

## Chapter 24

I Want A Divorce! The moment Isaac stepped inside the room, Camila's jaw dropped and her whole body went stiff. Harrell stood up and greeted Isaac respectfully. "Mr. Johnston." Isaac's eyes swept past Harrell and landed on Camila, who was behind him. He had never seen this woman wear makeup since they met. She always wore conservative clothes, and she never wore anything attention-seeking. Yet now, she wore light makeup and a bright red dress. The halter neck accentuated her slender shoulders, making her look even more charming. Noticing that Camila didn't move, Harrell pulled her and whispered, "Stand up and greet him properly. This is Mr. Johnston." However, the second Harrell's hand touched Camila's arm, Isaac's expression darkened. If he wasn't a rational-thinking man, he might've rushed over and pulled Camila over on the spot. Camila slowly stood up. The body-hugging dress perfectly showed off her curvaceous figure. She looked alluring, like a rose in full bloom. Isaac blinked. An unknown emotion stirred in the depths of his heart. Camila was so nervous that her mind went blank. Never in her wildest dreams would she have expected that the potential investor would be Isaac! If she had known, she never would've agreed to Elva's request! She stuttered, "G-good evening, Mr. Johnston. Harrell smiled and introduced her to Isaac. "This is Miss Haynes." Then he asked Camila to pull out a chair for their esteemed guest. Camila broke out in a cold sweat, and her palms felt clammy. Why was she so afraid of Isaac? Maybe it was because this man humiliated her countless times, or because she had learned to be careful around this domineering man. Whatever the case might be, Camila felt extremely uneasy. And now, she had to pretend not to know Isaac. She quietly pulled out a chair for him and murmured, "Mr. Johnston, please." Isaac sat down. When Camila was about to return to her seat, Isaac suddenly grabbed her hand. It was normal for beautiful girls to be present at negotiations like this. Generally speaking, the one asking for help would offer a woman to the other party. Such a woman was "sacrificed" for them to get what they were asking for. @ But what was Camila doing here? His wife had to sacrifice her body for a living? « She had to be kidding him! Thinking of this, Isaac sneered coldly. He nearly broke Camila's wrist as he gripped it tightly, making her wince in pain. Camila wanted to break free from Isaac's clutches and run away, but if she did that, it'd ruin the negotiation between the two parties. So she had no choice but to stay and wear a flattering smile in front of Isaac. # Willie, who was standing behind Isaac, glanced at Camila curiously. This woman was a little out of line. When she showed up like this, did she ever consider what the others would think of Isaac if they found out that she and Isaac were married? Isaac would become the laughingstock of the upper class! Isaac looked up at Camila coldly. The next second, he tore his gaze away from her and asked deliberately, "Mr. Chavez, why did you bring such a woman here?" Sensing that Isaac was interested in Camila, Harrell smiled and said, "She's a dance teacher at my wife's dance studio. I thought that she could liven up dinner tonight." "A dance teacher?" Isaac couldn't help but raise his eyebrows in surprise. Wasn't she supposed to be a doctor? Even someone like her could be a dance teacher now? Ridiculous! "Yes! Perhaps we can ask her to perform a dance now," Harrell suggested, his eyes lighting up with great interest. « Isaac didn't answer at first. He silently picked up a napkin on the table and wiped his hands, even though they weren't dirty. All of a sudden, he stood up and announced, "I'd like to enjoy this dance alone." After saying that, he grabbed Camila's wrist and dragged her towards the door. On the way, he said to Willie, "I'll leave him to you." Harrell hurriedly asked, "But what about the investment—" Isaac had already looked into Harrell's company, and he was willing to invest, but now... He grinned wickedly. "It'll depend on Miss Haynes' performance." He deliberately emphasized the word "performance". Harrell wanted to say something more, but Willie stopped him. "Come, Mr. Chavez. Let's talk about the investment." As Isaac's assistant of many years, Willie knew what was on his boss' mind. Isaac pulled Camila out of the restaurant and shoved her into the car. The second he closed the door behind him, he hissed, "Camila, I really underestimated you. I never thought you'd do such a shameless thing!" He had got horny that night because of her. He had never been bewitched by a woman like this. He couldn't even think straight because of it. The whole ordeal infuriated him, because it was something beyond his control. He had never been so embarrassed in his life! Thus, he had been avoiding the villa these past few days because he didn't want to encounter a similar problem again. Yet he still managed to cross paths with this woman! And her outfit! When he saw the way she was dressed tonight, he wanted to strangle her. If it was someone else who had shown up today, would she have shown off her charm in front of that man? The more Isaac thought about it, the angrier he became. The rage blinded him, rendering him unable to think straight. He just wanted this woman for himself! No one else could have her! Isaac moved so fast that Camila failed to understand what was going on. By the time she came to her senses, her lips were sealed by his. "Hmm... Camila tried to break free, but the moment she moved her hands, Isaac grabbed her wrists and fixed them on top of her head, pinning them to the back of the chair. Isaac was rough. The kiss felt more like a punishment! Her lips were soft and

