quiet and decorated beautifully.

People coming there were no doubt from high class families.

The two took their seats at a table far away from the entrance. As soon as they sat down, a waiter politely passed the menu to Isaac, and

Isaac immediately gave it to Camila as he said, "Have a look at what you want to eat."

Camila opened the menu. She carefully chose the dishes that she liked, not caring about the prices for the slightest bit. Isaac would pay for them anyway, so she didn't hold back and would enjoy the food to her heart's content.

"This one, this too, and this..."

Camila pointed at the menu and ordered several dishes. They were all special dishes of the restaurant, and very pricy at that.

Coincidentally, Marlowe happened to have a reservation at the same restaurant. Just when Camila was ordering, Marlowe came inside.

The other time when she met with Camila, she learned something about the man she liked, which made her feel depressed. According to

Camila, Isaac was impotent and had a strange hobby of hitting women. This

made him a pervert! As she thought about it, she got confused, sad, and angry. Because of that, she was not in the mood to have a meal

the whole day. But she was a human being, after all and would get hungry eventually. At that moment, her consciousness was yelling her to

get something delicious, which led her to come to the restaurant where Camila was

'As Marlowe walked into the restaurant, she heard a familiar voice. At first, she couldn't believe her ears. When she turned around, she really

saw the face that she couldn't be more familiar with. It was Camila indeed.

Was it fate that they met again?

Also, who did she come with?

Isaac! Was she with Isaac?

But Camila told her that Isaac was a pervert who liked to beat women. If so, why would Camila have dinner with him, and so happily at that?

Did Camila deceive her? Was it because Camila wanted her to give up? Only then would she be able to have Isaac all to herself!

Marlowe thought Camila was so cunning! If she hadn't seen them together today, she would have been blinded and not have seen the truth. Fortunately, she met them and knew what was going on.

As Marlowe thought about it, anger flared up within her. She felt resentful toward Camila more and more. How she wished that she could make Camila regret for lying to her and leave Isaac right away!

"Miss, are you going to take a seat?" A waiter's voice interrupted Marlowe's train of thoughts. She came back to her senses and said, "Take me to a table where I won't get any attention."

"Okay. Please follow me," said the waiter with a smile. Then, the waiter took her to a corner of the restaurant, which seemed quite secluded. No one would recognize her if she sat there. But she could see everyone, especially Camila, from her seat.

Camila was really enjoying her food. Her eyes tured into a crescent shape with a smile tugged at her lips whenever she put the food into her mouth.

It was no surprise at all. The restaurant was famous for its delicious and delicate food, which made Camila have a very good appetite.

At that time, Isaac received a call from someone else. Glancing at the caller ID, he stood up and was about to leave the table to take the call. Before he left, he said to Camila, "I'm going out to answer a phone call."

Camila nodded her head and said, "Okay." After saying that, she continued to eat. She seemed like she had starved herself for a long time.

Isaac looked at her face and saw that the corner of her mouth was stained with some sauce. He reached out and wiped it with his hand.

Then, he said, "Slow down, will you? No one is going to take your food away."

From afar, Marlowe caught that scene. Isaac's gentle and affectionate gesture toward Camila stirred up jealousy within her. She really wished that she was the one who had a romantic dinner and received such a passionate treatment from Isaac, and not Camila.

Meanwhile, Camila's heart throbbed slightly when she felt Isaac's finger touch her lips. But soon, Camila managed to calm her beating heart down and continued to eat.

Marlowe saw Isaac go out. As soon as he was out of her sight, she couldn't help but walk over to Camila.

"You lied to me?" said Marlowe angrily. She had a scowl on her face. Camila raised her head upon hearing the voice. At that moment, she was chewing her food.

When she saw Marlowe, she was surprised. She asked, "Why are you here? Are you following me?"

"Who do you think you are to say that?" Marlowe was exasperated and refuted right away.

Camila said calmly, "Then, why are you angry?"

Hearing this, Marlowe didn't know how to answer. "You..." Marlowe was so angry that she couldn't get the words out of her mouth, and her whole body trembled. Her eyes scanned the table and

caught sight of a glass of water. Immediately, her hands picked it up and threw the water at Camila's face.

Camila was caught off guard. Marlowe's action was so fast that she didn't have a chance to react and dodge the attack.

After wiping the water off her face, Camila looked at Marlowe and said coldly, "If you're done, get out of here."

"Who are you talking about?" Seeing that Camila was calm, Marlowe was even more infuriated.

