

Chapter 34 Miscarriage

When Isaac awoke, a strong smell of disinfectant wafted into his nostrils. Although still groggy, he propped himself up.

"Mr. Johnston." Wynter rushed over to help him get up.

However, Isaac waved his hand in dismissal.

"I'm good." He paused for a moment and tried to remember what had happened. And once he recalled everything, he asked, "How's Willie?" "He's just undergone an operation. He's out of the woods now, but he hasn't woken up from the coma," Wynter answered. "You have a slight concussion. The doctor said you need to rest. Would you like to sleep for a while?"

Suddenly, the blood on Debora's legs flashed across his mind. He pursed his lips and, after a moment of silence, asked, "How's Debora?" 2

"The doctor said she had a miscarriage. She has a few scratches on her body, but otherwise, she's fine. She had just woken up when I arrived. If you want to visit her, she's in the next ward." Wynter hesitated for a moment and asked, "Do you want to call her over?" @

Isaac waved his hand in refusal.

He had mixed feelings toward her.

On one hand, he could not stand her, much less want her to be the mother of his child.

But on the other hand, he was devastated that his child was gone.

He wanted to do something to vent his grief.

"Has the police started the investigation?" he asked with a straight face

"Yes, but they haven't found out who the driver of the other car was." Before losing consciousness, Isaac saw that the driver who caused the wreck was a boy. He did not seem injured as Isaac saw him climb out of the car and run away. He must have been terrified. Isaac could not tell if the boy had a driver's license.

"Have someone investigate the accident, and make sure to find the culprit before the police. But don't kill him. Just give him a lesson he'll never forget. By the way, I want you to call the doctor who examined Debora and tell him I want to speak with him."

Isaac saw the blood flow out of Debora's body with his own eyes, which made it highly logical that she was indeed pregnant. However, the way she acted before the accident was strange. Therefore, he would not rest assured until he confirmed the truth himself.

Nobody was allowed to play tricks on him, no matter who it was.

"Copy that. I'll call him right away," Wynter replied.

Isaac closed his eyes and nodded at the door. "Go now."

Wynter left and closed the door behind her. Cruel as it might sound, Isaac, still sitting on the bed, felt that the weight on his chest was lifted. It seemed that he did not have to make his relationship with Debora more complicated because of the existence of the child.

He lay back down on the bed and closed his eyes to rest.

Meanwhile, Camila was walking out of the hospital.

The doctor who was supposed to teach her had a meeting to attend. He had to leave the hospital, so he let her get off work and go home early. Just as she was about to hail a cab, her driver pulled to a stop in front of her.

"You haven't left?" she asked in surprise

The driver got out of the car and opened the door for her. "Mr. Johnston has ordered me to drive you to and off work. From now on, I will be responsible for driving you wherever you go." Camila pursed her lips, confused as to why Isaac was doing this.

Debora was pregnant with his child, was she not? Why was he still flirting with her?

Nevertheless, she got in the car and thanked the driver.

The driver closed the door, trotted to the driver's seat, and started the engine. "Mrs. Johnston, are you going home now?"

Camila lowered her gaze when she heard the word "home". Was that house really a home?

She shook her head and replied, "Drive me to the house of the Johnston family."

The driver nodded and stepped on the accelerator.

They arrived at the house about 20 minutes later. To Camila's surprise, Robin was not there.

Stevie, too, was not home.

It was a bummer as she had come to tell Robin the news about Debora's pregnancy.

She believed that Robin would allow her to leave if he found out that Isaac was going to be a father. That way, the old man wouldn't accuse her. On the way back, she asked the driver to pull over from the villa anyway. I want to take a walk alone."

"But..." the driver protested hesitantly.

"What?" Camila asked confusedly.

"Mr. Johnston specifically asked me to pick you up, and we're not home yet."

Camila chuckled. "You're so stubborn, you know?"

As she was as stubborn as a mule, the driver had no choice but to do as she asked.

Camila strolled along the road alone. Not many cars were over, the road leading to the villa was usually quiet.

She caressed her belly as she walked. She knew when pregnancy now, but she could not do that forever. It was a wise choice to divorce Isaac as soon as possible.

Besides, he would have a family soon.

It would be selfish of her if she did not let go of the title of "Mrs. Johnston."

At this moment, a breeze came, making the leaves rustle in a dream-like manner.

As it was autumn, the sun was not as hot.

She pulled down her sleeves so they would cover her and then, in the evening, ask Isaac to divorce her.

While she was in deep thought, a car came to a screeching halt in front of her.

Several men got out of the car at once. They put a gag on her head. With that, they dragged her into the car and sped away. #

"HMMM!" Camila tried with all her strength to scream for help but to no avail. @ The car drove for what felt like forever. At last, it stopped, and she felt someone drag her out. Because of the covering on her head, she could not see who the abductors were or where she was right now.

Finally, one of the men took her gag. "Who are you? Why did you kidnap me?" Camila asked sharply.

"Is this the plate number of your car?" one of the men showed her a string of numbers.

"Yes, why?" Camila answered without hesitation. After getting a job, her mother used all her savings to buy the car, saying it would be convenient for Camila to go to and off work. She drove it for years until she married Isaac. Now, the car was in the care of the Haynes family. "What's the matter?"

Before Camila could finish her words, she

The assailants began hitting her on the back, legs, and stomach all at the same time.

Camila could only protect her belly with arms.

She was crying in pain, but her pleas were

She was drenched with sweat. And when she spoke, her voice was barely a whisper.

"Don't you know how to drive? How could you hit and run?"

"I... haven't driven my car for... two months..." Camila explained with her remaining strength.

"Don't you dare lie to us. We've checked the car, and it's yours."

As soon as that person finished speaking, he kicked her on the stomach twice.

"Hmph!"

Despite Camila's efforts in protecting her abdomen, she failed. And now, it felt excruciatingly painful.

"Do you have any idea who you hit? How could you hit Mr. Johnston's car? You're courting death!"

Cold sweat broke out from Camila's forehead upon hearing dug into her palms. Nevertheless, it did not feel anything.

"Isaac?" she mumbled, her eyes filled with

"How dare you call Mr. Johnston's name?" one of the assailants sneered. At that moment, blood trickled between Camila's legs. When the men saw this, they stopped beating her and left. They were ordered to teach her a lesson and not to kill her.

Although Camila's body ached all over and she had no strength to take out her phone and call Forrest.

Thankfully, the call connected shortly.

"Forrest, help me... My children..." Camila cried out.

"Where are you?" Forrest anxiously asked.

Camila feebly ripped the black cloth on her

“Send me your location,” Forrest advised.

Camila turned the GPS and did as Forrest said.

While waiting, she tried her best to calm down, but she failed as a mother. She could not save her children.

A single tear rolled down her face and fell into the earth.

Camila slowly closed her eyes.

Forrest arrived shortly after and saw Camila sprawled on the ground. “Camila, stay with me. Everything will be fine. I will save you.”

“Can you save my children?” she asked in a hoarse voice.

Forrest’s gaze fell down on her trousers, and they were heavily stained with blood.

Sadly, he could not give her the answer she wanted.

She was bleeding.

The children could not be saved.

“I’ll try my best,” Forrest reassured her, despite knowing that it was hopeless.

He carried her into the car and quickly drove away.

Meanwhile, Rowena had just arrived in the house of the Haynes family. She did not tell Camila that she had been discharged from the hospital. She figured she should solve her problem and not trouble her daughter anymore. After all, Camila had done enough for her.

And now, she came back for two things: First

But just as Rowena was about to open the door with her key, a frightened voice came from within the house.