sweet. For some reason, she tasted familiar... He wanted more. But it hurt her. Camila's body trembled with pain, but she couldn't cry out for help. She could only bear the suffering in silence. A few minutes later, Isaac finally pulled away. He lowered his eyes and stared at her reddened, tender lips. He swallowed, and his voice was hoarse when he said, "Camila, while we're still married, you're not allowed to go out to seduce any other man. Do you understand?" Her lashes fluttered as she raised her tear-stained eyes to look at him. How dare he? Did he really think she would let him bully her like this? She glared at him and spat angrily, "Isaac, you took away my chance to go to Military Central Hospital. You even made me lose my job. I'm a human. I have the right to live! If I don't go out to earn money, you will support me?" Isaac was stunned. "What're you talking about? I took away your chance?" Camila pushed him away violently. "Drop the f\*\*king act! Didn't you ask the director to replace me with Debora?!" "What? I didn't..." Only then did Isaac remember that he had indeed asked the director to take care of Debora. So the reason why Debora was able to go to the said hospital was because she had snatched it from Camila? "You blocked me from my dream. Isaac, I hate you!" Camila spat through gritted teeth, unleashing her hatred. She sat up and pushed him away. Caught off-guard, Isaac fell backward. There was a trace of embarrassment in his usually cold eyes. Camila scrambled to get out of the car. She usually didn't wear high-heels, so her steps were a bit wobbly as she tried to run away from Isaac. Suddenly, the heel buckled from underneath her and she fell backward. Isaac caught her in the nick of time. Her soft body fell into his arms, enveloping him in her sweet scent. Isaac's heart skipped a beat.

Her skin was really soft and supple, and she felt so fragile, like a porcelain doll. Camila tried to push him away. "Let go of me!" Ignoring her cries, Isaac scooped her up, threw her into the car, and said in a low voice, "Enough!" But his tone wasn't as sharp as usual. In fact, there was a hint of concern in his voice. Camila felt desperate. "What do you want me to do? Will you leave me alone only if I'm dead?" Isaac turned his back to her so that she wouldn't see his conflicted expression. "You're the one who's disobedient." Camila felt so incredulous that she burst into laughter. He was the one who kept pushing her, and now he had the gall to accuse her of being disobedient? How dare he! "Isaac, I want a divorce!" At this moment, she didn't give a damn about the agreement she had signed with Robin. She just wanted to get away from Isaac as soon as possible. Otherwise, she would rather die! He turned to face her. His eyes were as fierce as a leopard staring at its prey. "Have you forgotten your agreement with my grandfather? What? You want to break your promise already?" Debora just so happened to step out of the restaurant at that moment, and she overheard Isaac's voice. She looked over curiously. Then she saw that Camila was sitting in Isaac's car. Her eyes widened. What the f\*\*k?!