Camila looked at her intently and continued, "If you want to pursue Isaac, he is..." She was about to point in the direction where Isaac left

and told Marlowe that Isaac was outside. But before she finished her words, Isaac had already come back inside.

So, she said, "He's right there. You can pursue him."

Marlowe turned around and saw Isaac standing not far away. Seeing the man she liked so much, Marlowe was a little shy. Her expression changed completely from an ugly scowl to a timid one with her face flushed red.

Her eyelids fluttered as she said with a soft voice, "Hello... Isaac..." A moment ago, she was so smooth in talking with Camila, or more like yelling at her. But at that moment, she couldn't even speak fluently to the man she admired.

Isaac, of course, was unfazed and walked over to Camila with an indifferent expression.

Marlowe was afraid that she would give Isaac a bad impression of herself, so she explained hurriedly, "It's because Camila lied to me." Isaac asked, "What did she say to you?"

"She told me that your private life is chaotic and that you have some strange hobbies. She also said you are a pervert that loves to beat women. Besides, you... you are impotent!" said Marlowe, not leaving a single information she got from Camila. Camila was rendered speechless. She took a peek at Isaac, wondering if he was pissed off by what he just heard.

If she had known that she would be exposed too early, she would not have said those to Marlowe. She had initially planned to let Marlowe give up on him. At the same time, she wanted to ruin Isaac's reputation. That was only her intention. But right now, it seemed that she had screwed everything up. #

She was caught red-handed, and she couldn't help being anxious

Isaac simply nodded. He neither refuted nor explained about himself. He shot a glance at Camila before he said to Marlowe, "But it's you who splashed water across her face. So, you are at fault." Hearing this, Marlowe's timid expression completely disappeared. She wanted to say something, but again, the words didn't come out.

How could Isaac say that? Why? Was he biased toward Camila? "Apologize to her," said Isaac coldly.

Marlowe had never been at a loss like that. At that moment, she felt profound hatred and jealousy deep inside her heart. She pursed her lips tightly as her hands clenched into tight fists. Her expression had become ferocious.

However, she did throw the water at Camila, and Isaac saw everything. If she denied that she didn't do anything wrong, would Isaac hate her and think that she was a vulgar woman?

But Marlowe didn't want to give in to Camila either. Camila lied to her in the first place. So, it should be Camila who must apologize to her?

How could she ask for forgiveness and reconcile like that? But in the end, Marlowe decided to give in. She bit her bottom lip hard and said reluctantly, "I'm sorry..."

Camila heard Marlowe, but somehow, she didn't feel happy to hear that. She looked at Isaac and saw his calm face. But she knew better than anyone what he hid under such a relaxed expression.

Isaac would definitely deal with her later. Camila knew what kind of person he was.

"No problem," said Camila.

After saying that, she wiped her mouth with a tissue in an elegant manner. Then, she said to Isaac, "I am done eating. It's time to go home."

She wanted to leave the restaurant alone, hoping that she would escape from the aftermath of what she had said recklessly. As she walked

past the two, she felt her wrist grabbed by Isaac. Before she could react, she was already in Isaac's arms. She could feel the warmth radiating from his body.

He lowered his head and said into her ears, "What's the rush? Why don't you wait for me?"

Camila felt her throat get dry just by listening to his husky voice. She couldn't even say a word and just took a deep breath while closing her

eyes. Isaac held Camila with one hand, while his other hand took out the wallet and handed the bill to the waiter. When everything was settled, Isaac pulled Camila by her waist and left the restaurant.

After getting inside the car, he fastened the seat belt for Camila. His gesture was so gentle in doing so.

Despite his gentlemanly manners, Camila's whole body went stiff. What was this man thinking about?

Why was he so creepy?

She thought for a while and decided to apologize first. She said, "Uh... I did say those things about you. But at that time, I just wanted to

drive away troublesome people from you. Only in this way can Marlowe give up and won't pester you anymore."

"Okay." Isaac only gave a short reply. When he answered, he didn't even look at Camila. Then, he asked, "Do I have to thank you?"

"Haha!" Camila let out a dry laugh. With a wry smile, she continued, "Don't misunderstand that I'm slandering you on purpose, and you don't need to thank me." 5

"No. I must thank you." This time, Isaac looked into Camila's eyes as he spoke.

Under his gaze, Camila got even more scared than before. She couldn't say anything back and didn't dare to move. She had a bad feeling!

Sure enough, her hunch quickly came true!